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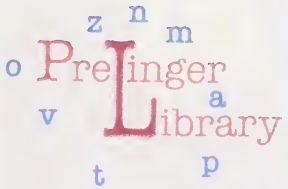

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"OLD NEW ENGLAND MILL"

From a painting by Henry W. Ranger

THE CENTURY

Vol. 97 NOVEMBER, 1918 No. 1

The Messenger

By ELIZABETH ROBINS

Illustrations by Hamlin Gardner

CHAPTER I

"AFTER all, we are n't *yet* living in the millennium, Julian. What I 'm afraid of is that some day you 'll be wanting to carry these notions of yours beyond the bounds of what 's reasonable."

"You mean," said the other young man, with a flash in his dark eyes—"you mean you 're afraid I may just *chance* to be honest in my 'notions,' as you call them, of a scheme of social justice."

"I say!" Gavan Napier had made an extra good drive off the second tee. Yet after one glance to see where the ball fell, in case "that idiot caddie" of his should go blind again, Napier stood looking in the opposite direction, away down the home course of the Kirklamont golf-links.

As far off as you saw Napier you knew him, if you know the type at all, as a scion not only of the governing class, but in all likelihood of one of the governing families. Exactly the sort of man, you would say, to have Eton and Balliol in the past, a present as unpaid private secretary to a member of his Majesty's Government, and a future in which the private secretary himself would belong to officialdom and employ pleasant, more or less accomplished, and more rather than less idle young gentlemen to take down occasional notes, write an occasional letter, and see a boring constituent.

It was no boring constituent he was seeing now out of those cool blue eyes of his. Yet he followed with evident dissatisfaction the figure of a woman who had appeared an instant over the sand-dunes and who, as Napier turned to look at her instead of at his ball, changed her tack and sauntered inland.

"What do you suppose she 's always hanging about for?" Napier asked his companion.

"As if you did n't know!"

"Well, if *you* do," retorted Napier, "I wish you 'd tell me."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. You are quite conceited enough." Julian shouldered his golf-clubs, (it was against his principles to employ a caddie) and trudged on at the side of his unencumbered friend. The eyes of both followed the lady disappearing among the dunes.

"I 've seen her only two or three times," Julian said, "but I 've seen she

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has n't eyes for anybody except you."

"That 's far from being so," Napier retorted. "But if it were, I should know the reason."

"Of course you do."

"But *you* don't," Napier still insisted. "The reason is, I 'm the only person in the house who is n't Miss von Schwarzenberg's slave."

"Oh? I took her at first for just a governess."

"She 's a lot besides that." Napier wagged his head in a curiosity-provoking way.

"Well, what else is she?"

Instead of answering, Napier seemed to fall into a brown study.

"There 's been so much to talk about since I got back," Julian went on; "otherwise I should have asked about her."

"She interests you?" Napier asked a little sharply.

"Oh, not particularly. Or, rather, yes, if she interests you." As Napier walked on still in silence Julian went on, "I confess I have n't understood her position at the McIntyres."

"Nor anybody else, unless it 's me."

"Oh, *you* understand?"

"Well, I 've seen a certain amount of her myself, and I 've heard about her from all the rest. I *ought* to have a pretty good all-round view."

"And have n't you?"

Napier wrinkled his fine brows.

"If I have n't, it is n't, as I say, from lack of data. Only—did you ever know a person that nothing you know about them seems to fit? That is n't grammar, but it 's my feeling about that young woman."

The two played a very evenly matched game. As they walked side by side after their balls, Julian wondered from time to time whether, as he strongly suspected, the subject of Miss von Schwarzenberg had been introduced to prevent his reverting to that vision of his, all the clearer since his tour round the world, of a reconstituted society in which vested privilege should no longer have a leg to stand on. Or could it be that Gavan was seriously intrigued by the charming and no doubt intensely sentimental Rhine maiden? At any rate, he insisted on confiding to his friend as much as he knew about the lady, who more or less as a special favor had consented to superintend the studies and to share the recreations of "that handful," Madge McIntyre, aged sixteen. This girl, with the boyish face and boyish tastes and boyish clothes (whose mane of flaming hair had helped to fasten on her the nickname of Wildfire McIntyre) Julian already knew slightly as the only and much spoiled daughter of Napier's chief. Sir William McIntyre, K. C. B., unofficial adviser to the Admiralty and Laird of Kirklamont, had been the notable chairman of endless shipping companies and the prime promoter of numberless commercial enterprises until he accepted a seat in the cabinet. A man of vigor and some originality of mind, in contrast to his wife, a brainless butterfly of a woman who complained bitterly that she had less trouble with her four sons than with her one daughter. The one daughter, by ill luck, had an inconvenient share of her father's force of character. She ruled the house of McIntyre. That is, according to Napier, she ruled it till the advent of the lady in question.

Her predecessor had been a Miss Gayne. Miss Gayne had been in possession only last summer. That was the year Wildfire McIntyre had played tennis with a fury of enthusiasm that she now bestowed on golf and the latest governess. Napier had heard from Miss Gayne, from the girl herself, and from Lady McIntyre all the details of that fateful morning when Madge, driving along the coast road, came in sight of Glenfallon Castle, and pulled up her pony with a jerk that nearly precipitated poor Miss Gayne out of the cart.

"My goodness gracious! the duke 's back!" Madge had exclaimed.

Glenfallon, on its cliff above the Firth, commanded a view, perhaps the finest and most extensive on the coast, north and south over the many-bayed and channeled mainland, out over rocky islets, shining

jewels of jacinth and jasper and azurite, spilled haphazard into the sea, clear away to that great, gray expanse miscalled by the new governess the German Ocean. Nobody had lived at Glenfallon as long as Madge could remember, so that she might perhaps be pardoned for emitting that excited scream at sight of some workmen, dragging away a ponderous lawn-roller, while two young men in tennis flannels busied themselves about the net. One of these young men, racket in hand, suddenly ran backward a few yards and, as though out of sheer gaiety of heart, sent a ball over the net. His companion returned it smartly; before you knew where you were, a game was in progress.

"We must n't sit here staring at them," Miss Gayne remonstrated.

"Why not? They don't play so badly."

Miss Gayne laboriously explained that her objection had nothing to do with the way the young gentlemen played, but solely with what was fitting for a young lady. Poor Miss Gayne had illustrated, for Mr. Napier's benefit, the impropriety of Madge's attitude, bent forward, her chin in her two hands, her fiery mane spread out cape-wise over her shoulders, her red-brown eyes following the game intently, and calling out the score. "The young one plays best; I *like* the young one," she said.

Miss Gayne picked up the reins, which Madge had let fall. Madge seized them with an impatient *"Don't!"* and flung them round the whip.

"But we 'll be late for the luncheon."

"We are *going* to be late for the luncheon."

"It is n't proper to sit like this, staring into a stranger's tennis-court. At two strange young men, too!"

"I 'm only staring at one. You can have the other."

Presently a tennis-ball came over the wall and bounced into the road. Before Miss Gayne could remonstrate, Madge was out of the cart and had sent the ball hurtling back.

The younger man caught it, and the elder advanced to the wall to thank the young lady. He was a very good specimen of fair, broad-shouldered, blunt-featured manhood. When he opened his mouth he spoke with a foreign accent.

"Oh, you—a—you 're just getting things in order for him, I suppose." Madge betrayed her innocent suspicion that these might be a pair of superfine men-servants. "When are you expecting him?"

"Expecting whom? We are not expecting anybody, I 'm afraid, and the more pleased to see *you.*" He made his quick little bow and turned to present his brother. "This is Ernst Pforzheim, and I am Carl."

Madge nodded, deliberately ignoring Miss Gayne's hurried approach and disapproving presence.

"How do you do? Have you bought Glenfallon?"

No, they had only leased it. They hoped the change and quiet might do their father some good. He had n't been well ever since—yes, they looked at one another—"ever since we lost our mother."

"We have great hopes of this fine air and perfect quiet," said the elder. For a case of strained nerves and insomnia what could be better? They praised the climate, they praised the castle, they praised, above all, the quiet. You 'd think they had none of it in Germany.

"The quiet is the very thing for our father, but for us it may become a little *triste.* So we play tennis. Do you play tennis, Miss—a—Miss—?"

"Do I play tennis? I say, Miss Gayne, *do* I play tennis?" She tossed back her hair and laughed. "Miss Gayne, I 'm going to have a game this minute, and if you think you ought to go on or go back, why, take my blessing."

The governess returned in pained silence to the cart and waited till Miss Madge McIntyre had won a set. That young lady parted from her new acquaintances with every mark of amity.

"I 'll let you know when to come and get your revenge at Kirklamont," she said.

The adventure was not smiled on at home, but poor Miss Gayne got all the blame. She was not capable, it appeared, even of preventing her charge from making undesirable acquaintances of strange young men; foreigners, too. Oh, Miss Gayne must go.

There was a touch of irony in poor Miss Gayne's being succeeded by some one recommended by, or at least through, these very same undesirable and undoubtedly foreign acquaintances.

The Pforzheim young men had the same success with their country neighbors generally that they had with Madge. Wherever they went the McIntyres began to meet these new inmates of ancient Glenfallon. Everybody seemed to like them. Lady McIntyre liked them, too, from the first. "'Such charming manners! It 's easy to see they are accustomed to the best society. And so devoted to their poor father!' You can hear Lady McIntyre—" Napier laughed.

Oh, yes, Julian could hear her.

With his pleasant malice Napier described the Pforzheims at Kirklamont, and the graciousness that *"so* hoped to make your father's acquaintance." The Pforzheims held out little likelihood of this. They shook their heads over the poor gentleman's condition, "'confined to a darkened room.'"

"'But surely he is better?'" Lady McIntyre insisted.

"'Better? I wish we could think so!'

"'But we heard that he was out yesterday evening in your new steam-launch.'

"'Ah, that; yes, that is because his eyes are very painful. He can't bear the least light. So he gets no exercise and no change of air during the day.'

"'Well, in that case of course he could n't expect to sleep.' And then Lady McIntyre had an inspiration. 'Does n't it sound,' she appealed to Sir William, 'extremely like the kind of insomnia Lord Rosebery suffers from? I believe it 's the very identical same. And Lord Rosebery has found a cure for his.'

"Great sensation on the part of the Pforzheims. Oh, *would* Lady McIntyre tell them? They 'd be eternally grateful if she would only get Lord Rosebery's prescription. But Lady McIntyre could produce it at once. She did produce it. And what do you think it was?"

Julian shook his head. He knew quite well now that Gavan was telling him this yarn in order to avoid reopening the subject of their disagreement, the only one in their lives. So he bore with hearing that Lord Rosebery's remedy for insomnia was a combination of motion and absence of daylight. Then Sir William took a hand. Lord Rosebery had contended that light was a strong excitant. That the consciousness of being seen, of having to acknowledge recognition, or even of knowing your label was being clapped on your back—all that was disturbing in certain states of health. So he has himself driven out, they say, about eleven o'clock at night in a sixty-horse-power car, and goes whizzing along lonely roads, where there 's no fear of police traps, as hard as he can lick. When he comes back, he finds that all that ozone, and whatever it is, has quieted him. He sleeps like a top." The sons were advised to put father Pforzheim in a high-powered car and see what would happen.

"'You have n't got a high-power car? Well, till you can send for one, don't you think, William, we might—"

"But Carl, profuse in thanks, said that, unfortunately, his father had a nervous abhorrence of motor-cars.

"'How very strange!' said Lady McIntyre.

"'No, it was n't at all strange. 'My mother'—Carl dropped his eyes and compressed his full lips—'our dear mother was killed in a motor accident.'

"'But our father'—Ernst looked up as he brushed a white, triple-ringed hand across his eyes—'our father finds the water soothing. After all, Carl, swift motion on the water, why should n't that do as well as racing along a road?'

"'*And* darkness,' said Lady McIntyre.

"'*And* darkness'; The brothers echoed her together. 'We can never thank you

" 'THIS IS ERNST PFORZHEIM, AND I AM CARL' "

enough, Lady McIntyre. We will persevere with your friend Lord Rosebery's remedy.' Each clicked his heels and pressed his lips to her hand and left her in a flutter. The poor young men's anxiety about their father was most touching, especially Carl's. Lady McIntyre dotes on Carl. He was n't so taken up by his filial preoccupations, either, but that he could sympathize with the anxiety of a mother—Lady McIntyre's about Madge. Mr. Carl agreed that Miss Gayne was *not* the person. He had seen that at once. No influence whatever. Miss McIntyre was a very charming young lady, full of character, fire, too. She required special handling.

"'Ah; how well you understand! Now, what do you advise me to do? Seeing you reminds me,' Lady McIntyre said with her infantile candor, 'that Madge has never been able to learn German. Maybe she inherits that. I never could.'

"'Ah! you had n't the right introduction to our tongue. *You,* I am very sure —yes, and Miss McIntyre too—'

"'I 've often wondered if we could n't try a German governess. We 've had so many French ones, and quite an army of English and Scotch—'

"'Ah, a German governess!' He pulled at his mustache. 'Certainly you would be giving your daughter her best chance to acquire the language.' Before he left Kirklamont Mr. Pforzheim had promised to consult his aunt, the widow of a Heidelberg professor. Frau Lenz had a wide acquaintance in academic circles. He would consult Frau Lenz without delay.

"He did. Such a dependable young man!

"Frau Lenz replied that by a special Providence a young lady of the very highest qualifications for the post described was in London at that moment, on her way home from America. They might n't be able to get her. Frau Lenz could hardly hold out much hope of that, but the young lady would be the very person to consult.

"She was the very person to *get,* Lady McIntyre said when she came back from interviewing the paragon. 'And, Heaven be praised, I 've got her!'

"They had gone back to London on account of that commission Sir William had insisted on having appointed. There were a lot of people in London that July, and things going on, Madge in the thick of everything as though she 'd been twenty-five instead of fifteen. That 's how the Schwarzenberg found her, neglecting lessons, ignoring laws, living at the theater, figuring at her father's official parties, sitting up till all hours of the night, smoking cigarettes till her fingers looked as if she 'd been shelling green walnuts, gossiping, arguing, ready with her decided opinions on every subject under the sun."

That 's the situation to which Miss von Schwarzenberg was introduced as the latest in a long and sorry line. Oh, Napier himself must have seen a round dozen of them. Miss Madge's governesses were a byword for bewilderment, for outraged propriety, followed by dumb misery and inevitable defeat. Madge bowled them over like tenpins. Even Sir William, who for a lifetime had governed a vast section of the British mercantile marine and was now helping to guide the ship of state confessed himself powerless before the problem of governing his daughter.

Napier had watched the transformation.

"They 've raised the Schwarzenberg's salary twice." She had subdued every member of the minister's household.

"Not you, I hope?" Julian said quickly.

Napier laughed.

"*She* would set your mind at rest on that score. Only the other day she got me into a corner. 'What is it that you have against me, Mr. Napier?' she said. I told her I had nothing against her, which is quite true. "'You don't like me," she said. It took me so by surprise, I stammered:

"'I? What an idea!'

"'*Why* don't you like me, Mr. Napier?' Mercifully just then Wildfire flamed across our path."

CHAPTER II

WHEN the young men reached Kirklamont the McIntyres, with one exception, were already gathered about the tea-table in the hall of the big, ugly Scotch country house. "The family" consisted at that moment only of three, the fourth person present being Miss von Schwarzenberg, for it was still only mid-July. In another month the party would number a score or more. That would be when the absent sons (two soldiers and a sailor) had come up for the shooting and brought their friends.

That summer of 1914 overworked cabinet ministers were glad to seize any opportunity of turning their backs on the town. Sir William's wife had preceded him by a few days, "to get Kirklamont into running order," she said.

"Nothing of the sort," her daughter confided to Gavan Napier. "It 's *really* because Miss von Schwarzenberg is dying to know what makes me adore Scotland. And I 'm dying to make her admit her old Tyrol is n't a patch on Invernessshire."

With only one exception (again Miss von Schwarzenberg) every one of the party was stoutly booted, and dressed in tweeds, the men in breeches and golf-stockings, Lady McIntyre and her daughter in short skirts and gaiters.

Cup in hand, Sir William, as became the head of the house, stood planted on wide-apart legs in front of the fireplace, a sanguine-colored, plump little partridge of a man, with a kind, rather *rusé* face.

Lady McIntyre, behind the urn, fair, fluffy-haired, blue-eyed, looked, as such women will, far older in the country than she did in her "London clothes." But she was much too correct not to make any sacrifice called for by the unwritten law of her kind. Behold her, therefore, bereft of disguising draperies, tulle boas, drooping feathers and veils, submitting to the severity of a coat-and-skirt costume which betrayed the deflection from the upright in her narrow back. Out of the white silk blouse, open at the neck, as fashion dictated, rose her meager and stringy little neck, like that of a newly hatched starling. For some reason the addition of dangling diamond earrings emphasized painfully an excuse for frivolity which in her case had been outlived. To tell the blunt truth, Lady McIntyre looked like some shrunken little duenna attendant on the opulent majesty of the heavy-braided, ox-eyed Juno at her side; for Miss von Schwarzenberg shared the high seat, otherwise Lady McIntyre's carved settle. At her left sat Madge, her pupil, and an Aberdeen terrier.

"You *really*"—the high-pitched excitement in the girl's voice reached the young men depositing their golf-clubs and caps in the lobby—"you really and truly want to learn golf, *after all?*"

"If nobody has any objection," a voice answered in an accent very slightly foreign, and to the English ear suggesting, as much as anything, Western American.

"Objection! Quite the contrary. Capital idea." Sir William spoke heartily. Bobby, fourteen, but looking nearer eighteen, and who reverted to some taller, raw-boned type, spilled over and sprawled out of an easy-chair as he beat the arm and cried out with animation and a mouth full of girdle-cake:

"Bags I teach you, Fräulein! You know there are jolly links at Cromarty, too."

"What 's that got to do with it?" demanded Sir William.

"Well, are n't we going there for the Ross's shoot?"

A little pause ensued in which Sir William caught his wife's eye the fraction of a second, and sheered off as the young men entered. Julian Grant made his way to his hostess.

"I hope you 've been taking it out of Gavan," Sir William called out by way of greeting.

Julian played up to this reception by proceeding to describe with mock braggadocio how he 'd completely taken the shine out of the champion. That person, handing tea, contented himself with privately observing yet again how his friend Julian, long and lithe and dark, offered

to the rotund little figure of the eminent official a contrast that ministered pleasantly to a sense of the ludicrous. Sir William's bald bullet-head barely reached the height of Julian's chest. But it was notorious—and Napier had not worked for two years with Sir William without finding good reason to share the prevalent opinion—that inside the aforesaid bullet was an uncommon amount of shrewd sense and a highly developed skill in organization.

Sir William ran his department, as he ran his vast commercial enterprises, with an ease that was own child of intelligence of a high degree. But now, as though it were the main factor in life, he talked golf.

This turned out to be also the ladies' topic, as Napier, past master in the art of following two conversations at once, presently discovered.

"I sha'n't go near Cromarty if Miss von Schwarzenberg does n't come." Madge delivered the ultimatum in her firmest voice.

"Of course she 'll come," said Bobby, trying with little of Gavan's success to divide his attention impartially between the group at the tea-table and the group at the fire. "No, Father; you did it in five." Bobby forgot the tea-table and fell into an argument that bordered on passion.

The governess, after a perfunctory "How do you do?" to the visitor, had leaned over to stroke the Aberdeen. The lady's full-moon face, with its heavy, shapely nose, its smooth apple cheeks, its quite beautiful mouth, was bent down till her chin rested on her generous bust. It occurred to Napier that she often adopted this pose. It gave her an air of pensiveness, of submission, the more striking in a person of so much character.

Also the little tendrils of yellow hair that escaped from under the Gretchen-like banded braids cast delicate shadows on the whitest neck Napier had ever seen. Oh, she had her points.

"It has nothing to do with it, that *other* gov— that we 've never taken any but just the family before." Madge's interchange with her mother refused to be kept down to the *demi-voix*. "What 's the *good* of relations? They won't mind a bit. They 'll be grateful when they know her."

"Perhaps," said Lady McIntyre, feebly, "Miss Greta won't care to come."

"Oh, won't she!" Madge interjected. "*I* don't enjoy it much." Lady McIntyre clutched feebly at the memory of past boredom. "At Cromarty, when it is n't ships, it 's nothing but golf, golf," —she nodded toward the group at the fire,—"like that, the whole day long."

"Yes; but *you* don't play any more," Madge threw in, "and Miss Greta has just said—did you hear, Mr. Grant?" she called out. "Miss von Schwarzenberg says now she wants to learn our foolish national game."

"Never!" Julian turned back to the tea-table. His tone was faintly ironic, as though the sensation created by this lady's conversion to golf seemed disproportionate to its importance.

But there could be only one reason for such a view. Although the McIntyres had, as they said, "rather adopted" Napier's friend, his relation to the family was as yet too new for him quite to grasp the peculiar value the family attached to the governess's contentment with her lot.

That much was implied in Lady McIntyre's appeal:

"I wonder if you 'd be very kind, Mr. Grant, and help the children to teach Miss von Schwarzenberg?"

The almost infinitesimal pause was canceled, obliterated by Miss von Schwarzenberg's promptitude.

"Oh, I could n't think of being such a trouble." She had risen. "Sit here, Mr. Grant," she said. "Yes, *please!* I 've finished." Despite his protest, she retired to a chair on the far side of the fireplace —Napier's side—and picked up her knitting.

Madge followed dog-like, and so did the Aberdeen.

"It is a comfort," Lady McIntyre went on, "to find such a terribly clever

person"—she nodded significantly in the direction of Miss von Schwarzenberg—"taking an interest in the things ordinary mortals care about. It 's been the one fault I 've had to find with Greta. She did n't play anything."

"The piano," Bobby threw in, more by way of showing without flagrant disrespect how little he was convinced by what Sir William was saying.

"Oh, but such *difficult* music!" Lady McIntyre rolled her blue eyes pathetically. "I 'm told it 's a national trait. The Germans *don't* play games. They 're a wonderful people, I 'm sure. Take this young girl—" She lowered her voice, but since Napier, still holding up his end of the argument with Sir William, could perfectly follow Lady McIntyre's observations, he was morally certain that little of the conversation was lost on Miss von Schwarzenberg. She knitted steadily, while Madge played with the dog.

"Greta 's only twenty-five or six," Lady McIntyre went on, "and, as you hardly need be told, *wohlgeboren,* or even *hoch wohlgeboren.* Her father was an officer of Uhlans, an invalid now. And somehow they lost their money. An uncle in America is tremendously rich, and he 's had Greta at one of the great women's colleges over there. She insisted on going home every summer. So domestic, the Germans! I always think it 's extremely nice of them to feel affectionate toward such a horrid country as Germany, don't you, Mr. Grant? And such a language to wrestle with, poor things! Do you know, they call a thimble a finger-hat? Yes, and a pin a stick-needle. So confusing! But Greta 's a treasure. I 'm morally convinced she 's saved me from a nervous collapse. *Would* you mind letting her play a round, sometimes, with you?"

"A— why— a—" Julian turned and looked round at Napier, as much as to say, "How long are you going to let this kind of thing go on without coming to my rescue?"

"It *would* be kind," Lady McIntyre hurried on. "She 's far too shy to suggest such a thing herself."

"Oh, I thought she was saying when we came in—"

"Yes; just that, after all, she 'd come to feel that, being in this part of the world, she *ought* to know a little of our great national game. *I* thought it showed a very nice feeling."

Again Julian looked toward the fireplace; but Napier presented a callous eye to the S. O. S. signal from his friend. Since Julian insisted on being so jolly philanthropic, let him have a good go at it.

Sir William was at the hottest point in the golf discussion when Miss Greta reached the turn of the heel. As she shifted her needles she raised her eyes, and met Napier's downward gaze. Very prettily Miss Greta blushed.

"Well, well,"—Sir William broke off short in the middle of a sentence, and rattled his seals with great vigor, as thought they were a summons to industry, a simulacrum of the factory bell or the works whistle,—"I must write one more letter. No, I don't need you Gavan."

"But that translation—"

"It 's done!" Bobby 's tone of triumph revealed something of his latent antagonism to this Napier man, whom the son of the house had come back from school to find even more at home here than last year. "Father says it could n't be better done."

"Well, it could n't," said Sir William as he disappeared into the library.

"Did *you* do it?" the astonished Napier asked the school-boy.

"Not me. *Fräulein* did it."

"Bobby," said Madge, severely, "you are not to say *Fräulein.*"

"Why not? She isn't *Frau,* is she?"

"Fräulein von Schwarzenberg is how she is addressed," said Madge, with an unconscious assumption of the Schwarzenberg manner. "She says that English people who want to pretend they know German are always calling an unmarried lady *'Fräulein.'*"

Miss von Schwarzenberg knitted hard.

"I was certainly taught in my youth," —Lady McIntyre was doing her best for

her son—"and by no less an authority than the grammarian Otto, that Miss, in German, was *Fräulein.*"

"Well, and so it is," said Bobby, stoutly. "They still say that."

"Not at all." Madge was too bent on breaking a lance for Miss von Schwarzenberg to notice how inopportune the lady found the service. "In Germany," the girl went on, "you say *Fräulein* to waitresses and servants. Such people are *'Fräuleins.'* But a *lady* is *Fräulein* this or that, never *Fräulein* alone. Because the French use *'Mademoiselle'* for well-born girls, you think the Germans must use *Fräulein* in the same way. The Germans don't copy the French. They have their own canons."

A peal of laughter greeted Madge's attempt at the grand style. Even Miss von Schwarzenberg joined in, though she had tried surreptitiously to stop Wildfire.

"Would you mind, dear, getting me the rest of this wool?"

Madge was instantly on her feet.

"In your work-bag?" The lady nodded. When the girl had run out of the room Miss Greta looked up with candid china-blue eyes.

"Does it require a *great* deal of practice, Mr. Napier, to play golf passably?"

"So *that* 's why you haunt the links!" he said, half amused, half serious, as one making frank amends for an unjust suspicion.

But again Miss Greta blushed slightly as she said:

"I suppose I 've hoped that if I watched you, I 'd stand a better chance of playing a fair game myself some day. Fair, that is," she added, with her meek droop of the braid-crowned head—"fair for a woman."

"I 'm sure you know," Napier returned a little impatiently, "that plenty of women play very well. There 's no reason"—she looked up with the happy confidence that he would make the application personal to her—"no reason they should n't."

"Do you mean," she inquired, with her soft persistence, "you 'd ever be so kind as to give me a tip or two?"

He did n't answer at once, and she turned in her chair to look at him. Out from her disarranged cushion rolled a large ball of gray. It bumped against Napier's ankle and rebounded to the wall.

"Is n't this the wool you were looking for?" He took it up by the loose end and rapidly unrolled several yards of it.

"Thank you *so* much! I can't think how it got down here." She took the ball from him and remained standing while she rewound. "After all, I sha'n't much more than have time to get on my things." She glanced at the clock.

"Where are you going?" Lady McIntyre asked the question from habit. She had got into a way of feeling more confidence in life, and particularly in Madge, if Greta was in the offing. Seldom was she allowed to leave the room nowadays without that "Where are you going?" The question, so unnecessary on this occasion, offered Julian his chance of escape. He seized it instantly to join Napier at the fire.

"You were so kind as to say I might have the cart."

"Oh, yes." Lady McIntyre remembered.

"What for?" asked Bobby. "Want to be driven somewhere? Bags I—"

"Certainly *not!*" Madge called out from the door. And then in a markedly different tone, "I 've turned everything out of—oh, you 've got it!"

"It was all right," Miss Greta said comprehensively; she would go to the station alone.

"Oh, *please* let me come!" Madge begged.

Miss von Schwarzenberg shook her head. Had anybody else in the world done that in similar circumstances, Wildfire McIntyre would have paid not the smallest attention. She would have gone on arguing, and if arguing did n't settle the matter to suit Wildfire, she would have stuck her boy's hat on the back of her head and said: "It 's *my* cart. If it goes to the station, I 'm going to drive it." But now she looked at the Schwarzenberg wistfully. "I *wish* she was n't

coming." Then with a gleam, "I believe you do, too."

Miss von Schwarzenberg smiled.

"Who is it?" demanded Bobby.

"Oh, a little American friend of mine, a girl I went to school with."

"Her name 's Nan Ellis," Madge informed the company, gloomily, "and she is not much to look at and not at all rich and not much of anything that I can discover. Just a millstone round Miss Greta's neck."

"We must n't say *that.*" Miss Greta was winding the last couple of yards. "You see, she 's an orphan, and I rather took her under my wing at school, poor child!"

Bobby asked if the American was "going to stay with us."

"Oh, no," said the wool-winder, now at the end of her task. "At the inn, of course."

But Miss Greta was to bring the girl to see them, Lady McIntyre said.

"Any friend of Miss Greta's —"

"It 's very kind of you, dear Lady McIntyre." Miss Greta glanced again at the clock as she gathered up her knitting.

"Cart was n't ordered till six," Madge threw in. "And you always say it is very kind of mama. Don't you mean to bring her here at all?"

"I should be delighted; but I can't flatter myself that my little friend would interest *you.*" She swept the circle.

"Why not?" said Bobby.

"Oh, well,"—Miss von Schwarzenberg was plainly not answering Master Bobby, —"she 's quite a *nice* girl; but"—A deprecatory wave of one hand—"well, crude; Western, you know."

"What *I* think is that you 're far too good-natured," announced Madge. "And you *did* tell her not to come, too."

Miss von Schwarzenberg smiled.

"She has grown used to looking to me for the summer. I tried to explain that—" the pause was eloquent of a delicate desire to spare feelings—"that I was n't taking a holiday myself this year. But,"—on her way out of the hall Miss Greta laughed over her shoulder—"she 's not perhaps so very quick at—how do you say it?—not so quick at the uptake." She cast it back in a way that stirred a little breeze of laughter behind her disappearing figure. She turned at the sound of a motor-car rushing up the drive.

Through the open lobby doors a girl was seen rising from her seat and scanning Kirklamont Hall with a slight frown. As the car swerved round to the entrance she called out to the chauffeur in a voice of appalling distinctness and most unmistakably transatlantic:

"Are you sure this is the place? It isn't *my* idea of a—*oh,*"—she had given one glance through the lobby, and was out of the car as a bird goes over a hedge,—"it is! it is!" The girl stood in the hall, holding out her hands. *"Greta!"*

"My *dear* Nan." Miss von Schwarzenberg had hastened forward, more flurried than anybody there had ever seen her.

"Oh, my!" said the new-comer, with a face of rapture. "Oh, *my!*" and she fell to hugging Miss von Schwarzenberg.

Bobby sat contorting his long legs and arms with unregenerate glee at *Fräulein's* struggle to be cordial, and at the same time to disengage herself as rapidly as possible.

Lady McIntyre left her settle and pattered forward with hospitable intent. An instant of indecision on Miss von Schwarzenberg's part, and then Miss Ellis was duly presented.

She was n't nearly so tall as Napier had thought her when she stood up in the car. This was because her figure was slight and extremely erect. For the rest, she had a small head, overweighted with a profusion of bright-brown hair; a rather childish face under a little golden-brown hat, guiltless of trimming, but for the two brown wings set one on each side, rather far back. "The kind of hat," Napier pointed out afterward, "that Phidias gave to Mercury. Cheek for a girl to wear a hat like that!"

Even under her manifest excitement, the delicate oval of the girl's face showed only a faint tinge of color. Miss von Schwarzenberg's round cheeks were richest carmine.

"Oh, you 've kept the car; that 's right," she said. "I won't stop for a hat. Your scarf, Madge. Then I won't have to keep her waiting."

"But why must you—" Lady McIntyre began.

"She has rooms at the inn," said Miss von Schwarzenberg, with decision, as she wrapped Madge's scarf round her braids.

Yes, Lady McIntyre understood that.

"But why should you be in such a hurry?"

"Oh, *I 'm* not in any hurry," said the girl—"not now. I have been in a hurry, a terrible hurry, for sixteen days; but now—" She smiled a bright contentment at her goal.

The instant application of Miss von Schwarzenberg's arm to her friend's waist was less for love, Napier felt sure, than as a means of propulsion.

"You 'd like to get unpacked, I 'm certain."

Lady McIntyre, nervously anxious not to be inhospitable to Greta's visitor, declared she was not going to allow them to go till Miss Ellis had some tea. Miss Ellis still stood looking at her friend with adoring affection. Plainly she was ready to do anything Greta liked, anything that did n't involve her losing sight of this face she 'd traveled five thousand miles to see. Greta unwound her scarf.

As Lady McIntyre led the new-comer to the table, she explained with her fussy kindness that though they had finished, the tea was "all right."

"We always pour it off the moment it 's infused."

"It does look good," said Miss Ellis as the amber stream descended. "But may I have half a cup, and the rest milk?" Her eyes fell hopefully upon the assembled cakes and jams and scones.

"This is my daughter," Lady McIntyre said as she set the sugar-bowl in front of the visitor.

"Oh, are you 'Madge'? Of course I 've heard about *you*." Miss Ellis put out a hand.

Madge gave it a muscular shake and let go quickly.

"How do?" she said laconically.

The stranger seemed not to notice. She accepted a double wedge of buttered scone from Bobby, and with great cheerfulness she deposited three lumps of sugar in her tea.

Miss von Schwarzenberg raised her eyes to Napier's face. He and Julian, several yards away, were leaning against the mantelpiece pretending to discuss the Ulster situation.

As Miss von Schwarzenberg, across her friend, met Napier's look, she smiled ever so faintly, but with enormous meaning. "Behold a child of nature," the look said.

"Did you have a good passage, Nanchen?" she then asked.

"Well, they *said* it was a bad passage. I thought it perfectly glorious. I was on deck the whole day long. I had a perfectly beautiful time."

Again Miss Greta von Schwarzenberg's prominent blue eyes sought Napier's covertly.

"What did you do?" Madge demanded.

"Do? Oh, everything. Walked six miles every morning and played quoits and danced. And we played the banjo and sang songs—"

"We?"

"It was fortunate that you had friends coming over at the same time," Lady McIntyre said.

"Well,"—the girl hesitated gravely an instant between the offered attractions of girdle-cake and Scotch short-bread,—"they were friends all right before long; but they were n't friends at the start. I 'd never seen them."

Miss von Schwarzenberg dropped her eyes. Miss Ellis had taken a large slab of short-bread. Rapid disposal of it did not at all interfere with a description of the amenities of an unchaperoned sea-voyage. Miss Ellis did not pause till, with a crunch of gravel and voices outside, two young men could be descried coming up the middle of the drive. They were leading a couple of great, long-bodied, white dogs.

"Surely you 've finished!" Napier heard Miss Greta say.

"Do you think I have?" The girl's eyes left the approaching figures to reflect an even greater interest upon a plate of sugared cakes. When she had tasted one she smiled, and turned to look again where all the rest were looking. "Oh, my!" she said, "what funny dawgs!"

The hall was already a hive of excitement. Bobby and Madge bolted out as one, with cries of rapture. Lady McIntyre, hardly less pleased, prepared to follow with Julian. Napier sauntered slowly after them.

The elder Pforzheim entered with his brisk ceremoniousness and bowed low over Lady McIntyre's hand.

"My father has sent you those Russian boar-hounds he promised. Ernst has got them outside." He stood back in that *empressé* way of his that seemed to say, "My manners are far too perfect not to suffer others to precede." And the others, in the careless English way, *did* precede. They even blocked up the entrance, leaving Mr. Carl and his politeness in the rear. This manœuver so obstructed the view that Miss Ellis rose and came a few paces nearer, hoping for a better sight of those exciting animals. Napier, glancing back, saw that Miss von Schwarzenberg, so eager for a move a moment ago, sat perfectly still.

"Did you ever see boar-hounds before, Greta? I never did?"

What Greta answered Napier did n't hear; but the moment was not lost upon him when, all view of the spectacle being quite shut out by the crowding at the door, Miss Ellis's attention, about to return to the tea-table, "caught," as it were, on Carl Pforzheim's profile.

"Why, how do you do?" she said, with a quick turn. "I 'm very glad to meet you."

Carl Pforzheim stared. Miss von Schwarzenberg shot forward and took Nan by the arm.

"In the midst of all the masses of strangers I 've been seeing, you seem like an old friend. Tell him, Greta—" At sight of Miss von Schwarzenberg's face she stopped short.

"I think you are making some mistake," said Mr. Ernst, trying to get past the congestion first on one side and then on the other.

"Oh, no, I 'm not," that terribly carrying voice went on. "It 's because Greta has told *me* such a great deal about you—"

"Pardon!" He dodged first to the right and then to the left, like an untrained dog trying to get past you out of a gate.

"And you 're exactly like your picture, down to the cleft in your chin—" The girl hesitated again as Greta mumbled, and Pforzheim, with a desperate, "I must help my brother," forgot all his fine manners and pushed his way out.

"What 's the matter, dearest? Ought n't I to have said that?" Then in a half-whisper: "I never mentioned Ernst. And, after all, it was only Ernst that you—"

"*Will* you be quiet?"

In another ten seconds they were whirling away in the car.

Napier walked half-way home with Grant as usual. He was amused at Julian's indignation over Miss von Schwarzenberg's patronage of her "little friend." He was amused, too, at recalling Greta's elegant disgust at the way the girl "wolfed down" the cakes. Julian seemed not to have noticed any "wolfing." And then they quarreled a little over Napier's decision that it was cheek for a girl to come "winged like Mercury." Julian defended her. He 'd never seen a hat he liked better. It just suited that face of hers.

"'That face'"! Napier mocked. "I suppose out of pure contentiousness you 'll be saying it 's pretty."

"Pretty! Pretty faces are cheap. That one has got the fineness of a wood anemone and the faith of a St. Francis. Did you ever *see* such faith in any pair of eyes? Ye gods! if I could believe in life as that child does, if I were as serenely sure of everybody's good-will—" he threw out his walking-stick at the prison wall be-

tween him and such freedoms, such innocent securities. "It 's pathetic, a person like that. Think of the knocks she 'll get! Think—"

"What I 'm thinking of—I can't get it out of my mind, every time I go back to it; it seems to me stranger—the expression on the Schwarzenberg's face when the girl recognized Pforzheim."

"What sort of expression?" said Julian, absently.

"Hard to describe. And the way she looked after Carl with a sort of cowering apology before she plunged into the car. Now leave off quarreling with me about the Mercury cap, and just tell me. Why the devil should that woman have pretended she 'd never seen the Pforzheims before she met them here?"

"How do you know she pretended?"

"I was there. I saw them introduced."

CHAPTER III

THAT hall at Kirklamont, scene of so much of the McIntyre family life, was for Gavan Napier, as he looked back, forever associated with the most decisive hours in his own fate, as well as that of his closest friend. It meant to him, perhaps more than anything, the abiding memory of that morning after his discovery of the carefully concealed previous acquaintance between Miss von Schwarzenberg and the Pforzheims. He stood in front of the fireplace looking again at the "Times" of the previous day while he waited for Andrews to bring in the post-bag.

At that particular moment there was n't anybody else in the hall. There probably soon would be somebody, Napier reflected with a mingled sense of amusement and uneasiness. For this was about the time Miss von Schwarzenberg was astute enough to choose for her little tête-à-têtes with the private secretary, always elaborately accidental. Sir William, as all the household knew, would, whatever the weather, be out riding; Lady McIntyre dawdling over her late breakfast; and Madge in the school-room, as Napier could all too plainly hear, practising with that new ruthlessness introduced by Miss von Schwarzenberg.

So the coast would be clear.

Miss Greta was never so at a loss as to enter without her little excuse: "I think I must have left my knitting," or, "Lady McIntyre has been asking where that novel"— Or, most favorite device of all, because it could be made part of an accepted routine, she would go to where the writing-materials lay on the big table and carefully review the stock. From a stone bottle or basket on her arm she would produce a fresh supply of anything that might be lacking. She had particularly nice taste in the matter of fresh ink and clean receptacles. Sir William had been heard to declare there had never been such a thing as a decent pen in the hall till Miss von Schwarzenberg came here.

If she wanted to stay longer than she usually ventured, Whitaker or Bradshaw were her allies. There was always a semblance of reasonableness in such preoccupation. For Lady McIntyre had fallen into the habit of going to Miss Greta for every sort of service, from somebody's official style and title to looking up trains for expected guests, or for those little family expeditions and picnics which Madge was supposed to be bent on.

Well, it was n't the first by several score of time that, without any encouragement from him, young ladies had shown themselves fertile in pretexts for a little conversation with Mr. Napier. He himself was not in the least averse, as a rule, to a little harmless flirtation even with a governess. But suppose this particular young woman should, with the fatal German sentimentality, be falling really in love. You never knew what might happen. One day as he was sorting the letters she had stood at the table beside him, turning the leaves of Bradshaw with piteous aimlessness. It was out of the merest common humanity, he told himself, that he suggested: "Shall I look it up for you? Where do you want to go?"

With a heave of her high bosom she

had answered that some times she thought the place she 'd best go to was the bottom of Kirklamont loch. Only the timely entrance of a servant with a telegram had, Napier felt, saved him from a most inconvenient scene. He reflected anxiously upon the high rate of suicide in Germany. It would be very awful if for the sake of his *beaux yeux* Miss Greta should find a watery grave.

He looked at the clock. If the post was late, so was Miss von Schwarzenberg.

Suddenly it came over Napier that she timed these entrances of hers not according to the clock and not according to his own movements. He was sometimes twenty minutes waiting there alone for the post to come in.

"God bless my soul!" he ejaculated mentally. Did n't she time her entrances invariably to about two minutes before Andrews brought in the bag? And how did she manage that if not by the luck of having a room which looked out on the inner court of Kirklamont? From her window Miss von Schwarzenberg could see the arrival of the post at the back entrance of the hall.

Before Napier had time to readjust himself to this new view of the lady's apparent interest in *him,* there she was, in her very feminine, rather Londony clothes, her intensely white, plump neck rising out of a lace blouse; her yellow hair bound in smooth braids round her head; a light dust of pearl powder over her pink cheeks. She looked like a girl on a Berlin chocolate box. No, she did n't, not to-day. There was too much purpose this morning, too much gravity in the handsome face, and no beating about the bush with knitting or stationery or Bradshaw.

She came straight over to the fireplace.

"Mr. Napier, I should like to speak to you a moment."

Napier lowered his newspaper.

"Yes, Miss von Schwarzenberg."

"I don't know if you gathered yesterday, or whether you are ever likely to hear, that the Pforzheims are old friends of my family."

"Oh?" said Napier and then paused.

"And, anyway, I 've been feeling for some time I 'd like you to know."

Napier folded up the newspaper without comment.

"Their father and my father," she said in that heroine of melodrama style she sometimes affected, "were brothers-in-arms. They have been close friends since their university days."

"Really?" Napier's calm seemed to detract from her own.

The color surged into her round cheeks, but she held her head dauntlessly on its short, white neck as she confessed:

"Carl and Ernst have known me since I was a child."

Something inside Napier's mind said, "Ah, ha!" but it came out in the form of an almost indifferent "Indeed."

"I suppose," she challenged him, "you think, that being the case, it was very odd we should meet like strangers?"

"Oh, I dare say you had your reasons," he said as Andrews came in. Napier walked the length of the hall to where the man had put the bag down on the big table in front of the cloak-room.

Miss von Schwarzenberg did not move till Andrews had gone out. She did not move even then until Napier, of set purpose a long time in finding his keys and a long time in selecting his duplicate and fitting it to the lock, at last threw back the leather flap and drew out the letters.

That instant, as though she had only just resumed control of her self-possession, Miss von Schwarzenberg, handkerchief in hand, moved softly down the hall and stood at Napier's side. It came over him that this was n't the first time, or yet the second, that she had executed this simple manœuver, if manœuver it was. He knew now that he had been imputing to his own attractiveness her invariable drawing near while he transacted his business with the letter-bag. The little pause before Andrews left the room he had set down as a concession to the proprieties. More than ever, so he had read her, if she laid traps for little talks with the private secretary, was it important that

the servants should not be set gossiping. But now, with an inward jolt, he asked, Had he been making an ass of himself? His hand, already inserted a second time to draw out more letters, came forth empty. He noticed that her eyes were on it as he turned the palm of his hand toward him, fingers doubled and nails in a line. He studied them.

She studied the letters already lying in an unsorted heap. They seemed not to interest. She pressed her handkerchief to her lips and raised her eyes.

"I would have told you before, only—only"—her beautiful mouth quivered, and her eyes fell again—"you are difficult to talk to."

"Am I?" said Napier in a tone of polite surprise, still studying his nails.

"For me, yes. You make it difficult. Why *do* you, Mr. Napier?"

That man must have a heart of stone to resist an appeal so voiced.

"Perhaps you imagine it," he said, taking refuge in pulling out the rest of the letters and sorting them into piles.

She stood as though too discouraged to continue, too listless to go away. But when in the midst of his sorting Napier glanced at her, he discovered no listlessness in the eyes that kept tally of the letters he was dealing out. "What earthly good does it do her to read the outsides of our envelops?" he wondered.

"I 've been unhappy," she went on, "most unhappy under my enforced silence. I 've wanted so much that *you,* anyhow, should know the truth."

"I don't know why I especially—" he began.

"No! no! no!" she said a little wildly, despite the hushed softness of her tone; "you don't know. And it 's a good thing—a good thing you don't. But I 'm too unhappy under the innocent little deceit that 's been forced on me. There must be an end of it. We had quarreled, the Pforzheims and I. That is, *they* quarreled. Each wanted to marry me. Oh, it was dreadful! More devoted to each other than any brothers I 've ever known. They wanted to fight a duel about it."

"About—" Napier laid a long official envelop on the top of Sir William's pile.

"About me," she said, with lowered eyes. "That was why I went to America. I could n't bear it. I said, 'We are strangers from this day.' And so—" she pressed her handkerchief again to her lips—"and so we met like that."

"Their aunt did n't let you know they were here, then?"

"Not a word. Oh, they no doubt told her not to; for of course I would never have come if I 'd known. Never in this world!"

"Well, we must admit they behave well in the circumstances."

"I 've seen to that," she said with great firmness. "I threatened them. I would n't stay here an hour, I said, if they swerved a hair's-breadth from the rôle of strangers. Now"—her voice altered suddenly as though out of weariness after immense effort—"now you know."

Napier took out the last letters.

"I expect," he said kindly, "it 's been hard enough for you—at times."

"The strain is frightful." She swallowed and began again, "I—maybe you 've noticed—they will write to me from time to time."

She waited. Napier's face was as blank as the new sheet of blotting-paper in front of the great presentation inkstand.

"Well, is it *my* fault?" she demanded. "I 've tried to make them see what an equivocal position it puts me in, how unfair—" Her face yearned for sympathy.

Napier went on with his sorting.

"It 's *too* nerve-racking," she said, with increasing agitation. "Carl does n't know about Ernst's letters, and Ernst does n't know about Carl's. Each one thinks the other has got over that old madness. But the letters they write me! *Frantic!*" She came closer still. She laid her hand on Napier's sleeve. "Do you know, sometimes I 'm afraid—" She stopped as a step sounded on the gravel.

"The Pforzheims!" Napier said to himself, interpreting, as he thought, the look on the face she had turned sharply to the

door in the act of withdrawing from his side.

But a very different apparition stood there, the girl in the Mercury cap, not so blithe as the day before; eager still, but wistful.

"Why, my *dear* Nan!" Miss von Schwarzenberg said again, precisely as she had before. "I told you I would come for you."

"Yes, 'in the afternoon,' you said. But I could n't wait. Don't look like that, dearest." She had lowered her voice as Miss von Schwarzenberg joined her in the lobby. "I began to be afraid I 'd only dreamed that you were so near again. And then I remembered things you said to me last night—"

Miss von Schwarzenberg answered in a voice lower still, so low that Napier heard nothing. He gathered up Sir William's letters and his own. As he went with them into the library, Miss von Schwarzenberg turned hastily. "I 'll just go and see if Lady McIntyre can spare me for two minutes. I 'll meet you out there by the clump of firs."

"All right," the girl said quietly and turned away.

Miss von Schwarzenberg knew as well as Napier did that Lady McIntyre was in the breakfast-room looking at the illustrated papers over her second cup of coffee. But Miss von Schwarzenberg hurried up-stairs.

Ordinarily Napier would have sat reading and answering his own letters till what time Sir William should come in from his ride. To-day he stood by the library fire "doing just nothing at all," he would have said. In reality he was looking still at the face of the girl. What had the Schwarzenberg been saying to her? It was n't at all the face she had brought here the evening before. And if Julian Grant had been struck by the happy faith in its yesterday aspect, Napier, though he would have ridiculed the idea, found something rather touching in the hurt steadfastness it showed to-day. Not a hint of reproach; she had smiled at her friend. "But it is n't the same face," Napier repeated to himself; and before he had at all made up his mind what he would do next, he was going through the hall on his way out. His walk might have carried him past the firs but for the fact that it ended abruptly in the hall.

She was there, pulling off her gloves and holding her hands over the fire.

"It *is* cold," Napier said, and he seized the poker. The flames sprang up and danced on the girl's face.

"Oh, my! how nice!" Her smile was not so chastened but that it showed the white, even teeth, the two canines as pointed as a hound's. "You are the private secretary, are n't you?"

"What makes you think that?" he asked, a little on his dignity.

"Well, the other one was 'Julian,' was n't he?"

Napier did n't much like this familiarity with a Christian name on the part of a stranger, though on the girl's lips "Julian" sounded, what she afterward proclaimed it, "one of the most beautiful names in the world." There were others —not that Napier for a moment wished the habit to spread—which might sound rather agreeable, too, uttered in the same way.

"I 'm not Julian. I am Gavan Napier."

"I 'm glad to meet you, Mr. Napier." She held out her hand. It was still cold, and not like the hand of a grown person, to Napier's sense. Like a child's. She looked at him inquiringly. He said nothing, only glanced round the hall in an undecided fashion after releasing her hand, and then put his letters down on the nearest chair. "I hope I 'm not in your way," the girl said. As still he did not instantly answer, she added: "You must tell me, please. You see, I don't know at all what private secretaries do. You are the first one I ever met."

He laughed, and said they were a good deal like other people so far as he 'd observed, and did n't do anything in particular.

Miss Ellis declared she knew better than that.

"'PARDON!' HE DODGED FIRST TO THE RIGHT AND THEN TO THE LEFT"

"That 's where you sit, is n't it,"—she nodded at the big table,—"writing your despatches? And I suppose everybody goes by on tiptoe, and nobody dares speak to you. *Of course* I ought n't to be here!"

"Oh, yes, you ought."

"No. I ought by rights to be out by the firs. But I was cold, and I did n't see *why* I should wait out by the firs when there was a fire here doing nobody any good."

She misinterpreted his steady look.

"Oh, my! *you* think I ought to have gone out and waited by the—"

"Nothing of the sort! I should n't have thought half so well of you if you had gone out and waited by the firs."

But the wing-capped head, with its overweight of hair, turned anxiously toward the staircase by which Greta had vanished. "Yes, I see now I ought n't to have stayed in here. That 's one of the things Greta means by 'so *very* American.' "

"American! For the honor of my native land I 'll assure you it 's every bit as much Scotch. English, too. *Any* sensible—"

"It is n't German," she said quickly. "I 've often heard Greta say, 'The great thing is to learn instinctive obedience.' "

"But why on earth should you obey Miss von Schwarzenberg?"

"Oh, first of all, because Greta 's the cleverest as well as the most splendid person in the world,"—she glowed with it,—"and knows more in a minute than I do in a year."

Napier laughed at that reason, so Miss Ellis produced another.

"And, then, you see, ever since I was seventeen I always *have* obeyed Greta—when I was good," she threw in quickly, with a self-convicting laugh. "Greta might say—only she 's too kind—that my good days were few and far between."

"How long have you known Miss von Schwarzenberg?"

"Oh, for ages. Ever since I was seventeen."

"That *must* have been a long time ago!"

"Well, it is. It 's going on six years."

To have held the affection and admiration of a creature like this for six years!

"It's long enough to know a person tolerably well," he said reflectively as Miss von Schwarzenberg mounted in his thoughts to a higher plane.

"Yes, if only the time had n't been so broken up," Miss Ellis complained.

"How was that?" Napier sat down on the high fender.

"Well, you see, Greta—will it hold me, too?" She looked doubtfully at the brass bar.

"Oh, yes," he reassured her; "it would hold ten of you." His smiling glance took note of the small-boned hands that clutched the brass on each side. From the delicate ankles and the impossible feet up to the slim neck there was n't enough substance in her to furnish forth a good British specimen of half her age. Yet when she stood up she was not only tall; she was almost commanding. That was partly carriage, he decided, and partly—well, what was it?

"The trouble about Greta," she went on, "is that she 's a person everybody is always wanting. Then, added to that, she is the best daughter in the world. Every year she went home for several months. But she always got back in time!" The girl smiled an odd smile, not as though intended for Napier at all; intended, no doubt, for an invisible Greta. But why should Greta have it all to herself?

"In time for what?" said Napier, looking down at the clear-cut profile at his side.

"She always got back—we 've often talked about it—just as I was about to commit some *awful* mistake. What she 's saved me from!"

Napier was morally certain he could have got her, if only for the honor and glory of Greta, to enumerate one or two of these timely rescues, if, by a stroke of rank bad luck, Julian had n't appeared at that moment.

"Oh, my!" said Miss Ellis under her breath, which was silly as well as slightly

irritating. Moreover, this was a time of day, as none knew better than Julian, when the private secretary was not supposed to be accessible to outside friends. He would by rights be in the library, buried in the morning's work. And, further, it was not lost on Napier that "old Julian" did n't so much as trouble to affect surprise at finding Miss Ellis sitting on the Kirklamont fender; at an hour, too, which must be considered distinctly early for a visit even for the most familiar friend of the house.

With a casual "Hello!" Julian came marching over to the fireplace.

"You 're being very energetic all of a sudden," Napier said, with his smiling malice. "This early worm, Miss Ellis, is Mr. Grant."

"I 'm very glad to meet you." She stood up and held out her hand.

"She 's an early worm herself. Are n't you?" said Mr. Grant. "Good thing, too. If you had n't shouted, I might n't have noticed that brute."

"Was n't it awful?" She turned to Napier. "I was going up that little hill in front of the inn, and I saw a man in a field down below just beating and *beating* a horse. Oh, my! I screamed at him to stop, and then Mr. Grant came along the lower road." Smiling, she looked at Julian.

"I wonder what would have happened if I had n't."

"What would have happened? Who to?"

"Well—er,"—Julian laughed out, as he used to in the old Eton days,—"I suppose I meant to the horse."

"Oh, to the horse. Why, just what *did* happen? That horrid man would have stopped—"

"I hae ma doots." Julian was still smiling.

"Really!" She opened her gray eyes very wide.

"Well," said Julian, "have n't you?"

"No, indeed. If he had n't stopped, I should have gone down."

Both men laughed.

"Oh, you think," said Julian, "that would have struck terror?"

"I should have stopped it," she said with firmness. "And I should have asked him to promise not to do it again."

"Oh, you would! I can't see Jock Gillies promising that."

"Very well, then, if he would n't promise, I should have told him I would have to report him. But now I can leave it to you. He did n't like *your* catching him. I could see that."

"Well, he 's one of our hinds."

"One of your what?"

She capped his explanation with the comment:

"Sounds to me like Shakspere." And then, smiling into his eyes, added, "Oh, *my!* has n't it been a splendid morning!" And did they have many days so un-Scotch-misty as this?

They went on uttering banalities about the morning and the country-side, but smiling into each other's faces in a way that said nothing in all this land they had fallen to praising was so interesting as something each one saw in the other's eyes.

Napier sat on the fender smiling to himself. Fancy old Julian! Do him all the good in the world to have a girl looking at him like that. And for Julian to be *aware* of it, to get his head out of the clouds and go in for anything as normal and rational as a little flirtation with a nicish sort of girl!

Napier must encourage this departure. He encouraged it in the first instance by effacing himself.

"I do so want to see as much as I can of"—she meant Mr. Grant, as you could see before she finished, but she called him "this lovely coast." And could he advise her what to begin with?

Oh, Julian could advise. There was nothing he was readier at. He 'd advise anybody from the king and the cabinet down; so of course he could oblige Miss Ellis. He even—*Julian!* with whom, after all, modesty as to himself was a cult, if not a disease—he boasted. He knew this part of the world, he told her, as only the man who is able to do his twenty miles a day on foot *can* know it. He knew it from the back of a horse as the

man must who rides. Farther afield still, he knew his Scotland as the motorist knows it—

"Oh, but stop! stop!" said the girl. "I must n't be made greedier than I am. I want a modest selection. Just the most wonderful things."

"Why," Julian demanded with the first shadow of disapproval on his face—"why should you insist on the mere tourist's point of view?"

"Because, the misfortune of it is, I 've only got the mere tourist's amount of time."

"Oh!" A chill wind nipped Mr. Grant's expansiveness. "How many weeks are you likely—"

"Weeks? No weeks at all. Two or three days."

"That 's absurd. You can't see anything to speak of in—and why?"

Miss Ellis shook her head.

"It *does* seem a pity."

"It 's absurd," Julian repeated. "What is the hurry? Where are you going?"

"Greta thinks London—she knows of some very nice rooms."

"London?"

"Well, there is the National Gallery and the old city churches," Nan said with marked absence of enthusiasm. "Oh, I don't doubt really but I shall find it perfectly fascinating. And then from time to time my friend will run down for a day or two."

"Your friend?"

"Yes, Greta, Miss von Schwarzenberg."

"Well, it is n't my business," Julian said in that tone which people adopt who have definitely adopted the business in question, "but it sounds to me the very poorest—" he left it hanging there.

"Surely," Napier observed quietly, "when you came, you meant to stay longer?"

She turned with a look of candid surprise at the reminder of the other man's presence.

"Oh—yes," and her eyes seemed to claim sympathy from him since he *was* there. "Yes, when I first came. But, you see, I did n't understand. I thought being a governess here was like being a governess at home." And quickly, as though to obliterate any suggestion of odious comparison, "Perhaps it 's because we have so few governesses in California."

"Well, how does that make it different for them?"

"Well, we give them time to themselves. I—I don't criticize your way," she threw in, a little flustered to find where she was going, "only we—oh, here is Lady McIntyre!" she ended with much relief.

The manners of the lady of Kirklamont were in marked contrast to her pinched and chilled appearance. Her fairness was the kind that goes with a slightly reddened nose and a faint bluish tinge about the mouth at this hour of the morning, before, as she had been known to say, either she or the house warmed up. She was most genial to Miss Ellis, and the girl was, in her turn, won to ease and confidence.

"No, thank you, I won't sit down. I did n't *mean* to stay but half a minute, though I 'm afraid Greta may think even now that I still don't understand that her time belongs to you."

"But we are not such slave-drivers!" The little lady shook her diamond earrings. "Greta is too punctilious." They all thought it *very* good of Miss von Schwarzenberg, Lady McIntyre went on, not to insist on a complete holiday after being with them steadily for over a year. She could certainly take any day off to be with her friend, and *every* day she of course had several hours at her disposal whenever she wished.

"That *is* kind of you!" the girl said and beamed.

Lady McIntyre did n't, she said, know where Greta was at the moment, "but Madge will soon have finished her practising, and she 'll love to show you her pony and the kennels, if you care."

Miss von Schwarzenberg, in the act of descending the stairs, had paused the fraction of a second.

"Oh, there you are!" she threw over the banisters toward Lady McIntyre.

It occurred to Napier that the girl standing between him and Julian was a little uneasy at being found so far this side of the firs.

"Yes," Lady McIntyre said, "I was just arranging with Miss Ellis that she must stay to luncheon."

"And *I* was just going to ask if you minded our plan," Greta said as she joined the group. "We thought of lunching at the inn."

At sight of the smile on Miss von Schwarzenberg's face, still more at her plan, the slight cloud of dubiety vanished from Miss Ellis. She stood in sunshine.

"But why not lunch here?" urged Lady McIntyre.

"We want to talk America, don't we, and the old days?"

"Yes, yes," said her enraptured friend.

"Well, then,"—Lady McIntyre fell in with what she took to be the previous arrangement,—"you 'll bring her back to tea."

"Oh, thank you," said the American, looking at Miss Greta for sanction.

"You are very kind," said that lady.

The hostess of Kirklamont had made too close a study of Miss Greta von Schwarzenberg's face not to read in it now that mood of smiling, but inflexible, determination to avoid doing the thing she was asked to do. Lady McIntyre knew, as well as Napier, that for a certainty the transatlantic friend would not be brought back to tea, and, what was from Lady McIntyre's point of view far more important, even Greta herself might not return.

She was still smiling in her most agreeable manner as she talked *sotto voce* about the luncheon plan, and as she talked she, as it were unconsciously, engineered her friend toward the door.

Lady McIntyre's blue eyes followed. Despite that smile, Greta, her employer felt sure, was for some reason not entirely pleased. How *could* she have thought they wanted to keep her away from her friend!

"You must certainly bring her back this afternoon," Lady McIntyre insisted. "We 'll show Miss Ellis the garden."

"Oh, I 'd like to see the garden and the pony and the k——" Miss Ellis paused an instant, and then yielded to the influence that was carrying her to the lobby.

Over her shoulder Miss von Schwarzenberg repeated her *cliché:*

"You are very kind."

"And—and you won't forget, my dear Greta,"—Lady McIntyre twitched her nervous smile as the happy thought came to her,—"you must n't forget you are to have your initiation into golf. Do you play golf?" she asked the stranger.

"No. I *wish* I did."

"Why not learn?" said Mr. Grant.

"Oh, do you think—" the girl looked back at him.

"There won't be time," said Miss von Schwarzenberg.

"Well, learn as much as there 's time for," Napier nobly backed up his friend.

Lady McIntyre made at this point the maladroit suggestion that Madge and Bobby should take on the two beginners. But one glimpse of the expression with which Miss Greta received the proposal —"her own special brand of pig-headed meekness," in Napier's phrase—must have enlightened the older woman at least as much as it enlightened him. Not so does any soul greet pleasure. After all, Lady McIntyre had herself been young. Napier saw the precise moment when she arrived at the conclusion that Bobby was only a dull partner for the accomplished Greta. Lady McIntyre looked at Napier. He knew as well as if she had spoken the words aloud that what her ladyship was thinking was, Why should n't this spoilt young man do something to bring up the standard of advantages to be derived from the post of companion governess at Kirklamont? But Napier was nothing of the philanthropist. He joined Julian at the door in time to hear him maintaining in the most barefaced way that he 'd once known a girl who played a capital game in two rounds.

(To be continued)

And the Mayor Replied

By JOHN LOWREY SIMPSON

AFTER precariously surmounting certain impressive Flemish feet near the door, we groped across the compartment and took possession of the two seats by the windows. The engine was sniffling and snuffling its way out of the Gare du Nord, like a strong man blowing his nose in a cold, damp evening. A clammy drizzle percolated through the shadows of Brussels, and as our decrepit war-time train began to ooze through the darkness, the darkness and the moisture seemed themselves to ooze through the train and through us. Without being actually wet, we felt saturated. It was what English story-tellers love to call "a thick night." At that moment my thoughts dwelt upon anything other than the story of the Mayor of *X*——.

"Only an hour and half to Antwerp, old chap," remarked my friend, with studied cheeriness. "Just time for a pipe," he added, as though there were danger lest the train burst unceremoniously clear through the station at Antwerp and out into the zoölogical gardens, perhaps, before he could tamp his tobacco properly. He eyed me quizzically. "I really ought n't to smoke another one, you know; but I guess that 's the best reason for doing it, is n't it?"

Was it a good reason? I do not know. I know his way of saying that added just one to the scores of reasons I already had for loving him.

As we rattled along in the lost nowhere of the night between Schaerbeek and Michlin, I poked my forehead against the glass and tried to fathom the secrets one always tries to fathom out of a car-window on a rainy night. Oddly enough, through all the wetness of things a little peel of moon kept itself whole and trim and reasonably bright far up in the sky. How it avoided dissolving forthwith nobody could tell. One ceases even to ponder over the vagaries of nature in Belgium. By that faint pale light I could barely detect the country-side lying low and broad beyond the window-pane. Rows of gaunt trees marched stalwart and stiff against the gloom which crowded up on all sides. That black smudge was a farm, and this tangle of darkness a town. What town was it? Vilvorde?

My friend's pipe winked artfully at me, as though to observe:

"I wonder what mischief you 've been up to in Brussels this time; but if it was not too bad, I really don't mind."

"What commune was that?" I propounded, to show how obvious it was that I had been up to no mischief at all.

"Vilvorde. You can tell by the church."

My friend knew. My friend knew everything about Belgium.

After that we began talking, my friend and I.

"The north of France," repeated my friend. He sighed, and puffed up the red of his pipe, thoughtfully. "Something I can't understand about them, those French," he mused. "How can they be that way? How can they take the Germans so easily? How can they hobnob with the burglar in the house? Here in Belgium you feel the tang of resistance every hour, every click of the clock. Stubborn, unyielding—always that leashed revolt. Every morning Belgium refuses anew to capitulate. Here a German is morally quarantined. But in the north of France! The French talk with them, dine with them, joke with them. The French beat them at billiards, call them by name. Really, old chap, really, I can't make it out."

"Conditions are so different down there in the French *étape*," I argued. "The

army sitting around with its feet in every man's fireplace, everything jumbled together. The French, my word! they have to get on or smother."

"Yes, you always lay it to that, don't you?" said my friend. "I don't know."

"Did you ever hear the story of the Mayor of X——?" I asked him.

My friend had never heard it. He knew Belgium as no other American dreamed of knowing it. He knew the church with the Irish priest from Chicago, and how to pass the *étape* line at Tamise without being caught. He knew the legends of the stone "military bridge" at Tournai, how old the round tower was, and where you found the guide who let you into the tapestry room of the cathedral. He knew the trick of unloading rice on the commission's docks, all about milling percentages, how to swear in Flemish, and what you had to do when you met the cardinal at Mechlin. He knew myriads of bobbing little streets in the lower city at Brussels, what their names meant, and who had written delicious stories about them. He knew restaurants where they cooked fish so the savor of it fairly maddened you, and he could take you to a café speckled with blue and white tiles and possessed of a clock which was able and willing to play seven different tunes. He knew the spire where Ulenspiegel had been hoisted to scour for the enemy, and he knew how to tell when a baker was putting too much water into his bread. He knew about the north of France, too. He knew so many of those things because he loved human beings and just plain life, and because, though he was ever so wise, wore a tail-coat sometimes, and all that, he had never really grown up. I think there was nothing in all the occupied regions my friend did n't know about except the story of the Mayor of X——. That he had never heard.

The Mayor of X—— was a tall mayor with a blond beard. His city was not X—— at all, but of a name so well known that were I to mention it you would think you were reading a *communiqué*. Then you would proceed no further, and I should never have a chance to tell about the mayor and just what it was he replied to the German captain.

The Mayor of X—— had other troubles to support besides the simple fact of the invasion. He had car-loads of food rolling upon him from Brussels and the responsibility of distributing it well to thousands of people. He had sometimes news that maybe no more cars of food would be sent, and that was worse. There were also his committees, so many and so variously arranged that if you tried to make a chart of them, it would look like the genealogy of the Carolingians in Lavisse's "History of France," only more complicated. Further than that, the Mayor of X—— had reports to receive and ponder and forward. Reports! Why, they galloped along in cavalcades! The mayor lived through all the centuries during which the war has been fought, far off in a city where he could hear the guns storming every day, and where a mayor's authority and dignity were just as important as the back door of a German *Kommandantur* slamming shut on one hinge. The mayor used to think of all those things from time to time. Occasionally I believe he lay awake till the night was desperately old and frail with dawn. Then when he was tossing into some shaggy, lowering sleep he heard the eternal cars of flour rumbling over his forehead. Or were those the guns growling out their endless, ugly threats? Car-loads of reports or guns shooting wheat into his very face. The mayor sometimes wondered whether it was better to sleep or to wake. I don't believe it ever occurred to him that it might be better to die. He was a fine broad-shouldered mayor, with a tremendous thick beard and blue eyes.

Of course there were the others with him in all those devious businesses. There were particularly the German officer and the American delegate.

The American delegate, sometime student at Harvard, had a square jaw and a stray smile. In its own inexplicable fashion that smile seemed to hint that at least

once the German Army of Occupation had failed completely to overawe. But the mayor and the delegate could see each other only occasionally; the latter had to live with his specially assigned German officer. The theory was that the American had been sent to watch the food and the German officer to watch the American.

This German captain himself wore a big, bald front, and loved to dabble about the committee office and confer with the mayor regarding this, that, or the other consignment of beans. Sometimes he and the mayor and the American delegate would hold forth for hours on a vexed question, such as the most modern and efficacious methods of destroying tin cans. If you are a novice you may possibly suppose that a tin can contains nothing after it has been emptied. Which is not the fact, however. The emptiest of tin cans were swollen with potentialities in the north of France, or at least that is what some statesman in England believed. The statesman's imagination surged vigorously against the possibility of the Germans making hand-grenades of empty milk-tins. News would at once be telegraphed the mayor that no more condensed milk could be sent for the children. Fortunately, however, there always, followed two days later, a statement that the milk shipments would continue if assurance could be offered as to the complete extirpation of the tins. Then the mayor and the German captain and the American delegate would take counsel. Occasionally they decided to hire twenty men to do nothing between that day and the final lapse of eternity but tap milk-cans with sledge-hammers. Or again they would mull over the fascinating project of vaporizing the cans in a blast-furnace. Days when he was most tired the mayor was almost ready to acquiesce in the German officer's proposal—to ship all the cans to England and deposit them on the country place of the particular statesman in question.

After he said that the German officer always polished his spacious brow till it glistened as glistened nothing else in the world except his own boots. And he grinned. He had lived in London, and would tell you confidentially, any time after the Burgundy, that he preferred it to X——. Over the liqueurs and coffee he once announced wistfully that he wished he were at the very moment in London. The mayor thought of remarking that the wish could not fail to evoke a certain modicum of sympathy in divers quarters. Then he remembered that the officer had promised to buy the district some seed potatoes in Holland; so he merely sipped his curaçao and smiled.

The captain was really several times removed from the most disagreeable person in the world. He always addressed the mayor as "monsieur," abstained from bawling at people when he was angry, and never rode a bicycle into the pond around the fountain. That feat, performed periodically by a tipsy young lieutenant of the establishment, rankled in the mayor's heart perhaps more than even he himself realized. The house and garden had belonged to one of his old, to one of his rare old, friends. It was a friend who had gone; he was no longer there. That is to say, he had been shot in the invasion.

But, at any rate, by some juggling of circumstances they all made their way up one day and down another, and the mayor never replied anything at all to the German officer till the occasion of the dinner at Maubeuge.

Nobody remembers just how they all happened to go to Maubeuge. Maybe it was a mill to be partitioned or neutralized or something, or a question of railroad delays. They were there—that is the nub of it, dining in state at the house of one of the committee members. The mayor and the American delegate and the German officer were present. There was a similar representation from headquarters. One or two of the Maubeuge committee filled in odd gaps, with the inevitable sprinkling of loose *Kommandants* and meandering lieutenants. Plainly enough, it was a mixed company, the stuff of eventualities.

It was long and prepossessing, the din-

ner, the sort of dinner a wealthy man can provide even in a country menaced with famine. The guests slid over their oysters into a trackless confusion of dishes and bottles so numerous that one could scarcely tell whether they were marching along side by side or one after the other. A good Chablis ministered gently to the first few convulsions of the conversation, and before the meat had been taken off every one was sailing his bark of persiflage merrily across the tops of the claret-glasses. The German captain stroked a bottle affectionately and decided outright it was a shame to make war upon a people who understood wine as did the French. The American delegate ventured a story, and those who could appreciate its flavor vowed they felt better for the laugh. The host permitted himself to recount an amusing incident at the expense of the local *Kommandant,* who was not of the number. Every one chortled. Then two lieutenants began to twit an American because his officer, another absentee, had fat legs. The German captain appealed jocularly to the mayor to aid him in restoring order.

By the time the second liqueur was being served the clustering cigar smoke had become tinged with a faint hue, color of rose. The occasion was patently developing. One of the Americans had already put on a German helmet, and discussion was rife as to whether, if he stood on his head, the spike would hold to the floor. A lieutenant was undertaking to sing a ribald English ditty. Internationalism, if not walking abroad, was at least sprawled in numerous easy-chairs.

And the German captain felt a whole troop of bubbles—mixed bubbles of champagne and sentimentality—effervescing inside him.

He leaned over to the mayor, and his argument seemed to be something in this vein:

"*Monsieur le Maire,* we 're enemies, you and I. Countries at war; no way out of that, you know. They say that down in the trenches you can sometimes hear the people at Paris cursing Germany. But with us, between you and me, that does n't count so much, does it? For instance, if I should come back to see you after the war, you 'd receive me just as now, would n't you?"

It had been a long, hard dinner. The claret had flown over the Chablis, and had in turn surrendered despairingly to the Burgundy and champagne. The liqueurs were cutting their own personal capers atop the whole fabric of vintages, and the mayor sensed a little tingling and itching along his veins. He had a feeling in his toes that the top of his head was going to fly off. He gazed at the German officer, inhaled a monster puff of cigar smoke, and hunched his head forward ever so slightly. A silence slipped through the door, over the servant's shoulder, and filtered through the room under cover of the smoke. And the mayor replied—

"What did the mayor reply?" urged my friend, sitting opposite me in the compartment.

I fixed my friend sternly.

"And the mayor replied, 'In the name of God, NEVER!'

"And he brought down his fist—it was a big French fist—with such a terrific thwack that the bottles leaped in astonishment, and the plates all clambered distractedly one over the other."

"And—" insisted my friend. The crazy little moonlight was sneaking through the window and twinkling mischievously on his gray mustache.

"And the German officer was so crestfallen that he rose right up and left. He took the train to Brussels, and did n't come back at all for at least three days."

Nothing was heard except the *snickety-snack* of the car-wheels wrangling interminably with the track.

"And," I continued—"and even now if you say *'Never!'* suddenly to the captain, he cavorts and fidgets like a child when you shout 'Boo!' in the dark."

"Oh, my dear old chap, really!" My friend's teeth gleamed all round his pipe-stem.

"Well, maybe I can't vouch for that part," I had to admit grudgingly.

Photograph by William E. Gray

(Fig. 2) THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, WITH ST. ANNE AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
By Leonardo da Vinci, the Royal Academy, London
(Charcoal touched with white)

The Heseltine Collection

II—The Italian School

By SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

AND now to consider our reproductions, derived chiefly, as I have said, from the Heseltine collection and partly from others, both public and private; it will be convenient to take them in order of schools, beginning with the Italian, and going on with the German, Flemish, the Dutch, French, and English. Naturally, I have not attempted to illustrate any of the schools systematically or at large, but only to give examples of the work of a particular master or group of masters within each school as the materials might be most readily available.

Among the Italians our examples shall be drawn from two art centers only, Florence and Parma, and shall include none of the primitives, properly so called, though nothing is more fascinating than their study. The earliest master to be represented will be Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), and for him we must go outside the Heseltine collection. By date this mighty artist and sage belongs to the group of later Florentine primitives, Perugino, Botticelli, and the rest, but by genius and achievement to the full and free Renaissance. His hand—"that ineffable left hand," as a contemporary calls it, for it was with the left he chiefly worked—is distinguished above all others, whatever was the material he employed and for whatever purpose, for the combination of fiery energy with rhythmic charm of touch. The thousands of scien-

tific and mechanical drawings that illustrate the pages of his manuscript treatises are scarcely less alive with this quality than the other thousands of hints and jottings for pictorial motives that are interspersed among them. His favorite instrument for notes, memoranda, and first sketches of every kind was the pen; for more finished drawings, red chalk, with black chalk less frequently. The specimens given illustrate only one phase of his limitless powers of expression, which range from the "bestial frenzy" (the words are his own) of warriors in battle to the rapt sweetness of women whose spiritual senses are attuned to the inner-

(Fig. 4) SKETCH FOR TWO ANGELS
By Fra Bartolommeo, Heseltine Collection
(Pen and bister)

(Fig. 1) SKETCH FOR A MADONNA WITH THE CAT
By Leonardo da Vinci
(Pen and sepia)

most mystical whisperings of love both human and divine. We see already some dawn of this sentiment expressed in the beautiful, very early sheet of sketches for a smiling, girlish Madonna with a cat, where his pen wanders with an exquisite playfulness over the paper, trying to fix the lines of the design, whether from life or from memory (Fig. 1). This drawing comes from the British Museum, where there are several other trial sketches for the same engaging motive; so far as we know, none of them was carried out in painting. The intensity and brooding sweetness of the sentiment of mystical maternity inspires wholly, both in design and detail, the incomparable group, made about twenty years later by the same hand, but which I have chosen in order to illustrate the use of full-sized cartoons by Italian painters (Fig. 2). The cut shows only the upper half of the cartoon, thereby spoiling the composition, of course, but giving the quality of the heads better than could have been done on a more reduced scale. This cartoon was probably drawn at Milan about 1495. It shows no signs of ever having been actually pricked for transfer, and we know of no picture by the master, and of only one by a pupil (a Luini in the Borromeo collection), which closely follows it. We cannot guess what induced Leonardo to change this design when, in 1500, he had the commission for a picture of the Virgin and Child with St. Anne from the Servite monks for their Church of the Annunziata at Florence. The new cartoon, which drew crowds to his studio in the Easter of that year, showed the Virgin still sitting on her mother's lap, but bending forward almost double to hold the infant Christ while he plays with a lamb on the ground beside her. This second cartoon is lost, but two early copies of it are preserved at Vienna and Turin, and the celebrated picture now at the Louvre was painted from it some years later in France by the master and his pupils, the original commission from the Servites having been canceled. Besides the two copies of the last cartoon, there exist two separate drawings of cartoon size for the head of the Virgin in this design. One, at Vienna, clearly belongs to the numerous class of full-sized copies made from Leonardo heads by pupils and followers, among them most frequently by Boltraffio. Another, formerly in the collection of the earls of Warwick, and now in that of Mrs. Ludwig Mond, is here reproduced as Fig. 3. This is of far stronger quality than the Vienna example, and indeed it shows so much power of hand in the work of the hair and head-dress, and renders so subtly (far more subtly than the painting itself) the mother's smile of tender brooding and maternal ravishment, that it seems scarcely rash to accept the confident tradition that attributes it to the master himself.

Andrea del Sarto
(Fig. 8) SKETCH FOR A FIGURE OF ST. JOHN IN A FRESCO OF THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST
Heseltine Collection (Red chalk)

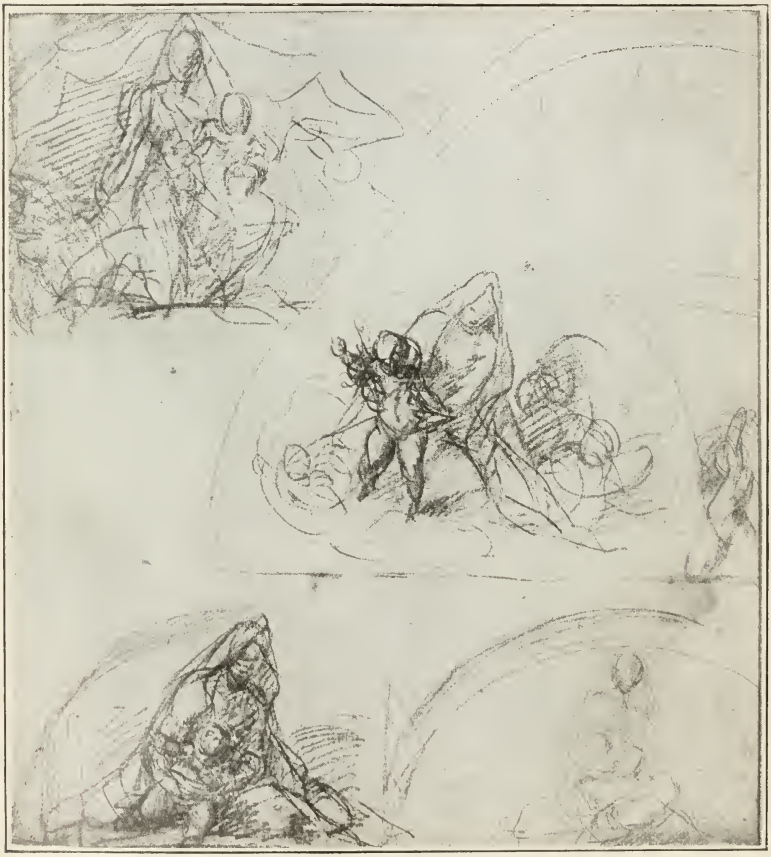
The next Italian master represented is Fra Bartolommeo (1469-1517), who comes midway in date between Leonardo and Raphael, and whose mature largeness and freedom of design, tending already

Photograph by Donald Macbeth

(Fig. 6) SKETCH FOR A FRESCO OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN
By Andrea del Sarto, Heseltine Collection

almost toward the academic and the conventional, was one of the chief forming influences upon Raphael when, at the age of twenty-one, he came to Florence from the studio of Perugino. Despite the destruction mentioned in the previous article, many hundreds of drawings by this master, as well as some full-sized cartoons, still exist. His drawings are technically of two kinds, one in pen and ink, the other in charcoal or black chalk. The latter, of which I give no example, are usually the larger in scale; most of them are definite designs for pictures of sacred subjects or portions of such pictures, and many repeat the same design in various tentative versions. They are usually treated with largeness of rhythm and masterly facility, but seem often relatively cold, dull, and uninspired.

The more intimate studies and imaginings of the master are expressed, especially in his earlier time, in pen-and-ink drawings, shaded often to a fairly high



Photograph by Donald Macbeth

(Fig. 5) SHEET OF FIRST SKETCHES FOR THE MADONNA DEL SACCO
By Andrea del Sarto, Heseltine Collection
(Red chalk)

Leonardo da Vinci

(Fig. 3) STUDY FOR HEAD OF THE VIRGIN IN PICTURE OF MADONNA WITH CHILD AND ST. ANNE AT THE LOUVRE

Collection of Mrs. Ludwig Mond
Two chalks (general greyish tone)

Andrea del Sarto

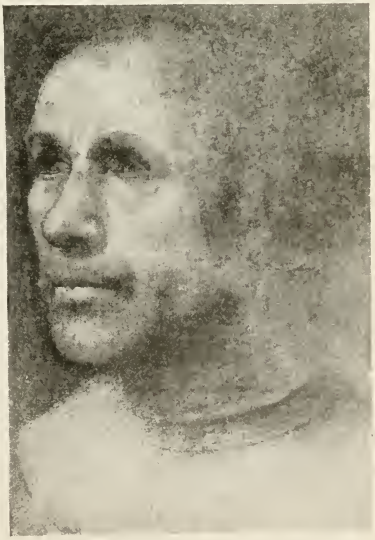
(Fig. 7) SKETCH FOR A HEAD OF THE INFANT BAPTIST

Heseltine Collection
(Black chalk)

Andrea del Sarto

(Fig. 9) SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE

Heseltine Collection



Filippo Mazzola

(Fig. 10) STUDY FOR A MALE PORTRAIT

Heseltine Collection
(Black chalk)

finish, but always with an exquisitely light and airy point and a sensitive, dancing rhythm of design that seems to reach out toward Botticelli on the one hand and toward Raphael on the other. Groups of the Holy Family and angels in familiar colloquy are the favorite themes of such drawings. Many of them were evidently never intended to be used for pictures; in others we recognize groups, and especially background and accessory groups, that have actually been used afterward. In the specimen I give from the Heseltine collection (Fig. 4) of an angel with a trumpet, and another carrying a banner, there is not less power than grace. This

Antonio Allegri da Correggio
(Fig. 11) FOUR SKETCHES FOR BOY ANGELS
Heseltine Collection (Red chalk)

drawing, as will be noticed, has been squared for enlargement, showing that it was intended for use in a picture. In others of the same class suggestions of landscape background, slight, but exquisitely chosen and suggestive, enhance the charm. This artist indeed was a careful student of landscape—the kind that Ruskin called "purist" landscape—for its own sake. M. Bonnat possesses an album of lovely studies by him in this kind.

Andrea del Sarto (1488-1530) follows next, the master craftsman who combined in himself all the accomplishments and achievements of the Renaissance, but somehow fell short of absolute greatness for lack of the spiritual fire that should have fused and transmuted his manifold excellences into a strong expression of individual genius. If Andrea was in truth great anywhere, it was in his drawings. His favorite instrument was chalk, occasionally black, much more frequently red. In mastery of the red-chalk pencil as a medium for conveying rapidly an intense and vital sense of structure, tissue, and muscular strain and relaxation in the human model, whether posed or remembered, and especially in partial studies of particular limbs or parts of the model, Andrea has scarcely had an equal, unless it be the great English sculptor Alfred Stevens, who in studies of a similar class handled the same instrument with a curiously kindred power.

In the works of Andrea del Sarto the Heseltine collection was particularly rich. Some of the examples here given illustrate the customary first stages of preparation for a painting as defined at the beginning of these remarks. One sees (Fig. 5) a sheet, on which the master, having a lunette to fill with a composition either of the Virgin and Child or the Holy Family, feels his way tentatively, lightly, as yet quite uncertainly, in no less than five different sketches, toward the first elements of his design. From these germs sprang the famous fresco of the "Madonna

del Sacco," one of the last and finest of his works. Next follows, also from the Heseltine collection, what appears also to be a first design, but one which sprang from his hand and brain far more ripely and fully conceived than the "Madonna del Sacco." In this drawing the Madonna sits holding the child Jesus standing on her right knee, while the infant John the Baptist stands on the seat beside her and leans against her left shoulder (Fig. 6). The design combines freedom and majesty as does scarcely any other in the artist's work, and is flung down on the paper with extraordinary force and certainty. The fresco he executed from it, in a convent outside the Porta Pinti, has perished, and is known only by some early copies in oil.[1] These show that in working it out later the painter had altered the figure of John the Baptist not a little in pose and expression. Here (Fig. 7) is the drawing that he prepared and used for the head of this child. To get the look of something wild, ardent, and ecstatic, he has taken a pagan motive for his Christian purpose and gone for a suggestion, as Raphael also and his pupils often went, to an antique head of a faun. The result is not one of his happiest efforts; there are in existence by him other less strained and finer studies of boys' heads for pictures, whether of the young John the Baptist or Isaac at the sacrifice.

Ludovici Carracci
(Fig. 12) STUDY OF A SLEEPING BOY
Heseltine Collection (Red chalk)

For a specimen, though not quite one of the best, of the same master's characteristic studies from the nude for separate figures in his compositions Mr. Heseltine's

[1]For a further discussion of this drawing, see Berenson.

collection yields us (Fig. 8) the St. John stepping down into the stream, which appears carried out in fresco in the subject of "The Baptism of Christ" in the Scalzi at Florence. It is difficult to take leave of Andrea without reference to the wife whom Browning's poem has made so living to the modern world, and who was half his inspiration, half his bane, and at all times his favorite model. Here (Fig. 9) is a head of her in black chalk, closely resembling her portraits at Madrid and Berlin. The touch is, for Andrea, rather loose and weak; nevertheless, there is so much subtlety of modeling and expression in the lips, the indifferent, heavy-lidded eyes, the temples, and the airy spring of the hair above them, that to suspect the hand of a copyist, as some critics have suspected, seems needless.

Crossing the Apennines, and passing from the school of Florence to that of the Emilia, we pause at the chalk head of a man from the Heseltine collection (Fig. 10) marked by a peculiar, austere, and concentrated power, which had puzzled experts to identify until a picture painted from it was recognized in the Brera Gallery at Milan. This picture is signed by Filippo Mazzola, a rare and little-known painter of Parma at the close of the fifteenth century. He died in 1505, leaving a child who grew up to be an artist far more celebrated than his father and of a totally different cast. This was Francesco Parmigiano, a master who helped on the decadence by carrying charm to the verge of insipidity and elegance even beyond the verge of affectation. Herein he was influenced by his slightly elder contemporary, the great chief and glory of the Parmese school, Correggio.

I give none of the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Parmigiano's drawings that exist, but one from the Heseltine collection by Correggio (Fig. 11) shows his manner to perfection. Who can fail to see the exquisite vitality, charm, sentiment, sweetness, mischievousness of these four studies of boy angels on one sheet, or to note the butterfly lightness of the touch here, its telling strength of accent there, the perfect felicity with which the hand has followed the intention? At the same time, who can miss noticing the lapses, partly intentional and partly careless, from strict correctness? The trick by which Correggio in his drawing sets eyes nearly twice too far apart and indicates them by vague pits of shadow within the orbit, with scarcely any definition of lid or pupil, is as good as a signature for recognizing his manner; it is also extraordinarily effective for giving meaning and mystery to his faces. As for carelessness, note the hugely disproportionate size of the forearm of the boy in the left top corner. Strict academical correctness is often the last thing to look for in the work of a genius bent on the vital expression of what he sees, feels, and loves. Hence a great deal of confusion has arisen in regard to Correggio and his drawings.

The immense fame of Correggio's Parma frescos, above all, the universal admiration for the loveliness of his hovering boy angels, induced countless Italian artists of the generations closely following him to copy and try to rival them. Among the most assiduous of such copyists were the highly trained academical group of the Carracci, from the neighboring school of Bologna. Red chalk was the instrument they used, producing hundreds of drawings, taken either direct from the frescos or from nature, in imitation of Correggio's manner. In the course of time three fourths of these Bolognese imitations came to be labeled with the name of Correggio himself, and it is only of late years that we have learned to separate them. To close the Italian section, I give (Fig. 12) a typical Carracci drawing of a sleeping child, intended to be in the manner of Correggio. It is probably by Ludovico Carracci, the eldest and finest artist of the family. The drawing, it will be perceived, is of masterly accuracy, the proportions and perspective are perfect, the outlines supple, firm, and decisive, the modeling is beautifully understood and shaded; a fine drawing, indeed, in its way, but compared with the Correggio, how frozen, how null, how inexpressive; in a word, how dead!

Letters of a V. A. D.[1]

By MIRIAM CLARK KANE

PART TWO

May 30, 1917.

I'VE got indigestion, and am as cross as a bear, so don't expect a cheery letter. My morale is low, 'way down in the bass. It comes from the reversal of meals—coffee and eggs before going to bed, a heavy dinner on rising in the evening, with scraps at midnight. I am yellow in the face, blue in the disposition; but so is every one else, and that is something. Thank Heaven this wretched night duty will soon be over!

It is very slack again as to work, and when the telephone rings, every one trembles with excitement. It means one of two things: a telegram, never sent except in case of serious illness or death; or a convoy of wounded. In the latter case, they give us about two hours notice; never more and often less. The messages go about like this:

"How many empty beds have you?"

"Eighty."

"Bon! Eighty stretcher cases arriving by train at two A. M."

Then there is a grand rush to move that many convalescents down to my ward, settle them in their new quarters, remake the empty beds for the new arrivals, boil the instruments, get hot water up from the kitchen for their blanket baths, wake the orderlies, and send the chauffeurs to the station.

Of late our convoys have arrived at between midnight and four in the morning; why, I don't know.

We hear persistent rumors of American troops to come here, and it would not surprise me. The estimates are anywhere from two thousand to fifty thousand, to go into camp at L——. Already the orderlies are dreaming of challenging them at cricket. I smile up my sleeve. As a matter of fact, it would be an excellent center for them, on the main line of the railroad, with a branch, leading off by the hospital, that goes straight to Verdun, in a healthy and accessible spot in the midst of a flat and fertile farming country.

Our old *médecin-chef* has left, and in his place is a nice, fat country squire, who calls himself Colonel H——, and looks like John Bull's twin brother. He has been to New York, and finds it the most impossible place in the world.

[1] "V A D." stands for "Volunteer Auxiliary Detachment" of the British Field Hospital Service

"So beastly high, what? And so dashed much noise."

It being too lovely and apple-blossomy out of doors to sleep, the four of us on night duty together arose at 4:30 yesterday afternooon, drank a hasty cup of tea, hired an old, broken-down fire horse, hitched to a ramshackle victoria, a relic of prehistoric ages, and rambled along the river until dinner-time. It was so soothing to sit there motionless and be pulled along, without having to do any of the pulling, pushing, or carrying ourselves, after going under one's own steam for so long. The country is a perfect garden; everything is abloom; even the red-roofed cottages are hung with drooping wistaria.

June 1.

We are on the last lap of night-duty. Not much hospital news; but I have lost my room-mate at the night chalet, a jolly, rosy-cheeked English girl. Two nights ago she got word that her brother had been killed at the front, so when her vigil was ended at eight A. M. she dashed into the British consul's at L——, to the railroad station for her ticket, to the prefecture for her visé, to the matron and to the *médecin-chef,* turning up in our room at 11:35, where I was sound asleep, and announced that she was leaving for England on the one o'clock train. That meant leaving the chalet with all her belongings at 12:20, and for three quarters of an hour that room looked like a cinema being turned very fast. You never saw such a collection of junk to pack: china from L——, some pieces of old copper, a steamer rug, bedquilt, clothes, uniforms, books, pictures, and an enormous, long-handled warming-pan. We both worked like stokers, and the last strap was being fastened as the trunk-man came up the walk. Luckily, the excitement made the poor girl momentarily forget her grief, which she was too plucky to show much, anyhow, although she was very devoted to her brother. I shall miss her, and I certainly admire her courage, which with our English cousins is too often mistaken for lack of feeling.

June 6.

Again on day duty, and transferred to A Ward, which is much harder, and correspondingly more interesting. It is beginning all over again. Everything is different, the instruments, the kinds of dressings, the way they are done, the *blessés,* the nurses, and the point of view. I miss the men in D Ward. We were such good friends, and these are all strange faces. Happily, we are not very busy now, so I shall have a chance to get the hang of it before the next rush comes. At present we have more staff arriving than wounded, but that is often the way. The *blessés* come in waves, and the fighting seems to have absolutely stopped on the French front for the moment. One can't have battles all the time.

But what a contrast to six weeks ago, when there was n't time for anything! The hospital was short of nurses, and crowded with fresh wounded, so that some of the nurses on night duty stayed up until noon to help out. One of the V. A. D.'s managed with five hours of sleep a day, and with no off-duty time for over a week. She looked like a greenish shadow when it was over. Marjorie Darrow and I sat out with a lamp on the lawn until ten o'clock in the evening, after our day's work was finished, folding gauze dressings, for there were n't nearly enough ready. Several of the men also made dressings for us, and they did it very well with their great clumsy fingers. Many of them do not care for reading, as they are rather illiterate, and they love to help.

Now for our day's work. It begins at eight A. M., after a cup of coffee and a slice of bread. First the instruments are put on to boil for the dressings, then I, being the junior pro, wash the men's bedside tables, from twenty to thirty each morning, and do some other cleaning and disinfecting. In the meantime the senior pro sterilizes the dressing-bowls and arranges the cart, placing thereon the necessary gauze, cotton, bottles, bandages, pans, instruments, drain-tubes, etc., a complicated business, all in all. Sister makes out the lists for the day, the off-duty time, diet,

linen-room, and pharmacists' lists, and the temperature-charts. Also a table must be arranged in the ward, with plenty of hot water, soap, and towels for "scrubbing up," as one must wash afresh after every dressing.

It is nine o'clock or later when the dressings begin, and sister does them as a rule, the senior pro doing them if she is not on hand. I rush ahead to undo the bandages, and put rubber sheets under the men, having the patient all ready when sister comes along. She is waited on by the other pro, I being despatched hither and yon to fetch pails, splints, special bandages, empty bowls, sterilize tubes, and so on. My duty is also to rebandage the patient after his dressing is done and to make him 'neat and comfortable in bed again. The doctor comes in later to do the more important dressings and to look over the cases. He requires every one's attention. A doctor, it appears, can utilize the combined efforts of any number of people at one and the same time. Some of the dressings take four people, one to hold the limb, another to hold a pan under it, a third to do the dressing, and a fourth to hand the instruments to him. We have one trained nurse and from two to four V. A. D.'s in a ward.

The dressings are finished at eleven o'clock, or later if there is a great rush, and then comes the cleaning up, which is entirely the pro's affair, and of which the sister does nothing. There are innumerable pans and bowls to be washed, medicines to be put away, and rubber sheets to be scrubbed, thirty sometimes on busy days. Also the instruments and tubes must be reboiled and cleaned. In the midst of this mêlée the men's lunches arrive, and we all stop our work to serve them. I am the little Hebe, for I pour out the *pinard* (wine), of which they are allowed a cupful at each meal. That over, and the medicines given, the plates are piled up and sent to the kitchen to be washed, and the clearing up of the morning's débris continues. Sister makes out the permission-cards for the men who are allowed to go out, and they are sent to the *médecin-chef* to be signed. Then the ward must be made tidy in case of visitors.

Our own lunch comes at twelve, with second lunch at 12:45, as a ward must never in any circumstances be left alone, and turns are taken at eating. We are off duty either from 1:30 to 4:30, or from 4:30 on, on alternate days. The pro who is on between 1:30 and 4:30 has her work planned for her: Monday, blanket bathe all patients, and give out clean linen; Tuesday, scrub all dinner-boards and dressing-pails; Wednesday, scrub the paint in the ward kitchen; and so on throughout the week. Besides these tasks, which take up the greater part of the afternoon, every day there are all the temperatures to take and beds to make; all patients must be given basins of water with which to wash (all our hot water must be brought in pitchers from the ground floor); and all their backs must be rubbed with alcohol and powder, and egg-nog be made for the men who need feeding up. The nurses' cup of tea, which comes at four o'clock, is well earned and welcome.

The pro who comes on duty at 4:30 has usually not very much to do unless there are evening dressings, hot compresses, an "intake," or a visit from the doctor; but any of these calamities may happen at any time. She serves the men's dinners at six, and sees that all is well for the night—no Carrel tubes flooding the beds and nothing out of place. She then writes the day-report before going to dinner at eight o'clock, when the night nurse appears.

This schedule varies, of course; sometimes there is less to do, then, again, there is more. In a real rush there is no off-duty time, and every one is on a dead tear from early morning until late at night. Operations vary the routine, also, and the junior pro takes up the cases as she can best be spared from the ward work. She sees that the man is properly clothed and covered, remains with him during the operation, and stays with him as he comes out of the ether. The other day one of our men asked me quaintly what he had said in his anesthetic dreams; but I could n't tell him, as he had talked in Breton the

whole time. Also a convoy, or "intake," breaks the monotony, and is always followed by several hectic days, or more if they are serious cases.

We V. A. D.'s are absolutely responsible for the cleanliness and good appearance of the wards, and there is much rivalry on that account and much comparing of wards and methods. C, unfortunately, outshines ours at the moment, A ranking second. But we will get them yet.

You can see what healthy physical lives we lead; and, indeed, it is not lacking in interest. The men are dears, and these English girls are thorough bricks. It is really amazing how they have adapted themselves to this life when one considers their way of living before the war. Also they seem more robust than our girls.

When they first arrive, most of the men appear much older than they are; and it is a real joy to see how they improve after a week or two. Their faces fill out, and their eyes brighten, until one fine day you discover that it is a boy of twenty-one you 've been nursing instead of a man of thirty-five. We have many patients of forty or more, among them a dear old thing whom we call Grandpère Douze (twelve). He had been hit by an aëroplane bomb, and was a total wreck when he came. Madame Douze was sent for immediately. He had a huge slice off his thigh, an enormous raw area that had to have skin grafted on it from the other thigh. A tiny piece was missing from the end of his nose; his left arm was shattered; his right thumb and forefinger were gone; he also had a badly cut forehead. Poor *grandpère!* It was a long, hard pull. He thought his last hour had come, and so did we. The older men lose heart more quickly than the younger ones. It takes youth to fight battles.

Madame Douze sat by his bedside and prayed, and tried to look cheerful when he was awake; but it was hard work.

Now, after two wonderful operations, he is slowly mending, and it is a joy to see him, fat and rosy, although his hearing is nearly destroyed by the explosion. He looked at least sixty two weeks ago; now he would pass for fifty-two or thereabout; and with another two weeks of good food and care he will no longer be a proper *grandpère* at all. A case of retroactive existence, eh?

June 15.

A hospital is a strange unit of existence when all is said and done. It is like being on shipboard. There is the same detachment from the things of ordinary life, the same isolation from the world at large. When you first arrive, you look around at your fellow-passengers or crew and wonder how in the world this or that person chanced to be aboard; for what reason had he ventured afar and was voyaging thus in strange seas. Everything here goes by bells at fixed hours. Any small event, such as the arrival of a visitor or the ringing of the telephone, is greeted with as much excitement as the event of a school of porpoises or a whale at sea. The chief interests in life are the three meals a day and your neighbor's business, together with a certain amount of speculation as to "who she was" and "where he came from." The arrival of wounded is nothing more or less than a shipload of passengers at a new port, who are looked over by the crew and older passengers with a view to picking out the interesting ones. If one jumped overboard, the hospital would perhaps be sorry, but would sail serenely on to other ports and strange travels. Hospital concerts and ship's concerts have much in common, and no skipper ever braved the deep with more seadoggish nonchalance than that with which our old *médecin-chef* guides the *hôpital anglais*. One's life is settled, fixed, foreordained, in the same way; no use struggling or straining to do something different or to do it otherwise. It is the routine, and that settles it. To change might lead to disaster. It 's a soothing way to live. After all, thinking *is* a bother and a bore and unnecessary if one can be happy and useful without it.

Yesterday we touched at a foreign port and explored it, Marjorie Darrow and I. We went to C——. I had a day off, and

Marjorie went without sleeping, as she is on night duty. It is a long train ride, including several changes and waits at small junctions, lunching on the way. Mr. —— and Van Deeter met us at the station, for we went at their invitation.

First we "did" the cathedral, a lacy Gothic exterior, with row upon row of carved saints and gargoyles beneath its two imposing towers. The dignified façade is a mass of strange, fantastic little forms. The interior is like the inside of a jewel-casket, and the stained-glass, dating from the twelfth century, is the finest in France since the destruction of Rheims, a party-colored glory of flaming blues and golds and scarlets, tiny bits of glass through which the sunlight filters, breaking up the spectrum into its separate rays, and lighting up the dim and brown interior like a Persian rug aflame. They are poetry made in light instead of sound; history transparent, quaint medallions, alive with astonishing archaic saints and angels, stiff little dukes and duchesses in widespread skirts, with comically solemn expressions. Mr. A—— acted as guide, and tried to photograph the dusky interior, after which we proceeded to inspect the palace of Jacques Cœur.

Jacques was the treasurer for Charles VII and a great voyager in his day, as the monkeys, palms, and ships carved on the mantelpieces of his house testify. On the ceiling of the chapel were Mme. Cœur and the two daughters, masquerading as chubby and somewhat Teutonic-looking angels in filmy garments. Below them, on a frieze, is his brave device with the words, *"A vaillan riens impossible"* ("To valiant hearts nothing is impossible"). Poor man! He died penniless, and exiled in disgrace by his ungrateful royal master, whom he had served discreetly and valiantly.

Louis XI we discovered, brooding and sinister, in a courtyard near by, a wicked, glowering man in bronze, hatching dark plots. We promenaded through the clean, wide streets of this charming town, and then went to the hotel for dinner, not so bad as it might have been. Being as much in a rut as we are, and even more girl-less than we are man-less, it was as great an occasion for the aviators as for ourselves and a distinct party for all concerned. So we were exceedingly merry.

The sunlight had not yet disappeared from the western sky when we wended our way to the station to take the only possible train home. In a sky of daffodil gold an aëroplane from A——— soared above us, a bomb-dropping plane with beautiful, slightly curved wings.

Upon arriving at the chalet we found the garden gate chained; but Marjorie, being the thinnest female on earth, finally squeezed through, and opened it for me.

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June 21.

Live and learn! I 've just had a lesson in scrubbing as a fine art. Whoever would have thought that cleaning windows required deep and careful study!

Being told to polish the ward windows, I at first blithely obeyed. But those windows got smuttier and smuttier; and the more I cleaned, the smearier they became, until after an hour and half of hard work they were an opaque mess. As I leaned back, regarding them despairingly, ready to weep, who should happen along but Lady Frances herself.

"Let me show you how," she said gaily. "I know just how you feel about these windows. I 've been there myself."

And with that she briskly seized a rag, gave a few artful twists and some persuasive rubs, until the pane glistened splendidly. So you see I am shining socially. God save the pun!

Great excitement on Sunday as the first and long-expected Americans appeared. They were two officers of the engineer corps, looking over the ground. I could have cheered when I saw their khaki uniforms; and if the hospital had been a ship, it would have capsized as, regardless of wards, wounded and dressings, every one rushed to the west side and hung out of the windows when it was noised about that *they* were there inspecting our "desert." The *médecin-chef* invited me down, and it *was* nice to see them!

June 26.

Still no new *blessés,* and three evacuation orders; therefore only a few of our old ones are left. We are praying for work. Not that we wish them any hard luck; but if people *will* fight and get themselves wounded, we want to nurse them.

I am teaching some of our men to knit. They care little about reading, and they enjoy working with their hands. The scheme is for them to make mufflers to begin with, and these first efforts are to be sent to the front for their brother *Poilus* against next winter's cold. Already I am writing to Paris for prices and samples, and there are five men at work: dear old No. 4, with both legs fractured; No. 9, with a bad thigh wound, very septic, on a Carrel drip; No. 19; and two in D Ward.

The tiny railroad by the hospital is like a stream nowadays, flowing ever downhill, and carrying its burden of cargoes to the sea. Train after train passes toward the southwest, away from the battle-line, where or why we do not know, only that they are long trains, full of material, guns, ammunition, tractors, horses, fodder, and, over all, like fleas, Russian soldiers, thousands of them, sitting anywhere and everywhere, and cheering as they pass. We are like *Will o' the Mill,* watching the current of life go by.

Our *blessés,* however, do not take it kindly, and sitting on the terrace, they jeer and call, *"Lâches!"*

And that reminds me that I wish you could see the row of precious babies out there this very minute. As soon as the dressings are done in the morning, we call a couple of orderlies, and have the wounded moved out and placed gently on steamer-chairs or stretchers, well blanketed, in the summer sunlight, where they remain until after supper in the evening. Only the poor devils on Carrel drips cannot be moved, being chained to their beds by their rubber tubes and extensions. A happy day it is for them when these can be dispensed with.

Speaking of orderlies, it may be interesting to note the variety and ages of those in the hospital. It shows the lack of man power. There is a Church-of-England clergyman, a Venerable Bede of sixty, with flowing white whiskers; an artist of about fifty-five, a charming man; a conscientious objector, who is certainly crazy, to judge by his actions, not to mention his objections; and a fat Spanish monk of over fifty. Our chauffeur is an English boy of twenty-four, with serious heart trouble.

Paris, on leave, July 3.

The earthly paradise of every Frenchman and nearly all Americans, the password to bliss for the *permissionnaires,* such as I!

How beautiful it is, and how altogether charming! To my eyes, keyed down to peasant cottages and long rows of white beds backed by a monotony of clean white walls, it seems the New Jerusalem. The trees are abloom along the Champs-Elysées, and the Tuileries is bright with tiny children playing about the gravel spaces at the fountain's edge. Every shop-window is abloom with hats, and every *Parisienne* seems to me a chic and sophisticated, but somewhat somber, flower-garden. And the officers! The place is alive with them. The Place de l'Opéra fairly reeks with smart-looking aviators and artillerymen, with their black coats and red breeches, medals, orders, and gold braid. There are Serbs, Rumanians, and Russians; English, Anzacs, Italians, Portuguese, Japanese, and, glory be! now and again an American.

It is heavenly to be alive and in Paris. One thing only is needed to complete the picture—to be in love.

Matron was a dear, and gave me three-days' leave to come up and kiss the Stars and Stripes. So here I am for the Fourth of July, and a privilege I esteem it.

A visit to the *œuvre* yesterday gained me the promise of a fat bundle of wool for the *blessés* to knit, and there, too, I found my old friends L—— and F——, bekhakied to their finger-tips, belted, booted, girdled, and got up regardless.

An unholy feminine longing for millinery has seized upon me, and I nearly fell for the seductions of an adorable black velvet bonnet, with a pink ribbon on it, like an eighteenth-century portrait. But on my way home with the duchess a priest saluted us in the street, and turning to me, madame said, smiling:

"That was for you, my dear, because you are a Red Cross nurse."

So I am sticking to the moral vanity of my chaste blue veil, and forgoing the other.

What a storm center Paris is, to be sure! There are rumors of battles past, present, and to come; of attacks, counter-attacks, of horrors and inventions as yet unknown; of peace by autumn on the one hand, of war for another ten years on the other; of treachery, treason, and intrigue; of strange things brewing in the East, of the collapse of Germany; of the collapse of France; of the coming of the Americans; of their failure to come. But tomorrow is the Fourth of July, and we shall see what we shall see.

Paris, July 5.

The Fourth of July was typical, sunny and hot, but a bit sultry even in the early morning. By 9:30 I was on the curb of the rue de Rivoli, near the rue Castiglione, with C——, waiting for the troops to pass, which they did shortly after.

First of all, an aëroplane hovered over us like a giant moth, just over our heads, and nearly low enough to scrape off the chimney-pots of the neighboring houses. It raged about, looping, turning, and screaming like a distracted bat beating against the light; gloriously daring, beautifully graceful, appallingly alive. Amid the incessant scream of its motor marched two stolid French regiments, two famous old battle-torn, faded, magnificent bodies of men, little men with dry, yellowish faces, and blue overcoats rain-beaten into streaks of greenish gray and brown. They trudged rather than marched, "the mute, inglorious legions." For what can the acclaim of multitudes mean to these hosts that battled at the Somme and held Verdun! The second to pass was the ——*ième Infanterie,* decorated with the Medaille Militaire, the green-and-yellow cord of which hung from every shoulder.

The crowd, lining the streets for miles, burst into a shout of applause; but some people cried, and there was a lump in my throat, too, as they passed on, like the tramp of Destiny.

There was a brief pause, while the aëroplane continued its howling career over our heads; then with a yell that reached to heaven the whole populace surged forward, broke the restraining ropes that held them, swamped the gendarmes, and C—— and I, swept along with the tide, found ourselves marching side by side with the first American troops in France!

People cried and they laughed, then they choked and did both together. Women and tiny children struggled to give a flower to some sunburned Yankee from across the world; but one and all they marched along with them.

The soldiers smiled under their broad sombreros; but I, laughing with my lips, remembered the French troops that had just passed, and my heart cried. There were tears in C——'s eyes, too; and indeed it must have been so with all Americans. Yet who could wish it otherwise?

We marched along for several blocks before we could finally gain the sidewalk again, and even then it was hard to push against the tide and regain the hotel. Upon thinking it over afterward, it was quaint to recognize Indian faces among our troops, and I realized with a start how few people among the hundreds of thousands who that day greeted them knew that they were the red men, or singled them out, without war-paint and feathers, from among the straight, proud, high-nosed men who passed before them.

Upon our return, there was Mr. W—— waiting at the hotel. He had just arrived in Paris, en route from Pau to the front, and right glad was I to see him. By that time it was hot and humid, and we were very tired. A little later we lunched together at an adorable tea-place, small and quiet, but quaintly fu-

turistic as to decorations, where they serve delicious iced tea.

We spent a gorgeous afternoon, under the sunlit, cloud-swept sky, wandering in the fields and forests near Bagatelle, where fat bumble-bees buzzed musingly over the shattered roses of June, where other people, in other years, a century gone, have, like the bees, sipped the honey from June's roses.

When I am old and full of years, I shall not have forgotten this day.

At the hospital again, July 15.

Very few wounded at present, and it seems almost too bad to have returned, except that one has no choice in the matter. The knitting goes on apace, and there will be a fine crop of mufflers. It is amazing how well these men knit. Several of them have now started sweaters, and are getting on well. I hope to be able to sell them, *au profit des blessés,* of course. But the wool! Nearly all of that from the *œuvre* is already used up in less than a week, and three tiny skeins from L——, costing ninety-two cents! Every spare minute is spent dashing about from one ward to another, a harried expression on my countenance, and arms and apron-pockets stuffed with wool, needles, and samples of work. But the men are quite wonderful.

Yesterday being the fourteenth, an armistice was declared in the matter of cleaning, scrubbing, and such-like menial tasks. That is the nearest approach to a holiday possible in a hospital. In the park at L—— there was a review, at which some American officers assisted along with the French dignitaries. First marched some old troops, *en dépot* here; then they lined themselves up on the gravel open space in the middle of a grove of large trees. After them came the *"Petit Bleus,"* the class of 1918, who are still in training. They are such kiddies, only nineteen, and somehow their dark-blue coats and red trousers seem altogether too large and important for them, their shoes too clumsy, and their muskets only heavy, old blunderbusses. Several of our *blessés,* some discharged, were decorated, among them a handsome rascal who came in jovially drunk while I was on night duty, and had to be assisted to bed. He must have been a brave man to gain the Croix de Guerre; but that he should be brave enough to come in again in that condition in the *hôpital anglais,* I doubt.

The ceremony over, with its brass bands and kissing, the officials motored out to the hospital, and there took place a touching, simple scene, the conferring of medals upon the wounded in bed. Our No. 4 was decorated, and so was No. 13, a clerk in a Paris department store. "Charley," in C Ward, got the most splendid *citation* of all, with the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire, for single-handed with his machine-gun and at the almost certain peril of death he held at bay a large enemy force until relief could be sent.

Such of the *blessés* as could be moved were placed in beds side by side, washed, brushed, combed, and shined within an inch of their lives for the honor, and their beds were made smooth and neat. The ward was gay with flowers when the general and his staff appeared, headed by our fat little *médecin-chef.* Behind a huge jar of larkspur from a neighboring garden I hid myself with a camera, for I wanted a snapshot of the proceedings.

The aide stood at the foot of the bed of the first *blessé,* saluted, then read aloud in a shrill, quick voice his *citation* for courage, endurance, and his qualities as a soldier. The general stepped briskly up, pinned on the decoration, kissed him in businesslike fashion on both cheeks, shook hands, and congratulated him, then passed on to the next one. As they neared my place of concealment, I cocked my eye and my camera. I had a really splendid view of all that happened, and especially of one poor dear, propped up in bed with many pillows for the occasion. As the general pinned on his medal, *click!* went my shutter, and at that precise moment a large, rotund French office clerk stepped directly in front of the camera, and after that it was too late to try again.

One great revolution has taken place since my few-days' absence in Paris. The

tide of trains and munitions, supplies and khaki-colored soldiers, has turned. Now, where the Russians were drifting downstream *en repos,* two weeks ago, tiny engines, with many cars behind them, puff and chug laboriously and persistently uphill toward the front. But they carry Americans now! And every morning, as we cross the railroad bridge, hurrying to breakfast, I wave to them passing.

July 24.

They are here, and coming in daily increasing numbers. I mean my fellow-countrymen. L—— is alive with them, mostly quartermasters, I believe, with now and again an inquisitive-looking ordnance clerk. All of them are making themselves *personæ gratæ* with the people of L——, who are rapidly brushing up their English, supposing they ever had any. Even at this stage of the game there are numerous promising little *ententes cordiales* going on on the benches in the park every evening.

The *blessés,* by the way, consider your darling daughter something of a linguist. One of them said to me in his very best manner:

"You are very accomplished, Mees!"

"Comment?" says I, shpakin' the langwidge.

"Oh," says 'e, "you speak French, English, and American." And, bless his heart, so I do.

Such a tragic thing has happened within the last few days! There is a *blessé* in D Ward who is partly paralyzed, a young man of fine physique. A little while ago his brother came to visit him, and spent his entire leave here. Their affection was beautiful to see, and they could not bear to be separated from each other even for a few minutes. It was very touching and unusual in grown men. Of the five sons in their family one was killed, a second had a terrible amputation up to his armpit, a third was missing in no-man's-land, our own patient is paralyzed, and the fifth and last was our guest. Two weeks ago, his leave being up, he returned to the front. On Tuesday came a telegram that he was "seriously wounded," that being the Government way of breaking the news to a man in hospital himself. Yesterday came the confirmation that he was dead. No words can express the awfulness of it. The poor man does nothing but lie on his bed and cry like a baby; and there is nothing to be done. His sobs are the most heartrending sounds imaginable. One would give one's eyes to be able to say or do one little thing to help or comfort him, but before such griefs and sorrows we poor human worms are as helpless as if we had never been born. Why does God torture us with the sight of suffering we cannot ease? Lest we become too proud of our own omnipotence?

The men are still enthusiastic over their knitting, and the sweaters are progressing splendidly. They use miles and miles of wool. One of my pupils is now, on his own initiative, making a tiny white sack, bordered with pink, for his little daughter, aged three, whose picture he proudly shows me, fond parent that he is. After that he is going to knit a sweater to surprise his wife. Another one fancies his new accomplishment greatly, and intends to knit by his fireside on winter evenings to the end of his days. The mother of a third one, a sweet-faced old thing in a stiff tulle bonnet, like an ancient St. Anne, thanked me for teaching her son to be useful, and gave me two funny little home-made cookies, which I loved. She asked me to come and visit them.

August 8.

Thank you so much for the pumps and candy. A——, who just landed in France, and is already on duty at a hospital at the front, mailed them to me with a note in which he admitted to being sorely tempted to eat the candy instead of delivering it, as he keenly felt the lack of carbohydrates here. I replied that had he been over a little longer, he would have been more tempted to keep the pumps, considering the general dreadfulness of French shoes and their high-flying aviation prices.

No. 9, a rosy-cheeked peasant boy, is just finishing a sweater for me. I shall wear it as proudly as the Legion of Honor, for it is nearly as fine as a stocking, and has taken him quite a month to make. He has had a badly fractured thigh, very septic, which is nearly healed now; but one leg is seven centimeters shorter than the other. That finishes him for farm work.

Soon I shall have a vacation, and am going to the South to forget, if it is possible, for a brief spell, that there is a war. There I shall bathe in sunlight and blue seas, wander through ancient fastnesses, and stray through the pass where Roland sounded the call to Charlemagne in the mountains.

August 19.

Sincere thanks for the voluminous newspapers from America. Evidently they come from a land where *"crises de papier"* are unheard of. I 'd quite forgotten how bulky ours are, and shall be able to gladden the heart of a little farmer's wife across the way with a big bundle of them, with which she will do up her vegetables for market on Saturday. Every tiny scrap of paper here is preciously hoarded; it is too valuable for country folk to burn. Once before I gave an armful to her, and she became quite moved with gratitude, and gave me a huge bunch of dahlias the next time I came.

We are rapidly becoming an island in a sea of khaki. The "desert," as we call the vacant ground in front of the hospital, is growing up into concrete buildings, and undermined into cellars and ditches. Traps are laid for the unwary V. A. D. who tries to pick her way home after dark. Everything is in the skeleton stage, and machines, men, and material come pouring in in ever-increasing quantities day by day. It is bewildering and fascinating. Last Sunday there was a baseball game that warmed my patriotic heart, but the *blessés* could n't "get" it at all. Now that would be impossible, for everywhere are miniature railroad-tracks, with busy little cars running over them, concrete mixers, ladders, boards, coils of wire.

A Ward is transformed despite itself into an accident dispensary, for every day there are cut hands, black eyes, dislocated shoulders, and what not to be dressed and attended to. Occasionally we receive gifts of loaves of white bread from my lucky and luxurious compatriots. I never knew how good it was before, although I never really disliked the war bread. However, the other seems as manna from heaven. It is a far cry from France to U. S. A., as I learn from brief conversations with these boys, and small wonder that the French are disposed to look upon them as innocent-minded millionaires, they do themselves so well. Not that one begrudges it to them,—far from that,—but the contrast between them and the *Poilus* in material matters is—well, rather hard on the long-suffering *Poilus*.

And now our little No. 8, a Breton boy who has been with us for a long time, is worse again. He was nearly well, then suddenly his wound has become very pussy, and that means another operation. When he first came, in May, he had a terrible wound near his spine and was partly paralyzed, and used to scream with pain all night long. Then he had some pieces of shrapnel removed, and has slowly, but steadily, improved until last week, when the awful suffering began again. He, too, has been knitting; two mufflers, and a shawl for his mother, are his record. He had just started a pair of blue wristlets. Now his back hurts too much for him to do anything but lie on his side and cry softly to himself or groan, *"Oh, que je suis malheureux!"*

August 25.

Poor little Pierre! He had his operation, and it proved to be a dreadful one, much worse than they expected. All the men are kind and considerate of him, for he is such a child, and a dear child, too. He suffers terribly all the time. The *médecin-chef* is sending for his family, or, rather, for all must be *en règle*, notifying the mayor of their village in Brittany that Pierre Rialland is in a very grave condition, of which will he please advise the

Père Rialland? But they must know what that means, and surely they will come. If only they would hurry! It is far to Brittany, and the railroad changes are many. But Pierre is losing strength with fever and pain, and it is a race with the ultimate, could they but know it.

In the meantime our steps and voices are of the lightest, and so are the men's. There is always some one by his bedside, and an extra person on duty in case of an emergency, such as the dreadful chill he had yesterday. M. l'Abbé comes constantly to inquire, and so do the men and nurses from the other wards. The *blessés* bring him quaint bouquets of wild flowers gathered from the neighboring fields. Every little while he must have some egg and milk or Benge's food or cocoa to keep up his failing strength. And he is always hungry, strangely enough, and when the pain in his back is unbearable, he can sometimes have a hypodermic.

But he knows he can't last long, and he is very young and loves life dearly.

August 30.

We said good-by to Le Petit Huit (Little Eight) to-day, and he has gone on his last long journey.

After two days of breathless waiting and agonizing hope, his mother arrived, a little peasant woman in a stiff black dress and upstanding tulle bonnet, crying her poor eyes out. With her came Pierre's sister, an old-fashioned little girl of fifteen, crying also out of sympathy, but not realizing fully why. They were accompanied by an uncle, a stolid, solid sort of man, the very rock upon which they all stood, whose peasant indifference was more than canceled by his kindness.

It was nine A. M. when they came, and there was a screen around Pierre's bed, for the abbé had just been to see him, and comforted him by administering the last rites of the church, by which he knew more certainly than ever that he was not long for this world. The doctor was in the midst of giving him a *"picure"* to keep him alive an hour or two longer. But it would n't take, and poor Mère Rialland had to wait while the doctor cut his arm in order to inject the saline into an artery. Suddenly he turned to me gruffly and told me to bring them in, which I did. And they entered. There he was, his worn, white face outlined sharply against the pillows: huge gray eyes, heavy-lidded, like a deer's, haunting and searching; below, an incongruous scarlet bed-jacket, and his right arm held stiffly out over a rubber sheet in front, with the fresh cut in it; and instruments, syringes, bowls, and gauze all about. There was the doctor on one side, and two nurses, another hovering near, and I at the foot of the bed. The other men were silent. And there were these two little black figures watching the tide go out. But the mother was brave.

After a while Pierre rallied, and so they remained together all day long. The last call came for Le Petit Huit at seven in the evening. Taps, sunset, and evening star. How easy to see poetry in the sorrows of others, how hard when it is our own!

Sister sat there watching and waiting with them from early morning until evening with never a tear in her eye. But she was dying twice over, for her dear and only brother was killed in Flanders not a month ago.

The next morning I saw Mme. Rialland and the little girl. They were quite calm and brave. I gave her the knitting, the pathetic blue wristlets that were never finished, and she cried again. We learned by chance that they had had to borrow money to come to Pierre, a long, long trip; so we got together a small sum to cover that expense, and to allow them to take him home to the quiet graveyard, so that he might rest with his fathers by the sea. He will not be so lonely there. Madame says that the *bon Dieu* will never forget us for this, nor will she; and she will always remember us when she prays to the blessed Virgin, and so will the priest in their village. She wants to give him the names of the nurses who helped, so that he may ask the good God to protect and reward them always.

You know that I never saw death before until I went into the tiny mortuary chamber, filled with white dahlias, where Pierre was resting, covered with the flag of France. Matron went with me. His face had lost all its softness, for the eyes were closed, and the profile looked hard and gray against the bare walls, cold amid the flowers, as pitiless and sphinx-like as a resigned and outcast thing. Death in the midst of life: and what the living flesh had shrunk at, dreaded, it had at last reverted to, touched, embraced.

Mme. Rialland and the others remained with us for two days, visiting Pierre from time to time, and walking in the fields, gathering flowers.

The final scene took place yesterday. It was a sunshiny day, full of breeze and billowy clouds, but hot. After lunch the little procession started to the station. From behind the hospital they came, first, a queer, old, black wagon, drawn by a tired and rusty black horse. In the wagon was our soldier boy, his box covered with the flag of France, and ornamented with two enormous, hideous bead wreaths, like skeletons of flowers, but immeasurably dear to the heart of the French peasant. One was from the nurses of Salle A, the other from the *blessés,* who had collected their rare sous for the purpose. After that marched Mme. Rialland, very slowly, with the sister and the stolid, solemn uncle, like devout peasants by Millet. Then came Oakley and Corby, the senior pros in A Ward, both very straight and proud in their blue veils, heads held high, and eyes right. It cost them something, this beautiful composure. Every one in the hospital was lined up on the steps as the sad little cortège passed—all the nurses, doctors, and wounded. All uncovered, in French fashion, as it neared us, then with one accord the men, lame and halt, bandaged and amputated, weak and miserable themselves, poured down the steps and fell in behind the pathetic procession, hobbling the two weary, dusty miles to the station. When they had all gone, matron and I rushed into A Kitchen and cried our eyes out.

And there you have the story of Pierre, not thrilling, not heroic, not even interesting; only it is one of countless thousands.

September 3.

The hospital is usually a cheerful place. We have our little jokes and fun, and so have the *blessés.* But Pierre's death has cast a gloom over us that is n't soon dispelled. The arrival of fresh wounded has, however, brought more work, and cleared the atmosphere somewhat.

As the stretchers were being carried into the building, two of the *blessés* recognized each other as former neighbors in a town now on the German lines; so they were put in beds side by side to talk it out. Both were *sous-officiers* and men of above our general average of intelligence; neither of them has had news of his family since 1914. What a happy chance that they saw each other and can have this pleasure, which means much to them; for otherwise they might have been put in different wards, and would never have known of each other's presence! It is a joy to watch them as they compare notes.

As I said, we are usually gay and cheerful. One man, while his dressing is being done, always asks sister if she has caught any fish when she probes the horrid long sinuses into his wound. It is his way of designating microbes. There is another one on a Carrel drip, with a painful leg wound, which is in danger of being amputated. We always tease him about his fiancée, one of the favorite ways of being cheery. He says, with a droll headshake:

"But Miss, I think rather of my leg than of my fiancée. Of the two, it is the dearer to me."

Which only goes to prove that many a word of truth is spoken in jest.

We become so fond of the *blessés!* These peasants are truly a wonderful people, and it is rare to find one whom one cannot honestly admire. That is the secret of it for me. There is a stoic satisfaction in doing one's duty, and the harder the duty, the greater the satisfaction.

But the duty becomes a pleasure sometimes. It is lightened, softened, and made beautiful by the men themselves, by their gaiety, humor, and appreciation, as well as by their courage, and by mingling with these simple folk who know so well what a thing life is, and how it should be lived. And they have a speaking acquaintance with death also. It is perhaps why they know life at its best value.

Again on night duty for a few days before leaving on my vacation, now due. Think of having nothing to do! I am drunk with the very idea.

Picture me, by the light of a pale and glimmering oil-lamp; time, 2:45 A. M. Every half-hour I get up and do a round, peeping carefully under the bedclothes here and there looking for incipient hemorrhages. There are three cases likely to flow at any moment, one especially, an amputation, operated on yesterday. There is a tourniquet at the foot of his bed, just in case—but hidden so that he can't see it, for it would frighten him. Sister comes in from time to time and looks, too.

My costume is choice. We have taken lately to removing our aprons at about 10 P. M., putting on instead a long, white hospital shirt, with the sleeves rolled up. It saves laundry, and does very well for cooking supper, washing up, and making beds. Then one's apron is quite fresh for breakfast, and has n't that up-all-night look about it, even if the face above it has.

Yesterday (Sunday) I mounted to chapel, where my American flag is displayed. Chapel is in the loft, and the altar is made of packing-boxes, covered with a sheet, and decorated with field flowers. Behind, hung to the bare rafters, are the Allied flags. M. l'Abbé officiates, and there is a wheezy harmonium, played by a workman with a rusty tenor voice. All the *blessés* who are able and *pratiquant* climb or hobble up the three flights and sit on the benches, singing lustily. A few American soldiers come in, too, their khaki looking doubly neat and military amid the assorted and varied hues of faded and ill-matched pajamas displayed by our men. There is for the *blessés* an added interest to the service since the Americans have come; for they like to see them face to face, and judge, or guess, what manner of men they may be. The service itself I shall not describe, for it is the same the world over, the only difference being that M. l'Abbé makes all his announcements in both French and English. He has not yet acquired American.

Now the dawn is breaking. Can it indeed be that there will one day be a dawn of peace? All is cold and silent. The east is streaked gray and white, with bars of purple cloud across. I must cease and go to work. The stillness is like the grave; not a stir, not a sound. No word from the passing night or coming day. Across the road are the precious, damp, and shadowy stacks of hay, sweet-perfumed, in neat rows to the other edge of the field, and beyond the greenish black silhouette of trees against the "wistful, the fast-widowing sky," the wavy horizon. With you it is only eight o'clock in the evening, and that same moon, perhaps, is rising. Maybe you are wondering what I am doing or think that I am fast asleep.

The Mediterranean: The Last Stand of the Submarine

By HERMAN WHITAKER

WITH a slow, lazy roll our boat laid her slim cheek against a warm wave, then lifted it, all wet and glistening, into the last, rich rays of the sun. Far off, fully eighty miles to port, a Spanish mountain raised its golden head from behind the curve of the sea. To starboard the African coast loomed in dusky heat haze. On our beam the convoy of twenty ships steamed in double line across a violet sea, their oil smoke streaming in black-velvet pennons across the smoldering sky. While the great crimson ball of the sun hung poised on the horizon, a patrol-boat sailed across its face at the exact distance required to bring out the hull, spars, masts, ropes in black silhouette, as though stamped by die on a medal of fire. It was wonderfully beautiful. Its quiet loveliness laid a spell of silence even on the sailor lads who were skylarking astern. A hush fell over the ship, broken only by the heart-beat of the screw.

"Yachting in the Mediterranean." The officer on the bridge broke the long silence. "This is what your millionaire pays his good money for."

In our case it was literally true, for our boat, a converted yacht in Uncle Sam's Mediterranean fleet, was said to be the finest yacht in the world before the war. Then she was a sailor's dream of polished wood, brass, copper; her decks snow-white from a daily bleach of squeezed lemons. It spoiled a million dollars a year to keep her in commission and entertain the princes, presidents, and kings that used her for a playground.

Generally she lay at Kiel, and one of her officers possesses an engraved card of invitation to the great annual ball after the Kiel Regatta, signed by his Imperial Majesty, the kaiser. Another American officer occupies the beautiful state-room in which the kaiser often slept, and the steward who used to wait upon him was still on board when the yacht was taken into our service. He told many an interesting story of the days when King Edward and Kaiser Wilhelm sat at opposite ends of the ward-room table, now used—the irony of events!—by American officers who are busily engaged in hunting down his Imperial Majesty's U-boats. He said that the kaiser appeared to be very fond of his uncle, which affords a revealing glimpse of his character, for we know that even in those days he was plotting to enslave the world and bind England with German forged chains.

While we stood there on the bridge talking, some of his Imperial Majesty's latest work went floating by in the shape of torpedoed wreckage; and as the glow in the sky passed through every shade of crimson and rose to deepest saffron, and the sea's violet deepened to indigo, my companion laid before me the problem of the Mediterranean.

"Conditions here are ideal for U-boat operations. The Mediterranean is a bottle two thousand miles in length with a neck at each end, and squeezed thin in the middle between Sicily and the African coast. Through the bottle-neck at Gibraltar at one end, the Suez Canal at the other, passes a large trade. To understand its volume just draw a line from Canada to Gibraltar, another from Cape Horn. Into that great triangle pours not only the trade of the Americas and the Panama Canal, but into it also comes the West African trade from the south; the British, French, and Scandinavian from the

north; all of the world's trade for the far East; and those dozen nations that have sea borders along the Mediterranean. After passing in at Gibraltar, this stream of ships cannot diverge very widely, for though, as you know, we are a day's sail from Gib, Africa and Spain are both in sight. And the stream must concentrate again between Sicily and Africa. This makes good hunting for U-boats. They have two fat chances, coming and going, at every ship.

"The neutrality of Spain, again, favors the U-boats, though not to the extent one might suppose. It is true they can, and no doubt do, obtain fresh food-supplies from Spanish fishermen. The length of a U-boat's cruise, however, is not determined by fuel or food. Of these she carries sufficient for the longest cruise. But when her torpedoes and ammunition are exhausted, she must return to her base at Pola or Cattara, in the Adriatic. Spain's chief use to the U-boat is as a city of refuge to which it can fly from immediate pursuit, or intern if badly damaged.

"Lastly, when Germany threw a strangler's cord of U-boats around the British Isles in a desperate attempt to throttle her commerce, it took every sailor and ship England could muster to keep her own ports open and Germany's closed. After we came into the war, it became still more necessary to guard the American transport lines. Accordingly, the fastest and best ships were naturally used for that service, leaving less important areas to be guarded by slower boats."

I had already seen our fleet, perhaps the most remarkable that was ever swept together by a strenuous emergency. Add to a score of converted yachts half a dozen coast-guard vessels; a few old destroyers; a couple of ice-breakers drawn from service in Northern harbors; a gunboat built specially for use on Chinese rivers, with cigarette funnels almost as tall as her masts; a vessel that fired the first gun in the Spanish-American War, mix well, and throw in a seasoning of "chasers" and submarines, and you have our Mediterranean fleet.

Of the destroyers, one had lain at the bottom of the ocean for six months, and would have been there yet if the dire need for ships had not caused her resurrection. Most of the others had served for years in the Philippines under orders never, never, never, to venture beyond swimming distance from the land. It is said, indeed, that a machinist's mate was tried by general court martial for inadvertently dropping a monkey-wrench through one ship's bottom; but though this, perhaps, ought to be taken as a figure of speech, it conveys a fair idea of their condition when the war came along and knocked the doctrine of "safety first" into a cocked hat. Halfway round the world, through the China and Indian seas, they had come by way of Suez, meeting some savage weather on the way. From a few stray observations I gathered the trip must have been quite Homeric. But, when cross-examined, all their commander could remember was that he had, "Bought the finest lace you ever saw at Malta." However, such as they are, here they are, setting the pace for the coast-guard.

Between the latter service and the navy, by the way, exists an ancient rivalry which is expressed in a saying, "When the navy runs for port, the coast-guard puts to sea." The feeling undoubtedly is based on pride of ancestry, for your true-blue coast-guardsman proudly traces his lineage back to Noah, who ran the Ark on the first patrol around the peak of Ararat. His service, he asserts, was quite mildewed with age before the "upstart navy" put to sea in the first basket coracle calked with clay. The navy, on the other hand, holds the coast-guard in tolerance as a sort of hybrid, half animal, half fish, a composite between a lighthouse-keeper and a revenue shark. Nevertheless, here coast-guard and navy have fused so completely that it is quite impossible to tell where one leaves off and the other begins.

Working in perfect harmony, they are getting results, for not a boat of them, ice-breakers, ramshackle destroyers, China steamers, yachts, is averaging fewer than four thousand steaming miles a month.

The yacht under my feet had done her five thousand six hundred in the last thirty days or twice the distance between Liverpool and New York.

In, coal up, out, describes the life. Blow high, blow low, they ran their convoys last winter through black night rains, bitter frosts, dreaded fogs, half the length of the Mediterranean, and from the Straits of Gibraltar fourteen hundred miles northward to British and French ports; for the stream of ships, the Allies' arterial blood, must be kept in circulation.

A radio exchange between one yacht and her consort during a Biscay storm eloquently explains that hard winter's work.

"I am in sinking condition. Please stand by to help," said one. To which the other replied, "Am sinking myself."

Both were awash below, about due to founder, when a sudden break in the storm saved them.

The record of lives lost last winter also tells the tale of hardship and danger—of American lives paid to insure the delivery of Allied supplies. The converted yacht *Alcedo* was torpedoed in French waters: the destroyer *Jacob Jones* was sunk by the U-53 in the English Channel; and the *Chauncey* was sunk, with a combined loss of life of over one hundred. From other ships twenty-two men were washed overboard and drowned, and many others had marvelous escapes.

One lad, washed overboard in a black night storm, was thought to be hopelessly lost till a voice hailed the watch from under the stern. He had caught the log-line, which trails for a couple of hundred feet behind, and hauled himself along it. Another escape was still more marvelous. Washed overboard at night from one destroyer, this particular lad was heaved by a wave upon the deck of another vessel half a mile astern. When he was restored to his own ship at the end of the voyage, his captain thus addressed him:

"Young man, you have used up all the luck you will have in all your life. The navy is no safe place for you. Take my advice: get out of it as soon as Uncle Sam will let you."

There is nothing like a night watch on the bridge to produce stories. The quiet and darkness, which are broken only by the heart-beat of the screw timing the lap of the waves under the bows, provide the ideal atmosphere. One has only to listen to have the whole underseas war unroll like a cinema on the night's warm curtain.

Every base has some Hun commander who has achieved notoriety, usually by differing from the bloody practices of his fellows. In Irish waters it had been "Kelly," the one man who fought like a gentleman. In French waters "Penmarsh Pete" was the celebrated local character, though his reputation was due to an oyster-like clinging to the rock after which he was named, and his industry in sowing a devil's spawn of mines between dusk and dark in the French ship channels. Now I heard of "Spartel Jack," who held the lime-light in the Mediterranean for years.

Like "Kelly," "Spartel" was a fair fighter, and always warned his ships before sinking them; and if it was not practicable to tow the boats to land himself, he would wireless their position in to the base. His boat was finally crippled so badly by a depth bomb that he had to intern at a Spanish port; whereupon a number of "limies" donned civilian clothes and went up to see her. Lo and behold! who should they recognize in Jack but an old acquaintance, a tug-boat captain who had served twelve years at the base before the war. He greeted them nicely, but grouched a bit about his internment. He had never liked Spanish cooking. It was doing in his liver. And when the news spread, and more old friends came up to see him, Jack was gone. He had provided the world with another Hun scandal by breaking internment.

Thereafter the old pirate carried on his sinkings until, not long ago, a depth mine sent his boat to the bottom. But he did not go with her, for just as she sank, the hatch flew up, and two men leaped out. One was Jack, so badly injured by the explosion, however, that he died a few days later in the base hospital, greatly to

the regret of the British, who love a game enemy.

Genuine human feeling, the despised human interest of the highbrow critic, crops up in many stories. Man that is born of woman must have something to love, and in lieu of their wives, sisters, and sweethearts, sailors' affections usually center on some dumb animal, preferably a dog.

A boat of castaways, picked up by our yacht, had with them a fine hound bitch that had just given birth to two pups when the ship was torpedoed. One pup was killed by the explosion, but the sailors wrapped the mother and surviving pup in a pea-jacket and placed them in the boat. But when, hours later, the coat was opened, instead of one, four wiggly puppies raised their heads for a first blink at their mother's world. She, poor creature, died of inflammation of the kidneys; whereupon the crew adopted the orphans and brought them up on a bottle. They can still hardly toddle, but their one hundred and seven foster-fathers are ready to bet a year's pay on their ability to whip their weight in kittens.

While the tales were in course, a brilliant tropic moon had sailed up from behind Africa and now laid a silver finger upon a mass of floating wreckage, the second reminder that evening of the danger that dogs the heels of the fleet. Thoughts of the torpedo that may come crashing at any moment through the side accompanied me down to my state-room. When the *Alcedo* was torpedoed, at night, her wireless operator was blown out of his bunk through the deck, and, with great presence of mind, ran straight to his post and began to tick off an S. O. S. I remembered it, and fell asleep with a death-grip on the sides of my bed, intending the deck and ceiling-beams to be well out of my way before I rose.

However, I gained the deck next morning in the customary manner, to find the convoy steaming through golden sunlight across a bright-blue sea. A dirigible that had just come over from Africa soared above, all silver iridescence. It guarded us the greater part of the day, and when it left a hydroplane came booming like a great insect out from the land to circle and recircle the convoy. Others appeared during the remaining three days of our voyage along those pleasant seas, nor left us long alone till we dropped anchor in the harbor of an African port.

With its mosques and minarets and narrow streets, which meandered at will under frequent arches into all sorts of blind alleys and pockets, it was about as queer a corner of the world as any into which the war has pitched our sailor boys. Through narrow, barred windows one caught the dark flash of Oriental eyes. Veiled women shuffled past in twos and threes. Within recessed doorways, wonderfully nailed in strange patterns, old Arabs in flowing white burnouses smoked and drank in stately calm that took no heed of the war or civilization's frets.

Sitting that evening with the ship's doctor within the gates of a café, I watched the white sailor caps of our boys go bobbing down a polyglot human stream in which the horizon-blue tunics and crimson breeches of the French, the brass and khaki of the English, the red and yellow of negroid troops, and various uniforms of Italians and Serbians formed a brilliant arabesque around the white background of Arab garments. Their bright, clean American faces shone still brighter and cleaner by comparison with the muddy-brown visages about them. Cheerful, good-natured, they floated along the human stream or sat in groups sipping the warm native beer.

To us, sitting there, came one of our ensigns with three "limy" officers in tow, commanders of patrol-boats serving with our squadron, than whom the war has produced no braver or hardier set of men. And while that stream of humanity flowed like liquid fire under our eyes, fluxing and flowing in new color combinations, they talked shop talk that was at once both history and romance.

One had served in the North Sea at the beginning of the war, and he told with a queer little grin of his experiences.

"At first we had nothing but a three-pound pop-gun to chase Fritz off the waters, and him carrying three-inch guns. On his part, Fritz was n't gunning for small game like us, so without any pourparlers we arrived at a mutual understanding to keep out of each other's way. He did n't bother us unless we interfered with a sinking; then he 'd chase us.

"After we got real guns, of course, we went after him, war to the knife. If he saw us first, that ended it for us. If it was the other way, up he 'd go in spray and smoke, unless the gunner got rattled, as ours did one day. Fritz had come up to within five hundred yards, close enough for a woman to hit him with a potato, and we were already beginning to count the prize-money when *bang!* went our first gun.

"That shell is going yet. The next plumped into the water half-way. The third did n't miss by more than half a mile, and no doubt, if Fritz had been so obliging as to stand still, we might have got him during the day. But about that time he got busy and threw a torpedo into our stern.

"Up went our depth mines, of course. The stern gun was blown fully two hundred feet up in the air,—I can see it now, sailing like a bird,—carriage and all, and looking so darned funny that I laughed out loud. It was really what you writer chaps would call a tragic situation, for we were all due to die, and I would n't have believed anything funny could come out of it. But when I saw the skipper shaking his fist in the face of that fool gunner I had to laugh again.

" 'You son of a gun!' he yelled, 'is this why the British Government paid two hundred pounds for your education—to shoot up the firmament and plug holes in the sea? If you were n't due to drown in five minutes, I 'd brain you myself. But drown you will, damn you! along with the rest of us.'

"He said it. Just then a second torpedo took us in the bows and sent him, the gun and gunner, up in the air together. The ship just melted, and when things quit raining down, I found myself with the ship's boy clinging to a piece of a deck-house. About a dozen of the crew were floating among the wreckage, and we had scarcely got the water out of our eyes before the U-boat came shooting down through us so close that we could see the commander's eyes as he leaned down from the conning-tower.

" 'How 's the water?' he called in good English.

" 'Cold,' the man nearest him answered. 'Are n't you going to pick us up?'

"He shook his head.

" 'No, the devil 's been waiting for you chaps a damned long time. You 'll be warm enough pretty soon. You will all be in hell for breakfast.'

"He sailed past, then circled and came tearing back, trying to drown us with his wash. Time and again he did it, and churned up somebody with his screws. The boy and I had drifted out to the edge and were hanging as low as possible in the water, for already I had sighted smoke on the horizon, and was sure, if the Hun saw it, he 'd machine-gun us right there in the water. But he did n't think it worth his while. The last time he charged through he swung his thumb over his shoulder.

" 'Friend of mine out yonder. I 'll have to go. Sorry I can't stay and see your finish, but it won't be long! You 'll all be drowned before that chap gets up.'

"Most of us were, for during the two hours it took the patrol-boat to come up, the men became chilled in that frozen North Sea water and let go till none were left but me and the boy. He had stuck it out like a little brick, but now he tried to give in.

" 'We 're going to drown, anyway,' he said, 'so what 's the use of suffering? I 'm going to let go and get it over with.'

"I could n't have stopped him, for I was all in myself, but I put up a good bluff.

" 'Just try it, you little devil,' I said, 'I 'll swim around and tie you there and skin you raw with a rope's-end after I get you on board.' And it worked, for he hung on till we were picked up."

This was one of a dozen similar stories that passed around the table; all dramatic, all on the raw edge of life, where shams and illusions are stripped away and nothing left but fundamentals. While they talked, I learned more of the underseas war than one could pick up in a couple of years of actual service; for they were experts, wise in the way of the U-boats. It was they who divided the seafarers for me into two great classes, merchant sailors, the hunted; the U-boats, the hunters, the one just as much the prey of the other as is the deer of the tiger. And the more I heard of the hunters, the more I wondered at the quiet heroism of the hunted.

"Dipped" is their careless slang for being torpedoed. At the base I had met men who had been "dipped" two, three, and four times. One holds the record with nine torpedoings, and emerges each time like a hard-shell Baptist, confirmed in his faith. Though quite profane, his profession is, nevertheless, founded on the highest order of patriotism.

"To hell with the U-boats! They can't keep me off the sea."

Another thing I learned. Just as the air service has its stars, so the underseas war has developed crack commanders on both sides who are known to one another. To "get" one of the big fellows lifts a green commander at once into the ranks of the stars, and the desire to do it has caused many a daring hazard.

One German commander, a real Hun, for he was a Prussian baron, sent a challenge by the crew of a ship he had torpedoed to an English E-boat man. As in duty bound, the Englishman submitted the letter to his admiral, who promptly refused permission. It is said, however, that the commander received orders next day that would take his vessel across the position stated in the Prussian's letter at the hour named. Also rumor has it that the admiral sat in the radio room till he received the following message:

"While proceeding according to orders, encountered a German U-boat. Sank him."

The details of this desperate duel would be mighty interesting, but it is doubtful whether they will ever be heard beyond the confines of the place where real naval history is taught—the bars where sailormen congregate.

We sat so late that night that we were already at sea when I came on deck the next morning, with a new convoy zigzagging on our beam. The return voyage was uneventful. The few submarines mentioned in the "Allos" were far away. Seamen are great believers in luck, and because I had been present at the capture of the first German submarine by our flotilla in Irish waters, the entire ship's company had banked on me to produce another. Accordingly, as I sat with the ship's doctor on deck the last morning at sea, an ensign asked in passing:

"Well, where 's our submarine?"

Now it chanced that for the last hour we had been watching a smooth water line that paralleled our course. We answered in concert:

"There; at the end of that wake."

The ensign looked and laughed.

"That 's only a tide slick." he said.

We, however, remained unconvinced. Twice during the day we thought we detected a yellowish oil gleam when our zigzags crossed its course. Nor were we mistaken, for a few hours later in came a radio from a merchantman about twenty miles ahead:

"Submarine chasing me. Send help."

We replied, telling him to hold out till we came up, and received a reply half an hour later.

"Submarine shelling me from six thousand yards. Am replying to his fire."

Fine old merchantman! We radioed further encouragement while stoking our fires, on fire ourselves at the chance of getting that submarine. But it was not for us. Just as the sun sank in a glory of amber and gold, came the last message:

"Have landed three shells on submarine at three thousand yards. It sank in cloud of smoke."

So Fritz does not have it all his own way, for many U-boats are sunk by fighting merchantmen. Neither do all the tor-

pedoed ships reported by U-boat commanders go to the bottom. Many limp into port with severe injuries. One I saw in an African harbor had a hole in her side forty-two feet wide and twenty-seven high, broad and high enough to drive four trains through abreast. Holes twenty feet square are common, and many ships are either beached after being torpedoed or go down in water so shallow that they are easily salvaged.

From January, 1915, to December, 1917, two hundred and sixty-seven ships were salvaged by the British in their home waters. But this year, owing to improved methods, one hundred and forty-seven ships were salvaged in five months. The French Minister of Marine told us recently that Allied tonnage restored to the sea by repaired ships has exceeded five hundred thousand tons weekly. In one week Great Britain repaired five hundred and ninety-eight thousand tons, while France restored two hundred and sixty thousand tons in one month. Some of these ships were brought up from depths of ninety feet, and the service, which is constantly becoming more efficient, is now being extended to foreign waters.

Neither do the omens in the Mediterranean portend good for Fritz. During my month there three U-boats were sunk, and a fourth was so badly crippled that it had to intern at a Spanish port; and day by day newer and swifter boats are being added to the Allied fleets.

Now that Zeebrugge is closed, Pola and Cattara alone remain to be dealt with. Tactically, the problem is simple. At its mouth the Adriatic is only forty-five miles wide, and a chain of patrol-boats, with guns, listening-apparatus, and depth mines, is now stretched across it. Henceforth Fritz is going to find it very difficult to get out to his hunting-grounds. Judging from the exclamation of a commander of ours, who has still to get his "sub," Fritz's days in the Mediterranean are numbered.

"If we don't get a sub this month, *good night!* They 'll soon be as scarce as orchids in Greenland."

In the meantime he and his crew are carrying on with grim determination to get that sub before the season closes. Never have I seen crews keener, with a finer-tempered edge for the work. When half a dozen were left at an African port through a hurry call for their ship to go after a submarine, they begged the commander of the French dirigible station to fly them out and drop them in the water close to their ship.

Than persistent watching and waiting for an unseen attack there can be nothing more wearing on the spirit. Yet it has not affected their morale. They go at the gun-drills with a will. At almost any hour of the day a couple of the lads may be seen with eyes glued to the telescopic sights taking a little private practice.

Of course they grow weary. One evening I heard two of them reflecting invidiously on the Mediterranean ports.

"Dirty holes," one said. "I 'm scared to open my mouth in any of them for fear of swallowing forty million germs."

"You bet," the other answered. "The good old U. S. for me. It 's the one clean spot on earth. When I once get back there, I 'll stay put."

He meant it. Yet when the tragic turmoil of this war passes, and he and his comrades look down the lengthening perspectives of time on the hot, fetid life of these African ports; when they see the long panorama of golden Spanish mountains and foot-hill towns unrolling again in memory and recall the "Allos" and S. O. S., the wrecks, sinkings, U-boat duels, the splendid sunrises and settings over violet seas, the tropic moons sailing from dusky horizons to brilliant meridians, the loud tattoo of torrential rains on the deck, the sheet lightnings that lift a ghost convoy out of an inky sea—when they look back on all this from the peace of prairie farms or mountain homesteads, they will see that to which their eyes are not blind—the angel of romance flying before them with roseate wings. When occasion throws two of them together in the years to come, they will agree, with wise wags of the head, "Those were good old days."

The Fields of France

Drawings made for The Century

By Orville Houghton Peets

THE TORTURED GROUND

IN NO OTHER WAR HAVE WE EVER HAD TO CONSIDER THE SUFFERING OF THE FIELDS. WE HAVE COUNTED THE LOSSES IN MEN, THE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY, THE INTERRUPTION OF TRADE, AND THE DAMAGE TO CROPS AND FORESTS; BUT IN THE FUTURE WE MUST ADD A NEW ELEMENT, THAT OF MANY HUNDRED SQUARE MILES OF TILLABLE LAND TURNED INTO A WASTE OF INFERTILE SUBSOIL

THE CHALK

A PALLOR OF DEATH HAS SPREAD OVER PLAINS WHERE THE CHALK HAS BEEN THROWN UP THROUGH A THIN BUT FERTILE CRUST

THE MINES

THE MINES ARE THE DEEPEST WOUNDS OF THE EARTH, BUT THEY DO NOT END ITS MARTYRDOM. FORTIFIED, THEY ARE AGAIN HARROWED WITH SHELL-FIRE

THE MUD

THE MANGLED AND UP-ROOTED TREES SEEM TO WRITHE WITH PAIN, AND THE TORTURED FIELDS OF BATTLE TO CRY THEIR AGONY. THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE ASPECT OF THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH IN THESE PLACES WHICH SPEAKS OF SUFFERING

SHELL-HOLES

THE ADVANCING LINES LEAVE THE GROUND TO A PEACE OF SHELL-HOLES FILLED WITH RAIN, OF WRECKAGE PARTLY BURIED, OF HARDLY RECOGNIZABLE REMAINS OF STONE HOUSES THAT HAVE RESISTED ALL OTHER FORCES OF DESTRUCTION FOR CENTURIES. IT IS A REGION UTTERLY USELESS AND OF A MILLION UNEXPLODED SHELLS

THE CHURNED-UP EARTH

MEADOWS ARE TORN WITH GREAT CUTS AND ZIGZAG GASHES. RICH PASTURES THAT FATTENED THE WHITE CATTLE OF THE MEROVINGIANS ARE PITTED AND POTMARKED ON THEIR WHOLE SURFACE

THE TRENCHES

LEAST IN DESTRUCTIVE EFFECT ARE THOSE TRENCHES WHICH FEEL THEIR WAY OUT TOWARD THE ENEMY LINES. THE SOLDIERS LISTEN WITH A PECULIAR INTENTNESS TO THE OCCASIONAL BIRD-SONG FROM THE FIELDS

A HONEYMOON

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Two weeks with you—two crazy weeks
Of joy at being alive, and being
Everything to each other, freeing
Each other from the bonds that hold
The spirit in from being bold
And ranging heaven unafraid!
For two wild, holy, reckless weeks
We laugh together, then war speaks.

War speaks, and calls your name, and you
Lift your head and are listening,
Loose my arms from your neck that cling,
And with all the ragged and reckless crew
Of the artists and poets and dreamers we knew
Down the long street you are marching—you!

And I who have never learned to see
Your coat and hat on the old hall-tree,
Your tangling ties on my dresser here,
Your strange huge boots by my little shoes
Without a shamed and proud confusion—
I must see these now, and be stabbed anew
By each thing that ever was worn by you.

I must hear the hurdy-gurdy's groan
Outside of our window, and stand alone
And listen to all the tunes you know
Where I stood with you a week ago.
And every night again I must face
The others without you, chatting gay
At the artists' little eating-place.
How can I live these long hours through
Day after endless aching day?

But oh, I am proud, am proud of you!

The Rebound

By HELEN PAGE

Illustrations by George Wright

FOR two days the blizzard had raged. The windows rattled like dried bones at each blast of the gale as it struck the little farm-house on the hill. A thin, worn-looking woman stood by the sink washing the supper dishes by the dim light of the bracket lamp. The odor of burning green wood pervaded the kitchen. It mingled unpleasantly with the stale atmosphere of too many fried potatoes and too little fresh air, but neither the woman at the sink nor the bulky man sitting with his feet in the oven noticed the stuffiness of the room.

The man in the chair began to unfold himself. He drew on the dull rubber-boots that were standing near the stove. Then he got up, struck a match, and lighted the lantern that he had taken from the wall. It flickered feebly for a moment as he slammed down the globe. From a peg behind the door he took down a great sheepskin-coat. He slipped this on. Then he picked up the lantern and started toward the shed door.

"I cal'late I 'll go ter the barn ter see if everythin' 's all right before we turn in." With this remark he opened the door, letting in a blast of freezing air.

The woman said nothing, but she shivered as the cold current struck her.

"Ain't this weather never goin' ter let up?" she muttered as she wiped her hands on the roller towel by the sink. "I 'll go mad if somethin' don't happen soon. Snowed in and not seein' a livin' critter fer going on three days, and there ain't no sign of a let-up."

She went over to the stove and poked the fire to make the wet wood burn faster. This life was killing her; nothing but struggle. She would give it up were it not for the little curly-headed boy in the next room. He meant everything to her; he was her only companion and her only hope. To bring him up to be a business man in the great city was her one ambition. He should not be such a rude, uncouth, unshaven creature as the man the world called her husband. She had married when she was only fifteen, not a child, not a woman; just an impetuous girl, and this was her reward.

She looked about the kitchen contemptuously. This was where she would have to bring up her boy, the last baby, now nine years old. All the others had died. The little burying-ground on the hill had five little graves that held the tiny coffins in which the fruit of her body had been consigned.

Neither she nor Ira had had an education beyond the district school. They had never had time for anything since but their struggle with poverty, and they had married young. But their boy, so little his and so much hers, was never to be like them. He was to go to high school, then to college in the big city, which she never even dared hope that she would see. Then he would become famous, a lawyer or a doctor, perhaps, such as she read about in the weekly papers.

She had never told Ira of her ambitions for the boy. Soon he would have to know, for they must begin to save money for the child. An education was expensive, and money was not to be spared.

The district school-teacher had often told her how quick the lad was with his studies. He was far in advance of the other boys. She encouraged him as best she could, offering him tiny rewards

for the good marks he was able to capture.

She must speak to Ira. It almost seemed as if she should do it to-night; yet she dreaded it. They had never talked of their child's future; they had merely accepted the present as it stood.

Ira was coming back. She could hear him at the end of the shed, stamping snow from his boots. She felt unusually cold, so she poked the fire again. She was going to speak to him now and get the ordeal over with.

He shut the door with a fearful bang, blew out the lantern, and went to the stove to warm his hands. The smells of the barn still clung to him. Martha looked at his impassive, yet doggedly determined, face and wondered if she dared ask her question. He had never been cruel to her; he had merely accepted her as a matter of course, a sort of machine to look after his comforts. She would not make any preliminary explanations; it would be better to tell him of what she had been thinking.

"Ira, can't we begin ter save soon, so thet Jimmy can go ter college when he grows up?" She put the question timidly, not daring to look at his face.

The man looked at his wife in a stolid, puzzled way. What new-fangled idea had she got into her head? Send their son away from the farm to get an education just when he was becoming useful to him! What could the woman be thinking of?

"Jimmy hain't goin' ter no college so fer as I know," he replied cuttingly.

"Yes, Ira, he 's goin' ter high school, then he 's goin' ter college, where he can grow up ter be a famous man. Yer boy hain't goin' ter lead a life like we 're leadin', jest strugglin' and not gettin' nowheres. Thet hain't nothin' fer him ter look forward ter." She marveled at her courage. It was the longest speech that she had ever made to her husband about the welfare of their child.

For a second Ira glowered at her. It seemed as if he were going to strike her.

"I don't want ter hear yer talkin' no sich foolishness ag'in. Jimmy hain't goin' ter no college, he hain't goin' ter no high school; when he gits done at the deestrict, he hain't never goin' ter hev no more schoolin'. Thet 's enough fer any boy. I hain't never hed no education, but yer married me, and are livin' with me. Hain't I good enough fer yer? I hain't goin' ter hev no city dudes on this farm. Where 'd yer git sich tom-fool notions, anyhow?" He finished his speech angrily, but with an air of finality that allowed no reopening of the subject.

"But—" murmured the woman.

"There hain't no buts about it, and yer hain't never ter say nothin' about it ag'in. My great-grandpaw went ter Deestrict Number Ten, my grandpaw went ter Deestrict Number Ten, and I went ter Deestrict Number Ten, and I cal'late what 's good enough fer me is good enough fer my boy." He emphasized his final remark by pushing the open oven-door with his rubber-clad foot. It closed with a crash.

"Ma, what are yer and pa makin' sich a noise fer?" The drowsy voice of a small boy rose from the adjoining room.

Martha never looked at her husband; she hated him too much. It just seemed as if she must run madly out of the house and never stop running. But there was the boy; he was calling her. She went into the dark room. She was never demonstrative, but she sank on her knees by his bed.

"There hain't nothin' the matter, Jimmy; yer jest go ter sleep. Me and yer pa was talkin'; thet 's all." She took the boy's hand in hers and held it for a moment. Should he be committed to such a life of slavery as his father was leading? Should he become an illiterate farmer, with nothing but unpaid debts and the elements as his continual companions? The child had better be lying in the graveyard with the other five little bodies than to be condemned to such a fate.

But Ira had spoken, and he had full power, for he held the purse-strings. She would have to give in. She would have to forget that she had ever had any ambitions for the child. She put the little hand in under the quilts.

"FOR A SECOND IRA GLOWERED AT HER"

"Go ter sleep; there hain't nothin' wrong," she said almost impatiently.

Martha went back to the kitchen. There Ira stood by the stove, where she had left him. She did n't dare speak, so she busied herself brushing up the soft, splintered boards that served as a floor.

"We 'll turn in now; 't ain't no use wastin' wood and kerosene settin' up."

"Say, Ira, 't ain't eight yit. Let me set up a little while; I 've got some darnin' I want ter do." She pleaded as a small child pleads for an extra half-hour beyond his stipulated bed-time.

The man turned on her.

"Yer 're a fine woman, yer be, drivin' a man ter the poor-house settin' up wastin' kerosene. Yer 're the last person ter talk about savin'. I hain't had no learnin', but I hain't no fool when it comes ter savin'."

Half-heartedly she put the broom back in the corner, shut the drafts of the stove, and started toward the back room with the bracket lamp in her hand.

Long after Ira began snoring regularly she lay awake. She was trying to fathom a way to protect her son from the life to which his father would condemn him. What was she to do? She fell asleep before she solved the difficulty.

She woke with a start. She struck a

match that she found on the table beside the bed, and looked at the nickel-plated clock. It told her that it was half-past four.

She shivered. The room was freezing cold, and she snuggled back under the covers for a few moments. But she remembered that the fire must be started, and the breakfast ready by five-thirty.

She dressed with numbed fingers. Then she felt for the bracket lamp on the mantel, and took it with her into the cold, cheerless kitchen, still heavy with the atmosphere of burning green wood and fried potatoes. She lighted the lantern and went into the shed for a basket of kindling. There was none ready. Dexterously she put a piece of dry wood on the block and ran an ax through it, as though she were used to the movement. She heaped the basket, and picked it up with the ease of a man.

She went through all the motions of getting breakfast, her mind a whirlpool. She was still thinking of the future of the little boy in the next room.

At the table the decision came to her. It came so suddenly, in fact, that she did not realize what she had undertaken. Jimmy was to go to high school, he was to go to college, and he was to live in comfort in the city. No wife of his should have to slave as she had slaved, up before dawn to chop wood, to be treated with little more respect than the animals in the barn. She had no friends, no outlet; but her son's wife should have everything that she never could have, for her son would be worthy of it. How would she obtain the money? For a second she pushed away the thought that came to her; then she let it become part of her. She would steal the money bit by bit from Ira.

It was still snowing, the wind shrieked, and the windows rattled spasmodically; yet she no longer felt the horror of it all. She was busy formulating her great plan —the plan that would take her boy away from these narrow confines and make the sort of man that she would be proud, yet almost afraid, to call her son.

Ira came into the kitchen grumbling. He took the tin hand basin from a nail over the sink and filled it with boiling water from the kettle on the stove. Then he combed his hair in front of the little mirror near the window.

They had not exchanged a word; morning pleasantries were not the custom in their household at any time. He sat down to the breakfast that she had prepared for him on one corner of the newspaper-covered table. He poured his tea into his saucer, and guzzled it audibly. He speared one of the warmed-over buttermilk biscuits with his fork and ate it noisily. The woman stood at the stove and watched him; not one detail escaped her, his shaggy hair, his careless clothes, and his beast-like table manners. No son of hers should grow up like that. She knew little of the proper way to train her son, but the city should do that. It should make a man out of him.

The man broke the silence gruffly.

"Ain't yer eatin' nothin'?" he demanded.

"I et," she replied colorlessly.

He stacked his dishes and pushed them from him. While he put on his sheepskin-coat and prepared to face the storm she lighted the lantern and put three tin milk-pails on the table. He snatched the lantern without a word of thanks, and strung the milk-pails on his arm. The shed door banged after him. She looked at it dully for a moment. He was gone; now she could work out her plan more clearly. She went into the next room, intending to waken the sleeping boy; but he looked so calm that she hated to disturb him. The clock ticked loudly in the silent room. It told her that it was six o'clock. Jimmy should be out helping his father with the chores. But from now on the child was hers, and she was going to rule his life to the best of her ability.

She went back into the kitchen and busied herself tidying the room. What a purposeless life! One round of dish-washing, cooking, sweeping, and churning, with no let up. Just this routine day in and day out, varied only in the summer

by long, hot days in the hay-field, and in the autumn by back-breaking hours in the potato-patch. She had had no ambition, no goal, no reason for living, but her decision of the hour before had changed the whole aspect of her life. Now she had an ambition, something to strive toward, something that she could not even whisper in her prayers.

It was to be her great secret, and it should not be told until that glorious day when she saw Jimmy getting his diploma from the village high school. Then she would tell him—tell him of her struggles, her hopes, and her aspirations, and he would take the money to go to the big city to college. She pictured it all while she was gazing at the steaming tea-kettle. It almost seemed as if the steam were taking shape, showing her the scenes as they would take place.

This dreaming must stop. Ira would soon be coming back with the milk, and she must have the pans ready. She was going to take unusual pains with her butter from now on, as she saw a way in which she could take the money she needed from that source.

She went peddling in the village once a week. Her rickety, muddy wagon and ambling white mare were a familiar sight to the villagers. She could drive a harder bargain than Ira, and he knew it, so she always took the produce to market. But he weighed and measured everything carefully, and she had to give him an account of every pennyworth that she sold, and she had never dared to spend a cent without first asking his permission.

She was going to make better butter and get higher prices; but Ira was not to know of the extra charges. That money was to be hers and Jimmy's. In the winter she could make two dollars or more every peddling day by selling butter, milk, eggs, and apples; but in the summer, when green corn, raspberries, and potatoes were in season, she could save— She shut her eyes, not daring to dream her dream longer. It seemed too big, too wonderful, almost as if it were to be shattered before it began to materialize.

"Open the door, won't yer?" Ira's muffled voice demanded.

She hastened toward the door, and let in the big man, who was covered with half-melted snow. Two pails were full of foaming milk, but the third was empty. Martha took the two pails from him, and looked questioningly at the empty pail.

"This cold weather is dryin' them up somethin' fierce," was his only comment.

She started to strain the milk into the pans. He stood beside the stove and watched her lift the heavy pails. Her silence angered him.

"Whar 's Jimmy?" he asked.

"Sleepin'," was her brief retort.

"Sleepin'!" he sneered. "Yer a fine ma to be talkin' all about new-fangled edication, an' lettin' the boy sleep. Sleepin' warm and comfortable, while I 'm out slavin' in the cold. Is that all yer think of me? I suppose yer think yer 'll make one of them gentlemen out of him by lettin' him lie in bed and grow lazy." The man strode toward the next room. He went over to the sleeping boy and shook him almost ferociously. Jimmy woke up with a start.

"Stop shakin' me, Pa. I 'll git up. It hain't terrible late, be it?" The little boy seemed like one pleading for his life.

"Yer better be gettin' up, or I 'll give yer worse next time I ketch yer sleepin' late. I hain't runnin' no dudes' establishment." The man's tones were surly.

The room was very cold, but Jimmy looked at the back of the big man as it blocked the door-frame, and resolutely got up to dress.

Martha heard the encounter only vaguely. The empty milk-pail stared at her; it almost seemed to mock her. It seemed to say, "I hain't goin' ter let yer save no money"; but she put aside the fancy, and went on with her work.

The storm had let up, and a dazzling sun lighted the whole white landscape. Great drifts were heaped up here and there, giving the low, rolling country a sort of hummocky appearance. Martha looked out of her prison window. Was there anything more desolately beautiful

than the white world that surrounded her cell? If she had been sentenced by a judge, she could n't have been a closer prisoner.

She had thought of this many times, but to-day it did n't seem so horrible. In fact, she felt that a bit of beauty existed in the landscape. If only the third milk-pail had been full.

Tuesday she went peddling. The white mare was hitched to the yellow pung. She almost enjoyed the trip, which before had always been a curse. Perhaps by to-night she would have the beginning of the fund that would make Jimmy's wife free from such a humiliating task as peddling. The women of the village looked on her as the farmer's wife that brought them butter.

When she was young, the attitude of the village women hurt her. She longed for companionship, she wanted friends among the villagers; their life seemed broad in comparison with hers on the farm with her man. Now that she had become used to being an outsider, she thought no more of it. But her boy's wife was to be one in a throng, not in a country village, but in the city.

She drove her bargains as she had never driven them before. She had sold everything that she had taken to town with her. In the grocery store she had multiplied, divided, and added in her crabbed, cramped figures. Now a new one-dollar bill lay close to her heart. It had been slipped there furtively as she was driving through a long stretch of wood. The third milk-pail had mocked in vain.

She counted the money from the worn leather purse into Ira's outstretched hand. She told him of her expenditures, and then held her breath while he figured the two columns. Had she made a mistake? She had lied to him without flinching, the first lie that she had ever told. She was surprised how easy it all had been.

He pushed his pencil from him. She did n't even dare look, but his grouchy silence told her that she had figured correctly in the village. She breathed a prayer. The one-dollar bill felt warm against her breast.

While Ira was in the barn milking, she took the money from her dress. On the top shelf in the cupboard stood a luster pitcher that had belonged to her great-grandmother. She never used it; so the money would be safe there until she could finally decide on a hiding-place.

Spring came. The roads were even more impassable than usual, but Martha gladly guided the rickety old wagon through the sea of mud, for every peddling day some new bit of money found its way into the pitcher. Sometimes it was only fifty cents, sometimes two dollars, but every penny she guarded with the jealousy of a miser. Often when Jimmy was at school and Ira was busy in the barn, she would take down the pitcher and count her treasure. She knew the date on every bill and coin. They were almost human, almost like friends.

Jimmy was growing fast into a sturdy boy. He received high marks, and the day that the district school closed, the teacher had come to tell her good things about her lad. For a second she thought of telling her secret to the girl, but something stopped her, perhaps years of accustomed suppression.

The summer came, and then the autumn, and the sum in the pitcher was growing so large that it worried her. Suppose either Jimmy or his father should find it? She decided to put it in the bank. It would be safe there. Ira did n't believe in banks. His grandfather had lost some money once when a bank had failed; but she would take that risk rather than have Ira discover her treasure.

One by one she took the coins and bills from the pitcher. She tied the little fortune into a handkerchief and thrust it into her blouse.

Martha gave her small packet to the clean-shaven, dark-haired man behind the little cage at the bank. She asked him timidly if it was secure. He had been so courteous and reassuring that she felt real relief when he put the contents of her package in the neat compartments of the cash drawer. He wrote something in a book and gave it to her. She stared at it

"SHE ALMOST ENJOYED THE TRIP, WHICH BEFORE HAD ALWAYS BEEN A CURSE"

dumbly when the cashier explained its use. She turned white. The money had better be in the pitcher. It was easier to hide than the awkwardly shaped leaflet.

"Ken I leave this here book with yer? Won't it be safe?" she questioned timidly.

The clerk took the book, assured her of its safety, and she went home content. She felt a relief that she had not known since the fund had started in the pitcher.

She missed her money. Frequently she would take down the empty receptacle, and look into it expectantly, but nothing but the pink-tinted lining greeted her gaze.

But as the days grew longer, she found that she had very little time for dreaming. First there was planting, and then, as the season advanced, everything began to happen at once. The haying was in process, the garden had to be hoed, the wild berries were in season, and the hired men had to be fed; but she worked with a will, for the sum in the bank was growing.

Ira and she had never spoken further of the boy's education; he evidently considered the matter finally decided. She was glad; it made it easier for her.

Another winter came, and the storms howled and the snow drifted in great hills about the house, but she no longer felt a prisoner. Ira had almost gone out of her life. To be sure, he was there. She fed him, mended his clothes, and slept in his bed; but in her thoughts he no longer existed. She had only two companions, her son and the precise little column in the bank-book. The figures in black ink, how well she knew them!

Jimmy was fourteen. It hardly seemed possible, and yet as Martha watched him in the field as he swung the haycocks up to the load, he seemed more of a man than his father. Only a few more years to wait and Jimmy would be coming back to her from the city clad not in ragged blue denim overalls, but in store-made clothes such as she had seen pictured in the mail-order catalogues.

She thought of the bank, the shrine to which she made a weekly pilgrimage. The years had been hard ones for her. Sometimes the little figures at the bank had totaled the same for weeks at a time. There had been a dry season when the crops had failed, and when the cows had stopped yielding the creamy milk that made her butter the best on the countryside. There had been a wet season when the potatoes had rotted in the ground. Yet, despite it all, the sum had grown.

And she had kept her secret. There had been times when she had been on the verge of telling about her treasure. When the taxes were overdue, and there was no money to pay them, she felt like a thief, but she was stealing for her boy. When Jimmy was discouraged with his lessons she felt like putting her arms about him and telling him of the brilliant future that she was planning for him. But her fears that Ira would find out about her hopes kept her from talking with Jimmy.

He had been graduated from the district school in June. He had received the highest marks that the teacher had awarded to any of her class. How proud she was of that last report-card! She kept it behind the clock on the mantel, so that she could handle it often.

In the autumn Jimmy was going to the village high school. She had never spoken to Ira about the matter since the stormy night five years before. She had just told herself this day after day, week after week, and year after year, since the child had first lain close against her breast. She was dreading her encounter with Ira. What would she do if he flatly refused to let Jimmy go to the village school? With a shudder she always put the thought from her, and she murmured a silent prayer that she would be given power to overcome the opposition.

The summer went quickly, too quickly for Martha, as every sunrise meant a day nearer to an approaching doom. She felt almost as one sentenced to death waiting day after day for the sound of the hangman's key grating in the lock.

There were only three days left now before the opening of the high school. She must tell Jimmy; he must know before his father. She called him from the potato-patch on the pretext that she wanted a pail of water. He came running to her so full of life and strength that she hardy knew how to tell him of her great desire.

"I hain't wantin' no water, Jimmy. I jest want er talk, that 's all." She looked steadily at the big, black knothole in the pine floor. "Ye 're goin' ter high school Monday."

The boy looked at her almost stunned for a moment, and then he smiled joyfully.

"Do yer mean it, Ma?" he questioned.

"Yes," she answered shortly.

The boy, always stoical and undemonstrative, put his arms around her and kissed her. Martha never forgot that kiss; it thrilled her like the kiss of a lover.

"Does Pa know?" he asked as he awkwardly dropped his arms.

"No, and he won't like it, neither; but don't yer care. We 'll try and fix it all right. Yer can't have no new clothes right off; ken yer stand goin' in what yer got?" She knew that Ira would not let her have money to buy suitable clothes for the boy, and to buy them out of her own savings would give away the secret. Should n't she tell Jimmy now about the college and about her plan? No, it would take too long, and Ira would become impatient.

"I don't care nothin' about clothes; I cal'late I can earn some once I git started in the village." He looked at his mother shyly for a second. He wanted to thank her, but he could find no words. He dropped his eyes to the pine floor. "Say, Ma, ye 're real good," he said shortly, and ran toward the field.

She looked after him proudly. So he wanted to go to high school; he, too, wanted an education as badly as she wanted him to have one. He had been a silent lad; he had never confided in her. But he had kissed her. Now she regretted the years that she had quelled her impulses to fondle the boy. Something within her had always kept her back. Never once had she petted him, never once had she told him of her pride. Somehow that kiss had told her that he understood.

Monday morning Martha packed the dinner-pail for Jimmy. He was to walk to the village to school, as the three miles each way meant nothing to the boy who had roamed the field and forest all his life. But Ira had not been told. He was in the barn milking, and Jimmy was pitching hay from the loft. She looked at the dull autumn landscape, just touched by the light of dawn. She saw the brown leaves as they swirled on the ground. Deliberately she turned from the window and put the dinner-pail on the table where Ira would see it when he first returned from the barn. She poked the fire. The day seemed unusually cold.

Ira came in. He set the pails on the floor by the sink. Then he slunk into his chair at the table, where the breakfast was laid. Martha shivered. She wished Jimmy would hurry and come in. She heard him at the end of the shed; now he was opening the kitchen door. Thank Heaven he had got there before his father had spoken! Now that the hangman's noose was dangling, she could n't bear to go through the ordeal alone.

"What 's that pail fer? I hain't goin' nowheres ter-day," Ira said. His tone was almost a growl. For a second there was silence; then Martha threw back her shoulders. Why should she fear him, why should she let this grouchy beast stand between her son and the great world?

"Jimmy 's goin' ter start high school this mornin'," she said so quietly that she feared her own calmness.

The man started up as one struck, and faced his wife with his hands tightly clenched at his side. His lips were livid, his eyes were burning balls; and yet as Martha looked at him she never flinched.

"He hain't goin' ter do no sech thing. He 's hed all the schoolin' he needs. Hain't he through at deestrict? Hain't I told yer he wa' n't goin' ter hev no more edication? Hain't I?" He raised his hand to strike her.

Jimmy rushed forward and clutched his father's hand. Haying, plowing, and the lifting of heavy barrels had given him the strength and muscle of a man. He was stronger than his father, for he was lithe, and every sinew knew its duty. Before Ira had a chance to recover, Jimmy grasped the other hand. For a moment he held both his father's hands close to his sides. He looked straight into the eyes red with anger.

"Pa, I 'm goin' to high school; yer can't stop me. Ma wants I should go,

"MARTHA PUT HER HAND TO HER BREAST"

nd I want ter go. Yer ain't ter hurt ma. Ef yer do, ye 'll hev ter settle with me. Do yer hear?"

Jimmy spoke in a low whisper. The man began to swear and struggle; but the boy pushed him back into the chair.

"Do yer swear yer won't hurt ma?" he demanded.

The big man saw that he was conquered. He felt the boy's knee against the pit of his stomach, the hands of steel were tightening on his wrists, and the lad's hot, angry breath blowing against his cheek.

"Yep," he answered.

Jimmy loosened his grip, picked up his dinner-pail, and went out of the door without saying another word. Everything was quiet, and from the kitchen window Martha watched her lad as he trudged

along the road. She did not see the blue overalls or the unshod feet. She knew only that he had fought for his freedom and won.

Ira finished his breakfast and started toward the shed door. Then he turned suddenly, his eyes flaming with anger.

"Yer won yer p'int about the high school, but I 'll warn yer he ain't never goin' ter no college unless he goes over my dead body. D' yer hear what I say? Never a cent of my money shall he hev fer an edication." He slammed the door. Later she heard yelps of pain. She knew he was lashing the dog.

Why should his threat bother her? She knew that Jimmy was going to college. Four more years with its rounds of peddling days would make the little sum in the bank total more than she and Ira had ever possessed. Martha hummed a little song; the dog was still whimpering. Somehow she felt that the animal and the man should feel very closely related, for they had both been beaten.

Martha watched her lad very closely. He worked hard; many report-cards with marks that made her feel proud were gathered behind the clock. She guarded them zealously, so that Ira would not destroy the precious bits of paper which showed her lad's progress nearer and nearer the city.

She substituted for him in the fields, she helped Ira plow and hoe, she made every effort to supply the help of which she had deprived him. He accepted it all without a word of thanks. There were times when he glowered at her as if he wanted to clutch her by the throat and choke her.

Martha was glad that Jimmy never noticed any of the girls in the neighborhood. He had never spoken of any of the girls at the high school, and he had never asked for a horse to go "sparkin'." He should never marry a mere village girl. He was to meet a tall, lithe girl in the city.

Now that Jimmy was in the village at school it was harder than ever for her to keep her secret. When she saw him working over his lessons by the dusky light of the bracket lamp she wanted to tell him; when he left the house in the teeth of a howling wind she wanted to tell him. Always she felt the great desire; but she pushed the thought from her.

June came. Only three more years, one hundred and sixty-six more visits to the bank before she would be bringing back the little book to place in Jimmy's hand. Then he would leave her. She hated the thought of parting with the boy, but the sacrifice meant everything to him and his future.

The three years were over. She had made her last deposit in the bank. The little black figures now totaled the highest that they could before she gave the oblong book to Jimmy. He was to be graduated on Friday; this was Tuesday. She asked the clerk for the book, and as he passed it through the grating, she took it as if it were something sacred. This was her lad's passport to the outer world.

He had earned money working in the village and bought himself a suit for graduation. The dark-blue serge made him seem all the handsomer. His light, curling hair, which kinked childishly despite constant wettings, made him seem like her own little lad; but his long trousers and low, mannish voice told her another story.

Jimmy was to be valedictorian. For hours Martha had sat listening to the essay that he had written for the occasion. She wished that she might see him as he stood on the platform in the opera-house. She wished that she might hear the applause at the finish of the speech, and that she could see the selectman give Jimmy his diploma. But she could n't. She would have to wait until he came home to tell him of the graduation present that she had for him. She could hardly keep her hands away from the clock where the bank-book was hidden.

Jimmy had begged her to come. He had shown her the little white ticket that would entitle her to a seat near the stage; but she could not go, for she had nothing to wear. She had put every cent that she could gather into the bank.

He was all ready to go. She felt like crying. She wished he would put his arms around her and kiss her again the way he had four years before. He turned suddenly. Perhaps he was coming back; no, he was just going to speak.

"Ma, when I come back, I cal'late you will be awful' happy." Before she could ask for an explanation he was gone.

She watched him walk down the road past the burying-ground, past the unused meeting-house, and then a sudden turn in the road cut him from her view.

Would he never come back? Each moment seemed like hours. She had helped with the plowing, finished the mid-week churning, and brushed up the kitchen; now she was scanning the road lighted by the last glare of the setting sun.

Jimmy was not in sight; only a covered buggy was coming up the road. He should be home. He had promised her that he would come back before the reception, so that he might put his diploma in her hand. How proudly she would hold the rolled sheet of paper! Jimmy had told her it would be rolled and tied with blue ribbon. Then she would unroll it and see her son's name printed in big letters. Soon it would be framed and hung in the parlor. Four years later there would be another one beside it, saying that Jimmy had been graduated from college.

She rummaged behind the clock and took down the bank-book. It made an angle where she thrust it into her blouse, but that made little difference. She must have it ready to put into Jimmy's hand the minute he came into the house. She took it from her waist and looked again at those tiny black figures that had meant nine of the fullest years of her life, the years that she had been struggling for an ambition, a goal, and now, despite Ira, despite the elements, and despite all obstacles, she was going to see her hopes realized. Jimmy was going to college.

She heard a step in the shed, and she hurriedly pushed the book back into her blouse. There stood Jimmy on the threshold, and behind him stood,—was she seeing rightly? She brushed her hands over her eyes,—yes, behind him stood a girl dressed in white, with dark eyes.

"Ma, this is Elsie Hartwell. She graduated with me to-day. We were just married. I cal'lated that we could live with you till we get settled on a farm of our own."

Martha put her hand to her breast. She felt the rough corners of the bank-book. How differently she had expected to greet Jimmy when he came home to her! Now he was married, and was going to settle down on a farm. Elsie was to lead a life of drudgery, Jimmy to battle with the elements. Her sacrifice was vain.

"Ma, hain't you glad?" Jimmy asked. He wondered at his mother's silence.

"Yes, Jimmy, I 'm real glad." She gulped, still stupefied. Martha took the girl's hand in hers. "Yer ken have the spare room as long as yer like."

Jimmy and Elsie had gone back to the opera-house for the reception. Ira was milking, and Martha was alone.

She carefully drew down the shades, and then she took the bank-book from her waist. She looked at the figures for a moment. How bitter was her defeat! Ira was the victor; Jimmy was n't going to college. She must n't cry, she must n't let him know that she even cared. She looked again at the figures. Should she give this money to Jimmy to help him begin his new life? It would be of little service, for the girl would spend it on useless trifles. No, she could not see this strange child squander the money that she had spent years collecting. No one knew of her fund; it was still her secret and always should be. She put the little book behind the clock; it jostled with the report-cards.

She looked at the clock. It was eight-thirty. Jimmy and Elsie were dancing; they did n't know of her suffering. Then the thought came to her. "Perhaps they will hev a boy, and then I ken send him ter college." The clock ticked on, the dim light burned steadily, and Ira was crashing in from the barn. She had been conquered, but her secret was safe.

Feeding the American Army

By ROBERT FORREST WILSON

"When the wind is in the south
It blows the grub in the doughboy's mouth."—*The Mess Sergeant.*

OR when the wind is in any other direction, for that matter, Sammy is hungrier than on a still day. The theory is that wind, whether warm or cold, exhausts at an accelerated rate the energy from that oldest of air-cooled motors, the human body, and the human engine at once demands more fuel, which is food.

The surgeon-general's food division, which is exercising a paternal vigilance over the food of the American armies, sends cunning little curves meandering out over checker-board graph charts. Up one side of the chart are the figures of food consumption in calories, 3000, 3500, 4000, 4500, 5000, and so on, while along the bottom are progressive figures for temperature, wind velocity, rainfall, and what not relating to the weather.

And when the curves are all drawn and the results totaled up, we find that the soldiers eat more in snappy weather than they do during hot, muggy spells.

Of course everybody knew this fact before, but these charts serve to emphasize a contrast between the careful present and the careless past—the criminal past, when, if the meat-dealer had beef that was unfit for civilian consumption, he pumped it full of formaldehyde or benzoate and worked it off on the army. Anything was good enough for soldiers in those days; nothing is now.

To-day the Government is not content with providing wholesome food for its fighters. The food must be not only abundant and pure, but it must be of the right range and quality. The diet at every mess must be properly balanced, so much protein, so much fat, so much carbohydrate. Not one man in a hundred in the several American armies to-day was so well fed at home. There he may have had equal abundance of food, but there was no such scientific watchfulness over the proportions of his diet. Not a hotel or restaurant in the land is so careful in the selection and preparation of food as the Quartermaster-General's Department, working in conjunction with the food division of the Medical Department.

Among the million or so men in the training-camps and cantonments there has not yet been a death from ptomaine-poisoning. That is a fairly complete testimonial to the purity of the food. Dyspepsia is rapidly disappearing from the armies. Many of the boys brought the affliction from home. Rugged, outdoor living, of course, has had much to do with toning up their stomachs, but careful cookery and the balancing of mess diets must not go unthanked.

The scientific people who love to deal with mass averages are not overlooking a thing in the present war. There are droves of them in connection with almost every branch and sub-branch of the war establishment, but no group of them is having a more soul-satisfying time than the nutritional experts under Surgeon-General William C. Gorgas.

Take these food-and-weather studies, for instance. This is the first time that the effect of weather upon the food consumption of great masses of men has ever been studied with scientific exactness. Eventually every mess officer will have charts to show exactly what the average soldier may be expected to eat under any given weather conditions, whatever the type of service he is performing at the time.

At that, it will not be quite so simple as A B C. The morning will never come when the mess sergeant will arise, look at the thermometer, wet his finger to test the wind, and then turn to page 52 of the manual and find the model menu to fit that day. The human equation can never be brought within such exact bounds. But a mess officer, planning a week's or a fortnight's rations during any season of the year, can consult these tables and know almost to a pound what his men will call for, and, more important, what they will need in food to keep them in top condition.

These weather studies are incidental to a general nutritional survey of the training-camps and cantonments undertaken by the food division in the surgeon-general's office. The food-testers select representative messes, not the best or yet the worst in the camp, and study them under the microscope. They weigh every bit of food that comes into the kitchen, everything that comes back from the tables, the potato peelings and the onion tops and the bones and other refuse that the cooks throw away, even the kettle scrapings, and then they take samples of the waste, chop them up, mix them, and analyze them chemically.

And when this has been done for a week or so the survey party knows to a gram everything essential there is to be known about the appetite of that particular mess.

In the course of these investigations the surveyors have turned up some interesting facts. Down South they found camps throwing away too much bread. They inquired for causes, and discovered a sectional prejudice against bread-crusts, particularly on the part of boys from rural homes. When this was reported, the officers in those camps began a campaign of education to teach the youthful soldiers that the crust is the tastiest and most wholesome part of the loaf.

But the South is not unique in being finicky at table. In the North and West the investigators found several camps with an aversion to carrots, and no amount of education could eradicate this idiosyncrasy. But the carrot, exceptionally cheap, exceptionally nutritious, is exceptionally adapted to be army food; so the cooks were summoned to the rescue of the carrot, and the cooks collaborated with onions to disguise the individuality of carrots in stews and soups.

But don't the cantonments waste food frightfully? One suspects the Germanic origin of this wide-spread rumor. As a matter of fact, the armies in training in this country do waste food, but not nearly to the extent that might be supposed or even expected. And the situation is constantly growing better in this respect. The soldier, for instance, is fed with more thriftiness than the average hotel or restaurant guest even in these days of food conservation. The food division discovered a hotel at Plattsburg, New York, with a daily waste of twenty cans for three hundred guests. At the officers' training-camp near by the daily waste amounted to thirty cans, but three thousand men sat down at the mess.

This, perhaps, is not a fair contrast, because the Plattsburg mess was evidently exceptionally efficient, while the hotel seemed to be unusually lax in its economy. A better comparison is with the masses of civilians at home, who are compelled by circumstances and stimulated by the propaganda of the Food Administration to cut kitchen waste to the minimum.

Last year the government of the City of New York *collected* 275,000 tons of garbage from an area containing about five million population. This (which does not, of course, include the thousands of tons of garbage burned or otherwise destroyed) amounts to about three tenths of a pound waste per day for every person, an amount which is about half what the wastage was in the abundant days before 1914. In the messes thus far studied by the surgeon-general's experts, and they show with fair accuracy what is going on in the entire army, the daily waste per man amounts to eight tenths of a pound. Of this waste a little more than half is edible.

Another way of stating it is that of every twenty-five pounds of food-stuffs

that come into the camp kitchens two pounds are thrown away, and of this waste one pound is edible.

Of course the food-surveyors found some exceptionally efficient messes, where the daily waste for each man was as low as six hundredths of a pound, which is much below what an average thrifty household wastes. But, on the other hand, they found messes, particularly in the embarkation camps on the Atlantic coast, where the waste ran up as high as two pounds per man. Wherever such shocking disregard for the decencies of food economy is discovered, the army authorities at once take steps to remedy it.

If a mess shows abnormal waste, it is either a reflection on the intelligence of the men who eat there or else the cooking is poor. Frequently the men are at fault, and then food economy becomes a matter of discipline. If the food is cooked unappetizingly, then it is up to the quartermaster to make changes in that kitchen.

When the camps were first opened, the messes were operated on the cafeteria plan; that is, the men filed past the kettles and pans and helped themselves. The result was the first man up took more than he needed, the second did the same, and the tail of the line fared scantily. Then the officers seated the men in squads of eight, with a leader to serve them. This method worked better for economy, but there were still youthful and foolish soldiers whose eyes were bigger than their appetites, and at the response of their comrades they loaded their plates with more than they could eat.

Not until the company commander took a leaf out of the school-ma'am's note-book and established the despised and derided "hog table" was the mess glutton suppressed. Here the inconsiderate are segregated. The "hog table" is plainly and bluntly so labeled upon a large cardboard sign that hangs directly above it. A day or so at the "hog table" is apt to impress any recruit with the wisdom of moderation when the roast beef is passed. Certain other messes have adopted the practice of making the greedy ones eat their left-overs before they can have any of the hot food of a new meal. Both of these punishments seem harsh, but they are inflicted for the benefit of the many who must go partly hungry if the few selfish ones indulge themselves.

The British Army wrestled with this problem, and solved it by adopting the squad system at table. At a British mess only eighty per cent. of the food cooked is sent to the table at the first call, but that food is served piping hot, the men are told that they can have all they want, and the squad-servers are changed every day to avoid the possibility of favoritism. The heavier eaters can send back for second helpings. The light appetite gets enough on a single plate. Everybody is satisfied, and the saving in food is large.

The cooking at the cantonments was a great bother at first. The army did not have nearly enough cooks to provide for the great inrush of recruits, and civilian cooks had to be hired to meet the emergency. Each of these civilians brought his own culinary ideas to camp. As a result, the cuisine varied from the top to the bottom of the scale. In some messes the food was excellence itself, at others it was indigestible. Now that the civilians have disappeared, to hear the soldiers and officers talk about them, one would think that they were all of the same general stripe—autocratic, surly, stubborn, and frequently Teutonic in origin. Discipline meant nothing to them. As long as they lasted there was no uniformity in the messes.

But from the start the quartermaster-general was working for reform in this respect. At almost every cantonment the first organization to arrive and establish itself in quarters was the company of cooks and bakers. At the present time Uncle Sam conducts a school for cooks in every large camp. Likely men among the selectives and volunteers are given three months' instruction, at the end of which period the competent ones receive diplomas and assignments to be company cooks, frequently with organizations crossing to France.

While a certain number of embryo cooks

are being trained in the central school, other students are on active duty in the company kitchens, receiving their educations there from instructors sent out from the cooking-school. The training in cooking is characteristically thorough. The "Army Cooks' Manual" contains many a suggestion that any housekeeper might value in her own kitchen.

Toothsomeness, variety, and economy, especially economy, are the emphatic points in this instruction. The company cook strikes a daily balance and takes a daily inventory of stock, so that the mess officer knows to a penny what his company's subsistence costs each day, what food he has on hand, and what he must draw from the stores. Officers from the surgeon-general's nutritional survey parties have lectured to the assembled cooks and student cooks of every camp about proteins, carbohydrates, and fats, so that each cook possesses a working knowledge of dietetics and the balance of rations. When the army cook leaves the service he finds his talents in demand from hotels and restaurants for jobs that pay anywhere from one to two hundred dollars per month, with meals and lodging thrown in.

The American Army is the best-fed army in the war. British, Italians, French, and Canadians have a training ration and a trench, or campaign, ration, the latter, of course, being higher in energy value than the former. American troops use the same ration throughout the service. Whether the soldier is in a cantonment or in the trench, his food is equally abundant, the only difference being that the list of substitute foods in France is not so extensive as in the training camp here. In both cases the United States ration possesses more energy value than any of the foreign trench or campaign or combat rations.

The Italian ration allowance is 3300 calories daily. This is low, but it is, as far as we know, higher than the German army ration. Next in the upward scale is the French ration of 3600 calories; then the British of 4300 calories; and on top of all our American soldiers' daily allowance of from 4600 to 5000 calories.

But these figures, after all, mean little; for neither the British nor the American soldiers come anywhere near consuming their allowances. In fact, including the waste, high as it is, the American soldier can get away with only 3900 calories daily in the messes that have been analyzed, while his net consumption amounts to only 3635 calories per day.

The American soldier, however, gets much more meat than his British comrade, a pound and a quarter a day against the Britisher's pound, and in that respect the American fares the best in the world, because meat is the most appetizing of foods.

At home the mothers of boys in camp are not apt to think of food in terms of calories. They ask what their sons are getting in meat and potatoes. And here is a random set of menus served one day to a battalion stationed at Camp Meade:

Breakfast: oatmeal, milk, and sugar; pork sausage; fried potatoes; bread and butter; coffee.

Dinner: roast pork and roast beef; baked potatoes; bread and butter; cornstarch pudding; coffee, milk, and sugar.

Supper: Beef stew; corn-bread; syrup; prunes, and tea.

Meat three times a day, one notices. Meat is chiefly protein. The protein intake of our soldiers now amounts to fourteen per cent. of the energy value of the whole ration, whereas ten per cent. is enough for the hardest kind of outdoor work. Moreover, the studies of food show by tests that long, sustained endurance results from diets in which the meat element is kept small.

But the heavy meat-eater is capable of sharp bursts of energy of a fury beyond that which the vegetarian can attain, and this is a war not of long, grueling marches, but of comparative physical inactivity, broken at intervals by short dashes "over the top" when a man needs for a brief period every bit of energy he can summon up. For this reason, as well as because of the fact that meat stimulates heat production and enables the soldier to keep warm in severe weather, the surgeon-gen-

eral's office has not recommended a reduction in the ration allowance of meat; and the boys, being young, eat meat plentifully.

It must not be supposed that the waste in food at the camps is absolute waste. Food is worth most as food, but it has a secondary value in the products that may be obtained from it by chemical reduction or by feeding it to animals. The old incineration pit that once was an adjunct to every company kitchen by army regulations is supplanted now by the hog farms that are springing up in the neighborhood of nearly every large cantonment. A ton of camp swill fed to hogs will put one hundred pounds of pork on their sides, besides adding fertilizer value to the land the swine occupy.

A whole new branch of army administration has come into existence just to take care of wastes of various sorts incidental to the mighty task of waging a war. This is the reclamation division of the quartermaster-general's office. The executive quarters of this service already occupy an entire building in Washington, and the personnel increases weekly. These officers are the army's junk-men, its ol' clo' men. They gather the discarded uniforms, and have them worked over into shoddy; they collect old shoes, old harness, empty shell-cases, anything that can be melted up or worked over for a second use.

To this service fell the task of utilizing the food waste of the army. At some of the camps the reclamation division sells the garbage to city reduction plants, at others that are remote from cities it is building reduction plants of its own.

America may be behind Europe in the general utilization of by-products, but in one thrifty respect she excels: she knows more about garbage reduction than any other nation on earth. That is because in her wasteful way she has had more garbage to dispose of. Therefore we get the limit of value from this waste material. A ton of cantonment garbage nowadays, if not fed to hogs, produces the following commodities:

Glycerin enough to make the explosive for nine shells for a French "75"; oil enough for 125 pounds of laundry soap, thus releasing that much higher grade fat for human consumption; four hundred pounds of tankage fertilizer, containing enough plant food to grow ten bushels of wheat; eight gallons of alcohol, particularly useful now in relieving the shortage of acetate of lime.

If an American soldier is captured by the Germans, Uncle Sam, through the Red Cross, still looks out for his food, providing it in the same abundant way. It is said that even the kaiser has trouble in getting coffee in these days, but every one of the American prisoners in Germany gets real coffee every day.

At the request of the American Red Cross the surgeon-general's food specialists prescribed the contents of the eleven-pound food-kit sent to every American prisoner of war, which contains: rice or hominy, sugar, dried or corned beef, pork and beans, crackers, peanut-butter, evaporated milk, coffee (with tea for a variant), salt and pepper, milk chocolate, desiccated strawberries, raspberries, or blackberries, jam, nut margarin or oleomargarin, dried figs or other dried fruits, and cigarette tobacco.

This ration is not very heavy, but its 2600 calories per day are enough to keep a man in good condition in the sedentary life at a military prison camp, and it probably looks mighty good to the exiled soldier who must turn to the meager prison ration if the Red Cross kit does not get through. But the food-kits do get through usually on time and always without being tampered with by Germans, who themselves probably do not get so good or so abundant food as the package contains.

The surgeon-general's office also prescribed the ration which the Red Cross sends to American wounded men in German hospitals. This ration contains potted chicken, soup tablets, marmalade, and other delicacies in abundance. The best is none too good for Uncle Sam's men, and the doughboy cannot get so far away that Uncle Sam will not see to it that he gets his chow regularly and in good measure.

Courtesy of C. D. Armstrong

NOANK LANDSCAPE

Henry W. Ranger

PAINTER

By ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

THE power of prophecy does not seem great enough to tell us exactly what or how great is the influence of a man's life-work at the time of his death. During life there is a nearness or familiarity which forbids decision, or else the vision is obscured, and we do not see. A living man divides his world into friends and enemies; all too often the enemies are the louder tongued. The great bell of jealousy clangs discordantly; gentle folk close their ears, but make no reply. Men who labor for humanity with head and heart and hand, whether in the walks of public life or in those more secluded paths of the arts, are estimated in the concrete rather than in the spiritual effect; yet the true reality is in this last. The beneficent action of time tends to clear the vision and quicken the understanding; it silences discord also. Instance after instance might be adduced to show our greater kindness to the dead than to the living. The bier of mediocrity gathers many flowers. The red poppies of oblivion have rested on many a calm brow; yet time has brought from the grave of that same dead the starry flowers of fame. Hopelessness would be the offspring of all this if there were not the certainty that

"There shall never be one lost good!"

A man's work lives after him and is endlessly doing its service, and in this is found the estimate of the value of life.

When we consider, then, the life of a man who has given great effort to the

search for beauty, we may be quite sure that he has found it in at least a certain measure, and his work will reflect it in just that degree with which he has striven.

His influence will measure equally far, and we shall know the man by his work.

Ranger is dead; but yesterday he was here beside us, painting, as he believed, sincerely and with an eye single to the principles of true beauty.

What were those principles? This is well worth considering, and will lead to a riper understanding of his art—an art which grew and developed until in the midst of his powers he was called away.

Those who knew Ranger best felt that he greatly wished to be considered an influence in art. He liked it when he was called "the dean of American landscape art," and that he did have a very real influence is quite easily seen in the works of several men, and especially certain young men whose spurs are not yet golden. The merit of it is that it is a sane and safe influence. In his art there was nothing which could be called mad or exaggerated, and its tendencies, for those who set it before them as example, were those of sound drawing, deep color, and thoughtful composition. The word which was most often on his lips was "tone." This to him was a necessity, and any transgression or departure from the tonal search was sure to meet his disapproval. I think he must always have been very consistent in this.

When in early life he went to Holland, about 1887, certainly then and for many years thereafter he yielded to the influence of the modern Dutchmen, and his works, especially his water-colors, reflect the moist skies, the quietly toned and broadly treated landscape not only of Holland, but of the Holland painters. He was the friend of most of these men. His stories of Mauve, the Maris brothers, of Israels, Kever, and others were very illuminating, and his many quotations from these masters clearly showed the power and depth of their influence. It was from them he learned the value of the wet-paper washes in water-color, and when a group of his water-colors of the Holland period shall be brought together, we shall see how completely he had mastered not only the technic of Dutch painting, but his own power to make it express his ideas. During the later years of his life he worked little, if at all, in this medium, which is cause for regret.

In these European years in Holland and France he became firmly settled as a disciple of the great school of 1830. So far as my knowledge of him goes, he was unswerving in this faith until the hour of his death. His years of study in Holland did not unsettle this belief in the men of Barbizon. While it is quite clear that the Romantic flavor is not intense in the work of modern Dutchmen, it is not wholly absent. With them, as with the earlier and greater Dutch masters, verity as seen and understood in the homely life about them is the desirable goal of their ambition.

If the influence of Paul Potter is traceable in Troyon, and that of Rembrandt upon the whole school of 1830, we cannot turn the matter about and declare that Millet may be seen in Mauve, or Corot in Maris; yet the fidelity to nature's truths is in both schools, and Ranger was swift to see and seize upon it.

His work in the fields along with men like Mauve and Jacob Maris left a profound impress upon his after life, and in truth his outdoor sketches are almost those of a wizard of the brush. When these sketches, which he made with sketch-box and pencil upon panels and in sketch-books, come to be seen and known, we shall have a knowledge of the man's ability that his larger works, perhaps, do not give; for there is a freedom, an artistic quality of touch, a beauty of drawing and vivacity of tone, that are immensely difficult to attain upon larger surfaces. If one has seen and studied the out-door sketches of Mauve, one may understand just what the value of such work is, and we all know that this Dutchman had the gift of accuracy in values, tonal values, that was absolute.

Under such training Ranger gained a

Courtesy of Frank Bradley

A CONNECTICUT PASTURE

foundation which stood him in good stead all his life, and he was watchful that nothing should prevent his having in the spring and autumn his weeks of outdoor work, to keep himself fresh, as he said, in knowledge of nature and to get new themes.

The tendency, professional or other, to criticize a man, to call him conceited, to condemn his work because it does not follow some line that we ourselves are enamoured of, is wide-spread. It exists always, and we shall not dismiss it or dethrone it by inveighing against it. Let those whose happiness is found in bitterness continue along the way; meanwhile we shall look upon great trees, still pools, far, misty fields, and high, overarching skies that Ranger has left us, and be glad that he also has passed along the way, touching here and there things we might not have seen, and giving them to us.

How trite it is to say, "like a Corot"; "a Corot composition"! Suppose it is. Do we never gain the intelligence to see that likeness to Corot means really likeness to nature at the times and seasons that Corot has impressed upon us? The color, touch, and drawing of a fine Ranger are not in the least like Corot. The placement of his trees and pools? Yes; but the trees themselves, the rough undergrowth, the fields, and the skies are never Corot, but Ranger: yet the romantic vision, the choice, is ever Barbizon, even when most American. In this we see the old law working out, that good is built upon the labors of the past.

There were many qualities combined in Henry W. Ranger. He was, to use a colloquialism, a good mixer. Here was no dreamer or misanthrope, no wanderer in far places where human companionship might not intrude and the soul could be free to commune with its God. This was not Ranger. He loved to be with men; a game of cards was a necessity, and he planned his days so that he might have his game of bridge. He had, too, a very deep love of music. This, also, was necessary for him, and in his big studio he

had built in a great pipe-organ whose tones were forever rolling through the building. Around him there he gathered his musical friends, and this solace was no mean half of his life.

It is no difficult task to couple that musical influence with the painter side of his nature, its influence in the rhythm of his composition, the subtlety of tint and tone which he loved, the choice of sky forms and types of sky which one will find recurring in his work.

We may reverse the matter if we will, and, looking at his pictures, decide with almost complete certainty that Ranger was a lover of symphonic rather than of operatic *ensemble*.

The decision would be made because he seldom essays the intense or dramatic. The blare of the storm or the intensity of sunlight and shadow did not so fully interest him as the filmy, moist sunlight of spring or the hazy laziness of the autumn.

Many times, and often successfully, he looked into the "eye" of the sun at the hour of sunset; but one will not find the orb clear and fierce, as with Inness, but melting, burning if you will, through misty vapors which allowed diffusion, radiance, and iridescent color. It was thus that Turner viewed the sunset and furnished Ruskin opportunity for rhapsody.

Ranger's themes for most vigorous attack and contrast were his woodland scenes. The drawing of gnarled old oaks, stretching their wind-blown and storm-shaped limbs across the years, furnished him design and contrast with the misty distances of forest depths, the calm of quiet labor below their giant forms, the piling of wood, and such homely themes. In these often he strengthened his palette and his touch. The red of an old mill was made to intensify and give contrast; the gray and gold of age-old boles, heavily touched in, were ever his utmost reach for power, and if you ask for the connection of these with his musical vein, you must find it in

Owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
"HIGH BRIDGE"

Courtesy of Frank Bradley

"AN OLD VETERAN"

the sound of brass or the beat of drum. But as we go down the long journey of the years, he will, I think, be remembered best by the grace of certain trees, the mellow beauty of flocculent skies, under which the fields and still pools lie in gentle sunlight.

Yet we will not forget the river and the harbor things which were inevitable in his art, since he lived near and loved the water.

The later years of his life, during the summers, were lived at Noank, on Long Island Sound, and Fisher's Island was his sketching-ground. The characteristics of these haunts are found in many of his pictures. He looked down upon the broad water spaces, the little boats, and the great ones anchored there, and watched the moon flood all the harbor with its light, or the dazzling sun sink away to rest at the end of a long path of light.

There was something in the mystery of moonrise that eluded him. In moonlight the color gamut has to do with the cooler tones of the palette, and the luminosity of yellow is denied us; yet it must be secured to produce that lovely, pervading glow that is the significant characteristic of moonrise. Ranger never quite mastered it. Workmanlike as his night things are, there is a heaviness in the tonality, a lack of subtlety which is a great weakness. In Blakelock that limpid, subtle glow was just what he achieved, and his mastery stands confessed. This weakness in Ranger is the stranger, since moonlight is the most musical of all moments. The sonata of Beethoven comes at once to mind, and with it there is an essence, a very fragrance of the light, that is imperishable. This is what we must have in moonlight pictures.

In all strong men there is a consciousness of power; the exercise of this almost inevitably brings the charge of conceit. How small a thing is such a charge! Always, I think, it proceeds from one who would be a monopolist of the entire supply, and therefore disputes the right of another to even a small fragment.

Ranger had to bear such criticism. His

Courtesy of Frank Bradley

"THE CLEARING"

was not always a mellow tongue; but I have not felt that his quantity of self-faith was greater than his critics'. Consider this one remark, "I think I have turned the corner at last." What corner? That unattainable corner round which that much-desired knowledge was forever flitting, escaping, and the earnest worker following, hoping at last to catch up with her as the desired prize.

I think I have never met Ranger after a summer's work that he has not said this to me, and it shows his own belief that there was always more to know, more to be attained, "round the corner."

It will be, then, as it should be now, the work that matters; not the worst, but the best, and so only shall he be judged.

We are not prophets, and we can not say what the dim distance has in store for Ranger's landscapes; but when looking at the rugged truth of "Becky Cole's Hill" or the smiling beauty of "Willows," we may feel quite sure that they have a quality of sincerity, a vigor of execution, and a veracity of a sort that forbid putting them aside. Each in its way is typical of Ranger and what he was as artist.

In the "Willows" the drawing of the trees, the half-shadowed pool below, the lovely sky, combine to make a work of very high order. We shall not soon forget it, and these two works assure his lasting fame.

I have in mind another canvas of his, painted, as he was fond of doing, on a 29 by 36 stretcher, which almost perfectly expresses the fullness of his art. The richness of the autumn is on the land; there is the old time-worn mill on the left,—a New England mill, mounted high on its foundation of masonry,—a glimpse of water, and the rich oak forest coming quite up to the door; but little sky is shown, yet that is delightfully atmospheric and just in its relation to the whole. The light is, as usual, a soft sunlight.

In this picture we have fine drawing of

Courtesy of Louis Marshall

"FLYING POINT"

tree forms, and they are noble old trees of the forest; the ground below is finely articulated, and moves from foreground to distance with consummate precision. The mill, in its warm, reddish tone, is perfectly harmonized, and the contrasts of cool and warm are correct without exaggeration. Technically, then, the picture is all that it should be; but that is not enough to make it a work of art, however loudly it may be proclaimed that this is the all in all of art.

Ranger knew better, and the significance of his theme is finely presented. We have the very atmosphere of the theme. New England folk have gone to and fro about that mill for generations, and it has fulfilled its province, supplying meal from generation to generation. Autumn has succeeded to autumn, and the rugged limbs of the old oaks have shed their leaves throughout the years. The picture is a poem of rural life and justifies the fame of the painter.

At times Ranger showed great mastery of sky forms. One feels tempted to digress here and speak of the slight attention paid nowadays to this splendor of landscape. The advanced "modern" seems to deny the necessity for any other than blank, vacant paint masquerading as sky; not so Ranger. He was an observer, and his forms and weather notations are often very splendid.

I would not say that Ranger was at any time a master technician. The term means too much; few men have attained to it.

He never achieved beauty of surface, which is a desirable thing and is so frequently a characteristic of his loved Barbizon School. That he tried for this quality is clear, but just why he fell short is difficult to say. His touch was at times heavy with paint, and multitudinous, though controlled; but the use of waves of color was not part of his manner.

His processes, then, were his own, and easily recognizable, and not at all like those of Corot, whom he is accused of imitating. Perhaps he felt this himself, for his conversation was often of technical processes.

Though he has produced a great deal, one would not say of him that he was a

tireless worker. Rest, play, and change were all necessary to his life. He completed his New York season in mid-January, and went somewhere South,—Porto Rico for choice,—returning in time for the spring sketching around Old Lyme, Noank, and Fisher's Island.

In addition to his other endowments, Ranger had a very highly developed business sense, which is said to be an unusual gift in the fraternity of artists. He knew how to make money; he knew how to sell his pictures, and his eye was watchful for opportunity. This rare visitant in many studios did not have to strike twice at his door. He valued his works and secured attention for them. He cared little for current exhibitions. When he brought his pictures before the public, it was usually in small groups, as a "one-man show," and thus the personal note was always reached.

To him, perhaps, more than to any other artist in recent years, we owe the development and advancement of that movement in real estate which has resulted in many studio buildings known as co-operative apartments. He was president of one or two of these companies, and he finished his life in one of the buildings which he had promoted. Surrounded there by the things he had collected, by his music and his pictures, cared for by old and faithful servants, he led a life of quiet comfort. He outlived his wife by a number of years, and there were no children.

In appearance he was a man of full weight, dressed carelessly for the most part, loved big, loose clothes of English or Scotch tweeds. He slouched in his big easy-chairs and talked in a rather suppressed tone and often most entertainingly, the voice coming past the cigarette which was forever literally on his lip.

His views were fixed and seldom changed, but to his friends there was a kindly quality which endeared him. His death was sudden. He died on Tuesday, November 7, 1916, and was buried in Syracuse, New York, where he was born in 1858. He appeared much older.

By his will his entire property, a considerable fortune, was left in trust to the National Academy of Design, the income to be expended for pictures by artists of approved worth, these pictures to be permanently placed in the museums of his country. Certainly it is a trust which should keep green his name and bring good to the cause of art.

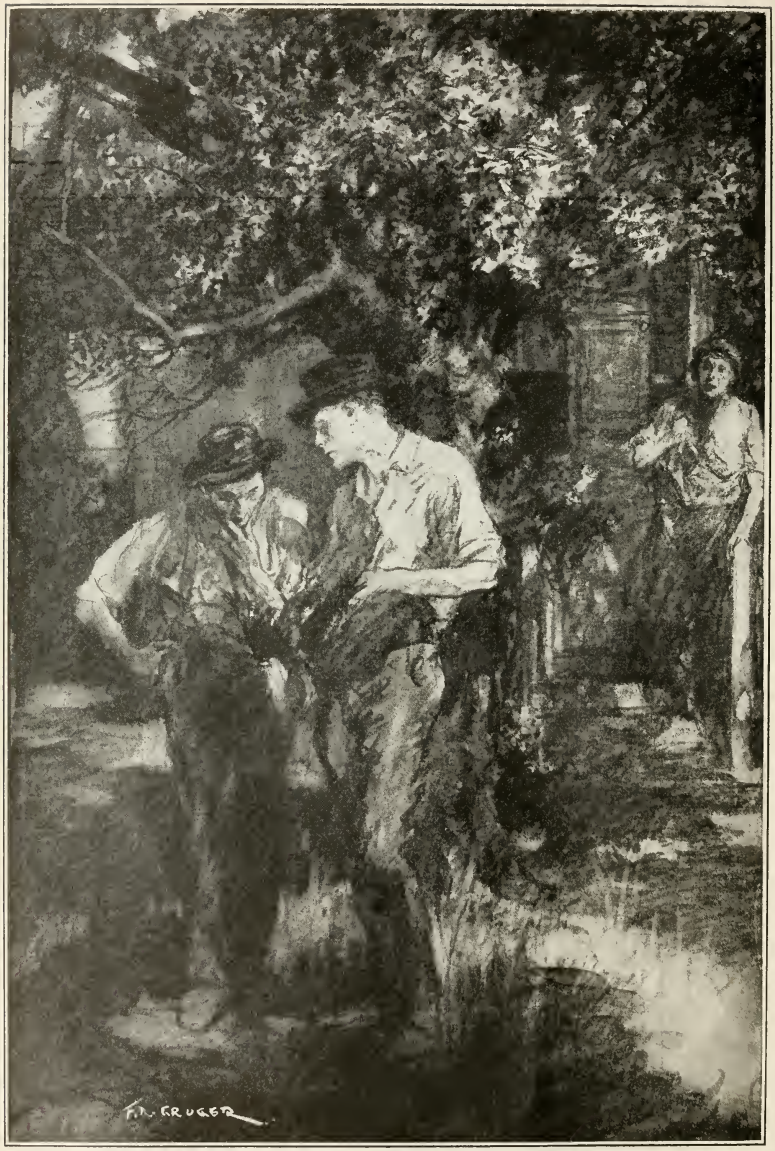
That he was a distinct personality can not be doubted; of his art we may leave the decision to time, that great arbiter who knows neither the prejudice of favor or blame.

THE MERCIFUL

By ROBERT NICHOLS

Then it was He who gave me all—
  His joy, His light, His song, His treasure,
And I went forth, in feast and brawl
  Spent all, and in all found no pleasure.

Now it is I who give Him all—
  The coward soul that could not give me.
I turn; but back He doth me call,
  And gives, lo! more than first He gave me.



"'GOD LOVE US! BUT IT 'S THE LITTLE SPECKLED HEN!' EXCLAIMED JOHNNY JAMES"

The Little Speckled Hen

By L. FRANK TOOKER

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

SPRING was in the air, and the sunlight soft on the Berkshire slopes, but at half-past ten Michael Rowan left the plow in the furrow and, putting the saddle on the brown mare, rode leisurely down to the town. To ease his conscience, he had persuaded himself that a new coulter for his plow was an absolute necessity; but the truth was that it was spring and Michael still young, with more than the bluebird calling him.

He rode light-heartedly, debating with himself whether he should pass Mary Tyrone's door at a gallop without turning his head, or, riding slowly, should gaze long and sadly toward her windows. They had quarreled on Saturday over a trifle, and on Sunday, driving down to mass, he had seen her coming from church with Tim Mahan. There was usually little that escaped Mary's eyes, but that morning she had not seen Michael. Well, Mary was good company, though he was not in love with her, he told himself; and if she was eager for a scrap, he was not one to disappoint her. It was a part of the joy of living. Michael was a handsome, lithe lad; his few years had brought him no distrust of himself.

He turned into the cross-road that dipped down into the valley, and, coming to the plain, quickened his pace. Just ahead of him, on the left, stood the neat, white farm-house of Johnny James Roche, and Michael, glancing over the level acres to see how far Johnny James had advanced with his plowing, caught sight of a slender, white-gowned girl dancing lightly through the orchard, pursued by a child. He could hear the screaming delight of the child in the game.

"Sure, she 's as light on the sod as nothing at all," thought Michael. "She treads air. Now, who can it be?" Still with his face toward the girl, he pulled his horse into a smart canter, to show that he had a light grace of his own, when under his feet he heard a loud squawk, and swung wide in his saddle as his horse shied. He pulled up sharply and glanced back. Behind him a brown hen lay fluttering in the dust. Michael dropped from his horse and ran back.

"She 's gone," he said; "she 's played tag in the road once too often." He took her up and, passing into the yard, walked toward the front door as Johnny James, a slight, stoop-shouldered man of forty-five, came around the corner of the house. Michael held up his burden.

"I ran over her, Johnny James," he said. "I did n't see her at all."

"God love us! but it 's the little speckled hen!" exclaimed Johnny James. He looked about him furtively and then beckoned to Michael. "Quick!" he said in a low voice. "We 'll throw her into the bush. If herself sees her, she 'll bite iron."

It was too late. Mrs. Roche, a thin little woman of thirty-five, had come to the door with a look of inquiry on her face; but recognizing Michael, she smiled. Then she saw what he bore, and, throwing her apron over her head, went noisily back into the house. Johnny James took the hen from Michael.

"If you could say you saw her like this, lying in the road," he suggested eagerly; "perhaps—" Michael shook his head.

"I did it, Johnny James," he replied. "I did n't see it at all, but I heard her squawk right under my feet, and when I turned, there she was flopping behind me. You

could hang a stone image on the evidence."

"Oh, well," said Johnny James. He walked to the edge of the orchard and threw the little speckled hen into the hedge; then he came back, and in silence the two stood looking toward the house.

"And now I 'll pay anything you say, Johnny James, and then I 'll be getting along." Michael said at last.

"Oh, pay!" exclaimed Johnny James, fretfully. "There 's nothing to pay."

The child who had been playing in the orchard peered shyly around the corner of the house, and Michael smiled at her. Then he stared, for the white-gowned girl came into view. She advanced slowly with the hesitating look of one who was expecting to be greeted, but without effusion. But Michael stood staring, and she paused in confusion, bridling a little. At that, Michael sprang forward, and seized both her hands.

"Rose Mary! Little Rose Mary!" he cried, "sure, it never could be you yourself! And yet I could swear to it on the Book!"

"I 've been told it is," she said, smiling. "And you 're Michael Rowan, I know."

"And to think that only four years ago you were a slip of a lass!" he exclaimed. "And now you are this!" She was budding womanhood, spring itself, with her rose-leaf face and her gray Irish eyes. He thought of the slim white birches in his upland woods, of the young fawns that came down to drink at his brook in the first light of dawn.

"And now you 'd better go in and tell Mrs. Roche that you 've killed her little speckled hen," Rose Mary said, with a mischievous light in her eyes. She never called her stepmother anything but Mrs. Roche. They had not loved each other, and so Rose Mary had gone away to live with her aunt. She took it kindly that Michael had remembered that she had been away just four years. She had not thought he would.

"I suppose so," he replied, and went bravely toward the house. Rose Mary slipped away, but her father followed Michael.

Mrs. Roche was in the living-room. She had taken the apron from her head, but sat staring toward the window with the face of the tragic Muse.

"If you knew how sorry I am, ma'am, you 'd cry on my neck," Michael said at once. "Sure, my heart 's broke. I know it 's not just as if it was an ordinary hen, —you 'd not lift your eyebrows for the likes of that,—but a hen—"

"Oh, I know, I know," broke in Mrs. Roche, impatiently.

"I did n't see her at all," continued Michael. "I had looked up to see if Johnny James was at the plow, and then there she was right under my horse's feet. You know how hens are, zigzagging all over the road. I 'd ridden over myself first, given the choice."

"I know, I know," she repeated, "and how the lads are, too, with their heads in the air, seeing nothing. Not that I 'm blaming you, Michael; but the little speckled hen! Sure, she knew as much as the first man you 'd meet on the road. And lay! I tell you, you could set the clock by her, she was that regular. May I die to-morrow myself if it was not on Saturday, just two days ago, that I had a cold grip at my heart, remembering I 'd not seen her all day; and says I to Johnny James here, 'Sure, I 'd miss her more than my own head if she 's gone.' And you know well whether that 's a lie or God's truth." She appealed fiercely to her husband.

Johnny James nodded.

"Aye, that I do," he said solemnly.

"I feel with you, ma'am," said Michael; "and I 'd not think of offering pay; but if you 'd kindly let me bring down a pair of my black Orpingtons, I 'd not take it so much to heart. They 're the fine birds."

"Are they?" Mrs. Roche said dryly. "And when was it, I 'd ask you, Mr. Rowan, that any one could say that Kate Roche was one to go around with her palm out or stood in need of the help of her neighbors? God be praised, Johnny James is a poor, weak creature, sitting here dumb when his lawful wife is called out of her name; but for all that, he 's

kept the roof tight over us and the wolf from the door. And if it was the last word I was to say—"

"I 'll be going now," said Michael, rising, a spot of red in each cheek. "I 'm sorry; I can say no more." He walked stiffly out of the house and toward the gate; but, seeing Rose Mary still in the orchard, turned back to speak to her. She smiled as he drew near.

"It 's like coming out into a bit of sunshine to see you once more," he said. "Sure, it would melt stone."

She laughed softly.

"You 're near to melting yourself," she replied. "You look warm."

"She gave me the father and mother of a tongue-lashing," he said in a low voice. "You 'll be hearing the tail end of it all the rest of the day, I 'm thinking; so if you 're going down to the town to-night to see your old friends, I 'd like the chance to set myself right in your eyes, Rose Mary."

"I saw you run over the little speckled hen myself," she told him. "You had your head twisted round, with no thought of the road."

"And well you know what twisted it," Michael replied.

"Well, I 'm not the first one," she said saucily. "It 's common report that no sooner do you walk out with one girl than your head 's twisted over your shoulder to see if you have n't left a better one behind."

"As I had, and found out not ten minutes ago," Michael answered. "But if it was my last word, I 'd say the same that I 'm saying now: I 'm brought to my knees at last, Rose Mary."

"It 's more fitting to tell that to Father O'Leary than to me," retorted Rose Mary. "Sure, he 'll be pleased to hear it—if he believes it."

"He 'll believe it—"

"Rose Mary, will you be helping me a bit with the dinner?" called Mrs. Roche from the back door. "It 's half dead I am this minute with the pain in my side."

"I 'm coming," Rose Mary called back, and turned to go.

"But you 'll come down to the town to-night?" asked Michael. "I can't come here."

She looked back and smiled, shaking her head.

"Then I 'll come for you," Michael declared. He went out to the road and, mounting his horse, rode homeward, wholly forgetting the plow-coulter.

From the back of Johnny James's farm a little wood road runs down to the town, coming out into a side street near the river. It is a trifle longer than the main road. When Rose Mary, coming down this road at dusk, turned into the side street, she found Michael waiting in the shadow of the bridge. If she was surprised, she gave no sign.

"Did you come down the road this morning just to kill the little speckled hen? You went straight home, you know," was her greeting.

"Little else did I think of after seeing you," Michael replied. "But how is herself this evening?"

"Still dead," replied Rose Mary.

"Well you know it 's Mrs. Roche I mean. Has she softened a bit?"

Rose Mary looked up at him and shook her head.

"Poor Michael!" she murmured sympathetically. "You 'll have no reputation at all by the end of the week. She 'll have a growing grievance, you know; she 'll roll it up like a snowball."

"I know," Michael said gloomily.

"Not that it will make any difference with me," she said shyly, softened by his hurt look.

"Bless you for that word!" he exclaimed. "I 've looked into the eyes at last that I can trust. From this day I 'll see no others."

"Sure, is it, then, all settled but just the small matter of speaking to Father O'Leary?" she said gaily. "You 're a bit fast, Michael Rowan. I 've the mind to look into eyes myself for a bit."

"That 's a poor tale!" exclaimed Michael. "Have n't you known me all your life, Rose Mary? Do you mind, when you were only a little tid, how I

used to draw you all the way home from the school here? And—"

"I 've not forgotten," Rose Mary said gravely, "nor many another thing, too, that you probably have. But liking and knowing is one thing, and—and what you 're thinking another."

He looked at her then.

"Is there any one else?" he asked.

"Do you think you 're the only lad in the world, Michael Rowan?" she said.

"I suppose a man always tries to think so when a girl 's all the world to him, and more," he answered. His gay look dropped away from him suddenly; he turned his face from her, and in silence they walked slowly through the darkening street. At a gate Rose Mary paused.

"I came down to see Agnes," she explained. "For four years I 've not seen her, and we always such friends!"

"She 's a good girl," said Michael. He turned and looked at Rose Mary with a brave smile. "I 'm thinking you 're the kind that will choose the best, Rose Mary —always."

"Good night," she said. She opened the gate, and Michael went on; but before he came to the bend in the street he turned back at the sound of hurrying steps. It was Rose Mary.

"I forgot to say," she began, and then paused. "I forgot to say—"

"Yes," said Michael.

Rose Mary looked up the street as she said hurriedly:

"That was n't honest—about other lads. I 've got to say that though it blister my tongue, Michael Rowan. Of course there 've been many I liked, but not in the way you mean—not one."

"Are you saying that of me, too, Rose Mary?" he asked quickly.

She glanced at him in the confusion of a disconcerting surprise.

"You? I—why, I have n't had time to think of you—just one day," she said. "I was only a child when I knew you, you know. A girl can't change all of a sudden like that." Then she fled.

If Michael had taken heart at her parting, he soon lost it again, for so far as he was concerned, Rose Mary had apparently disappeared from the face of the earth. For a week, by day, he passed the house at all hours, and at night he watched the roads leading down to the town, but saw not even the flutter of her skirts from afar. On Wednesday, Johnny James driving up from the town, looked straight down his long nose as Michael drove by and had paid no heed to his greeting. Michael stopped the brown mare and stared back.

"It 's all herself," he said to himself, wrathfully. "She twists him about as the wind does the weather-cock, and all for the sake of a little peace in the family."

On Sunday morning he was the first one at the door of the church, and when the early service was over, he lingered about. Mary Tyrone saw him this Sunday; she smilingly crossed the road to say:

"I hear Kate Roche caught you riding down a flock of her hens, and when she asked you why you were doing that, you rode your horse at her. Is that why they say Johnny James is looking everywhere for you with a horse-whip?"

Michael flushed angrily, then stepped close to Mary.

"No," he said in a whisper; "I 'd not want every one to know, but I told him he has a mind of his own, and he thought it an insult." As Mary laughingly walked away, Michael reconsidered his speech. "Now, why did I say a thing like that?" he muttered. "It will get to Johnny James before night."

Indeed, it reached Johnny James before he drove up to the church half an hour later. Mrs. Roche, her two children, and Rose Mary were with him. With a grim face Michael crossed the road to assist Rose Mary to alight; but her father elbowed him aside, and, leaving his son to put the horses under the shed, hustled Rose Mary into the church. Rose Mary's cheeks were flaming, but she did not lift her eyes from the ground.

"I 'm done with women," Michael thought angrily, and possibly to prove it, went to his second service that morning and scarcely turned his eyes from Rose Mary's face.

"OH, TO THINK OF MY STAYING LIKE THIS!" SHE SAID. "I MUST RUN"

As he rose to leave the church at the close of the service, the sacristan tiptoed to his side and whispered that Father O'Leary wished to see him in the vestry-room. There Michael found him alone, a short, rotund man of sixty, with a benign face and the twinkling eyes of an irrepressible humor.

"Michael," said Father O'Leary, gravely, though his eyes had not ceased to twinkle, "have you by any chance ever heard the holy injunction that neighbors should dwell together in unity?"

Michael's face was as grave as Father O'Leary's as he replied:

"Father, twenty-four years I 've sat here in the church and listened to you, and it 's not for me to say that your Reverence would leave any holy word unspoken in all that time."

Father O'Leary's laugh rang out through the room.

"Aye, in the end it always comes back to me when aught goes amiss," he said. "Well, then I must try to set things right. Now, lad, what is the trouble between you and the Roches? I 'm getting it all in bits that change with every new telling."

And Michael told him all; indeed, he told more than enough: he had learned in the week, he said, that he could not live without Rose Mary.

Father O'Leary shook his hand heartily.

"I 'm glad, I 'm glad," he said. "She 's a flower among women, and as good as gold. And Johnny James is a good man, and though you may not want to believe it now, Michael, there 's much to be said for Mrs. Roche. None of us is as black as we sometimes paint ourselves. But now I must go back to the church. We 'll straighten the tangle yet, you and I; but no more smart speeches, Michael, please. They cut deeper than blows, my boy."

On Wednesday night Michael was late in starting for the town. One of his cows had strayed, and it was almost dusk when, his work at last done, he turned into the valley road, walking fast. He was beginning to lose heart. On Sunday it was with high hopes that he had left Father O'Leary, for he had great faith in the old priest's wisdom and tact; but three days had now passed without any word from him or any sign of relenting on the part of the Roches. He had, in his desperation, half a mind to go straight to Johnny James and his wife and ask what all the stir was about and boldly confess his love for Rose Mary. But the more he declared to himself that the plan was good, the more he doubted it, and the uncertainty that held him back most strongly was his doubt of Rose Mary. Would she laugh at him or would she be vexed? He could not in his pride face either possibility. As the lights in the Roche house came into view, he had begun to walk slowly, and where the bridge crossed the brook he stopped altogether in his indecision. And there on a stone under the big willow by the side of the brook sat Rose Mary herself.

He went down to her quickly.

"And you would have let me go by without letting me know you were there, like a little gray squirrel by a stone wall," he said reproachfully as he seated himself by her side.

"I was wishing," she said. "It 's a wishing-stone."

She patted the stone they sat on.

"And what were you wishing?" he asked.

"It will not come true if it 's told," she replied.

"I 've been wishing myself, but it has n't come true," he said with a sigh.

"Perhaps you told the wish," she suggested.

"Would a girl say yes before she was asked?" he demanded. "Sure, it had to be told."

She had nothing to say to that, and presently he exclaimed:

"Such a stir about one little hen! I 'd have given her a dozen with joy."

"You hurt her pride in offering two," said Rose Mary. "She has the great pride."

"But even before that she was angry."

"I think I know why," said Rose Mary under her breath.

"Why?"

"She never liked me: even my father could scarcely speak to me kindly without making her jealous. So when she saw you were glad to see me again,—I saw her face at the window,—she was wild about that. I 've never had a home—a real home, and to-night it hurts. Michael, I want my own mother!" She fell to weeping.

"You poor little lonely girl!" he said gently. He could not speak of his own love then; he had the tactful sympathy that at such moments forgets self. It is a beautiful trait of the Irish. He sat stiffly aloof from her, but his voice had the quality of unshed tears as he said again, "You poor little lonely girl!"

"I can't even remember her face," she sobbed—"my own mother's face!"

"I can, Rose Mary," he said softly. "You 'd have been proud of her, sure. She had a way with her—a way of joy. She was light on her feet and light of heart and beautiful. I think her hair was brown and her eyes gray, but I 'm not sure; I was only a small lad. But not so small that she did n't see me trudging by on the long way to school and back. Many 's the little cake she 's given me, saying, with a laugh, 'A boy is always hungry, is n't he, dear?' and once she kissed me here,"—he laid a finger softly on one cheek,—"saying I was a real little Kerry lad. And the joke of that was that we are County Clare people; but because she had called me a Kerry lad, I was prouder of that than of the real thing. It was the way of her."

"Oh, I 've never heard so much of her in all my life!" cried Rose Mary, looking up with a face both eager and awed. "You make me see her, Michael."

"It 's all as clear to me as though it was yesterday, though it 's so long ago," said Michael. "Aye, she had the way with her."

They talked on, and presently Rose Mary was laughing. It was not a gay laughter, but the laughter that is near to tears, though not for that reason unhappy. The stars came out; the white mist veils hung low over the brook and the marsh, where the young frogs were peeping the only sad cry of spring. At last Rose Mary sprang to her feet.

"Oh, to think of my staying like this!" she said. "I must run."

"I 'll go with you to the gate," said Michael.

"No! no!" she cried, and impulsively pressed her hands against his shoulder, as though to push him back. "I 'll whisk through the fields to the orchard and creep in the back door. And would you mind, Michael, going down to the town by the wood road? To-night I could not stand harsh words, and if they saw you pass—"

"I 'll stand here by the bridge and watch you out of sight, and then I 'll go home," he promised.

She smiled and, turning, hurried away; but when she had reached the bars, she wheeled and ran back.

"Michael," she exclaimed laughingly, "I did n't say good night!"

He looked at her gravely a moment, and then said:

"Sometimes that is the very best good night of all."

"Why, I really believe that 's true!" she whispered. "And you understood!"

And smiling over her shoulder, again she hurried away without saying good night.

For a week and two days Michael held his impatience in check, but early in the afternoon, on Saturday, he set out for the town to remind Father O'Leary of his promise. No one was stirring about the Roche house as he went past the gate, and a few steps beyond he stopped and looked back.

"Just for luck, I 'll knock at the door," he said to himself, "though it 's likely they 've gone to town themselves."

He went to the front door and knocked, but no one appeared, and presently he passed round to the kitchen. The door was closed, and his knock there also unanswered. He stepped back and looked up at the house, and gradually his face reddened.

"I 'd have sworn that shade was raised when I came down the road," he thought. "Sure, some one is making a fool of me."

The thought made him stubborn and a little angry, and settling himself on the porch, he resolved to wait until some one appeared. But no wind was stirring, and the sun was hot, and in the drowsy hush of the spring afternoon he presently found himself nodding.

"I 'll walk about a bit," he muttered, and rising, strolled about the yard until, coming to the eastern side of the house, the cool shade invited him to settle himself on the grass, with his back to a tree. From there he could see the white road to the town. He watched it idly for a time, and then as his head began to nod again, with a little sigh of comfort he rolled over into the grass and slept.

Johnny James had driven into town early in the afternoon, taking Rose Mary and the children with him, and Mrs. Roche was busy with her Saturday mending when Michael passed the gate. Standing far back in the room, she had seen him come back, and hurrying to the kitchen, she had lowered the shades and locked the door. When he seated himself on the porch she took up her sewing again. She heard him rise and pass through the yard, but safe from scrutiny in the kitchen, she kept on with her work. Half an hour passed, and she was beginning to think he had gone when again there came a loud knock at the front door. Then, as before, she heard steps come around to the kitchen, where the knock was repeated. The knocker paused long, and then she heard his quickened step and the click of the latch of the door of the ice-house, which stood six feet from the kitchen steps. A moment later she heard the click of the ice-pick on ice. It was only the work of a minute to unlock the kitchen door softly, close the ice-house door, and slip the latch in the hasp, and step back into the kitchen. As she again closed the kitchen door, Mrs. Roche heard a voice call from the ice-house, but with a grim smile she passed on to the best room and again seated herself to her work.

"I 'd not hear him here if he tore the place down," she thought. "He 'll be cooler when Johnny James lets him out."

It was five o'clock when she at last saw Johnny James turn slowly in at the horse-gate. All were staring toward the east end of the house with an interest that in her curiosity brought her quickly to the front door. Johnny James had left the horses and was walking across the yard. Behind him came Rose Mary, looking frightened.

"What 's the matter?" called Mrs. Roche.

"A tramp asleep in the grass," Johnny James grimly replied. He had his whip.

"There 's another in the ice-house," declared Mrs. Roche.

Johnny James stopped short.

"What?" he exclaimed so loudly that Michael awoke and sprang to his feet, smiling sheepishly. Mrs. Roche gave a little gasp at sight of him.

"Why, I thought—" she said, and then paused in confusion.

"Thought what?" asked Johnny James.

"I was only wondering who it could be in the ice-house," she said weakly.

They hurried thither, and Johnny James threw back the latch and opened the door, and out stumbled Father O'Leary, stiff and purple with cold, and with chattering teeth. For the first time in their lives his devoted parishioners saw him angry. They stood speechless in horror.

Father O'Leary was so cold and angry that he stuttered.

"Wh-a-at 's this, Ro-o-che?" he cried. "Wh-a-at do you me-an by this horse-pl-a-y?"

Johnny James turned furiously on his wife, pointing a shaking finger at her.

"You—you—"

She had turned red and then white.

"I thought it was a—" She stopped and looked wildly about.

"A what?" snapped Father O'Leary.

"A —" Then, with Father O'Leary's stern eyes holding her fascinated gaze, she could not go on. "Him," she muttered, and nodding toward Michael, threw her apron over her head and sank back on the steps of the porch. For a moment Father O'Leary glared at her, and then the old twinkle came back to his eyes.

"Mrs. Roche," he said quietly, "will you make me a cup of hot tea? I 'm frozen to the heart with the cold, after the hot walk in the sun."

With a little sob, she rose swiftly and passed into the kitchen, and as they heard her nervously raking the kitchen fire, Father O'Leary took a step toward the door. Then he stopped, turning to Michael.

"Will you give me an arm, lad?" he said. "I 'm stiff with the cold."

Johnny James, who stood near, sprang forward, but with dignity the old man waved him back.

"I know my friends, Roche," he said stiffly, and as Johnny James turned away with an abashed face, Father O'Leary winked broadly at Michael and Rose Mary. She clapped her hands to her mouth and ran into the house.

The rest followed slowly. They seated Father O'Leary close to the stove, and he spread his hands wide to the glow. For a moment he watched Mrs. Roche as she poured out tea from the canister. Then he said slowly in his rich, sympathetic voice:

"Forty years, Katie Cadogan, I knew your father and mother,—may they rest in peace!—and this I remember best: they could hold hard feeling no more than a sieve could hold water."

She lifted her hands in a little gesture that implored him to spare her.

"Father," she said brokenly, "I 'm sick to the heart with shame."

"And you, too, Roche," the old priest said sadly. "You know Michael 's one in a thousand."

" 'T was all for the sake of peace at home," confessed Johnny James. "I 've nothing against the boy." Father O'Leary, glancing up quickly, was just in time to intercept the shy look of Rose Mary's eyes as she raised them an instant to Michael's. He laughed happily.

"Ah, I perceive that you are not alone in that," he said to Johnny James. He turned to Michael. "Did I not tell you that Sunday, Michael, that in the end it all came back to me when aught went amiss? I 've been a vicarious sacrifice for you."

"Sure, Father," said Michael. "I had great faith in you that day."

The door flew open, and the round face of little Johnny James appeared, wide-eyed with amazement.

"Come quick!" he cried. "The little speckled hen is out here with a brood of little chickens!"

It was true. For a moment they stared in dumb wonder.

"Mother Mary protect us!" cried Mrs. Roche at last. "It 's a miracle to show me my sins!"

"Do you mind we missed her two or three days before she was killed?" said Johnny James to his wife. "If she had stolen a nest—" He broke off abruptly, and hurried toward the hedge where nearly three weeks before he had flung Michael's victim, and there they followed him. From the hedge he held out at arm's-length a brown hen. The rains had washed the dust of the road from her feathers. Mrs. Roche gasped.

"It 's the brown hen that belongs to Mrs. Markham, up the road," she declared. "She was always tramping up and down the road by herself. Well, the saints be praised! I 've always disliked that woman."

The Making of An Army Doctor

By A. F. HARLOW

AN eminent American specialist entered the Medical Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, early in the present year as a student. Two days later he was talking to a group of the student officers at the camp auditorium. Among other things he said:

For a long time before I came here I did not believe it necessary to bring doctors already seasoned and experienced down here and give them two or three months' special training before permitting them to enter the army medical service. I could not see why good surgeons should not be picked up and sent to the front to handle casualties, while heart and lung specialists, as well as other practitioners, worked on examining-boards and in recuperation hospitals. I did not believe that the army had much to teach those of us who had labored for years at our professions and had attained a considerable proficiency.

I have been here just two days, and I have changed my views completely. I am astounded at the enormity of my error. I see now that it would be utter folly to send even our best physicians and surgeons into the work of the present war without the special preparation given at these training-camps.

What is an army doctor? How and why is he now being given an intensive special training?

There was a time when he was referred to categorically as an army surgeon, and his chief work was the cleansing of wounds and the amputation of limbs already half shot away. If the soldier was sick, the doctor gave him a pill. If epidemics of typhus, dysentery, and pneumonia swept through the ranks, as, according to old ideas, they must inevitably do when armies were in camp or field, the doctor did what he could in the way of more pills and nauseous drafts, and trusted Providence for the rest.

But that day is long since past. Surgery no longer stands preëminent among the accomplishments of the military medico; he must know a score of other things equally well. For example, one thing that perhaps surpasses surgery in importance is what the medical profession calls prophylaxis, or the prevention of disease. The first duty of the medical man is to keep the soldier well, and it is a proud record for him if he can bring his men through the year with few or no cases of certain diseases which are fairly common in any community, and which are looked upon by civilians as regrettable, but almost unpreventable.

The civilian physician, as a rule, has very little opportunity to practice prophylaxis save in the case of an occasional vaccination for a contagious disease. His services are almost never called for save when a case of illness has already developed or is developing. He often expounds laws of hygiene to his patients, but he cannot enforce those laws. He may know a few things about sanitation, but he is very far from being a sanitary engineer.

The army doctor, on the other hand, not only knows what should be done, but he has the power to do it. He says, "Vaccinate," and the soldier meekly bares his arm. He promulgates a code of hygiene for the soldier, and sees that it is enforced. In so doing he censors the work, play, food, and personal habits of the men who are in his care, and his word is law. He

is given the responsibility of locating camps and barracks, of building them in a sanitary manner, and of keeping them sanitary. He is entrusted with the job of keeping the trenches and dugouts that are developments of the present war as free from poisons and contagions as is humanly possible. He is at once physician, surgeon, dietitian, and sanitary engineer.

Military science in America has seen its most marvelous, most epochal advance during the last twenty years, beginning with the humiliating lesson of 1898. Pulling itself together after that ghastly experience, and studying the problems of sanitation and hygiene with typical American concentration, the medical staff astounded the world with its wonderful exhibit at Panama. Few more unpromising places for perfect sanitation and for salubrity could have been found under the sun; but under the administration of General Gorgas, it was metamorphosed into one of the world's great health resorts.

STUDENT OFFICERS SCRUBBING COTS AND AIRING BEDDING

And Panama is only an indication of what the army has been doing in the last decade or so. Steadily and surely it has been learning how to build walls of prevention against disease, and has been building them around the army. Only in isolated cases has it been allowed to reach out and protect the civilian. But the civilian population owe the army medical scientists an incalculable debt for the long and painstaking researches, the experiments and the deductions which are gradually conquering first one dread disease and then another.

Consider typhoid fever, for example, that loathsome plague which has never been stamped out since history began, so common that for ages it has been regarded as among the inevitables both in civilian life and in the army. Even as late as 1903, Koch, the German medical scientist, wrote: "It is well known that typhoid is one of the most dangerous of the diseases which appear in war-time. . . . In the Franco-German War we had 73,000 admissions and 9000 deaths from it." During the Boer War the British had over 50,000 cases and 5877 deaths, while in 1898 it is estimated that we had over 20,000 cases with 1580 deaths. How is typhoid viewed to-day?

Some of the instructors at Camp Greenleaf have a trick question which they like to spring on a fellow during an oral examination. It runs something like this: "What do you know of the treatment of typhoid fever in the army?"

The candidate tries to remember, turns pale, and finally says:

"I don't believe I 've heard any lectures on that subject, sir."

"What! No lectures on the treatment of typhoid?"

"I don't recall any, sir."

"Impossible! How long have you been here, sir?"

"Five weeks, sir. Perhaps there was a lecture on it just before I arrived," the student would reply.

After the instructor has thus badgered the student for a while, he smiles and admits that there have been no lectures on typhoid, because the army almost never has a case of typhoid, and therefore regards its hospital treatment as a negligible subject. "We don't treat typhoid; we prevent it." He adds epigrammatically, "I just wanted to emphasize that point so that you would remember it."

What a revolution in fifteen years! The typhoid germ has fallen from its former high estate as a terror, and is now treated with contempt. The army holds it in subjection with a double-barreled weapon, one

barrel being sanitation, the other inoculation.

It was in 1898 that an officer of the British Army Medical Staff introduced the practice of anti-typhoid vaccination among the soldiers then serving in India. In 1904 the German Army took up the practice; but it was not until 1909 that our own medical corps began to experiment with the serum. Every one is now familiar with the wonderful success of the inoculation. At the time of the mobilization of 1916 it was made compulsory throughout the army, with the result that typhoid was virtually unknown among the troops serving on the Mexican border. To-day the civilian population is hastening to protect itself against the disease by vaccination.

Not only in the matter of typhoid, but in the study of and fight against other diseases and in general sanitation and hygiene, the medical staff has gone steadily forward, often blazing the way while the civilian public was merely theorizing. States, municipalities, and doctors may have known what ought to be done about the public health, but they did n't do it. They had n't the team-work; politics and inertia held them back.

Now along comes this war and brings a whole concourse of new ailments to pester the army doctor—shell shock, trench fever, trench feet, gas poisoning, and a few others. Even if he had nothing else to learn, the civilian doctor must needs receive a bit of instruction regarding these novel problems before he will be of value to the army.

But he has much else to learn. He must assimilate military and engineering knowledge that will be quite as necessary to him in his new career as all the medicine and surgery he knows, no matter how much that may be. He must learn to be a soldier, with all the different facets of meaning that the word possesses.

When it began to be clearly seen that America's entry into the war was inevitable, the army medical staff realized that it confronted a task the gravity of which equaled, if not exceeded, that of any other branch of the service. The great conflict had brought forth problems and conditions absolutely unique in warfare. It had made the medical officer a more responsible and more commanding figure than ever before in military history, charging him with duties that he had never previously known.

There could be little doubt that the

THE EASY-GOING COUNTRY DOCTOR HAS BECOME

war had been prolonged by the lamentable lack of intensive study of medico-military problems by the Allied armies before the war as compared with the thorough preparation on the German side. It was well known that the Germans had succeeded in returning to the front a very high percentage of the wounded whom they had been able to get into their hospitals—they claimed ninety-one per cent., but this is believed by our medical officers to represent a slight juggling of figures—while the Allies at the start were said to be able to put back in line only a small fraction of those who reached their hospitals. Their figure has now been raised

to more than eighty per cent.; but the waste to the Allied cause during the first year of the war is frightful to contemplate.

America must make no such mistake, said the staff. It must enter the struggle as nearly full panoplied as might be, and

THE TRIM, WELL-DISCIPLINED ARMY OFFICER

prepared to derive all possible profit from the early mistakes of its allies.

At the time of our entrance into the war we had only five-hundred regular medical officers in our army. For the volunteer and draft armies which we expected to put into camp immediately it was plain that at least five thousand doctors would be needed. For an army of three millions, it was estimated that we should need twenty-five thousand medical officers.

These new officers must be drawn from the ranks of the nation's civilian doctors, most of whom had never had anything whatever to do with the military, many of them easy-going and undisciplined, a few of the elder ones perhaps a bit careless and unmindful of the progress being made in their science; but ninety-nine per cent. of them possessed of that peculiar American adaptability which enables us upon short notice to make doughty armies out of plain, peaceful citizens.

As an emergency measure, all, or nearly all, of the non-commissioned officers in the medical department were given commissions, and these, together with such doctors from civil life as volunteered promptly, were put into training at the various post and divisional headquarters, the five hundred doctors already in service being the instructors. It was not expected that these non-coms could immediately blossom out as surgeons, none of them being doctors to begin with; but it was not a difficult job to turn them into sanitary officers or commanders of ambulance companies, supply trains, and so on. Meanwhile, both the new officers and the old were training as rapidly as they could a vastly augmented force of enlisted men for the service. By this method no fewer than thirty-eight hundred officers and fifty-three thousand men were trained in the divisions last year.

A scheme of training-camps for medical officers, with schools for enlisted men in connection, had also been worked out, and was put into operation during the summer of 1917. Four camps were established; one at Fort Benjamin Harrison, near Indianapolis; one at Fort Riley, Kansas; one at Des Moines, Iowa; and one at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, about ten miles from Chattanooga, where there was already a large camp of regular line regiments. Early last winter the camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison was transferred to Fort Oglethorpe, and that at Des Moines was merged with the one at Fort Riley. During the last summer most of the schools of the Fort Riley camp were removed to Oglethorpe.

Thus Camp Greenleaf, the great school and cantonment on the once blood-soaked soil of the battle-field of Chickamauga, becomes of prime importance to military

medicine in this country. As these words are being written, it houses over two thousand student officers and twenty-five thousand men. Greenleaf is therefore the largest army medical university ever assembled in any country.

The location and building of Camp Greenleaf constitute an object-lesson in sanitary engineering as practised by the army. When it was first established, the big infantry and cavalry camp as well as the Reserve Officers' Training Camp were already located in the choicer positions in the government park at Chickamauga. The only available site for the medical camp appeared to be a tract just north of the park proper and east of Fort Oglethorpe, the wood through which Cheatham and Walker and Forrest drove back the Federal left wing on that bitter nineteenth of September, 1863. It was not very prepossessing in appearance, being rather low and marshy, with a sluggish little brook meandering through the middle of it. It looked like a paradise for mosquitos.

But that did n't worry the builders of the camp to any appreciable degree; in fact, they rather gloated over it, as giving them a chance to show what they could do. With the muscular assistance of the sanitary boys in the blue overalls they cut underbrush and eradicated weeds, ditched and tiled, and hauled gravel and sand, and spread oil and lime and other agents about until they had fairly remodeled the landscape. As a result of their labors, it is a matter of record that in two summers there has been scarcely a fly or a mosquito seen in Camp Greenleaf, and disease is almost non-existent.

As already intimated, Greenleaf is not alone a school for officers, but also for the enlisted personnel of the medical service. Recruits who elect or are chosen for the medical department are placed in whatever branch of that service their tastes and qualifications seem to fit them for. All are given the basic training of a soldier and instructed in cleanliness and hygiene. Some go into the sanitary squads, some are trained to be surgical, dispensary, or laboratory assistants, some ward men and nurses. Those with office experience become clerks. Men who have worked with automobiles become chauffeurs and mechanicians; for there are thousands of ambulances, supply-trucks, and other motor vehicles to be handled by this department. Men who have worked with horses may drive the horse-drawn ambulances or supply-wagons, or they may be trained to be saddlers, blacksmiths, and the like. There is a school for cooks and bakers, for the medical service must eat. There is even a school for female nurses.

But it is with the officers' section of the camp that we have to do. Here one finds newly commissioned students arriving every day, and graduates departing singly or in groups; those who leave for France generally go fully organized into hospital units, with all necessary enlisted men. Some of the students remain here two or three months, some longer; it all depends upon the part they are assigned to play in the great war game.

Every man who enters the camp takes the basic course, which is largely military. You find the students drilling from two to four hours every day in both company and battalion formation, until they can go through military evolutions like seasoned campaigners. You discover that they are listening to lectures upon such subjects as "Duties of a Soldier," "Field Service Regulations," "Regimental Detachments," "Military Law," "Map Reading and Orientation," "Rules of Land Warfare," and so on. You are surprised to see a lecturer instructing a class of doctors, with the aid of diagrams, as to the sort of wind that is safest and most favorable for a gas attack on the enemy. You see him illustrate how, after an attack by the enemy, the gas is shoveled out of the trench with the canvas flappers. You wonder why a doctor must know something about all these things. "Daily Sick Reports" are undoubtedly important, as are "Diagnosis Tags," "Base Hospital Surgery," and other lectures which clearly have to do with military medicine; but why on earth should a doctor be expected

to inform himself upon "The Care and Maintenance of Soldiers' Equipment?"

In answering this question, one cannot do better than quote an instructor at the training-camp who, in giving a definition of an army doctor, assigns to him three vital functions:

First of all and above all, he is a soldier. Secondly, he is a sanitarian. Thirdly and lastly, he is a doctor.

"I have placed the good soldier first in order of importance," continues this instructor, "for without military training the best operating surgeon or internist in the country would be a total loss with a regiment, and worse than a loss, for he would be in the way."

The medical department is one of the largest and most complex machines connected with the army. Its routine functions are arduous at all times, but in addition to these it is called upon to meet emergencies greater and more cataclysmal than those which confront any other branch of the service. Its officers must be versatile, resourceful, quick-thinking, knowing how to make war as well as to repair the ravages of war. "Unarmed combatants," a French officer recently called them, and the phrase was a happy one.

The time is rapidly approaching when these student officers will be in actual command of litter squads, dressing-stations, ambulance companies; field, base, and evacuation hospitals; hospital trains, and ships; convalescent camps and hospitals, supply depots, sanitary units, and a few other ramifications of the great army medical machine. They must know how to drill these men in both the infantry evolutions and the movements peculiar to the medical service; for every act is performed according to certain prescribed words of command, even to the picking up of a wounded man and placing him on a litter. They must know how to draw food, clothing, ordnance, ammunition, and medical supplies for their men. They must know how to make out sick reports, muster-rolls, ration-returns, pay-rolls, and a score of other forms.

As an example of the manifold duties of the medicine-man, an instructor tells us that during a campaign the medical department operating along the line of communication, which is the connecting-link between the zone of advance and home territory, is charged with four important functions.

1.—It is charged with the maintenance of such a system of sanitation that there may be no undue loss from preventable causes among troops passing en route.

2.—It must maintain such a system of care of the sick and wounded that these may as quickly as possible be returned to the firing-line.

3.—It must maintain such a system of transportation that the wounded from the battle zone may be promptly sent to the proper hospitals farther in the rear.

4.—It must maintain a never-failing system of supply of sanitary material to the troops in the zone of advance.

Here are four distinct incumbencies, sanitation, medicine and surgery, transportation, and supply, and all this in addition to the care of the hopelessly crippled as well as the disposal of the dead.

In the rear of the lines, remote from the fighting-area, there is need for skilled physicians and surgeons; but there are comparatively few problems of transportation and supply to be worked out. As the battle itself is approached, the need for medicine decreases, and the problems that loom largest are those of administration: the collection of the wounded, giving them first aid and morphia, rushing them back to the hospitals, and the bringing up of sanitary material and other supplies. The medical staff draws an age line between these two zones. Roughly speaking, nearly all of the men who go into the battle zone will be under thirty-seven years of age, lively, vigorous, keen-eyed young fellows, full of "pep" and able to stand the strain of such a job. Most of the men of thirty-eight and more you will find back in the base and evacuation hospitals or working on this side of the ocean.

No physician who has spent a goodly

THEY CALL THIS "EQUITATION"

portion of his life in perfecting himself in some special line of work need fear that if he enters the army his years of study and experience will be cast aside and he be put in charge of a dressing-station or an ambulance company. The army does not countenance such waste as that. It is always in need of men with special training, and is glad to give them the best graduate courses that America has to offer in order that their skill may receive a yet keener edge. It may be mentioned in passing that some of the greatest bone surgeons and other specialists in the country have gone through the training-camps, and are big enough to acknowledge themselves the better doctors for having done so.

No, let it not be thought that military science is all they teach at the M. O. T. C. On the contrary, it is also a great medical university, the superior of which is hardly to be found anywhere. In addition to instruction bearing directly upon the organization and operation of the medical department in war, one may hear lectures on "Recent War Surgery," "Shell-Shock," "War Wounds," "Cholera, Beri-Beri and Plague," "Tropical Diseases," "Malingering," "Some Fundamentals of Nutrition and Food Conservation," "Disabilities of the Foot and the Fitting and Care of Footgear in the Military Service," and so on. It is also the duty of certain of the instructors to read the current medical and surgical literature, and present from time to time digests of the most helpful and most advanced material found therein.

It is assumed when a doctor enters the training-camp that he has a fairly good medical education and has kept up fairly well with the progress of his profession. His preliminary examination when he applies for his commission should reveal that. Nevertheless, it is realized that medical science is rapidly advancing in proficiency; new ideas are being promulgated and proved with gratifying frequency; and it is intended that the student at a training-camp shall be given the benefit of the very latest words upon all branches of

AT CAMP GREENLEAF

medical science with which the army may have to do. The instructors are selected from among the best that the medical staff can master, and it may be mentioned that a number of the nation's leading specialists have entered this service since the war began.

A comparatively limited number of doctors will be at the immediate front, dressing wounds and doing hasty battle-field surgery. Thousands of them will be needed for special work in base, evacuation, and recuperation hospitals, and on examining-boards in this country. Heart and lung specialists are particularly needed for these boards and in various other stations, as for example in hospitals where victims of gas-poisoning are treated. Special pulmonary and cardio-vascular courses are therefore offered in the training-camp, with real clinical work on enlisted men and patients in the near-by hospitals.

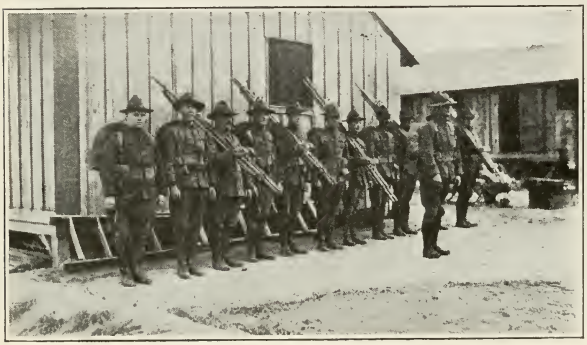
Nervous diseases, such as shell-shock in its various forms, are a serious development of the present war, and a special course in neuro-psychiatry therefore becomes an important one. There are other courses in urology, dermatology, pathology, orthopedics, bacteriology, and X-ray work. There is a course in plastic surgery, where doctors learn to recreate faces seemingly mutilated beyond repair. Only the beginnings of this course are given at Greenleaf, the major part of the work being done in St. Louis and Boston. In some of the other courses markedly high-grade men are sent to Philadelphia, to the Rockefeller Institute, or to the Mayo clinics for additional graduate work.

There is also a very important surgical course dealing more specifically with bone surgery, such operations as are performed at field and base hospitals during a campaign. The average civilian physician has had little experience with the sort of surgery peculiar to the battle-field unless he works in the immediate neighborhood of great metal-working plants and the like, where serious fractures, lacerations, and mutilations are not infrequent.

It should be mentioned that there is a dental school in connection with Camp

Greenleaf, for sound teeth in officers and men are a prime consideration. There is a veterinary school, the health of the army mule and horse being likewise of vital importance. There are psychological, nutritional, and sanitary schools, each with its own wide field of usefulness.

The courses given at the camp do not complete the training of either officers or men. When a hospital unit has been assembled at Greenleaf and begins its journey toward France, the administrative section stops at Allentown, Pennsylvania, for further organization and drilling, while the medical and surgical personnel move on to New York and spend several days or weeks in clinical study in the hospitals there.



A LITTER SQUAD OF DOCTORS

Still the doctor is not considered finished. Reaching the soil of Europe, he enters the highest and final school of all; it might almost be called the School of Experience. It has its headquarters in a certain French town, and a portion of the work of its students consists of visits to French, British, and Belgian hospitals presided over by men who have seen three and four years of war service, and who have brought surgery to a point undreamed of in 1914. Sometimes there is an attack by the enemy while a class is out on one of these clinical visits. The wounded come streaming back from the trenches, and then the students must roll up their sleeves and become men of action, even as did the Virginia cadets when Sheridan swept up the Shenandoah Valley in 1864. During the great spring drive of the Germans a party of seventy-five American doctors were visiting a temporarily quiescent portion of the line when there was a sudden furious outbreak of fighting near by, and presently two thousand wounded were being picked up from the trenches and shell-holes. The seventy-five Americans immediately joined themselves to the surgical force already on the ground, and in record-breaking time all the wounded had been properly cared for, and were either on their way to the base hospital or returning to the front.

"We don't run that overseas school," said a staff officer; "the War Department does n't run it; President Wilson does n't run it: the kaiser runs it. If he keeps quiet, the school has a chance to study; if he starts a row, they have to go to work. If the Allies were on the offensive, the school could work in peace; but with the enemy almost continually on the offensive, the school is frequently disturbed."

The doctor who enters Camp Greenleaf has many experiences, both impressive and humorous, to make his student life memorable. The very first incident generally gives him a rather crisp little surprise.

Upon reaching the camp, he is assigned to a certain company and battalion, and is informed that his first duty will be the writing of a formal letter to the commander announcing his arrival. This letter must be couched in certain prescribed words; in fact, he is handed a printed form and told to follow that form to the letter. Drawing forth his fountain-pen,

he sits down on his camp-stool; copies the letter, and sends it over to headquarters. In an hour or so he is astounded to receive it back, blue-penciled, "Incorrect."

He compares letter and copy carefully. Perchance he may discover that he has omitted some little word, perhaps he has misspelled a word; possibly he has left out a comma or a semicolon. Headquarters don't trouble themselves to point out the error. They simply brand the whole letter "wrong" and let the neophyte trace up the mistake himself. That is a part of the educational process. If the doctor has not been by habit a careful penman and orthographer, he may even have to have the help of a comrade before he can discover his blunder. And then, when he rewrites the letter, he may err in yet another place. They tell in the barracks of one fellow who wrote his letter the twelfth time before he succeeded in getting it absolutely correct.

This seemingly infinitesimal matter is in reality the new officer's first lesson in military practice. It graphically illustrates some of the fundamentals of the military idea. It is the beginning of the doctor's instruction in the great truth that military medicine, like all the other ramifications of the army, is an exact science, and that its duties must be performed with precision and strict adherence to instructions.

Thereafter the doctor may not find his written productions so microscopically scrutinized for errors in punctuation; but after his memorable kindergarten lesson in exactness, he presently learns that the army has standardized its system of medical terms, so that there will never be any misunderstandings arising from a confusion in nomenclature. It has fixed upon a particular name for each drug and each disease, and they must be referred to by precisely that name. If the medical staff has decided that a certain article be called "ethyl iodide," you must call it "ethyl iodide" and not "iodide of ethyl," as is just as commonly done in civil life, although the two terms refer to the same drug. If you report that a soldier has pneumonia, you must never fail to specify whether it is pneumonia of type 1, 2, 3, or 4. Every precaution is taken that in all reports, letters, and other writings there may be little or no opportunity for ambiguity or error.

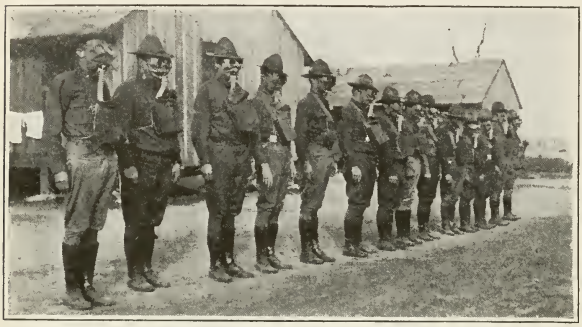
It is much to the credit of the doctors that the great majority of them very quickly perceive the reasons for this apparent red-tape and approve of them.

Our new officer having entered his company barrack, finds it a long, narrow frame building, with four doors and plenty of windows. It is inhabited by somewhere from thirty-five to forty-five men; the number is constantly changing, as new ones are coming in almost every day, and graduates going out from time to time. He sees around him old doctors and young doctors. A specialist of international reputation may be bunking alongside an unknown country practitioner. The olive-drab equalizes them all, and each becomes just one of the boys.

There is a central aisle through the barracks-room, with a row of cots on each side, camp-stools in between them, and each officers' trunk, with his suitcase or bag atop of it, standing at the foot of his cot. On the wall hang his overcoat, cap or hat, extra uniform, tin cup, gas-mask, etc., each in a prescribed place and in a certain formal position, with every button, hook, and strap fastened. On a little shelf, stacked in precise pyramidal form, are the student's books, few in number, for few are needed in camp; but among them are always found the Army Regulations, Infantry Drill Regulations, and other martial volumes. Under the cot, in a particular place, stands the extra pair of puttees, and in another spot the extra pair of shoes, facing a certain way, and with the laces tucked inside. You must not put your extra shoes in your trunk under the impression that you are making the place look tidier. The rules prescribe that they stand in that particular place under the cot, and there they must be, else you will hold an embarrassing conversation with the major when he comes around on inspection.

It all means that while studying his medical and military lore the new officer

in the M. O. T. C. is leading the formal existence of a West Point cadet. That is a part of his military training. Every man must learn how to be a private before he knows how to be an officer. For two hours or more every day he is out on the drill-ground, learning what "Fours right!" "Fours left!" "Left oblique!" and "Right step!" mean. He lines up for "Retreat" late in the afternoon, just like the boys in the infantry. He sweeps the barracks floor, dusts shelves, blackens the stove, and in winter carries in coal and keeps up the barracks fires. He carries out his cot and bedding for an airing every day or so, and once a week gives the cot a good, honest scrubbing with water, soap, and brush. He is lectured and quizzed upon the articles of war, army regulations, courts-martial, trench warfare, and apparently everything else in connection with the army save how to cook, shoe horses, and drive an aëroplane.



THE DOCTORS ARE GIVEN FREQUENT DRILLS WITH THE GAS-MASKS

As a part of their training, most of the men serve at some time or other as officers of their own company. How can a man be a first lieutenant and at the same time a sergeant? Well, it 's not only possible, but common, at Greenleaf. The student officers are largely lieutenants by commission, with a considerable number of captains and just a sprinkling of majors. The battalion officers are seasoned campaigners and are permanent, of course, but the officers of each company are chosen by battalion headquarters from among the members of that company, and serve generally for two weeks. For captain they choose a man who has been in camp several weeks and shows decided military aptitude. His real rank may be only that of lieutenant, but while in command of the company he is theoretically captain. At the same time a real captain or major may be top sergeant of the company.

The temporary captain has the honor of a tent for his residence during his brief sway, and he may, if he desires, demand all the respect and formal courtesies due a real company captain from his men. The other officers of the company bunk in the barracks with the "privates." When Lieutenant Smith is appointed temporary captain of his company, he may order Major Perkins and Captain Higgins to carry his trunk and other belongings to his tent, and they will do so with perfect good humor and no loss of dignity.

And how they enjoy it all! Doctors who have moved stiffly and formally among their patients for years unbend and become boys again in the hearty good-fellowship of the barracks. When the camp was first set in motion in 1917, some of the biggest men in the profession were among the earliest students; a notable example was the dean of a great Eastern medical college. The camp was still a bit unkempt, and there were no enlisted men to do the policing, so this eminent doctor and professor turned out with the rest of the boys and picked up cigar-stubs and scraps of paper as blithely as the most unsophisticated private in the army.

Here is a brief digest of the day's work: reveille at 5:45 A.M.; shower-bath, shave, dress, and eat breakfast. Assemble at 7 for drill, and drill until 9. From 9

to 9:25 there are setting-up exercises. Between 9:30 and 11:30 there are two lectures at the auditorium. None of these lectures is attended by the whole enrolment, for some of the students have already heard them, while others are taking special courses to which these lectures do not refer. Between 11:30 and noon there is some studying, some letter-writing, and much resting. At noon the men assemble in the company street and march around to the mess-hall, which adjoins the barracks.

There is no luxury about the place where these officers eat. It is a long, bare room, with the chefs and their laboratory in full view at one end, and enlisted men in long, white aprons bearing the viands to the tables. The tables are just bare pine-boards, the seats are backless benches, and you could crack a skull with any one of the dishes; but the diners bring appetites sharpened by outdoor air and hours of drill and calisthenics, while the fare is ample, well assorted, scrupulously clean, and appetizingly prepared by cooks trained in the army schools. The officers in training pay a dollar per day for their board and often remark, "I don't see how they give us the fare they do for the money."

AN OPEN-AIR QUIZ JUST OUTSIDE THE BARRACKS

At one o'clock there begins an hour of quizzes upon various subjects, then a French lesson and more drilling. At 4:30 the whole camp gathers on the regimental parade-ground for retreat. At 5:30 supper is eaten. The evenings are generally free for study or letter-writing, though there are sometimes lectures or motion-pictures illustrating phases of medical work. Lights go out at 9:30.

Saturday is the most momentous day of the week; for on that morning the battalion officers conduct a very rigid inspection, and at noon virtually the whole camp ceases work and goes into Chattanooga for the week-end. A single officer from headquarters inspects the barracks and mess-halls every day, but on Saturday morning four or five battalion officers inspect both barracks and students, and everything must be as trim as the deck of a battle-ship. A goodly portion of Friday evening is spent in sweeping, dusting, polishing shoes and puttees, and rubbing grease-spots out of uniforms in preparation for the ordeal. A button unfastened, a shoe-lace hanging out, a suspicion of beard on the face, a book wrongly placed —all of these are offenses against the peace and well-being of the camp. The demerit marks given a student for these errors figure to a limited extent in the recapitulation of his camp record, his written and oral examination playing the larger part.

All students are put through frequent drills with gas-masks and with litters. Each company has two litters as a part of its equipment, and is given much practice in gathering up wounded and bringing them in, all according to certain stipulated words of command. Once in a while there is a "litter field day," when enlisted men, all theoretically wounded, are scattered through the Chickamauga

woods, just as they were on those September days of fifty-five years ago, and a certain battalion of student officers is given the job of bringing them in to the dressing stations. The regimental surgeons have placed tags on each of the casualties, stating the nature of the injury, and adding that first aid or morphia had been given at a certain hour. When the litter-squad reaches the man, the captain reads the tag and applies a tourniquet, splints, or whatever is immediately necessary, recording his action on the tag. The wounded man is placed on the litter with due regard to the nature and location of his injury and brought to the dressing-station, where other doctors apply the proper dressings and decide what surgery will be necessary. It is all done seriously, just as if there were a real battle raging.

The men are also taught how to get the wounded out of the trenches, for there is a large system of real trenches and dug-outs constructed on the side of Snodgrass Hill, how to put the litters across fences, ditches, and other obstacles.

Every now and then they have what they call "Equitation" at Camp Greenleaf. We of the laity, in our crude way, would be apt to call it riding horseback, but in the M. O. T. C., where few words of less than four syllables are in general use, it is always equitation.

It need not surprise any one to learn that many doctors enter the training-camp who have never sat upon a horse's back in their lives. Of course the job irks the older doctors and the fat doctors the most sorely; and they pant and sweat and lose considerable quantities of epidermis—for, as pointed out above, at Greenleaf there could be nothing so elementary as skin—in the process. But no one is hurt by it, and the exercise and ozone help to rejuvenate men who have been inactive and flabby for years.

There are no orderlies here to saddle every man's horse and bring it to him. No, indeed. The whole company goes over to a big corral where a drove of horses are lounging about, and each doctor chooses, saddles, and bridles his own horse. The resulting line-up is often fearful and wonderful to gaze upon. While a few of the riders, generally from the West and South, sit their horses easily, others are in all stages of awkwardness, perspiration, and anxiety, not to say fright. Some have their stirrups so long that their feet dangle helplessly, while others have theirs so shortened that they can hardly see over their own knees. There is an instructor, of course, to set these men right and to advise the more awkward as to the best method of staying on a horse. It is a matter of record that there have been doctors at Greenleaf so green that they did n't know how to take the bridle off a horse.

Wise and fortunate as well as patriotic is the doctor who treads the shady groves of Greenleaf. He becomes thoroughly imbued with the official motto of the camp —a triplicate maxim, by the way, that might well be adopted by every human being, whether military or civilian, on earth: "Do it well. Do it now. Do it cheerfully."

The words smile at you from the lintels of the principal buildings. They leap at you from the pages of the camp literature. It is impossible to escape the influence of their bluff, cheery exhortation; and after a week spent at the camp, one is ready to agree that Greenleaf is the home of hard work, efficiency, courtesy, and smiles.

The army needs more doctors, many more. Uncle Sam is asking men of the profession all over the land to "Do it now" and "Do it cheerfully." After they have worked at Greenleaf, there can be no doubt that they will "Do it well," no matter what the task may be.

The army medical service to-day offers the most wonderful opportunities in history for the advancement of medical science and the betterment of the general health of the nation. Our Uncle Samuel is the greatest physician and the only really practical hygienist and sanitarian that we have among us. This war, with the changed conditions which it has brought to the world, is giving him an opportunity

to put into practice theories that have hitherto been only visions and hopes. The pupils now sitting at his feet will go forth a new race of scientists.

Among these we find perhaps the doctors who studied at mediocre medical colleges; or who were graduated poor, and were unable to get any additional clinical or hospital work; those who were compelled to start with a very limited practice, have been tucked away in rural communities, and have been so busy trying to make ends meet that they have allowed themselves to slump professionally. The men who have suffered any or all of these adversities now have the greatest opportunity of a lifetime offered them. Never before has a great medical college given physicians valuable graduate courses free of charge and even paid them good salaries while doing so. "My work here has been worth thousands of dollars to me professionally," exclaimed an enthusiastic student recently.

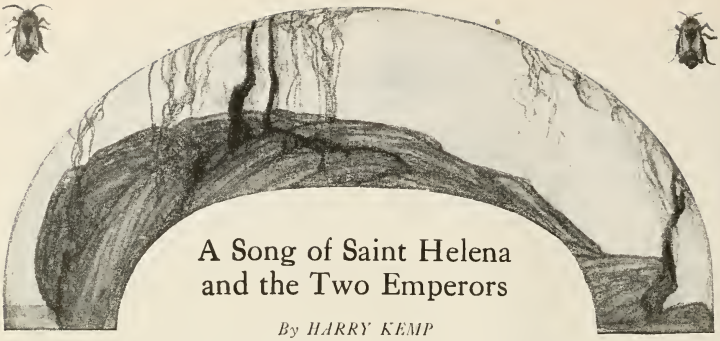
There will be skilled physicians in every community, trained in the great school of the army, who will set up little hospitals and there give as expert treatment and perform as masterly an operation as folk now travel far to secure at one of our greatest medical institutions.

The Army Medical Staff and the instructors at the training-camp are all idealists, but men who know how to realize their ideals if given power to act. They are dreamers, but one has a feeling that their dreams will yet come true. Looking deeply into the future, farther than civilian eyes have yet seen, they behold wonders that will come to pass within our ken which stagger us to meditate upon.

They behold a great public sanitary service, nation-wide, maintained by the Government, before which dirt and pestilence will flee away and be seen no more. There will be no more slums in the cities, no pest-houses, no polluted water, no germ-infested dairies, no dirty restaurant and hotel kitchens. There will be no more grocery stores where the cat sleeps in the cracker-box and flies swim in the can of week-old buttermilk. There will be no more farm-houses with the closet cheek-by-jowl with the well, or with no sanitary arrangements at all; with the stable knee-deep in filth and the ancient manure-pile near by, breeding maggots and other hideous, crawling incarnations of disease. The fly and the mosquito and the rat will be banished from the land forever, and with them will go malaria, typhoid fever, cholera, yellow fever, bubonic plague, and other diseases unpleasant to mention.

Already the people are awakening to the value of sanitation such as the army is now practising. Chattanooga and other cities adjacent to army camps have taken a hint of what it really means to clean up a city. Vice has been hunted to its last hiding-place, and liquor has become a curiosity. Military inspectors are forcing the cleaning up of theaters, hotels, restaurants, soda fountains, fruit and ice-cream stands. They say to the proprietor, "Do this" or "Do that," and he does it with alacrity. If he does n't, a soldier with gun and bayonet is presently seen standing at the door of his place to warn other soldiers not to enter; incidentally advertising the unsanitary condition of the place as effectually as if he cried, "Unclean! unclean!" This humiliating experience befell some rather prominent concerns last year, but you may be sure that it has n't occurred lately. Citizens exclaim delightedly: "Why, I feel perfectly safe to eat and drink anywhere now. I know that everything 's clean." Think you that they will want to go back to the old régime of non-inspection? Hardly. If they may have anything to say about it, sanitation has come to stay.

What a glorious thought it is, to make a nation clean and free from contagion! Out of the wreck and horror of this war many blessings will come; and not the least of them the physical purification of America as a result of the augmented training and the broadened vision of the army doctor.



A Song of Saint Helena and the Two Emperors

By HARRY KEMP

Drawings by Wilfred Jones

Far off a famous island lies
Interned by empty seas and skies;
The eye aches for some moving thing—
A distant sail or gull on wing—
To break the intense hush of air
That broods like madness everywhere.

[*The Island of St. Helena Speaks:*]

"I am waiting, Kaiser Wilhelm; I 've a place prepared for you
When your strutting days are over and your plans have run a-skew,
I 've a sick, gray rim of trees that shine upon a sun-baked plain
Where the land-rats run in armies and there 's seldom fall of rain
Till it breaks in bursting torrents, just as if the sky came through.
(And yet all the floods of Heaven could n't cleanse the soul of you.)
I 've an ocean, Kaiser Wilhelm, that is built so far and high
That the sky slopes down beyond it, and it flows beyond the sky.
It 's the sea where you have murdered many a woman, child, and crew;
It is fitting, Kaiser Wilhelm, that it stand guard over you.
I have great horizons dizzy with a sapphire weight of air
Where you 'll dream your haunting armies dim-retreating everywhere,
While you call upon your God in vain to look from heaven's blue
And have pity on the pitiless, the misery that 's *you*.
You 'll call upon your God in vain, who is n't anywhere,
Unless there 's hell in heaven and a curse in every prayer.
I 've a—"

Here a growing thunder rose across the island's cry,
And a mighty voice flowed into time from death's eternity:

[*The Voice of Napoleon Speaks:*]

"I am blind with earth and darkness, yet I cannot help but see
The shame, my St. Helena, oh, the shame you 'd bring to me—
To me who fought so grandly for a throne among the stars,
And with lightning in my banners launched my earth-convulsing wars.
Do you plan to dim my honor with this puppet pulled by chance
While I wrestle in the darkness to come forth again for France?"

Like the hush before an earthquake, silence for a moment fell;
Then there came her voice in answer, like a great, slow-moving bell:
"Rest in peace, my own, my master! I have heard you. All is well.
My skies and plains and waters, Sire, he shall have none of these,
But we 'll give him Devil's Island in the burning Caribbees."

Far off *another* island lies
Interned by empty seas and skies.
The eye aches for some moving thing—
A distant sail or gull or wing—
To break the intense hush of air
That broods like madness everywhere.

Raided

By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE

THE inter-company relief had been made on the previous evening, and D Company, which had been in support, not altogether to its satisfaction, for Jerry, as the Irish troops have nicknamed the Germans, strafes the support line more often than he strafes the front line, moved up to the front trenches. The position was not a pleasant one; it lay at the point of a salient, and was faced by a commanding ridge held by the *Boche*. D Company, in consequence, was under continual observation during the day, and therefore, while daylight lasted, was not permitted to show its nose above the parapet. The posts were swept by machine-gun-fire from the front, and were periodically enfiladed by shell-fire from the right. The result of knowing these facts was that D Company began to believe that some one, probably Providence, had a grudge against it.

This belief was sustained and strengthened immediately after stand-down on the morning after the relief had been made, for the old Bochey man dropped about twenty shells round the posts, and he continued to do this at intervals of two or three hours during the remainder of the day. The company commander said that the *Boche* in those parts seemed to have been very badly brought up, and he talked ominously of asking the artillery to retaliate. If Jerry had been content to drop his twenty or thirty shells on us at regular intervals, the company commander would not have said a word; for Jerry's shooting was poor and about twenty-five per cent. of his shells were "duds." The company commander was a good-natured chap and he had a kindly disposition. He remembered that a British officer while fiddling about with an S. O. S. one morning had accidentally sent it up, with the result that the poor Bochey man got a terrible strafing from the artillery, although the poor devil had done nothing to deserve it.

"As long as he does no damage," said the company commander, "I don't care what he does."

But the Bochey man meant to do some damage, and that very evening, in addition to his usual strafe, he threw over a barrage of heavier shells than he employed in his two-hours strafes. There were hardly any "duds" in the barrage, so, "All right, Jerry!" said the company commander, and he called for his runner and instructed him to fetch a signaler. In due course he got a message off to battalion headquarters, asking that the artillery should make an effort to teach the Bochey man not to assert himself so much; and when the artillery had given the lesson, the Bochey man seemed to have learned it, for he strafed no more that day.

"That 's the stuff to give him!" said the company commander.

But on the following morning Jerry was at it again. He strafed at regular intervals, as on the day before; but as his light shells were on this occasion rather more duddish than they were on the previous day, the company commander did not trouble to ask for retaliation. "But if he hurts anybody," he said, "he 'll get it in the neck." The platoon commanders amused themselves by counting the "duds," and there was some consternation among them when during that evening eight "duds" in succession were thrown over. The second in command began to be dubious of those "duds." He knew, he declared, that Jerry's stuff was pretty

bad, but he could not believe that it was so bad as all that, and he talked of gas-shells. Nevetheless, the "duds" *were* "duds," and were not gas-shells pretending to be "duds." Just after stand-down that evening Jerry sent over his second barrage.

The company commander stood at the entrance to the "deeper" in which company headquarters was situated and watched the "heavies" as they dropped in the narrow valley across which the trenches ran.

"Jerry is n't doing this for nothing," he thought to himself. "I believe he 's trying to smash our wire. Either," he went on to the second in command, when he had uttered this thought aloud, "he 's going to start this offensive everybody 's talking about or else he 's going to raid us."

"Bet you five francs it 's a raid," said the second in command.

"Chucking your money about, are n't you?" said the company commander. He was cross because three of his company had been wounded during the day. "I knew the fool would hurt some one," he said to the sergeant-major.

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant-major, smiling respectfully.

At half-past two in the morning the company commander was awakened by the bump of a "heavy" somewhere overhead.

"Damn!" he said as he descended from the top-deck of the bunk-like beds. "Another barrage!"

"Stand to!" he shouted down the passage of the "deeper," and instantly there was much grousing, in undertones, of course, and muttered curses on the *Boche* who could not let a fellow sleep in peace. "If he wants to come over, why does n't he come over in the daylight?" said a sub, who had a profound faith in doing things decently and in accordance with custom.

"Come on! Get out! Move your damned self! Hurry up! He 's coming over this morning!"

These and similar statements were uttered quickly and sharply, and there was much cursing as the men—they formed a reserve and relief for the men who occupied the posts during the night—climbed up the stairs of the "deeper" and stood by a shelter while they were organized.

It was a black, moonless, starless night, but the bursting shells made a yellow, spark-like illumination as they fell and exploded. They fell unceasingly, tearing great holes in the ground and flinging the earth high in the air.

"No damn 'duds' about that," said the company commander as he fixed an S. O. S. into the barrel of a rifle.

"I suppose," said the second in command as he moved off—"I suppose he 'll come over as soon as this has lifted."

"I dare say," the company commander replied. "Anyhow, I won't put up the S. O. S. until he comes."

"Right-o," said the second in command. "I 'll just hoof off now and see if everything 's all right. Lord! that one was near!"

"You 'd better look out," the company commander warned him as he got down into the trench. "Those damn things 'u'd upset you if you got in their way."

At that moment two green lights shot up into the sky, and the barrage lifted slightly and moved farther up the line.

"I wonder what they mean," said the company commander to himself. "They are very near us."

He perceived a figure running toward him in the darkness, and he pointed his revolver at it.

"Who 's that?" he demanded.

"It 's me, sir!" One of his men was speaking. "The Germans is in the trench, sir! Hundreds of 'em!"

"Are they?" the company commander replied, pulling the trigger of the rifle and sending up the S. O. S. "Get into the trench, all of you!" he yelled to the waiting men.

"Come on, you chaps!" said the sergeant in charge of them, and, stumbling in the darkness, they followed him down the steps that led from the sunken road to

the trench. Each man knew exactly where he had to go, and as the party moved up the communication-trench, falling over broken slats in the duck-boards or catching their feet in the earth that had been flung into the trench by the shells or catching and tearing their hands and clothes in smashed A-frames or broken expanded wire in places where the trench had been blown in, each man wondered to himself whether he would find his section intact when he reached it. Would he himself be still alive ten minutes later? Would he get a Blighty? Would the *Boche* pinch him, or would he pinch a *Boche?*

A shell burst in front of the trench, throwing up a shower of yellow sparks and lumps of soil, and instinctively they ducked their heads. One of them laughed nervously.

"Anybody hurt?" said the sergeant, and after a while some one answered, "No, Sergeant," and then, a moment or two later, a man said: "I think I 'm hit, sergeant. I 'm not sure."

"Well, carry on till you are sure," said the sergeant.

They turned out of the communication-trench into the main trench in time to hear the bursting of bombs, followed by the heavy, smashing sound of shells from our own artillery as they answered the S. O. S. and the *tap-tap-tap* of the machine-guns as they hammered out their bullets.

"Stuff to give 'em," they said to themselves, almost mechanically.

"That 'll put the wind up, Jerry, that will!" one man said aloud.

A man came round the corner of a traverse, and instantly the sergeant covered him with his rifle.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"First Dashshires. I 'm Jones."

"And where the devil are you going, eh?"

"I 'm wounded, Sergeant. Copped it in the leg."

"All right," was the reply. "Hop off to the dressing-station. Where 's the Jerries, eh?"

"I dunno, Sergeant. They bunked as soon as we opened on 'em."

"Bunked!"

"Yes. They come up as soon as them green lights went up,—must 'a' been waiting behind our wire,—and they chucks a few of them bombs at us, and then we got on to 'em, and they did n't wait for no more. Coporal Smith got hit. His Lewis Gun jammed just as he got it on to them."

"And they 've 'opped it, 'ave they?" said the sergeant.

"Yes," Jones replied.

"Well, you can 'op it, too. Come on, the rest of you, and see what 's happened."

The Germany artillery had ceased to fire now, but the British artillery and machine-guns still roared and rattled up the valley. "Stuff to give 'em," said the sergeant to himself, thinking gleefully of the danger through which the *Boche* raiding party must pass before it could reach its starting-point.

The darkness was slowly dissolving befor the dawn, and it was easier now to see than it had been when the strafe began.

"Get to your posts at once," said the sergeant to the reserve men. "We 'll go out when it 's a bit lighter and see what Jerry 's left behind him. That barrage of ours ought to have copped a few of 'em."

The men filed up the trench, and when they had passed him, he made his way toward the fire-bay, where he knew the comander of No. Four Platoon would be.

"All right, sir?" he asked when he reached the fire-bay. The platoon commander was standing on the fire-step, looking toward the double aprons of wire.

"Yes," he answered; "but some of the men are wounded. The Lewis Gun team caught some of Jerry's bombs. Just get up here a moment, Sergeant." The sergeant climbed on to the fire-step and stood beside him. "Do you see anything moving over there?"

"Where, sir?"

"Over there, outside the second belt of wire."

The sergeant leaned forward, peering.

"No, sir; I—no, I don't think so."

"Queer," said the platoon commander, "the way you imagine you see some one moving about. Has any one been killed or pinched, have you heard?"

"I don't know, sir. Jerry did n't stay long."

"No, he did n't come this way at all. He just chucked some of his stick-bombs at the Lewis Gun team and wounded four of them; nothing much, you know. Damned annoying! A shell landed on a fire-step a bit farther up and blew it away, along with a bit of a dug-out. We might go up there and see how things are. All the men down here are accounted for."

The sergeant followed the platoon commander up the trench.

"Were there many of 'em, sir?" he said.

"What? *Boche?*"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't know. I did n't see any of 'em. The minute the barrage lifted they slipped up the sunken road, as far as I can make out, chucked a few of their bombs, and then hooked it. It was n't much of a raid. I expect they 'd got the wind up. 'S that you, Corporal Regan?"

The corporal came forward.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Everything all right?"

"I can't find Jordan, sir."

"Oh; he has n't been pinched, has he?"

"No, sir. Jerry did n't come this way, sir. It was a shell."

"Oh."

"He was just coming out of the dug-out, sir, when one landed in front of him."

"H'm! 'S that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Better have another hunt round for Jordan. Looks as if he 'd been blown up. You 're sure he was n't pinched by the *Boche?*"

"Absolutely sure, sir."

"Oh, well, so long as he was n't pinched that is n't so bad. Just have another hunt for him, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had a look in the dug-out, Corporal?" the sergeant asked.

"No, I did n't look in there, Sergeant. I did n't think it was any use looking there."

"Might as well have a look," the sergeant answered. He got down on his hands and knees and crawled into the broken dug-out. "Here he is, sir!" he shouted after a moment or two. "Sitting in here!"

"Is he alive?"

"Yes, sir. Nothing the matter with him, sir. Come on! Get out of it! Us getting into a state over you, and you sitting in here listening and saying nothing. Come on! Get out of it!"

The sergeant came out of the dug-out, followed by Jordan.

"Me on my hands and knees looking for your bits," the sergeant grumbled, "and you sitting in there all the time! Thump on the jaw 's what you want, young fellow."

"What the devil were you doing in there?" the platoon commander exclaimed.

Jordan, a boy of nineteen, had a dazed look in his eyes, and he turned to the officer in a half-blubbering state.

"The shell burst in front of me, sir," he said, "and I could n't see."

"That 's no reason why you should do the dirty," said the sergeant. "Hiding your damn self!"

"All right, Sergeant," said the platoon commander. He turned to Jordan. "Go down to company headquarters," he said, "and say I sent you. You can lie down for a while. You 'll be all right after you 've had a sleep." He turned to the sergeant and the corporal when the boy had moved off. "Touch of shell-shock," he said. "Still looks a bit dazed. Be all right presently."

A sentry in the next traverse challenged sharply.

"Who is it?" the platoon commander demanded when the business of challenging was over.

A group of men came round the traverse, and when the leading man saw the platoon commander, he called out:

"I 've got a German prisoner, sir. He was behind our wire, sir, trying to get

away, sir, and me and Pearson went out and caught him. Here he is, sir."

A young German about nineteen or twenty years of age was pushed forward. He was holding his hands above his head, and his agitation was very palpable.

"Thinks we 're going to do him in, sir. Don't you, Jerry?"

The young German did not make any answer, but stood still in the attitude of surrender.

"Do you speak English?" the subaltern, who had no German, said to him.

The prisoner did not reply for a moment or two; then he answered:

"*Nicht* English."

"Take him to company headquarters," said the platoon commander.

"Well, he 's out of the bloody war, anyway," a soldier said to another soldier.

It was some while before they were able to account for all the men in the company. Some had been wounded, and had not wasted any time in getting away to the advanced-aid station, and it was not until later in the morning that they knew for a certainty that none of their men had been pinched by the *Boche*. The raid from the point of the enemy had been a complete failure. They had set out to obtain an identification from us without giving an identification to us; and in the result they had given an identification to us without obtaining one from us. The raid had been skilfully planned, but the quality of the men who executed it was poor. The great majority of the raiders had been pressed into the party, only ten out of fifty were volunteers, and so far as could be discovered fewer than ten of them actually reached the parapet of our trenches. The remainder busied themselves, seemingly, in reconnoitering shell-holes. There was treasure-trove for our men in the shape of rifles, steel helmets, bags of stick-bombs, wire-cutters, and gas-respirators.

"Jerry had n't any luck this morning," said the company commander to the second in command. He looked up the valley to where the German posts were. The day was very bright, almost summer-like, though spring was hardly begun, and the sky was clear and beautifully blue. Had it not been for the blackened edges of the newly made shell-holes, there would have been very little evidence of the conflict in the dark. The larks were singing blithely, and now and then a covy of partridge rose and flew a little way off.

"I wonder," the company commander went on— "I wonder how many of them were done in by our barrage?"

"A good few," the second in command replied. "Some of the stuff we picked up just now had blood on it. Funny we did n't see any of 'em lying about. There might have been a few on the wire."

"He always takes his dead and wounded back with him if he can," said the company commander, "so as not to give identifications."

He stopped to listen. The men, who had been "fed-up" with boredom before the raid took place, were now singing and chattering and full of life and animation.

"Seems to have bucked 'em up a bit," he said.

"Yes," the second in command replied. "What about having breakfast now?"

"Right-o!" was the reply of the company commander.

"KATE," HE SAID WITH A TANTALIZING GRIN, "WHY DOES N'T LUCILLE MARRY ONE OF THESE MORE-THAN-MORTALS SHE BRISKS ABOUT WITH?"

A Study in Light and Shade

By CORNELIA THROOP GEER

Illustrations by Florence Minard

I HAD always intended to ask Lucille about Christie, and I think Lucille had long intended to tell me. It was a matter of common speculation among her friends. Only the night before my husband had introduced it. He looked up from his coffee in the drawing-room, and said, with the langurous eyes of the man whose wants are all fulfilled:

"I saw Lucille to-day."

"Where?" I asked him, setting down my cup and taking up my knitting.

"On Forty-third Street."

"She was coming from her studio," I said.

Fred laughed. It was a point of pride with me to be omniscient about Lucille.

"She was walking with a superman in a large, black super-hat—"

"Tom Forsythe," I contributed.

"I stopped and spoke to her," Fred drawled on, stirring his coffee in delightful anticipation. "She introduced the superman as a Mr. Fielding, but I have no doubt, my dear, that he was Tom Forsythe—did you say Forsythe?—very perfectly disguised."

I dropped a stitch in my irritation, and picked it up again with nervous care.

"They happened to mention that they were coming from the theater."

I knitted on in silence. Fred took up his paper. Suddenly he put it down.

"Kate," he said with a tantalizing grin, "why does n't Lucille marry one of these more-than-mortals she brisks about with? She 's a very attractive woman; a little introspective, perhaps, but that gets by with some. I should think she 'd have no difficulty in landing one. Fielding—or was it Forsythe?—looked at least receptive."

I could not control my temper, though I knew he was angling for it.

"She does n't marry because she does n't want to. Men are so conceited about their sex! Merely because I marry you, you

assume that all women want to marry one of you."

"Not all, my dear. But I think Lucille would be happier if she were married, and I think she thinks so, too."

"She told me about Fielding the other day," said I. "He has been presiding here at some big convention of labor-unions. Lucille met him through her own interest in—"

"I think Lucille hates the whole grubby business as much as we do," Fred interrupted, rustling his newspaper to drown the voice of conscience.

I sighed.

"Well," I reluctantly agreed, "sometimes I think so myself. Labor problems are grubby, Fred, but the big issues of the day center in them."

"But Lucille! An artist mixed up with labor-unions!"

"I know," I said. "You just can't imagine it."

"Never could make out where Christie got the economic bug," said my husband, with that wondering pride he had always felt for Christie. "Even when we were little fellows, he was great on improving conditions for people. From babyhood up he was a champion of the oppressed." He laughed, with a kindling, reminiscent eye, and stretched his feet out in front of him. "I can see Christie now. You remember him, don't you?"

"Remember Christie!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"I meant how he looked, of course. He had those grave eyes even when he was a kid. I can see him now, standing at mother's knee with his hand on her arm. Poor mother!" said Fred, with a kind of groan. "She thinks about Christie still. She can't quite forgive Lucille."

"But it was n't Lucille's fault," I interrupted eagerly.

"No, no, but she slighted Christie, to mother's way of thinking. Of course she does n't blame her for anything; but if Lucille had n't thrown him down, you see, he 'd probably be alive to-day, making the world a better place, instead of lying wrecked and drowned off Trinidad."

"But it was n't Lucille's fault—"

"My dear wife, don't I know that?"

I continued my knitting. This train of thought always ended in low spirits for us both.

I HAD been thinking of Christie the next day when I put my latch-key in the door. Lucille was in the nursery; she was sitting on the edge of the window-box, gazing into the baby's crib, and making little passes at him with her fine, white hands. She was dressed in blue serge, and her dark hair and eyes were darker even than usual. She looked up at my step.

"He smiled at me," she said; "twice."

"I am afraid that 's indigestion," I answered, laying aside my furs and hurrying forward.

"Whose," asked Lucille, dryly, "his or mine?"

I tucked the blankets closer about his round, warm body. His lips parted genially, and his blue eyes blinked in contentment.

"I used to think those were smiles, too," I told her indulgently; "but the doctor says no child smiles at two months, and that they are little grimaces of pain due to unsettled conditions in his tum."

Lucille surprised me with one of her ringing laughs.

"You mothers!" she exclaimed. "I should think you 'd welcome with a shout the first glimmer of intelligence in your offspring. Yet when I call your attention to a real sign of mentality in him, you wave it away as indigestion."

The baby treated himself to a good-natured smirk. Lucille leaned forward, interested.

"Do you mean to tell me that I have worked fifteen minutes only to conjure up a grimace of pain on that sphinx-like countenance? Perhaps you think I brought about the unsettled conditions, too."

"Who can tell?" I answered, abstracted.

I lowered a shade behind the baby's head, collected my furs, and we went down together.

"I was no good this afternoon," Lu-

cille told me on the way, "so I just decided to quit. I was painting an Italian girl for a bacchante, crowned with very expensive grapes. To-morrow is Saturday, and I have a date, and I knew they 'd be spoiled by Monday. So I brought them to you for a present, and gave them to Nora to put in the ice-box. I ate some of the more circumferential as I walked up Madison Avenue, and they were delicious. They 'll be all right if you wash them."

I tried to hide my expression of doubt, but Lucille caught me at it.

"Well," she said, "don't use them if you 're too fastidious. Give them to the kids or to Nora to make merry with her friends. They are children of nature, all of them."

Lucille walked lithely across the room. She stood a moment, looking down at Fred's goldfish, then turned to me, stretched her long, sinuous arms above her head, and gave a slow yawn of satisfaction.

"You certainly are well fixed here, Kate." Her dark eyes surveyed the room and saw that it was good. "Delightful husband, not too smart, though sometimes approaching it; perfect children of assorted ages and sizes and sexes; and withal a serene and pleasant temperament for yourself."

She gave me one of her whimsical smiles, I thought with a touch of sadness in it. We sat down together on the divan.

Lucille threw her head back among the pillows, and I took the inevitable bag of darning from the shelf under the table.

"Has Fielding gone back?" I asked.

"Yes, he has, Heaven be praised!"

"I thought you liked him."

"I did, but that 's where my temperament asserts itself. If I see a man for more than about two hours at a time, I have seen too much of him for all eternity."

"You ought to get married," I muttered, biting my thread.

Lucille laughed.

"I should say I ought not to get married. It would be immoral under those conditions."

"Lucille," I said earnestly, "you don't know what marriage is. It is n't constant exhilaration and surprise. It is complete adjustment to circumstances, and companionship and sympathy all the time."

We were silent a few moments.

"Lucille," I asked, "why did n't you fall in love with Christie?"

Lucille paused, then answered slowly:

"With Christie? That was the first serious cropping out of the artistic temperament."

"You mean you got tired of him?"

"No, not tired of him. I don't believe any one was ever tired of Christie."

"What do you mean, then?"

"I was too conceited, I suppose."

I must have shown my surprise, for Lucille said quickly:

"Do you mean I am conceited still? I know I am." Then she added, with strange humility for her, "but I am not nearly as conceited as I was."

"About your work?"

"No." She sat up, and pushed her black hair off her forehead. "No. I could n't forgive myself that."

"I thought perhaps you meant that success had brought conceit. I never had enough success to know."

"Success," she repeated vaguely, and fled away on the wings of thought. She came back abruptly. "Yes," she said, "I am afraid my success is my greatest conceit now. In the past I was conceited about my future. But that was ambition and had nothing to do with the work itself. I see all the shortcomings of my work, and I know where I want to bring it. But"—she made a wry little face and went on:

"I am in the confessional now. Don't interrupt me. I was going to tell you about Christie." Lucille said "Christie" always in a peculiarly hushed tone. She sat up straight and wound her long arms about her knees. "I said conceit had kept me from—from falling in love with him. You know, I was an only child without any mother, and papa made much of my

artistic efforts even when I was at school. In one way I thank him for it; he gave me the over-confidence that has carried me through. But he spoiled me for Christie or for any normal man who wanted a normal helpmate.

"Christie did n't want a helpmate," I told her. "He wanted you."

"I know. I know he did."

"Go on," I said.

"It was the second year at art school, was n't it, that you and I became so chummy?"

"Yes. The end of the first and the beginning of the second—and ever since."

Lucille smiled at me.

"It was at the end of that year that I first met Christie. I had met Fred before, because he had come to the school for you. But Christie was away doing graduate work. One night they both came to dinner at your house. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

Lucille's eyes were dark with reminiscence.

"Do you remember how Christie looked that night?"

"Not that night especially."

"I do; I suppose because it was the first time I had seen him." She clasped and unclasped her hands about her knees. "Fred had on evening dress, and so did your father; but Christie had n't dressed. He came in late. I was surprised at his light hair and so much of it. I had imagined him dark like Fred. He wore a blue suit, I remember, and, I think, a dark-gray tie."

I could not conceal my surprise. Lucille became, it seemed to me, a shade paler.

"I 'll tell you this whole story, Kate," she said, "because you asked for it. But you must promise not to over-interpret it. The bald facts are these: Christie fell in love with me; I could n't fall in love with him. I was sorry then, and I am sorry still; but I have no regrets whatever. It was one of those things that can't be. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," I said, and went on with my darning.

Lucille hesitated a minute, and then added:

"Christie was wonderfully handsome, don't you think? Being so blond made him all the more distinguished-looking. He was such a big fellow and had such an unusually winning expression."

"Fred says Christie was the most instantly charming man he had ever known. He hypnotized every one, and never thought about it himself."

"You had said he did n't like girls, and I decided there and then that he would n't like me."

"What nonsense!"

"No. I did n't use to have beaus then," she explained, with a laugh. "My salad-days were very unloved. I was dark and intense, without much conversation."

She broke off suddenly.

"I love to watch these goldfish flashing about. You did n't want Fred to have them, did you?" She leaned forward and looked into the aquarium.

"They are rather messy," I said. "Fred broods over them when he comes home from the office."

She settled back again.

"The next I saw of Christie was when we all went up to visit you in Maine. He taught me to sail that summer."

"He was daft about sailing."

"Every day we discussed his plans for social welfare and economic reform. Later it used—well, frankly, it used to bore me when he talked that way. But then I loved it, and I know I was a help and encouragement to him; more so, I think, than at any other time. He looked very young and handsome, with the open sea behind him, the white sail overhead, and that bright hair shining in the sun. I remember how tanned he was. In quiet weather I took my paints with me, and did a water-color of the shore-line or of Christie. He always indiscriminately praised the picture, never criticized. 'The brighter the better,' was his idea, he said."

We laughed together, because it sounded so like Christie.

"Once he asked me if I would give him

a sketch for his room," Lucille continued. "I was flattered, of course, almost to delirium. I waited till I had two that he liked especially, one of the sea and shoreline, and the other of Si Cameron's boathouse on Blue Island, where we anchored one day for lunch."

"You have them now, have n't you? Are n't those the two over your bed beside the sketch of Christie?"

"Yes. Blue Island is rather interesting. I think it was that summer that my talent really began to show itself. There is some nice work in that sketch; I was looking at it the other day. Christie was delighted with them. He came to see me on his birthday, and I gave them to him then. I had had them framed. He took them over to the window without saying a word. Then he got those two Queen Anne chairs we used to have in our sitting-room and put one sketch on each, and stood off gazing at them. I have never seen him so pleased. He kept saying: 'That 's fine, Lucille. That 's great. Keep it up.' I was standing beside him, and suddenly he looked down and said significantly, 'We 'll keep our work separate, but all our pleasures we can have together.' It took me a minute to understand what he meant. You see"—Lucille took up one of the children's socks and ran an idle hand into it—"you see, at this time I was pretty young, and especially young in affairs of the heart. Of course I had thought about marriage and wondered who would fall to my lot. When I thought of that, Christie was very likely to pop into my mind. Then I had often imagined falling in love and the complete surrender I should want to make and the overwhelming place my husband would have in my mind and life. And somehow then it never seemed like Christie. But when I thought of children and playing with them on the beach or in the daisy-field, Christie was always there, too. But it had not entered my head that he was falling in love with me until he said that and looked down into my eyes. I did n't answer at all, but just for a moment happiness seemed to spurt through my heart. I made some casual remark, I remember, and got the conversation back on a normal plane again.

"That night I thought it all out. I knew now that Christie loved me. I could see it in a hundred things he had done and said which I had not noticed at all at the time. I did n't love him, but I used to think about him a good deal, wondering whether I loved him and how much he loved me. He was such a cool, fresh, boyish sort of person I could n't imagine him loving a woman passionately—just with infinite tenderness."

She turned away and gazed out of the window.

"That was the way Christie loved me," she said. "And I was too young or too blind to know that it was a rare and wonderful kind of love. It piqued me. I remember thinking that if he wanted to, he could sweep me off my feet and make me love him. I wanted to love him at this time; I wanted him to make me love him. Once I tried to arouse him in a way I now know was unfair. I knew it then, for that matter. We were sitting on the sofa together looking at a book of old French engravings I had bought. We were both bending over, and I reached past him to take a paper-knife from the table. I leaned close against his shoulder, and let my hair brush against his face."

I looked up then and saw Lucille blush a slow, pained red.

"I could feel a tremble run through his arm. He said to me quite sternly, 'Don't do that, Lucille.' Then he gave me the paper-knife."

She rubbed a rueful hand across her burning cheek.

"I still feel the terrible humiliation of that moment, and I can still see that strained, hurt look in Christie's eyes. I was n't big enough to take the rebuke. I was so angry and mortified that I tingled with shame from head to foot. I remember thinking to myself, 'I can never forgive Christie for this.' After he had gone I went to my room and cried like a baby from sheer spleen.

"I was at high water-mark when Etta knocked and said there was a package for

"THE NEXT I SAW OF CHRISTIE WAS WHEN WE ALL WENT UP TO VISIT YOU IN MAINE. HE TAUGHT ME TO SAIL THAT SUMMER"

me. It was blue corn-flowers from Christie."

"Did that cheer you up?" I asked.

"It was the most completely disarming thing he could have done. It soothed me first, then made me radiantly happy. If Christie had come back that night and asked me to marry him, I might have been at home this minute with a little Christie at my knee." She paused, and turned my wedding-ring about on my finger as my hand lay in my lap. "How different everything would have been!" Then she smiled her quick smile, and drew in a deep breath, almost of relief. "But he did n't," she said. "It is very difficult to strike while the iron is hot when one does n't know it 's hot. And the next day father asked me if I 'd like to study portrait at Florence with Paolo Cingti. Every other thought flew out of my mind. When Christie came, he had to discuss ways and means. He could n't even get in a word to tell me that he had won the Frissard Prize at Columbia for the best essay on twentieth-century reforms. It was a sort of forecasting of reform needed in the coming century. He was cut up at my going away; I could see that, though he did n't say so. He planned everything with me, and I sailed the next week, as you know."

"Poor Lucille!"

"Yes, you remember that. I had just been at work six weeks, loving and gloating over every minute of it; I had just begun to get the best criticisms in the class and to feel and know my talent, when I received word of father's death. Christie met me at the pier when I got home and took me to the house. Kate, you don't know what Christie was because you were n't with him then. He was so different from most of us, so utterly different from me! He had none of the ridiculous self-consciousness we suffer from. His reactions were perfectly simple and direct. Even his feeling for me was a simple, uncomplicated thing. In this moment of terrible grief he made me simple, too. I buried my face on his shoulder, and rested there, dry-eyed and almost peaceful.

"It was Christie who helped me through the whole thing. He had been over everything with the lawyers, and was able to tell me just what my position was. I should have plenty to live on, he said, and enough for a studio if I was careful. He thought of everything. When my aunt wanted me to go to her in Boston, and your mother asked me to live with you, Christie knew me well enough to know that neither was what I wanted. I should have done anything he told me.

"Christie was instinctively the most wonderful kind of feminist. From the first he advised me to live alone.

" 'You 're twenty-four now,' he said,

'an independent, capable woman.' When your family and my aunt said it was unsafe, Christie simply laughed at them. 'It 's perfectly safe,' he told them, 'and it 's time every one knew it 's perfectly safe.' He found that heavenly little apartment with the studio attached."

"Go on," I urged, for Lucille was staring at the goldfish again. She smiled quickly.

"I was thinking how odd it is that we, who seek happiness so eagerly, don't know when we are happiest. Those six months, when I lived in that apartment alone, I look back on now, despite my sorrow, as the happiest time of my whole life. Then it seemed that I was sad and depressed by grief. Yet I was wonderfully happy in a quiet, receptive, *simple* way. Christie was with me a great deal."

She paused again, seemed to stop entirely.

"It was after that, was n't it, that Christie went abroad?"

"Yes. The next fall, on the fellowship he won. He kissed me good-by at the pier, and I brooded over that kiss for months. But he said nothing, and I plunged into my art. It vexed me that he had n't spoken, though I knew why well enough and had no intention of accepting him then. He was afraid that my loneliness and gratitude and our intimacy would seem to magnify my feeling for him. But I was unreasonably irritated. I knew it was part of his fineness, and yet I felt in a way humiliated that he could preserve such control in the face of his love for me. You see, success was not my only conceit. I decided to try and forget him. It shocked me to find how easy it was. My art became more and more thrilling to me, his letters less and less so. My sketches were mentioned in a write-up of the—er—"

"The Frazier Gallery," I said.

"Yes."

"And then you sold that one of the brook behind our house."

"And the one of the Moffatt's Swiss gardener."

"How well I remember our joy!"

"WHEN CHRISTIE WAS BEST MAN AND I WAS MAID OF HONOR, WE SORT OF PATCHED THINGS UP"

"And then my aunt died and left me her money, and I studied portrait once more under Forster English. I was wild about it, and the artistic temperament made me its own forever. When Christie came back with his new degree and his enthusiasm and his simplicity and told me he liked my old work better, I hardened my heart against him without a pang. I saw that an artist *could n't* marry Christie.

"I was doing work now that was beginning to be noticed. I was working out a theory, and that is half the battle in art of any kind. It 's the people who have no theory that fail. Even if the public does n't believe in the theory, it is interested

to see it worked out. To have Christie tell me that he liked my old work better chilled me to the soul.

"We drifted away from each other, and Christie felt it very keenly. Again and again I hurt him, I 'm afraid. I would n't let him come to see me, and I refused all his invitations on the ground that I was working too hard. Of course Christie was n't the man to put up with much of that. At first he thought it was some one else. He asked me if that were true, and I told him no. After that I did n't see him at all for months."

"But there were several men you used to see something of."

"Oh, yes; but I did n't care for any of them. I disliked them, in fact. It was your wedding to Fred that brought us together again. When Christie was best man and I was maid of honor, we sort of patched things up. I came to feel my old affection for him, just the genial affection of friend for friend, and a terrible sense of shame for my disloyalty. You probably did n't even see Christie at the wedding. He was magnificent, radiating youth and beauty and cleanness. He was as happy as a child at our reconciliation. It was n't a reconciliation, of course, but he thought it was. I had not been angry with Christie; no one could be that."

"That night for the second time I thought it all out. There was no argument in favor of my marrying Christie except the general argument of domesticity, and domesticity, I figured, would sit much better on me at thirty than at twenty-five. Against it I placed my career, now really showing signs of amounting to something; my growing irritation at Christie's indifference to things artistic; above all, the fact that I did n't love him."

Lucille knit her dark, straight brows in a sort of perplexity.

"Another thing that distressed me, if I can make it clear to you, was that Christie had no philosophy. Life meant nothing distinct to him; it had no color, no unity. He had no theory. Do you see what I mean? Oh, it seems trivial now—"

"Are you thinking of those old Greeks who scrapped about whether life was one or many?" I asked, frankly puzzled.

"No, no. Don't tell me you don't understand, Kate. You do, but you don't know that you do. Take Christie's own subject—take altruism. Altruism is a kind of instinct with us all, has been almost from the beginning. It 's an instinct that starts to grow in the individual man and in the species as soon as they come to realize the essential cruelty of the crushing law by which all nature is run—the law of the survival of the fittest. When a baby gives you a piece of his toast, he does n't know what he 's doing; but when a child hears a mission sermon and puts her locket on the plate, she is realizing, perhaps for the first time, that the people of China have n't had a square deal. That is the altruistic spirit awaking in her. Of course the instinct of altruism can be destroyed like any other instinct, but we all have it. Now, Christie knew altruism,—he was one of the most altruistic men in the world,—but he had no theory about it. Nietzsche thought altruism a vice, a form of self-indulgence. We think that 's the wrong theory. I mention it to show you what I mean. My theory is simple and shallow and unproductive, but it is a theory. I have better theories where I know more about the subject. Christie simply thought in his keen, direct way that some people were wretched and needed help; then he went to work to help them."

"But for heaven's sake, Lucille," I exclaimed, realizing afresh that I should never comprehend her, "what difference does it make whether he had what you call a theory or not? What earthly difference?"

"Oh, yes, it makes a difference, but not so much as I thought it made. I happen to have a theory on every subject I know anything of and on many subjects I know nothing of; but it makes very little difference. Then it seemed to me a kind of—well, of intellectual shallowness not to philosophize. I am not trying to defend my views, Kate, but to make you understand them. I think now that they were —not silly, perhaps, but too analytical."

"But don't you think Christie's directness in *doing something* miles ahead of your indirectness in doing nothing?"

"Miles," she said impeturbably. "Hence the labor-unions and Mr. Fielding. I think it so far ahead of my method that, at great pain to myself, I am trying to adopt it. The artistic temperament in me—which, mind you, I consider a curse and not an adornment—shudders from anything useful and practical. Oh"—she gave a sort of writhe—"I loathe it except for Christie's sake and, as you say, for the sake of his directness in doing something! The minimum wage, the eight-hour day, cafeterias for factory girls—they depress me beyond all words. But for Christie's sake I dabble in them all." She laughed at my bewilderment. "Don't think me unfeeling. I don't want nine-year-olds to stick labels on bottles all day; but I want some one else to put a stop to it."

"I can't possibly judge you. Fred refuses to be interested in those things, and I meekly follow his lead. I think we should both be ashamed of ourselves. And we are both proud of you."

"Don't! don't!" she exclaimed, waving her hand in protest.

"Then go on."

"Does n't it seem odd to you, Kate, that I should have been so intimate with Christie for so many years and yet have felt no touch of sentiment for him? Nary a touch except that one attack when he sent me the corn-flowers."

"Now you believe that you really could have loved him?"

"Sometimes." Her hands lay still upon her lap. "And sometimes I feel sure that that idea is just the sentimentality of a middle-aged old maid who has never been in love." She laughed. I said, because it seemed the best thing to say:

"That sounds to me quite likely. You never felt that you cared for him when you were with him?"

"No." She paused, then added, "Just once."

I began to roll the children's socks in pairs.

"And that was an evening in September. It was the first time we visited you and Fred. An enormous moon hung over the river, and the trees pointed at it with misty fingers. The water was white in the light of it. Christie and I were walking by the bank. Oh, I think undoubtedly it was just the lure of romance." She made her voice matter-of-fact. "Anyway," she continued, settling herself among the cushions, "I suddenly felt that my life was filled with Christie. I wanted to be near him always. I wanted to walk close, close beside him then. You know." She laughed once more, not quite so buoyantly. "Those soft emotions were panic to my spinster soul, all the more because I could see that Christie was not entirely unaffected by the moonlight and the river. He looked down at me, one long look, as if he were asking himself if that was the propitious moment. I gasped with terror. I felt my freedom slipping away from me. Then I said that I wanted to go back, that I had a splitting headache. So he took me home and sent me solicitously up to bed. And when you came in to see if I was ill, you found me sitting on the window-seat staring at the moon."

"You acted anything but normal," I said. "I thought you were coming down with something."

"I was. But an antidote provided itself."

"What?"

"The next morning when I came shyly down to breakfast, Christie had left. Do you remember? He had got a telegram that his friends the O'Learys were being foreclosed on. I went back in the afternoon and found a note from him. Very characteristic.

Leary O'Leary O'Leary. Have gone to Chicago to see their uncle. He owns a lard factory, and should be induced to lubricate the financial hot-box for his kin.

"That was one third of my mail. Another informed me that the Jefferies five thousand-dollar prize had been awarded to me for my portrait of Monseigneur Carlotti. The other third was a request

from Donald Frisbee to paint his wife in her native dress. Frisbee was the president of most of the banks I had ever heard of. He was a well-known critic, and had been on the board of judges for the Jefferies prize. His wife was a wee little Japanese lady, like—like a little humming-bird. But you remember." Lucille's eyes were shining now, and her eyelashes stood around them like spokes of light. The color was bright in her cheeks, in those vivid spots where she could never hide her emotions.

"I remember," I told her, excited by her excitement.

"I went to see her the next day and planned the portrait. At first I was going to paint her against a bright terra-cotta curtain I dug up. Then I decided on a plain pale, gray drapery. You remember the finished thing. It set off those rich tints and that delicate, quaint head as no color in the world would have done."

Lucille got up now and began to straighten out her dress, which had more or less broken off diplomatic relations with its wearer. She stretched her arms out, drew in a quick breath, and sat down.

"Oh, it thrills me even now to think of those first days, those first beginnings of success! Anyway, Christie came that evening, and it swept over me that I had not thought of him in forty-eight hours. Ambition was devouring me. None of that moonlight glamour was left, only the emptiness of disillusionment and the knowledge that he was a wonderful and beautiful creation and a friend who was too good for me. When he asked me to marry him, I could tell him only that. It was a terrible blow. He had let himself hope too much, he said. One of the most inspiring memories of my life is Christie's behavior that night. He looked like the Archangel Michael, with his white face and shining hair, his calm forehead and his grave, hurt eyes. I thought then how wonderful it would be to paint him, and I hated myself for thinking that. It is that Christie that I see most now.

"He came the next morning again. 'Lucille,' he said, 'you are not trifling, and you have had four years to make up your mind. I can only think that this is final. Is it final?' I said, 'It is, Christie.' He told me not to feel badly for him, that my friendship had meant more to him than most men's wives could mean to them in inspiration and happiness. It would always be so, he said. He said he had had his quota of the happiness a woman could bring, and he wanted still to hold my friendship. Then he told me that he had shipped aboard the schooner *Fairyland* as second mate. 'Not because I want to clear out,' he explained, 'but because I think it will be easier for you. And I have always wanted to go to sea. Then, when I come back, we can take things up where we dropped them—before last night. Can't we?' I said we could, and I managed not to cry, and he shook my hand and left me."

Lucille was lying very still now, with her dark head tilted up against a cushion.

"I had one letter when they touched at the Bahamas. Then, three months afterward, we learned that they had foundered off Trinidad in that terrific storm. Do you remember how slow we were to realize that we should never see Christie again? It was unthinkable that Christie, *Christie,* should have been drowned."

We were silent. Finally Lucille rose.

"That 's the story," she said. "Make what you can out of it. When I think of Christie, I cannot believe that I put him voluntarily out of my life. And when I think of my art, it almost seems that I should do it again, even with the knowledge that I now have of loneliness without him. I moon about Christie, as I have to-day; I let myself imagine that I must have been unconsciously in love with him; I sentimentalize until I feel literally sick." She leaned forward suddenly and peered at one of her own early sketches on the wall. "That 's clever of the Cacini Gardens in Florence, don't you think? Clever for twenty-two, anyway. Too full of color, of course, and a rather confused technic."

My astonishment must have shown in my face. Lucille looked [illegible] crestfallen.

"Do I still surprise you after all these years? We so seldom see each other alone. There 's very little to me besides Ego and a fondness for old friends.

"As I was saying, I deserve no sympathy. I see two pictures, one of me and Christie, happy and warm-hearted and simple, surrounded by family; the other is myself, conceited, arrogant, somewhat lonely, worshipped by nincompoops, admired by all who know what good art is, useless in the long run. But there 's no question which I 'd take whenever they were offered me. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I made my choice and have never regretted it; I have the shame of knowing that the choice I made and approve was cheap." She wrinkled her nose at my bewilderment. "What 's the verdict?" she asked impudently, and sat down on the sofa beside me.

"Why don't you marry Fielding or Tom Forsythe and make up for lost time?"

"That 's my punishment," she said dryly. "Christie has spoiled me. He makes them look like marionettes. I shall pay for fame with a desolate old age."

I slipped my arm about that strong, resilient waist. She got up with a gesture of finality.

"Where are my things?" she demanded, stepping buoyantly across the room. "And where 's the baby? Let 's go and give him another attack of the collywobbles."

At the door we met Fred.

"Lucille," he said as he shook hands, "I hear you are ringing all the bells. The adoring West is at your feet, and the clamoring East on its knees; the North—"

"Fred," she exclaimed, "is this the jocoseness of senility or the exuberance of youth? Because you are too young for the first, and I hope you always will be, and much, much too old to be exuberant."

When she had gone, Fred watched her springy step from the window.

"Lucille 's in good form," he said, picking up the evening paper. "Is she planning to start anything?"

"Anything what?"

"Anything matrimonial."

"Oh, no," I told him emphatically; "she 'll never marry now."

He took my chin in his hand and peered searchingly into my eyes.

"Are you on the tripod," he asked, "O Priestess of the Future?"

I hesitated.

"Well," I answered slowly, "I 'm not sure that Lucille meant me to tell you—"

"Hullo!" exclaimed Fred, with his finger on the financial page.

"But still—she knows my confiding nature," I went on hurriedly, irritated by his indifference. "Sit down, Fred, and I 'll tell you what I think."

"Don't!" he exclaimed, throwing up his hands. He dropped into an easy-chair. "Stick to the facts if you can, dear. Don't tell me what you *think.*"

FROM AMONG THE GENTLE GREEN OF CAMPHOR-TREES A TEMPLE LOOKS DOWN ACROSS THE LITTLE HUDDLED ROOFS

The Rhythm of the East

By DOROTHY PAUL

GRACIOUSNESS, after all, is a thing that comes with age and the living of life: youth, soils but newly tilled and peoples still in the making have yet to learn it. But here in the East—in Japan, in China—it is part of the earth and the air, this gentle, old mellowness, this leisurely, gracious acceptance of things as they are, this blending and conforming, this merging into backgrounds. And you will not have lived close to it long before you will see in it the art of life; not of progress, perhaps, or growth and change and aggressive advancement, but of life, for all that.

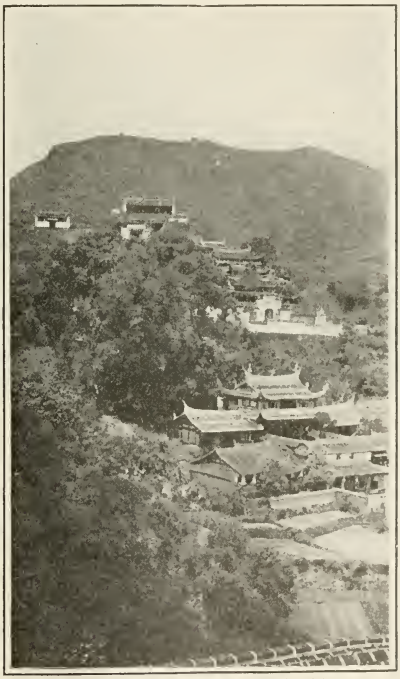
It is as though the little brown people had said to the kindly old earth about them, "Come, let us dwell together in unity," and then had gone about keeping their half of the covenant of harmony with the gentlest grace in the world, building temple and shrine and dwelling, bridge and highway and pagoda, so that each should conform most graciously to the immediate world about. So, at the foot of gray cliffs, along the curve of gray waters, lie little villages, silver-gray of roof, scarcely to be distinguished from the gauze of smoke that drifts above their chimneys. Up among the gentle green of camphor-trees a temple lures you with its myriad steps—a temple of stone, age-softened, moss-grown, mellowed to the tone of things about it, until it is as invisible as a dryad in her grove; or there against the silver boles of giant cryptomerias glimmers a shrine only a shade less silver than they, beyond its successive arches of beckoning *pailous*.

And it is perhaps for this faithful covenant-keeping with the old earth that their sense of the melody of things has been given them; for theirs it is—melody, rhythm, fitness.

You will never forget in all of a long, glad life your first glimpse of a street in Japan,—some gray little street in, say, Yokahama or Nagasaki, — a narrow, cobblestoned thread of a highway that your rickshaw-coolie will whirl you into, all of a sudden, mingling the steady, dogged *pat-pat-pat* of his bare feet with the scrape and click and shuffle of the tide

of other surging feet in clog or sandal or slipper of velvet.

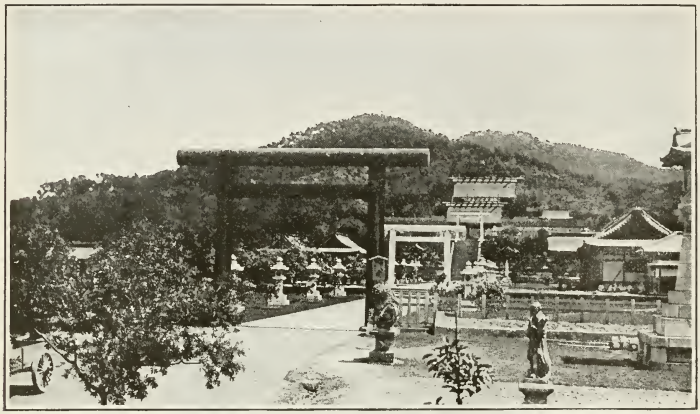
Over the bare sculptured bronze of his laboring back the pictures will drift toward you, steeped in the mingling of fish and incense, of garlic and smoke and sandalwood, that the East distils about her mysteriously. Wherever you look there will be a picture—a picture that seems all an accident, a mere chance of happy coloring or grouping, thrown by luckiest, unstudied good fortune against the background most perfect for it. It may be only a slender branch of black-green, rugged fir-tree that has stayed two thirds across the upper half of a lighted window, tracing its replica in delicate gray, just a ghost, a breath of itself, upon the glowing orange of the shoji's multitudinous little black-bound panes. It may be a coolie swinging by, with bare, sinewy, brown shoulders, a bright-blue cloth about his waist, and the flat straw baskets pendent from his bamboo carrying-pole, heaped high with gleaming yellow mandarins, the careful little pyramids of gold picked out bewitchingly with the crisp, vivid jade of their foliage; it may be a child, a chubby tot in a wee dark-blue kimono and tiny matting sandals, hugging a huge, black-rimmed, pomegranate-colored lantern to its small roly-poly person; it may be a woman in a gray kimono, on her knees before a great, flat wicker tray of little gleaming, pink-and-silver fish; it may be only a sheaf of yellow jonquils, with their cool, wet, green spears of leaves, gleaming up at you from a gray stone window-ledge: but whatever it is, it will be a picture,—here in the East you can be sure of that,—subtle, fine, harmonious.



TERRACED VISTAS OF GRAY ROOFS

By some unreadable mystery the woman who kneels before the writhing, rosy little fish does not chance to wear scarlet or purple; the jonquils are not crowded, Occidentally, into a cracked pitcher or a rusting can; even the blue-clad toddler somehow instinctively does not reach for a purple and green lantern. "It is written," more, *far* more, it is taught and enforced here in Japan, this regard for one's part in the picture. "In Japan," quaintly says the Japanese poet Noguchi, writing of the appalling colors in American crowds, even in American ball-rooms—"in Japan colors and styles for women are all fixed according to age . . . and rich or poor, beautiful or ugly, all of them join hand in hand to make one national woman-ghost . . . who gladly sacrifices her individual audacity" to mass harmony to chromatic melody. And even more than that, for he continues, "It is our old Japanese ruling in regard to women to make comfortable the poor and homely woman," not permitting them "to sacrifice eight or nine out of ten women that one may be beautiful . . . in their freedom of color choice."

Think of it, the beauty-love of it, and, under it all, the gracious courtesy of the little butterfly women, "working hand in hand," a nation of pretty stage-setters, to make their little "woman-ghost" harmonious and pleasing, and to "make comfortable" the poorer and less lovely sisters! And, looking down some narrow, gray



"A SHRINE . . . BEYOND ITS SUCCESSIVE ARCHES OF BECKONING *PAILOUS*"

street in old Japan, a-throng with the dainty, tiny women, as harmonious in their mingling as irised wood-doves, you can but honor the wee woman-ghost for her unselfishness as you delight in the artistry of her hands.

It is the key-note of this East, you will come to believe, as you know it better, the infallible rhythm of it. It has learned to smile and to accept. It does not strive and argue; it falls into step graciously, leisurely, unprotestingly,—not in indolence, for indolence is not of the East; she is poor, and the poor do not buy bread with indolence, even a little bread,—she falls into step because it is better so. She has come to know, at the end of the years, that some things are "written," and the mere beating of wings does not unwrite them. So she studies their rhythm, and then swings into step beside them, not always with progress and advancement, for those things have swung but newly into her ken, but with the old, big, simple things of her own old marvelous gray world. You smile, you of the West, but stand in a Chinese street some day and watch the coolies swing by under burdens that bend their *pingas,*—over each shoulder a weight depends from the yielding, polished bamboo *pinga,* which could never be carried by Western hands unlearned in the knack of rhythm,—bolts of heavy silk, pieces of ponderous, carved teak furniture, bunches of green bananas, water in earthen carrying-jars, and the main concern of the lean, bare yellow bodies, writhing with sculptured sinew, is to keep in perfect rhythm with the mighty swinging burden; to measure the steady dog-trot and time the yielding of shoulder and torsion of body to meet exactly the swing of the load. And so they pad by, steady, rhythmical, unconcerned, picking their intricate way among tangled traffic, threading the narrow, rickshaw-swarming thoroughfares, crying their harsh, palateless warning to the too leisurely passer-by, and never once breaking that swinging miracle of step that makes the burden possible.

Nor is it only in Japan and China that you will find this thing—this yielding to that which is written, and smiling while one yields. Here among the little brown island people of the Philippines you will see it, too—something of that gracious

gentleness that comes with looking long at the eyes of the Sphinx.

And so unfailing is it, this artistry, this wizardry of fitness and harmony, that the very beggar on your doorstep is a craftsman after his kind. Does he come like your Western gentleman of the road, bold, obstrusive, jarring, suggesting the form your almsgiving shall take, and flinging his subsequent contempt into the teeth of your gift-horse? Does he shuffle and whine, like your Neapolitan, until you buy release from his importunities? Does he uncover his infirmities as he would in Palestine, or cry his woes like an Indian Pariah? Not the small brown artist of the Orient, be he Chinese, Filipino, or indeterminate mestizo. He studies the scene like a master stage-setter, and fits in his part with taste unerring. Sit on your porch some morning and wait for him—he will come, never fear!—in his tattered brown rags and his palmleaf hat, and the little wizen, brown face looking out from between them, as old as his East herself, and chiseled and lined as whimsically as the faces of the ivory chessmen that the Chinese carvers make. He stops a moment on the lowest step and looks up at you, seated in the cool, shaded seclusion above him. There are flowers about you, orchids, perhaps, swinging under the arches in the leafy green gloom. You look down and smile at him out of the dimness as he stands below you with the dust of the road upon him and the white blaze of untempered sun. Suddenly the setting gives him his cue. He will make of it a shrine, himself the pilgrim with staff and script and a prayer to say. The staff he need not improvise; it is with him in the substance, and he lays it softly on the ground, and, reaching into his adjustable Oriental temperament as into a theatrical wardrobe, he draws about his little ragged shoulders as fine a cloak of reverence as ever swept the shrine at Kamakura. On the top step he kneels, lifting his small brown face to you earnestly, not twisted with a whining bid for pity, or covered with a hastily donned mask of specious misery, but serious, gentle—simply the face of a pilgrim who prays. And does he suggest what you shall give? Does he pour out a tale of revolting ailment or a story of sordid need? He does not, being an artist after his kind.

PAILOUS

"Soy pobre, Señora," is what he says steadily, confidently, with a ripple of beauty under the soft Spanish syllables—"I am poor, Señora." Only that, as harmonious a prayer as ever graced a shrine, compounded subtly, as it is, of dignity, modesty, craftsmanship, and flattery—a

flattery the more potent by far for its hidden intent. "I am poor, Señora, therefore you who are rich and benevolent will help me with no further urging. I do not suggest the manner of your help, Señora, for you are all-wise, all-seeing. I kneel waiting, I smile toward you, confident." So it reads, being interpreted. And he lays softly before you his battered hat—crown down, to be sure, but what of that?—and his little canvas bag of broken rice.

And when you have given, is there the ungracious Occidental appraisement of your gift, or is there any touch of abasement, any travesty of unworthiness or exaggerated gratitude? No, of a surety. It is received with eyes that are raised to yours before they are lowered to your offering. The gentle *"Gracias, Señora,"* and the silver sibilance of Spanish blessing, seem first for the giving, and afterward for the gift. A moment more, even, he kneels, that you may know he does not hasten from you, having taken bounty at your hands.

And then, as you watch him going gently down the dusty, sun-white road, you are somehow not quite sure which one it was that gave and which received in that little tableau staged so finely; not quite sure but that it well might profit you yourself, should you seek out some shrine of many steps, and there betake you, in all your Western ungraciousness and rhythmless haste, all your unleisure of heart and unfaith of spirit, to say with your little Eastern brother of the road, *"Pobre—soy muy pobre!"*

JUNKS WITH THE SPINY WINGS OF FLYING-FISH

Commercial Policy and the War

By WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON

MUCH water has run under the bridge since August, 1914. Our thoughts have been swept from national into international currents. In former years we as a nation moved too sluggishly in the great stream of foreign affairs. We regarded diplomacy as beyond the shores of our every-day life. It was for experts alone. Our commercial policy was at times haphazard and experimental. We seldom thought it through in the light of world politics. But now, when the world is full of change, it is natural to consider modifying our traditional position. We have come to see that our foreign policy may be of even greater importance than our domestic policy, for in defense of the former we may be called upon to give billions of dollars, our lives, and the lives of our sons. Under the dramatizing influences of war we have come to realize the need of publicity, education, and general interest in foreign affairs.

The Constitution of the United States makes secret diplomacy difficult, if not impossible. All treaties must be ratified by the Senate before they become effective.

The establishment of the United States Tariff Commission is not by any means unrelated to the problem of publicity in our foreign commercial policy. Both the text of the law creating the commission and the debates attending its enactment show that the elected representatives of the people may expect the commission to gather and supply facts upon which to rear a sound, democratic commercial policy. In introducing the bill to create the commission, Mr. Rainey, its author, reviewed some of the commercial results of the war and added, "We have here no board, no group of men devoting their time exclusively to the consideration of these great world questions." Senator Simmons pointed out in detail the breadth of the power granted the commission in the field of foreign affairs: "tariff relations between the United States and foreign countries"; "commercial treaties"; "preferential provisions"; and "conditions, causes, and effects relating to competition of foreign industries with those of the United States." Senator Gallinger's amendment, giving the commission power to investigate "economic alliances," was adopted, and Senator Weeks's suggestion that the commission have power "to investigate the Paris Economy Pact and similar organizations in Europe" was subsequently adopted by the framers of the bill.

THE PARIS ECONOMY PACT

In September, 1916, when Congress enacted the law creating the Tariff Commission, the resolutions of the Paris Economic Conference were fresh in the public mind. In June of the same year the representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia had met at Paris and embodied in the now famous resolutions a commercial policy which is worthy of analysis as one of the early products of the war.

The resolutions adopted at the conference propose an economic war during an indefinite period (called the "reconstruction period") following the peace conference. Most-favored-nation treatment was to be refused to the countries of present enemies; that is, these countries were to be discriminated against: but recognizing that discrimination is a sword which cuts both ways, compensatory outlets were to be given to any ally whose commerce was injured. In addition to this plan to restrict the markets of the Central powers, the Allies proposed to deprive German indus-

tries of raw materials by conserving for themselves "their natural resources" and establishing "special arrangements to facilitate the interchange of these resources." The commerce of the "enemy powers" was to be submitted to "special treatment," and their goods—let us not forget that this is to be after peace has been signed—were to be subjected "either to prohibitions or to a special régime of an effective character." "Special conditions" were also to be imposed on Teuton ships; more "navigation laws," we may suppose. As if these restrictions were not enough to remind us of the fiercest days of trade conflict in former centuries, we have revived the practice of excluding foreigners from all retail trade in the medieval town; the subjects of the Central powers were to be prevented from exercising in the countries of the Allies "industries or professions which concern national defense or economic independence."

This economic alliance was not, according to the resolutions, to be temporary. In the spirit of exclusive nationalism the Allies decided "to take the necessary steps without delay to render themselves independent of enemy countries in so far as regards raw materials and manufactured articles essential to the normal development of their economic activities." This self-sufficiency was to be achieved by subsidies, enterprises controlled by government, scientific and technical research, customs duties, and "prohibitions of a temporary or permanent character."

The Paris resolutions proclaimed Germany a people with whom the Allies would have no dealings. But what kind of peace can that be in which the Allies are grouped in one economic camp and their enemies in another?

MITTEL-EUROPA

The union of Central Europe presents a more comprehensive proposal for a trade war after the war than do the Paris resolutions. There exists in this grouping of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey, and captured territory under the control of Prussia, made effective by preferential customs duties, loans, transportation control, and all the other subtle means of economic penetration, an alliance organizing all of the worst features of combative nationalism. Given an opportunity, this greater Prussia will be as unscrupulous and as ruthless in its use of discriminations, prohibitions, and boycotts as it has been in its military operations. "Middle Europe," as conceived by the Pan-Germans, is an actual fact, made doubly dangerous by the breaking up of Russia, and it to-day menaces the peace of the future world. If it is permitted to remain, dominated by the brutal military power of Prussia, the world can not expect a durable peace.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST

In a time like the present, when all relations of men and nations have been thrown into the melting-pot of war, the experiences of the past are frequently a valuable warning as to what to avoid, as well as a safe guide to the next step forward. When men began to seek a way out of the chaos of the Middle Ages, progress centered about towns or city states. Despite their narrowly exclusive policies,—their market dues, their tolls, their selfish attitude toward foreigners, their conflict with the surrounding country,—these were an advance in both political and economic life over the decaying feudal society about them. Town life was a stimulus to freedom. Only when economic needs outgrew the narrow confines of the towns did their policies become obstacles in the way of development. On the continent of Europe the district under the rule of a prince began gradually to construct for the larger area a political and economic system such as the town had had in its sphere. Its authority became the arbiter between town and town and town and country. Within its confines it made trade freer, unified currency, and modified the local restrictions on industry. But while it was transforming and unifying its life at the expense of the towns, it

was erecting barriers against the outside world, and adopting against other districts the restrictions which it had condemned in the towns.

The nation in its turn became the enemy of local exclusiveness within its borders and the champion of its people against rival peoples. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are famous for their nation-making. Cromwell, Colbert, and Frederick the Great were the constructive statesmen of the era. Here again the large unit of society became the unifier and transformer of the political and economic life of the people. Town restrictions and state boundaries, as in the case of the American colonies, became intolerable in an age when transportation was developing and trade was seeking wider fields. Around the nation centered the great forces of race unity, literature, language, political ideals, and national customs.

The nation, like the medieval town, has been an important factor in the upward movement of the world's life. Although we may condemn some of its policies and practices, we are not warranted in condemning a political and social organization which has made possible so much that is noble in civilization.

But the nations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries followed, as the cities had done before, policies of exclusion against other nations. They enacted navigation laws to destroy the shipping prestige of their rivals, they prohibited certain imports, they prohibited the export of raw materials in order to encourage production and export trade, they granted bounties on export trade, they subsidized shipping, they monopolized coastwise and colonial trade, and they exaggerated the importance of foreign markets.

Nor have nations ceased to resort to these practices, almost every one of which can be amply illustrated from modern life. Exclusive, combative, national policies have, unfortunately, not been left to rest in the records of other days. Trade wars, still resorted to, have again proved futile. Prohibitions, retaliatory duties, and boycotts have reacted with fatal effect on the markets of their authors. The more highly industrialized a nation, the more it suffers from them.

Let us be concrete. In 1888, France and Italy engaged in a trade war. For two years each country applied retaliatory duties against the other, and then for eight years further each country applied its maximum duties to imports from the other. Both suffered seriously. By the end of the decade Italian imports to France had declined fifty-seven per cent., and French exports to Italy showed a decrease of fully fifty per cent.

More serious was the trade war between France and Switzerland in the early nineties. This war lasted for two and a half years. France applied to Swiss goods her maximum rates, which were approximately forty per cent. higher than her minimum rates. Switzerland in turn applied to French goods punitive duties ranging upward to one hundred and fifty per cent. The Swiss also, by changes in railway rates, assisted in diverting their Marseilles business to Genoa, their Havre and Dunkirk trade to Antwerp and Rotterdam, and the whole of their transatlantic silk trade to England via Belgium and Holland. In addition, they canceled their literary convention with France, which meant not only a serious financial loss to her, but the diminishing of French cultural influence, to the advantage of German thought and literature.

France's losses in this trade war were heavy. The diversion of Swiss commerce to other countries lost to her millions of francs in railway receipts, ocean freight, and commissions. Austria, Italy, and the United States gained at her expense in the sugar trade; Spain in the wine trade; Italy in the silk trade; Germany and Belgium in metal goods; and the United States in leather. Germany received half of the trade lost by France in ready-made clothing and one third of that lost in woolen goods. Not until seven years after the close of the trade war did French exports to Switzerland equal again the exports of the normal years before the trade war.

Russia and Germany engaged in 1893-94 in a brief, but costly, tariff war. Russia's attitude had been hostile to German commercial interests. In 1893 she framed a double tariff, the minimum rates to be granted in return for most-favored-nation treatment, the maximum rates to be used for punitive purposes. Negotiations with Germany failed, and the punitive rates went into effect. Germany retaliated. Russia raised her tariff rates still higher, and increased by twenty-fold her harbor dues on German shipping. Germany was quick to see the danger of the situation. Her industrial interests feared the result of the most-favored-nation treatment enjoyed by French goods. Russia, furthermore, was able to avoid much of the force of the German rates by shipping her grain to Austria-Hungary. After a few months of this warfare an agreement was reached, but not until both countries had suffered.

Germany again resorted to a tariff war in and after 1897, when Canada granted English goods preferential treatment in her markets. She claimed to be entitled, under her treaties with Great Britain, to the Canadian reduced rates. Germany wished, in addition to gaining the specific advantage of lower rates in Canadian markets, to defeat this important step toward British imperial preference. She applied her general tariff to Canadian goods, and after several years of negotiation Canada applied a surtax on German goods. Germany's losses in the trade war were greater than Canada's. Her exports to Canada fell off fifty per cent., and her goods were replaced by English and American goods.

NECESSITY FOR DECISIVE MILITARY VICTORY

History is conclusively against trade wars. In so far as the Paris resolutions and the plans for the economic union of Central Europe provide for the use of the economic weapon as a war measure, they are legitimate supplements to military operations. It is when they go beyond this and contemplate organized trade warfare after peace is declared that they become dangerous. The very conception of such plans has made it clear that the military struggle must go on to a point where all major problems can be settled at the peace conference. They constitute a warning against an inconclusive peace. They lead to the conviction that a permanent peace can be achieved only after a decision in the field. If we can look forward only to a bitter trade conflict after hostilities cease, with the Allies on one side and the Central empires on the other, we may expect that conflict to culminate in a second world war.

THE IDEA OF "LETTING THINGS ALONE"

Some who agree that boycotts, prohibitions, discriminations, and trade wars are bad policy assert that the way out is for nations to adopt the system of "natural liberty" preached by Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and their followers. They say, "Let commerce take its natural course, remove restrictions, adopt free trade, let competition have free play, and let governments keep their hands off—*laissez-faire.*"

These ideas have been wholesome as a protest against authority and regulation. Many times have they served effectively against outworn institutions; often have they afforded a standard by which to measure cause and effect in economic life. It is when they have been urged as a positive policy that they have frequently misled. The most woeful failure of this practice of *laissez-faire* has been, perhaps, in industry, where persons, pleading their divine right to run their own affairs, have established a system of exploitation under which society is still struggling.

Unfortunately, the problems of commercial policy are not so simple as they appear to those who regard free trade as a "harbinger of a Utopia." International problems cannot be solved by a single formula. Equality of treatment of nations in different stages of development does not necessarily result in equality and fairness; it may even result in most vicious

inequality. Universal free trade would undoubtedly give a highly industrialized nation an advantage over an agricultural state. England's national advantage was served by free trade in the middle of the nineteenth century. She adopted that policy. It strengthened her hold on foreign markets. Germany and the United States chose to diversify their economic life by means of tariffs, and it would hardly be safe to venture the assertion that, all things considered, these countries have shown a less productive capacity than has England. More important than the immediate availability of goods for consumption which the *laissez-faire* school emphasizes is the productive capacity of the future. It is upon the power to produce that the wealth of a people depends.

The free movement of goods in international trade is no guaranty of peace. Rather it may stimulate hostility by forcing manufacturers to seek foreign markets where they come in conflict with the competition of foreign rivals. The fallacy in the argument that free trade brings peace is in the assumption that the interests of nations are always complementary and that international division of labor will work without friction. Society is not a machine and it cannot be treated as a machine. The interests of nations are sometimes antagonistic, and they would continue to be so at times under universal free trade as they are in a world of tariffs. The problem, in fact, is a deeper one than it appears in the free-trade-protectionist argument, and doctrinaires on both sides have only hidden the real issue. Capitalism presents the real problem, and capital will, if permitted to do so, use protection for its advantage in one stage of its development and free trade in another.

In foreign trade and in finance we have witnessed the evil tendencies of unrestrained private interest supported and encouraged by aggressive national policies. It is in the field of international affairs that the let-alone policy (*laissez-faire*) has had a free hand. Here it has led to ruthless, bitter, unfair competition in foreign markets, the unrestricted scramble for concessions and colonies in Asia and Africa, competition for loans to backward countries, and discriminations, rebates, and unfair practices in transportation.

A POLICY TO GUIDE THE FUTURE

Although recognizing the importance in the world's development of national aspirations and individual initiative both in domestic and in foreign trade, this reasoning leads to the conclusion that progress lies neither in trade war, discriminations, and prohibitions, nor in *laissez-faire* in industry, in international trade and finance, and in transportation. It lies—turning to the constructive aspect of commercial policy—in the further application of democracy to our national life and in the control of international affairs by those aware of their responsibility and equal to the task of preserving and extending democratic institutions.

SOLID FOUNDATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATION

On the solid foundation of modern democratic principles and national organization we must rebuild the world that emerges from the war. Nations with a constructive democratic policy are of primary importance in progress. In condemning some national tendencies we must not make the mistake of rejecting a form of social organization at once useful and necessary in controlling and directing the affairs of men. Although the policy of the mercantilist statesmen, exclusive toward outside peoples, warns us of what to avoid, the work of such men in consolidating the forces of the nation within is not without lessons which we may heed. Much of Colbert's efforts in France was directed to breaking down the municipal and class barriers which were obstacles to the larger development of the state. We must not place too great a burden on an untried international organization; we must seek first to perfect the alliance between democracy and national aspirations within the borders of our own nation.

Class and sectional interests have yielded to national interests under the influence of war. Our problems in the United States are being observed from the point of view of a growing democratic people. Any constructive national program for the future must recognize two principles. In the first place, it must recognize the duty of a democracy to defend itself and the principles for which it stands. We, in the United States, should, therefore, consider with care the necessity for universal military training and other forms of military preparation which would enable us to withstand the shock of war if it came. We should consider the adoption of measures of trade defense—bargaining tariffs or penalty tariff duties—in order to prevent our citizens and their goods from being discriminated against in foreign markets. We should consider the need of an anti-dumping law adequate to protect American business from unfair methods of foreign exporting interests and the need of a law to conserve and direct the distribution of our natural resources, at least during the period of reconstruction after the war. We should consider the extent to which a tariff is to be used to equalize the conditions of competition between this and foreign countries. We may even find it necessary to consider to what extent we shall permit within our nation the control or ownership of business concerns by foreigners; that is, what protection, if any, we need against so-called economic penetration.

In the second place, we should see to it that neither our citizens adopt nor our Government pursues a policy toward other peoples which is contrary to democratic principles and which may embroil the nation in international difficulties. This would require that our Government be truly representative and, particularly, that our foreign relations be under the guidance of those who appreciate their responsibility for the observance of democratic principles and the maintenance of democratic ideals. It would imply condemnation of the use of our economic power through tariffs or by the control of raw materials to enforce special preferential treatment in foreign markets. It would also require the control through the Government of the industrial and commercial activities of business interests. Among other things it would call for the supervision by the Government of the activities of export associations, of shipping, and of the investments of Americans abroad.

Such a policy should never be merely negative, destructive, or restrictive; it should be constructive. It should seek to further American interests in every way consistent with harmonious world relations. Our goods and our capital are entitled to share in the development of less developed countries. Trade and investment are reciprocally beneficial. In checking the abuses to which they incline we should not make the greatest mistake of all—the mistake of seriously impairing these great affirmative forces making for material progress.

INTERNATIONAL PROBLEMS REQUIRE INTERNATIONAL TREATMENT

There comes a time, however, in the consideration of these questions when the national point of view must be laid aside and the problem be considered as an international one. National control must yield in some degree to international control. A certain amount of independence of action must be given up by the nation in order that those problems which are world-wide, and which no one nation in and of itself can solve, may be considered by an international organization viewing the problems as universal. The economic life of the world has in many ways burst the confines of the individual state. In so far as it has, it is without a control coextensive with it. Nations have merely accentuated the fierceness of individual competition in world trade and financing. To uncontrolled individualism has been added an uncontrolled nationalism.

ECONOMIC CONFERENCE OF NATIONS

Out of the present chaos of national

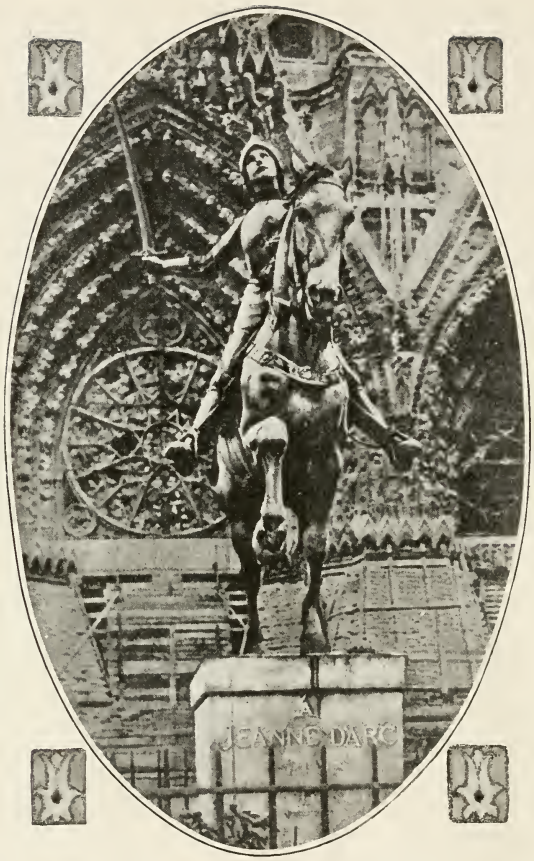
selfishness in international affairs must come a conscious international direction of the great forces of international trade and finance in the interests of a better, more peaceful world. A wide variety of economic questions will come before the conference which will endeavor to reconstruct our international affairs after the war. The world will be short of shipping. Control of shipping will be the key to the solution of many closely related questions. The rights of vessels in foreign ports, export bounties in all forms, "dumping" methods, discriminatory tariffs, and colonial preference, each should claim special treatment. An international agreement defining unfair methods of competition in foreign trade should be formulated.

The export of capital and the handling of concessions in backward countries should not be left to the ambitions of private financiers or the scheming ingenuity of corporations; provision should be made for international control in such a way as to furnish a legitimate outlet for capital in those countries where there is a surplus, and at the same time to develop the countries which are economically backward. Exclusive colonial spheres should be discouraged, and every nation should be given an opportunity to use its energy and capital under an international control in developing those regions which need assistance. Raw materials will be sorely needed by all the nations in the reconstruction period. There will be a serious shortage of these. Some principles of priority must be agreed upon. The areas of Europe which have been devastated by war should have a prior claim on materials needed for their reconstruction. Nations which wish to use raw materials for preparation for another war should be denied those materials, at least until the reconstruction of other countries has been effected.

THE WAR AND PROGRESS

The war has demonstrated that the world needs regulating forces more effective than those of unrestricted competition. It has demonstrated that the operation of so-called "natural laws" can be and should be controlled and directed by man-made organizations. Out of the ruins of the war must come a practical, definite step toward international control, which, as our experience extends and the democracies of the world become better informed, should gradually develop into a comprehensive league of nations directing the economic forces of the world in the interests of peace and order. Too ambitious a plan of international control should not be attempted at first. Every point possible must be covered in the final treaties, and administrative commissions must be established to carry them into effect. A beginning will thus be made toward international government. If this beginning is successful, the faith of those who believe in wider international control will be strengthened and the evidence of facts will be available to convert the skeptical.

Every day it becomes more evident that there can be no permanent peace without victory. The military prestige of Germany must be shattered. To this end we must be willing to give unstintingly of our wealth and our lives. But we should not consider the winning of the war apart from the problem of winning peace. We owe it to the men who are braving danger and death at the front to see that the results of the war shall be commensurate with the cost. We are fighting against selfish, aggressive nationalism in a world of international anarchy. After the Congress of Vienna war-weary Europe fell under the reactionary influence of Metternich. The grossest kind of absolutism then undertook to repress intellectual and religious freedom and every vestige of constitutional government. Today our greatest danger is from an economic reaction. We must now think constructively and progressively on the questions of commercial policy. However far away it may be, we cannot too early or too earnestly address ourselves to the problems the solution of which will be asked when the peace conference assembles.



Rheims-1918

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

The cathedral's lyric stones
Spoke in faithful monotones:
Through their dust I heard them say
Beauty has not fled away.
Windows where the glass was gone
Put the sky's blue crystal on,
And the barest to my sight
Was a rose of colored light.

Where a saint had left his place,
Memory filled the wounded space.
And the nave I knew so well
Trembled to a ghostly bell.
Forth I went to see once more
Joan of Arc before the door,
Still unhurt and poised to ride.
Victory! I thought she cried.

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SIGNOR PERUGINI IN "THE YELLOW JACKET"

From a painting by J. H. Gardner Soper

THE CENTURY

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FICTION

"Tuez! Tuez!"

By STACY AUMONIER

They only who build on Ideas, build for Eternity.—*Emerson*

IT is many years now since I knew you, Anna. We used to meet on certain fine mornings in the gardens of the Tuileries. I don't think we had ever been introduced, but we were great friends. I was quite a man already; nearly sixteen, in fact. I don't know how old you were, Anna, you were always such a baffling mixture of motherliness and sheer infancy. I remember you now in your plaid frock, with your pigtail tied with a large black bow, your chubby face, and your shining eyes. Life was simply a tremendous business to you. You used to arrive encumbered by two brothers, a bulldog, a nurse with a real baby, a toy pram with two unreal babies, one plain, the other colored, a large kite, some colored picture-books, and occasionally a father. Once in the gardens you would shake off these encumbrances, or, if you did not entirely shake them off, you dominated them. Your vitality was irresistible, your laughter contagious, your immediate power over men and women, and even small boys, a thing not to be denied. And there were so many important things to be done in the gardens, and all to be done quickly, tempestuously, and at the same time. Action, invention, romance tumbled over one another in the terrific fulfilment of those crowded hours.

I was your slave from the first, Anna. You told me frankly all about yourself as we sat upon the grass under the chestnut-trees. You told me all about your brothers and your nurse and your bulldog and your kite and your father and the two dolls, Iris and Daphne (I am sure you remember Daphne, the colored one), and about your home in Connecticut, embellishing it with vivid stories about a mule and a colored gardener, and Aunt Alice and Uncle Ted and popcorn and a dandy canoe you and your brothers had upon the lake at home, where you played redskins and cow-boys. I was breathless under the spell of these epic adventures. Sometimes I was allowed to release the slack as you ran with the kite. In more favored moments I was allowed to run with the kite myself. So great was your power over me that I even humbled my manly pride by making a patchwork quilt for Daphne, that the colored darling should sleep peacefully in the shade while we sought more stirring adventures in the remote parts of the gardens.

It was in connection with this that the great and tragic episode occurred. I am writing this after all these years in the hope that you may remember it. In one corner of the gardens a group of small and rather dirty boys used to congregate.

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One of their favorite amusements was to bring an old egg-box stuffed with straw, which served as a cage wherein were kept some half-dozen white mice. The boys would set this on the ground and then release the mice and play with them. They would sometimes let the whole lot go for a considerable distance, and then would follow a round-up. I recollect how intensely interested you were in the white mice, but you always looked upon the "round-up" with some misgiving. The boys would shriek, and chivvy the mice until the wretched things were in a perfect state of panic. One day you felt it incumbent upon you to address them on the subject, and you told them they ought not to do it, and that it was very cruel to frighten dumb creatures. The boys were quite surprised and cowed by your outburst for the moment; but I fear that that devilish streak of cruelty and perversity which lurks in the breast of nearly every small boy was only whipped to a finer point of reaction by your tirade, for on the following day I have the idea that they were lying in wait for us. In any case, when we approached there was such a yelling and shouting and rushing hither and thither that all the *Apaches* from the Paris prisons might have been let loose. I observed your face light up with a sudden passion, and you rushed forward into the group, calling out:

"Arrêtez!"

You singled out the biggest boy, who was leaping backward and forward over a mouse, and clutched the tail of his coat. And then the tragedy happened. Coming down before he intended to, he brought his heel right down on to the hind quarters of the mouse. It was not a moment for sweet reasonableness. You, with tears of passion in your eyes, screamed:

"You little devil!"

You managed to seize a handful of his face, and push him over backward. And the boy jumped up and kicked your shins. In truly heroic fashion I knocked the boy down again and held him there (I suppose I must remind you that I was much bigger than he was). And then the other boys collected, and the pandemonium became indescribable. One of them pulled your hair, but you soon dealt satisfactorily with him, and they all talked and gesticulated at once. Fortunately, the majority of them were more immediately concerned with rounding up the other mice, which by this time had got a long way off. And your attention was concentrated on the wounded mouse. You looked at it with horror. It was obviously past recall. Both its back legs were broken and its body crushed. It was dying. You wrung your hands.

"Kill it!" you said to me, peremptorily.

And then came to me one of those weak moments which I suppose we are all prone to, and which we ever afterward regret. I blinked at the mouse hopelessly, but I simply could n't bring myself to kill it. You looked at the other boys and stamped your feet.

"Tuez! tuez!" you exclaimed.

But the big boy, whom by this time I had let go, merely broke out into a torrent of incomprehensible argot, and the others were still busy catching the other mice. I observed you glance desperately around. Suddenly you picked up a piece of board that had come off the egg-box. Your face was white and set. Your movements were deliberate and tense. You knelt on the grass above the mouse, and the idea occurred to me, ridiculously perhaps, that at that moment you looked like Joan of Arc kneeling at prayer, her head bent over her sword. And then you killed the mouse. You killed it *thoroughly*.

You arose without a word, and your face was still pale and set, and you strode away across the grass. I followed you, and the boys followed me, talking volubly. At length, I remember, I gave them a franc. I salved my conscience with the reflection that a white mouse must have a monetary value, and that we might have been indirectly responsible for its loss. If we had not interfered it would probably have had a longer and more harassed existence. In any case, the boys left us apparently satisfied.

When we were out of sight of them,

you suddenly sat down on the grass and cried. And you cried and cried and cried. And, like the booby I was, all I could say was:

"Anna, don't cry! Anna! Anna!"

After a time you sat up and wiped your eyes.

"It 's all right," you said. Then you got up, and we walked on. I felt curiously self-conscious and ashamed. I was aware of not having played so glorious a part in the morning's proceedings as I should have liked; moreover, I felt that you had gone beyond me. You had proved yourself a more competent, a more advanced being. I had disappointed you, and you might never again give me your complete confidence.

However, at the exit to the gardens, where we met nurse, you were quite yourself again. Do you remember all this, Anna? You told nurse that you had had "a dandy time." And when we parted you gave me the old smile, and with a malicious twinkle you added, "Mornin', Mr. Hayseed!"

I know all about that, Anna. I am slow-going and old-fashioned. When I find the world tumbling to pieces I am paralyzed by it, and I yearn for you with your impulse and your genius of youth. The years have come and gone since I saw you. I even doubt whether you would remember me, but I am sure you would remember the incident of the white mice. In these days the gardens of the Tuileries themselves seem shut to me forever, and the world is peopled with querulous old men. Old dynasties tremble and crumble up. Political intrigues reap the fruit of their own sowing. Everything becomes more involved and more difficult. Secret treaties are forged by the few, and quite reasonably repudiated by the many. The old make the laws, and the young pay the price. And how splendidly, how loyally, they do it! And it is always that—the old in their secret chambers, scheming, controlling, and shaking their heads, and the young dying unquestioningly out in the open field, believing. For the young always believe, and the old always doubt.

And if in these days, Anna, I am driven to think of you, it is for a very definite reason. It concerns you and it concerns your country. The Old World is rocking in a death-grip. Everything is thrown into the crucible of hate. The horror of these days is borne only because there lurks in the heart of man a subconscious belief that the horror is to prove a solution; that all the troubles of old days, that all differences and antagonisms, are to vanish. The sword of Damocles will be indeed a myth. If I think of you so intently it is because I am perplexed and worried, and I long for the sound of a young voice again. Let me tell you, for I know that you will understand. I have listened to them all, these sages of the Eastern World. And they are very wise and knowing, very cunning and very circumspect; but when it comes to the great thing, the thing which touches all our hearts, they shake their heads.

"No," they say lugubriously. "There always have been wars and there always will be wars."

And when I argue with them, they are so recondite, so full of worldly wisdom. And they quote this act and that act and multiply historical precedents. They speak ponderously of "our national responsibilities," "our ancient rights and privileges"; they crush me with their weight of logic. From across the water I hear the thunder of the guns and the reiteration of the ominous phrases, "The German god," "The German sword," "The German peace." And nearer at home I am further depressed by the arguments of our sages.

"What?" they say, "a league of the nations! An idle term! How could such a thing be worked? Should every nation elect an equal number of delegates? Is the British Empire and all that it entails, embodying a population of four hundred million souls, to be on a par with, let us say, the sovereign state of Bogota, which has a million souls and mostly poets!"

And the politicians' contempt for poets is driven home by that contemptuous shrug.

"There would be no way," they say, "of regulating or controlling such a league. Why, some quite backward states might outvote the British, the French, and the United States! There always have been wars and there always will be wars." I remember it was in such a state of bewilderment as this, and it was in another garden not very far from where I live, that on an evening just as the sun was going down I thought of you again. I had read for the first time some words by a man who will one day be very dear to all the world. He is the President of your country. I was distressed and troubled. The problems and anxieties of national life seemed more and more involved and insoluble, the men in power more rigid and inflexible; and suddenly, as I read the words of President Wilson, I realized that here at last was a man who stood apart from his fellows. Amidst the bitter recrimination of national antagonisms, clear-cut through the chopped logic of the politician, he at least seemed to see things clearly with the eyes of a child. While the others were shouting of "The German god" or of "their national aspirations," he suddenly appeared in the due order of things and spoke quite simply of men and ideas. If he spoke of his country at all, it was only as a medium for the advancement of men, for the freedom of their ideas, for the liberty of their thought. One felt at once that one was in the presence of something big and fundamental, without malice, without ulterior motive, without political intrigue or imperial ambition. And when I read his words, I thought of you, and I thought of America as I shall always think of her, as of a child with shining eyes, disturbed in the pursuit of splendid dreams, quick to grasp realities, quick to act, and quick to forgive. And when the terrible business of killing the mouse has got to be done, it will be done quickly, relentlessly, thoroughly, and though one may weep for the sheer horror of it, the day will come when the tears will be wiped away, and one may smile again in the recognition of the fact that there was no alternative.

And the Old World is waiting for you, for it will not believe, and it knows that you will believe, for you alone have the masterful genius of youth, unaware of perils and difficulties, but with eyes set upon the clear horizon you have set out to reach. And in these days, amidst the maelstrom of conflicting opinion of these wise men of the Eastern World, all who love humanity, all who believe in its ultimate destiny toward a better order of society, are driven to turn their eyes more and more to the west. For the turn of the Western World has come, a world where everything is more fluid and free, where everything is possible and hopeful; in short, the world of youth. It was a Western philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who said:

> Society is an illusion to the young citizen. It lies before him in rigid repose, with certain names, men, and institutions rooted like oak-trees in the centre, round which all arrange themselves the best they can. But the old statesman knows that Society is fluid; there are no such roots and centres; but any particle may suddenly become the centre of the movement, and compel the system to gyrate round it.

Emerson may say "the old statesman," but he is essentially the old statesman of the Western World; that is to say, he speaks with the authority of youth. And in these days how terribly we want to believe this, that "some particle may become the center of the movement," that some new hope, some free and novel expression of human ideas, may compel "the whole system to gyrate round it." And that is why we turn with breathless expectancy to the Western World, for it is from there that this new star should rise, guiding the stumbling feet of men to the manger where a new birth will prove to them the salvation of their wavering beliefs. Some little thing may fire this sudden spark; the words of a President, the mood of a congress, an article in a newspaper, some grim material necessity producing a climax of horror, the rise of a world-preach-

er, the tears of a woman. Whatever it is, it will come, this little point round which the ultimate solutions will revolve. And there is no one I would rather have as a leader in these days than this President of yours; for he reminds me of you, Anna, when you ran with flashing eyes among the boys, and when you knelt there looking like Joan of Arc, and calling out:

"Tuez! tuez!"

And forever after one will weep at the terror of that memory; but the heart is uplifted, and the soul of man made stronger and freer.

Many who play an important part in my life come and go, and I see them no more. And you are one of them, Anna. And in these days I like to think of you. I like to think of you married and surrounded by many fine and "real" children. Perhaps you have sons in France and Flanders, and in that case my heart goes out to you. I know what a mother you will be, and I know that, whatever happens, you will be fine and splendid, strong and courageous, "a mother of men," doing your best, believing in the best, the equipoise of your faith untouched by trouble or anxiety. And on the day when the sun once more looks down serenely on those fair fields now stricken with the horrors of war, I can see those eyes of yours shining with a thankfulness and a wistful pity almost too great to bear, and I can almost hear that mellow voice as you look up at me maliciously, saying "Mornin', Mr. Hayseed!"

L'Envoi

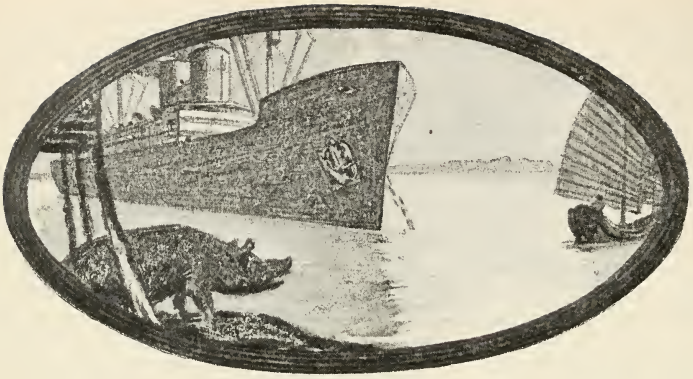
By DOROTHEA LAWRANCE MANN

When the time for parting comes, and the day is on the wane,
And the silent evening darkens over hill and over plain,
And the earth holds no more sorrow, no more grief, and no more pain,
Shall we weary for the battle and the strife?

When at last the trail is ending, and the stars are growing near,
And we breathe the breath of conquest, and the voices that we hear
Are the great companions' voices that have hallowed year on year,
Shall we know an instant's grieving as we pass?

Shall we pause a fleeting moment ere we grasp the eager hands,
Take one last long look of wonder at the dimming of the lands,
Love the earth one glowing moment ere we pass from its demands,
Cull all beauty in its essence as we gaze?

Or with not one backward longing shall we leap the last abyss,
Scale the highest crags glad-hearted, fearful only lest the bliss
Of an earth-remembering instant should delay the great sun's kiss—
Consuming us within the splendor of the flame?



Under a Wine-Glass

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

A LITTLE coasting-steamer dropped anchor at dawn at the mouth of Chanta-Boun Creek, and through the long, hot hours she lay there, gently stirring with the sluggish tide, waiting for the passage-junk to come down from Chanta-Boun Town, twelve miles farther up the river. It was stifling hot on the steamer, and from side to side, whichever side one walked to, came no breeze at all. Only the warm, enveloping, moist, stifling heat closed down. Very quiet it was, with no noises from the after-deck, where under the awning lay the languid deck-passengers, sleeping on their bedding rolls. Very quiet it was ashore, so still and quiet that one could hear the bubbling, sucking noises of the large land-crabs, pattering over the black, oozy mud, or the sound of a lean pig scratching himself against the piles of a native hut in the village, that stood, mounted on stilts, at the mouth of the creek.

The captain came down from the narrow bridge into the narrow saloon. He was clad in yellow pajamas, his bare feet in native sandals, and he held a well pipe-clayed topee in one hand. He was impatient at the delay of the passage-junk coming down from up-river, with her possible trifling cargo, her possible trifling deck-passengers, of which the little steamer already carried enough.

"This long wait is very annoying," he commented, sitting upon the worn leather cushions of the saloon bench. "And I had wished for time enough to stop to see the lonely man. I have made good time on this trip, all things considered, with time to spare to make that call, somewhat out of our way. And now the good hours go by while we wait here uselessly."

"The lonely man?" asked the passenger, who was not a deck-passenger. He was the only saloon-passenger, and because of that he slept first in one, then in the other, of the two small cabins, alternating according to which side the wind blew from.

"You would not mind, perhaps," continued the captain, "if, after all, in spite of this long delay, we still found time for the lonely man? An unscheduled call, much out of our way—oh, a day's sail from here, and we, as you know, go slowly——"

"Three days from now, four days from now, it matters little to me when we reach Bangkok," said the passenger, largely, "but tell me of this man."

Upon the sideboard, under an inverted wine-glass, sat a small gilt Buddha, placed there by the China boys. The captain fixed his eyes upon the Buddha.

"Like that, immovable and covered in close, sitting still in a small space—covered in. Some one turned a wine-glass over on him, long ago, and now he sits, still and immovable like that. It makes my heart ache."

"Tell me, while we are waiting."

"Three years ago," began the captain, dreamily, still looking at the tiny gilt Buddha in its inverted wine-glass, "he came aboard, bound for nowhere in particular. To Bangkok, perhaps, since we were going that way; or to any other port he fancied along the coast, since we were stopping all along the coast. He wanted to lose himself, he said. And, as you have seen, we stop at many remote, lonely villages such as this one. And we have seen many lonely men, foreigners, isolated in villages such as this one, unknown, removed, forgotten. But none of them suited him. He had been looking for the proper spot for many years. Wandering up and down the coast in cargo-boats, in little coasting vessels, in sailing-vessels, sometimes in native junks, stopping here and there, looking for a place where he could go off and live by himself. He wanted to be quite absolutely to himself. He said he would know the place immediately if he saw it, recognize it at once. He said he could find himself if he could get quite absolutely away. Find himself —that is, recover himself, something, a part of him which he had lost. Just temporarily lost. He was very wistful and very eager, and said I must not think him a fool or demented. He said he only wanted to be by himself, in the right spot, to accomplish his purpose. He would accomplish his purpose and then return.

"Can you see him, the lonely man, obsessed, going up and down the China coast, shipping at distant ports, one after another, on fruitless quests, looking for a place to disembark? The proper place to disembark, the place which he would recognize, would know for his own place, which would answer the longing in him that had sent him searching round the world, over the seven seas of the world, the spot in which he could find himself again and regain what he had lost.

"There are many islands hereabouts," went on the captain, "hundreds. Desert. He thought one would suit him. So I put him down on one, going out of my way to find it for him. He leaned over the rail of the bridge and said to me, 'We are getting nearer.' Then he said that he saw it. So I stopped the ship and put him down. He was very grateful. He said he liked to be in the Gulf of Siam. That the name had a picturesque sound, the Pirate Islands. He would live all by himself on one of the Pirate Islands, in the Gulf of Siam. Isolated and remote, but over one way was the coast of Indo-China, and over the other way was the coast of Malay. Neighborly, but not too near. He would always feel that he could get away when he was ready, what with so much traffic through the gulf, and the native boats now and then. He was mistaken about the traffic, but I did not tell him so. I knew where he was and could watch him. I placed a cross on the chart, on his island, so that I might know where I had left him; and I promised myself to call upon him from time to time, to see when he would be ready to face the world again."

The captain spread a chart upon the table.

"Six degrees north latitude," he remarked, "ten thousand miles from——"

"Greenwich," supplied the passenger, anxious to show that he knew.

"From her," corrected the captain.

"He told me about her a little. I added the rest from what he omitted. It all happened a long time ago, which was the bother of it. And because it had taken place so long ago, and had endured for so long a time, it made it more difficult for him to recover himself again. Do you think people ever recover themselves? When the precious thing in them, the spirit of them, has been overlaid and overlaid, covered deep with artificial layers?

"The marvel was that he wanted to regain it, wanted to break through. Most don't. The other thing is so easy. Money, of course. She had it, and he loved her. He had none, and she loved him. She had had money always, had lived with it, lived on it; it got into her very bones. And he had not two shillings to rub together; but he possessed the gift—genius. But they met somewhere, and fell in love with each other, and that ended him. She took him, you see, and gave him all she had. It was marvelous to do it, for she loved him so. Took him from his four-shilling attic into luxury; out of his shabby, poor worn clothes into the best there were; from a penny bus into superb motors, with all the rest of it to match. And he accepted it all because he loved her, and it was the easiest way. Besides, just before she had come into his life he had written—well, whatever it was, they all praised him, the critics and reviewers, and called him the coming man, and he was very happy about it, and she seemed to come into his life right at the top of his happiness over his work. And she sapped it. Did n't mean to, but did; cut his genius down to the root. Said his beginning fame was quite enough for her, for her friends, for the society into which she took him. They all praised him without understanding how great he was or considering his future. They took him at her valuation, which was great enough. But she thought he had achieved the summit; did not know, you see, that there was anything more.

"He was so sure of himself, too, during those first few years, young and confident, aware of his power. Drifting would not matter for a while; he could afford to drift. His genius would ripen, he told himself, and time was on his side. So he drifted, very happy and content, ripening; but being overlaid all the time, deeper and thicker, with this intangible, transparent, strong wall, hemming him in, shutting in the gold, just like that little joss there under the wine-glass.

"She lavished on him every thing without measure; but she had no knowledge of him, really. He was just another toy, the best of all, in her luxurious equipment. So he traveled the world with her, and dined at the embassies of the world, East and West, in all the capitals of Europe and Asia, but getting restive finally, however, as the years wore on. Feeling the wine-glass, as it were, although he could not see it. Looking through its clear transparency, but feeling pressed, somehow, aware of the closeness. But he continued to sit still, not much wishing to move, stretch himself.

"Then sounds from the other side began to filter in, echoing largely in his restricted space, making within it reverberations that carried vague uneasiness, producing restlessness. He shifted himself within his space, and grew aware of limitations. From without came the voices, insistent, asking what he was doing now. Meaning what thing was he writing now; for a long time had passed since he had written that which called forth the praise of men. There came to him within his wine-glass, these demands from the outside. Therefore he grew very uneasy and tried to rise, and just then it was that he began to feel how close the crystal walls surrounded him. He even wanted to break them, but a pang at heart told him that that was ingratitude; for he loved her, you see. Never forget that.

"Now you see how it all came about. He was aware of himself, of his power. And while for the first years he had drifted, he was always aware of his power. Knew that he had only to rise to assume gigantic stature. And then, just because he was very stiff, and the pain of stiffness and stretching made him uncouth, he grew

angry. He resented his captivity, chafed at his being limited like that, did not understand how it had come about. It had come about through love, through sheer sheltering love. She had placed a crystal cup above him to keep him safe, and he had sat safe beneath it all these years, fearing to stir, because she liked him so.

"It came to a choice at last: his life of happiness with her or his work. Poor fool, to have made the choice at that late day! So he broke his wine-glass, and his heart and her heart, too, and came away. And then he found that he could not work, after all. Years of sitting still had done it.

"At first he tried to recover himself by going over again the paths of his youth, a garret in London, a studio off Montparnasse, shabby, hungry; all no use. He was done for, futile. Done himself in for no purpose, for he had lost her, too. For, you see, he planned, when he left her to come back shortly, crowned anew; to come back in triumph, for she was all his life. Nothing else mattered. He just wanted to lay something at her feet in exchange for all she had given him. Said he would. So they parted, heart-broken, crushed, neither one understanding. But he promised to come back with his laurels.

"That parting was long ago. He could not regain himself. After his failure along the paths of his youth, his garrets and studios, he tried to recover his genius by visiting again all the parts of the world he had visited with her. Only this time, humbly. Standing on the outside of palaces and embassies, recollecting the times when he had been a guest within. Rubbing shoulders with the crowd outside, shabby, poor, a derelict. Seeking always to recover that lost thing.

"And he was getting so impatient to rejoin her. Longing for her always. Coming to see that she meant more to him than all the world beside. Eating his heart out, craving her. Longing to return, to reseat himself under his bell. Only now he was no longer gilded. He must gild himself anew, just as she had found him. Then he could go back.

"But it could not be done. He could not work. Somewhere in the world, he told me, was a spot where he could work, . . . Where there were no memories. Somewhere in the seven seas lay the place. He would know it when he saw it. After so many years of exclusion, he was certain he would feel the atmosphere of the place where he could work. And there he would stay till he finished, till he produced the big thing that was in him. Thus, regilded, he would return to her again. One more effort, once more to feel his power, once more to hear the stimulating rush of praise, then he would give it up again, quite content to sit beneath his wine-glass till the end. But this first.

"So I put him down where I have told you, on a lonely island, somewhat north of the equator, ten thousand miles away from Her. Wistfully, he said it was quite the right spot; he could feel it. So we helped him, the China boys and I to build a l i t t l e hut, up on stilts, thatched with palm-leaves. Very desolate it is. On all sides the burnished ocean, hot and breathless, and the warm, moist heat close around. Still and stifling. Like a blanket, dense, enveloping. But he

said it was the spot. I don't know. He has been there now three years. He said he could do it there, if ever. From time to time I stop there if the passengers are willing for a day or two's delay. He looks very old now and very thin, but he always say it 's all right. Soon, very soon now, the manuscript will be ready; next time I stop, perhaps. Once I came upon him sobbing. Landing early in the morning—slipped ashore and found him sobbing, head in arms and shoulders shaking. It was early in the morning, and I think he 'd sobbed all night. Somehow I think it was not for the gift he 'd lost, but for her.

"But he says over and over again that it is the right spot, the very right place in the world for such as he. Told me that I must not mind seeing him so lonely, so apparently depressed. That it was nothing. Just the Tropics, and being so far away, and perhaps thinking a little too much of things that did not concern his work. But the work would surely come on. Moods came on him from time to time that he recognized were quite the right moods in which to work, in which to produce great things. His genius was surely ripe now; he must just concentrate. Some day, very shortly, there would be a great rush; he would feel himself charged again with the old, fine fire. He would produce the great work of his life. He felt it coming on; it would be finished next time I called.

"This is the next time. Shall we go?" asked the captain.

Accordingly, within a day or two, the small coastwise steamer dropped her anchor in a shallow bay off a desert island marked with a cross on the captain's chart, and unmarked upon all other charts of the same waters. All around lay the tranquil spaces of a desolate ocean, and on the island the thatched roof of a solitary hut showed among the palms. The captain went ashore by himself, and presently, after a little lapse of time, he returned.

"It is finished," he announced briefly; "the great work is finished. I think it must have been completed several weeks ago. He must have died several weeks ago, possibly soon after my last call."

He held out a sheet of paper on which was written one word, "Beloved."

The House on the Bay

By HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

Illustrations by Charles S. Chapman

THEREFORE shall evil come upon thee; thou shalt not know from whence it riseth: and mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put it off; and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou shalt not know.—*Found marked in the Bible of Jedediah Steele.*

THIS, which was to have been a fine strange tale of the occult variety, must instead go forth dry bones of facts, with half the skeleton wanting. And Trennish is to blame for it.

In this tale, if possible, the house was to be haunted. I had waited long for the chance to show a few of the laureled dead how to work a ghost for all the goose-flesh there is in him, or else it was to be oppressed by a projection of Mallister's hate; but Trennish will stand for neither. He says they do not square with the facts, which he supplied.

He began by reminding me that James B. Leatherman died in his bed, a stodgy death, presumably a tranquil one, seven years before Mallister flickered out in Matteawan. So Mallister could n't have haunted Leatherman, and even if he could have, would have chosen a likelier haunting-ground; and, besides, the peculiarity of the house was noticed when it was new, while they were both alive.

My ghost laid, I rather diffidently brought up the alternative notion. Mallister hated Leatherman, did n't he? Mallister was insane—

"He was in the end; from alcohol," Trennish broke in.

"But always abnormal?"

"You bet he was! Look at the things that old son of a gun composed on his one string, Auvergne Romanesque!"

"Then why might n't an abnormal hatred so have fixed upon the house as to project, in accordance with phenomena pretty reputably established—"

Trennish snorted. He made an uncalled-for reference to Kipling's works; then he pointed out that the house had continued eerie *after* Mallister's hates and his powers had been sung to rest. Trennish paused for the rejoinder that did n't occur to me.

"You, of course, have the true explanation," I grumbled.

"Well, you see, I 'm qualified. I 'm an architect myself. Oh, no, I won't waste it on you—not on your tin-pan fiction."

By ordering two more cocktails I obtained it, nevertheless. I don't half believe in it, mind; and yet it looks plausible, as if it might be fact, and fact is a bugbear not to be disregarded.

AS Trennish tells the story, when he first saw the house he was canoeing on the bay with Dr. Theobald Brice, the ornithologist. An oddly assorted companionship, it seems; but as cottagers they were round-the-corner neighbors in Sand Haven, which is the bay-shore village nearer town. The doctor, an amiable pedant, was extensively read (*circa* Ruskin) in the fine arts, and loved to talk them. Trennish had no bird lore, but had his canoe, and was always

ready in vacation-time to paddle the old gentlemen on bird hunts by the hour. It was he who did the bungalow, a note from California shaming job-lot imitations, that the doctor built not long before his death.

One August afternoon in 1905 they were out and espied a bird called a skua, which should not scientifically have been within hundreds of miles, and this skua led them a chase, which ended off the wooded headland of Easton Point. The doctor's shots broke a wing. The screaming bird gained shore before their keel scraped on the shingle, though Trennish had paddled fast.

"IT WAS JEDEDIAH STEELE"

The doctor had scarcely stepped out when there rose on the sea-wall, in the shadow of the trees, with a screech that rivaled the skua's, a gaunt, gray figure of an ancient mariner, gripping a boat-hook pike-wise.

"Put off there, now!" it warned.

"We don't wish to go beyond the beach," the doctor called. "That bird—"

"Bird? Leave the bird to God! Git back in yer boat, 'nd git off!"

The skua ran into a jungle of salt grass and disappeared.

"You mean this is private property?" said the doctor, as serene as the day, and, leaving his shot-gun, started up to parley. Trennish reinforced him as the watchman came down off the wall.

He had a wild kingfisher's-crest of white hair that suited his wild, bleached eyes. With ten feet between he stopped, and so did they.

"I suppose you understand," the doctor began, "that property rights end at tide-mark."

"Rights? What rights? Who made 'em rights?"

"The law."

"Not God's law. Not no Scriptur' law. Ye know the Scriptur', do ye? God He says, 'I will put a hook in thy nose, 'nd I will turn thee back the way thou camest.' 'Nd ye want to go now, 'fore I 'm commanded t' execute His will."

"Very well. First bring me my bird, if you please. You won't? Ah, who is your employer? Is he here?"

"No man here only Jedediah Steele." The watchman thumped his bony chest indicatively. "'Nd that 's all he 'll hev t' say to ye. Now git!"

Trennish, murmuring something, made a move in the direction of the grass. The doctor checked him.

"It 's not worth while. Ready?"

He stepped into the canoe, and Trennish shoved off. When they turned, Jedediah, back on the wall, was laughing.

"A rebuke," observed the doctor, "to those who find the loons unmusical. Suppose we keep on along shore here. There must be a house."

"But if no one's at home—"

"The name would appear on the notice-boards. But I see no landing, do you?"

The canoe had rounded an elbow of the point. The doctor leveled his glass at a fleck of black and white against the green. "Merely 'Private Property,'" he reported. "One ought to know the colony, but—ah!"

As the edge of the gliding woodland wheeled behind them, a lawn was disclosed. A few sparse oaks had been left by twos and threes, and behind their screen, on the crest of the slope, a great lowering cube of a mansion turned its back on the five-o'clock sun, which glittered the panes of its inclosed veranda.

"Unoccupied, apparently," said the doc-

tor; and this for the moment, Trennish says, was the sum of his own impression.

For the quality of the house was latent; it was incalculably subtle, a thing to take the nicest sensibilities by degrees. The style was that deadly dull one, as respectable and uninspired as an undertaker's coat, which flourished in Eastern towns between the fifties and the eighties, commemorating the Victorian reflex upon the American solid citizen. Its traits were massive cornice and wide eaves, a cupola centering the roof, grandiose windows with pediments.

In all detail the house conformed to type. Not an eccentric feature does Trennish remember. Battens were upon some windows; the others, without even blinds, were blank, darkly empty, and inane. The brick must once have been painted a deep red, for the walls had weathered a sullen liver color. They wanted ivy. They should have been softened, but were not, by the shadows of the oaks. Instead, these purplish traceries affected the eye like scars. The densely undergrown woods pressed close on every side but the rear.

"We shall have to inquire in the village," said the doctor. "Meanwhile Heaven only knows what that creature will do with the skua. And one never likes to leave a wounded bird."

Trennish was absorbed in the house.

"Doctor," he burst out suddenly, "that 's a little on the nightmare, is n't it?"

The doctor begged Trennish's pardon.

"That rear elevation," Trennish explained. "Does n't it give you creeps?"

The doctor considered it gravely. Ah, no, he could not say it did, unless his young friend had reference to its lugubrious banality—

"Hang the banality!" Trennish fretted. "I 'm not thinking of shop. It 's the atmosphere, the general effect."

"Somewhat somber," the doctor admitted.

Trennish stared.

"Is *that* all it does to you?"

"Why, what more?" The doctor, surprised by his vehemence, turned cautiously around and stared in turn.

"Don't know. Can't think of the word. *Sinister* does n't hit it. But—'Certain dank gardens cry aloud for murder—' "

The doctor said he missed the application.

"Possibly, now you mention it, the place is a bit—ah, theatrical, from the accident of the setting and this light—"

Trennish began to feel an exasperation.

"Accident? Design! Don't you see the whole thing was intended? That spacing, that proportion, the—the leer of all that glass, with the dark behind it—"

"Are n't you unduly susceptible for your profession?" The doctor was placid no longer; he had become stern. "If so commonplace a structure can inspire you—"

" 'DOES N'T IT GIVE YOU THE CREEPS?' "

"But it *is n't,*" Trennish insisted; patiently, he thought. "It 's a cracking fine stunt in its way. Whoever did it--"

"Unquestionably some honest builder's creation—"

Trennish gasped.

"Oh, my—soul! A forty-thousand-dollar h o u s e — a forty-thousand-dollar *brick* house a builder's job?"

"Your guess at the cost, sir, matches your encomiums," fumed the doctor.

For a heart-beat Trennish suspected their joint absurdity. He made a last effort at poise.

"Please let a fellow know his A B C's. We—I won't dispute you as to taste; but estimates and—'builders' jobs'—"

"One has seen houses and house plans, and on a much smaller scale"—the doctor's spectacles flashed angrily over his shoulder—"which suggested that a competent builder—"

He left the rest unsaid. As it happened, Trennish's studies for his bungalow had been put into his hands that morning.

"You mean those drawings of mine? You 're not bound to accept 'em."

"I did not refer especially to your drawings, Mr. Trennish. I trust I shall like them better than—"

"Well?"

"Than your idea of common civility."

"I 'll cheerfully put you on shore, sir," Trennish began hotly, but a sound from the shore affected them both like a timely deluge of ice-water. It was Jedediah Steele. He had followed along the wall, and, hearing the wrangle, had laughed.

"Mr. Trennish," said the doctor, very quietly, "let 's get on."

Trennish was all for getting on.

"Doctor," he said presently, "I think I ought to be kicked."

"Not more than I, my dear fellow. That is my own sensation."

"But, confound it, I began it."

"I met you at least half-way. Don't let us begin apologies; we should never finish. Except—I wish to say that your drawings, so far as we examined them, delighted both myself and Mrs. Brice."

"Thank you. You know I 'll tackle the thing again."

"I feel sure that would be a misfortune," declared the doctor.

It occurred to both that their behavior of the last ten minutes had been extraordinary. Both, talking it over, were physically aware of something like the easing of a tension. They tried to account for it lightly. The doctor spoke of nerves before a thunder-storm. The day was cloudless; his barometer at home—he had looked when starting—was high. Trennish suggested that Jedediah Steele had been more irritating than they realized. Finally Trennish spoke out.

"I don't want to reopen debate," he boggled; "but, you know, I 've a sneaking idea—"

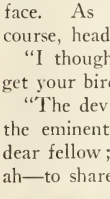
"Well, sir," the doctor encouraged him, "and what is the sneaking idea?"

"Something to do with that house."

There was no response; the doctor sat impassive. Trennish could not see his face. As an experiment, he changed course, heading east.

"I thought we 'd slip back across and get your bird."

"The devil take the bird!" blasphemed the eminent ornithologist. "Get *in,* my dear fellow; get *in!* I confess I begin to ah—to share your interest."



T the landing they found the 'longshore boy who rented dories to holiday-makers and took care of peoples' canoes; but for once in his life young Roberts became curiously reticent.

First place beyond Crab Inlet? Yes, he knew it. They did n't want to land there never. Rocks? Did n't know as to rocks. It was n't a good place to go. They resisted the impulse to an exchange of glances.

Possibly he meant the old watchman, the doctor suggested. Roberts laughed.

"Old Jed 's harmless; bark 's worse than his bite. The fellers they used t' go over 'n' rile him jest t' hear him holler." Knew the Bible by heart, the cussing parts at least.

"EMPHATICALLY THEY HAD NOT"

Had the fellers ever landed over there?

Emphatically they had not. No one Roberts had ever known would land there for no money. Pressed to explain, he flushed, and ground a boot-heel into the sand.

"Who owns that place?" He could n't tell them, never having heard. In his time on the bay, eleven seasons, it had not been opened. The doctor offered a dollar for the skua on delivery, after dark, if preferred. Trennish doubled the offer, then trebled it, but ineffectually. Still the boy, clear-eyed and sturdy, seventeen at least, was tongue-tied.

They gave him up, hurried on. The doctor, if anything, made the better time. In those days Sand Haven had only one real-estate agent, and he had little to do. They caught him in the act of locking up his office for the night.

He ushered them in with the hospitable largeness of grandees, and perched himself on his desk, his chub legs dangling. He was a neat, if shabby, Irishman of breeding; possibly a younger son; as wide as long, with a ruddy pug nose, a ferocious white mustache, and small blue eyes that twinkled as he talked.

"Easton Point, ye say? I 've nothing listed over there; but if ye 're open-minded, on this side, I 've one or two elegant propositions—"

As the doctor was setting him right, his countenance changed strikingly.

"Oho, *that* place, is it? Yes, I c'u'd tell ye all about it. But, first, as man to man, what 's the nature of yer interest, Dr. Brice?"

The doctor was taken aback.

"Ah—purely casual," he said.

"Of course ye 're not bound to say. But, then, with entire respect, I 'm not obliged to say anything meself."

The doctor showing symptoms of the dignities, Trennish hastily explained, so far as concerned Jedediah and Roberts's evasions. Mr. Tuohey heard each item with a comprehending nod.

"And, besides," Trennish added, "the house itself took my eye—my professional eye, you know."

"Ah, now we 're comin' at it. In just what way did it take yer professional eye?"

Trennish hesitated.

"It looked to me like a very remarkable architect doing a queer thing. Dr. Brice could n't see it, however."

"He differed with ye?"

"He did."

"Whereupon" — Mr. Tuohey's eyes twinkled—"ye had a few words on the subject?"

"Surely—" the doctor began to protest; but Trennish nodded, wondering.

"An' now it 's over with, neither man quite knows why?"

This time both the callers wondered openly.

"I thought as much. Dr. Brice, ye 'll forgive me, but ye were in the wrong. Mr. Trennish, yer eye is discernin'."

"But, Heavens, Mr. Tuohey,"—this was the doctor,—"you can't mean—"

"What can't I mean, sir?"

"That it 's regularly the occasion of—of words?"

The Tuohey eye, like a poker eye, went blank. Smiles were his sole replies to further questions.

"Who was the architect, then?" asked Trennish, changing ground.

"If I told ye, ye 'd not believe it."

"Ah, who is the owner?"

"Ye might not believe that either, Dr. Brice."

"Oh, come," the doctor expostulated, "among gentlemen, Mr. Tuohey. Those things must be of record."

Mr. Tuohey considered and yielded. But first he fished out of his desk a bottle, a siphon and glasses. Partaking diplomatically, they found it a rich old Irish not set out on American bars.

"'BUT I GOT OUTSIDE QUICK'"

"Now, then," he said, "we 're fortified to talk impossibilities. Number one: that place is part of the Holy Jim Leatherman estate."

"The devil it is!" said Trennish; but the doctor said, "Indeed?"

"Nobody knows it here except meself. It 's thirty years built, an' few knew at the time. Number two: the architect—now, this ye *won't* believe—"

"I will," Trennish assured him. "Make it Michelangelo if you want to."

"Mallister. Can ye swallow that, young man?"

It was the doctor who could n't momentarily.

"Not Gregory Mallister?" he breathed.

"The same. He designed it, built it; what 's more, stayin' out here on the work. He landscaped the park around it."

"But—can you substantiate—"

"As ye say, it must be of record. An' I was here. I got to know him a little; all ye c'u'd."

"Why should Mallister build a house, *that* house, for—"

"F'r Holy Jim? Ah, now ye 're askin' the riddle. He did it under compulsion, forced; he c'u'd n't refuse the commission. So much he told me. The rest he 'd never tell, not even when drunk, which happened often, meself now an' then assistin', as I regret to say."

"I—let me see." The doctor closed his eyes. "I seem to recall some difference over the plans for the museum. Mallister was always irritable. Leatherman took exception to his morals, I believe, but I never heard of anything to give Leatherman a hold—"

"'T w'u'd be something ye 'd not have heard of. He had one. An' he used it to force that commission on him, specifyin' the style of house—of all styles the one he well knew w'u'd stick worst in a Mallister throat. An'—the results ye 've experienced."

"How do you mean—experienced?"

"Discernin' again, Mr. Trennish."

"A few minutes ago," observed the doctor as casually as he could, "you hinted that our experience, the nature of which you divined—" He was crafty enough to leave the sentence dangling.

"If I did," said Mr. Tuohey, whose high-ball had disarmed him "it 's not a thing f'r a sane man to say flat out in daylight, is it?"

"Ah, then you have known of other people going over there—"

Mr. Tuohey nodded.

"Ah; and all—this happens invariably?"

Mr. Tuohey nodded.

"Any one? All sorts of people?"

"Any one whomsoever, though of course it takes discernin' people quickest."

"You 're serious?"

"Absolutely. Abso-luteli-ee." A Tuohey fist gaveled emphasis. "Ye can't get plumbers, f'r instance, to work there the second time. The word is it 's unhealthy. So it is. I 've known of a head bein' broke with a wrench in one of the baths upstairs. Yes, it 's been so from the first, f'r thirty years."

"But if that 's the case, why is n't it common talk?"

"Me dear sir, what c'u'd be talked? Ye 've sampled it yerself. All ye can say is what the lad told ye—it 's no good place to go."

"But passers-by—"

"They 'd have to linger an' take special notice. An', then, on the land side it 's hidden by woods, with a thunderin' high spiked iron fence around them. An' there 's that old lunatic Jim selected watchin' night an' day."

"Jim selected him, did he? Was James B. ever there?"

"I 've heard—I 'll not vouch for it—that when 't was completed—there 'd been delays through fights amongst the workmen toward the end—Holy Jim came swellin' out, an' went away again faster than he came, an' never stopped short of Hot Springs."

There fell a silence, the dusk in the office gaining on the sunset light.

"How do you account for it all?" the doctor said at last.

"I don't."

"Have you never been curious to try?"

"*Go over there,* d' ye mean?" Mr. Tuohey spoke as of the inconceivable.

"You might have gone to Mallister while he lived—"

"I did see him one night in a hotel bar in town. He was broke an' drinkin' heavily then; he was locked up not long after. That night he was sittin' alone, an' havin' had enough meself to be bold, I went over to his table. 'Mr. Mallister,' says I, 'congratulations on yer masterpiece, the one on Easton Point.' 'Oh, yes,' he says, comin' out of his thoughts; 'the one on Easton Point.' He was sippin' cognac, clawin' his thin goatee. His eyes, though blazin' and burnin', were stone-cold. They were like—like—"

"Sun on glass," suggested Trennish.

"Ye 've hit it; like sun on glass. The glass of a sun porch, say. But it 's the same over there, ye 'll find, all times, all views, all weathers. 'Have you looked at that house, Mr. Tuohey?' he inquires. 'I *have,*' says I. He put his head on one side, an' squinnied up at me through his eyebrows. 'Been over it, have you?' 'God forbid!' I says. 'T was not long after that plumber was hurt, an' I had me private notions. He eyed me a minute. 'Sensible man. Very sensible man,' he jerked out. Then he laughed, an' offered me his hand. Bein' four thirds full, he laughed loud, an' the way it sounded, every soul in the barroom turned to look. '*Merci de tout mon cœur,*' he says, 'for this wholly spontaneous tribute.' An' rang the bell to order me a drink. But I got outside quick. D' ye wonder?"

"And you never followed it up?"

"Were ye thinkin' of doin' it?"

"Only with your permission."

Mr. Tuohey finished a second high-ball.

"I 'll trust yer discretion an' wish ye luck. But I 'll have no hand in it, mind. 'More in heaven an' earth'—I 'll appreciate hearin' what comes of it."

They promised he should, and said good night as he locked his office door.

"If ye go through that house, go alone," he shouted after them.

IN following it up, their obvious recourse would be to Schuyler Leatherman, the grandson and only heir of Holy Jim, a youth whom Trennish knew slightly at a club and disliked intensely. From Tuohey's the doctor bore Trennish home for dinner and dark council, comically warning him against breathing a word in the hearing of the gentle and motherly Mrs. Brice.

"You understand, it won't do to be too sanguine about this." The doctor had just remembered himself as a scientist and a skeptic. "An Irishman, talking on whiskey—you gathered *his* hypothesis, no doubt?"

"Curse of Shielygh?" said Trennish, laughing.

"Something of the kind. Possibly one of those cross-and-circle indentures to Beelzebub. Who manages young Leatherman's inheritance?"

"He does himself, or thinks he does. I know he keeps office hours every day. Engaged last spring, and she 's made him go to work as a Leatherman should."

"Capital!" cried the doctor. "If that 's the case, we shall get his consent, I believe."

"HELPED UNHINGE A GATE"

He declined to say what or how until after dinner, when the two were closeted, smoking, in his study. Then he sat him down and drafted a stately and guileful letter: even if Dr. Brice had been misinformed as to Mr. Schuyler Leatherman's desire to sell his place on Easton Point, the doctor and his friend, Mr. Winston Trennish (of the firm of Agnew, McIntosh & Trennish) would be grateful for an early opportunity of going over the house. They were interested in all examples of Gregory Mallister's work—

"Hold on," said Trennish, doubtfully. "Won't you put him on his guard? The Leathermans are a pious lot, and it 's most of it ancestor worship. If there 's anything to this he knows of it, I should think."

"I considered that. But, you see, to refuse or to ignore us would amount to admitting the truth of whatever we 've heard. Just how much we 've heard he can't know. He 's virtually forced to acquiesce," the doctor declared with decision.

"Machiavellian! Still, if he does n't—"

"We 're euchred. But I think you 'll find he will."

The doctor's view proved right. Three mornings later, a Sunday, a French car profaned with its horn the calm of the Sand Haven streets, inquiring its way to his address. His telephone call caught Trennish starting for the links, to chance it with a black storm piling up in the north. Trennish found himself recognized, somewhat loftily, by Schuyler Leatherman, and was presented to Miss Ormsbee, his fiancée, of whom it was plain at the handshake that hers were the life and purpose of the pair.

"Golf?" Leatherman's question deprecated the architect's cap and knickers.

"Er—no. I thought of a ramble."

Miss Ormsbee laughed.

"Splendid day for a ramble," she said. "It 's a pity it 's going to storm. What score do you ramble around in, Mr. Trennish, as a rule?"

"I hope you are mistaken about a storm," said the doctor, "although my barometer seems to bear you out. Mr. Leatherman"—he turned to Trennish—"has come to take us over that house. But if it storms—"

"No end of protection in the car," said Leatherman. "Waterproofs, slickers, that sort of thing. Unusual old house, from what I hear."

It seemed to Trennish that this was a feeler, that Leatherman was watching.

"You 've never seen it yourself, then?" he surmised.

"Never have. But you have. What 's your opinion—fine specimen of Mallister, and so on?"

Trennish would have to see more of it, he protested.

"Besides,"—he smiled,—"as the doctor's adviser, with a transaction pending—"

"There is n't. No truth in this rumor he 's heard. No idea of selling."

"Oh," said Trennish. "But could n't you be induced?"

"Most certainly not." Miss Ormsbee spoke up wickedly. "You don't imagine I 'd let him sell his only haunted house!"

This produced an electrified silence.

"Dorothy, really!" gasped Leatherman, when he could.

"Present. Gracious, have I let out a secret? I thought of course every one knew. Have n't you"—she appealed to them—"heard about unseen hands, white figures, clanking chains?"

Trennish shook his head, maintaining a solemn composure by the hardest. The doctor made odd noises in his throat. Leatherman bullied her angrily.

"Of all the bally nonsense! Never said such a word to you, Dolly; never. Not a word."

"You might as well have," she cut in coolly. "Mysterious note with your grandfather's will warning you never to open the house or let it pass out of your hands."

Leatherman controlled himself, tried to talk himself over the break. There had been some such document, he admitted. A matter of sentiment, apparently, he thought.

"However,"—he could n't help fidgeting,—"as the sky does look rather nasty—"

"It won't rain here for an hour," they assured him. "You could drive over there easily and get back and under cover."

"Of course. Come on!" cried Miss Ormsbee. "Who 's afraid of a wetting with a haunted house to see?"

Leatherman made the best of it. Trennish manœuvered to sit beside the girl. If she had further cats in the bag, he thought he could make better use of the tête-à-tête with her than the doctor. Besides, she was a good deal of a girl; he liked the irrepressible hoyden life of her. Such a mismating for a creature so vivid struck him as outrageous. Gossip had it as her family's doing. Was that why it pleased her to scandalize Leatherman so? But Leatherman put the doctor behind instead, and attended strictly to business as he drove.

The car swung into the Easton private road. It came to the "thundering high" iron fence and a chained and padlocked gate. Stopping, Leatherman honked his horn repeatedly. The storm was rolling closer. A cold breeze whipped the low leaves inside up.

"No luck," said Leatherman, frankly relieved. "Caretaker 's not on hand. We can't get in." He was about to drive on.

"'YOU KNOW THESE KEYS?'"

But Trennish was out examining the gates.

"It 's simple," he reported, "if you happen to have a jack."

"Oh, I *say*—"

"Won't even mar the enamel. Got one, have you?"

Miss Ormsbee produced it with muscular ease, ignoring her scowling

fiancée altogether. She helped unhinge a gate and nurse it inward on the gravel. Whereupon out of the brush like an apparition came Jedediah, silent, dangerous, boat-hook to the fore.

As this one juncture, Trennish acknowledges, Leatherman showed up well. For even a demented servitor of his he had only the languid contempt of his affectation. He slipped inside and confronted Jedediah, whose weapon quivered an inch from his weedy chest.

"I suppose you are Steele," he drawled. "You received my telegram, did n't you?"

"*Your* telegram?"

"Exactly. You can put that thing down at once."

"Ye got to prove this," Jedediah croaked, "to me—'nd God."

"You know these keys?"

Jedediah did. He moved back a step or two, grounded his boat-hook, and somehow seemed deflated.

"But them men with ye," he objected. They "can't go."

"You can go now. I sha'n't require you any further."

Jedediah cringed.

"That means—ye 've turned me off?"

"I 'll speak with you later."

"Be you—be you a-going to turn me off?"

"Had n't we better get on?" said Leatherman to the others. "It 's about to rain like anything, you know."

They got on. Jedediah shambled away into the woods. The rotted gravel of the drive was mossy, and tufted with blanched weeds; the drive was a twilit tunnel groping blindly toward the bay. The swash of the waves grew stronger, and on a curve they passed a window opened through the trees and looked down off a forty-foot bank upon the wall and the angry water. A hand-rail followed this curve. Trennish thought he for one would want it a stone parapet painted white. Then more of the dank green twilight, until at last the drive straightened out, and day and a bit of English turf were visible ahead.

The doctor nudged Trennish. His eyes were concerned; they indicated Miss Ormsbee. Trennish had been thinking also. Barely in time the voice of a cuckoo made the opportunity. The girl was an amateur birdist in the fashion of that season. As the doctor drew her aside to have a glimpse of it, Trennish tugged Leatherman's sleeve.

"Don't take her through," he said.

Leatherman pretended no surprise.

"Actual danger, you think?"

"I don't know what I think. I would n't take her through."

"Why did n't that occur to you before?"

Trennish could not have told him.

"If she insists, let her go alone," he said.

"Alone! Blast it! what is this, Trennish? No, really; word of honor; I don't know."

"What are you two hanging back for?" Miss Ormsbee called over her shoulder.

The three men hurried after her. Abruptly the house loomed right over them, no more than a tennis-court's

"ABRUPTLY THE HOUSE LOOMED RIGHT OVER THEM"

breadth between the door-sill and the woods.

"Splendid!" she cried in high spirits. "What a hideous old Bastile! You mean to say a great architect concocted it?"

"Er — Dolly, until we 've been over it—er—"

"And sounded the floors," Trennish prompted.

"And sounded the floors,—old house and all that,—you won't mind waiting outside?"

"Waiting outside?"

They nodded.

"How silly! Of course I should mind very much. You 'd scare away the ghost."

The doctor tried.

"I—ah—merely as a matter of prudence, my dear young lady—"

"Just as if there really were anything! *What* are you all afraid of?"

Trennish took refuge in the distant view. The shower was upon them, great hot, splashing drops, though the storm itself was passing miles away. The doctor gave an imaginary bird's nest his attention. Both men were avoiding looking steadily at the house. But Leatherman was looking.

"Well? *I* know! You believe, you actually believe—" She struggled with mirth. "Are you coming, Schuy; or would you rather stay here and mesmerize your property?"

"You 're not going in," he snapped in a new voice.

"Hoh!" She flew to the doors. He failed to catch her. The doors swinging open behind them, the two outside heard a race up bare stairs, and Leatherman's frantic falsetto tirading after her.

"Pleasant," Trennish grunted. "When they come out—"

"It promises to be awkward," supplied the doctor. "Suppose we—ah—we tactfully take cover. No use in getting wet."

Trennish had meant to make notes of the house. He had a sketch-book in a jacket-pocket. Now the chance offered, he found he would rather not.

"This corroborates Tuohey, rather," he remarked as they waited, just out of sight of the house, in the drive. The doctor's smile was grave, but non-committal.

"'YOU—BOUNDER'"

The doors slammed noisily. They heard Leatherman mutter as he worked at the lock, and the jingle of his keys. Then Miss Ormsbee came hurrying blindly.

"*Please!*" she gasped, and as they moved aside, whisked by them like a squall.

"Hang it!" said Trennish, "*we* sha'n't get in there now!" But he ran back to be sure of it. Leatherman, white and furious, all but screamed at him.

"Mind *your* going through —you—bounder——"

"Leatherman, had n't you better come away?"

"Had n't I—by Jove! you know, if you were not my guest—"

"Well?" said Trennish, and echoed, "if I were not your guest—"

Leatherman danced.

"Are you going?"

Trennish was going fast enough, but the heir to Mallister's masterpiece in his frenzy was before him. Passing the doctor, he snarled, and broke into a run.

The old gentleman had not appeared to see or hear.

"He 'll overtake her," he said. "You don't suppose—"

"I suppose it 's made up by now," said Trennish, more bitterly than he knew.

"I question it in her case," the doctor panted. "She seems a young person of spirit."

The whir and throb of the starting car was borne to them through the woods. At the gates was Miss Ormsbee, alone and drenched, for which Trennish cursed her escort under his breath.

"Oh, my dear fellow! At your age I should be inclined to bless him. Take her in to Mrs. Brice's fire. There won't be a train to town till half-past three."

"But are n't you coming?"

The doctor had heard an 'unfamiliar flight-call'; must be excused to follow it up, he said. His method was peculiar. He stood stock-still, looking after them, a benignant grizzled Santa in gray flannel who hummed a long forgotten air of Abt's.

As he was starting a raucous hail from Jedediah checked him.

"He turned me off, that owner—turned me off!"

Despair like a garment had dropped from Jedediah. He was himself, disquieting as ever, prowling inside the fence.

"Oh," said the doctor, pleasantly, "you saw him when he left?"

"I was here a-waiting. So was that woman. He did n't take no notice of her; blasphemed, 'nd turned me off. I ain't so sure I 'm a-going, not fer him."

"But you 'll have to, won't you?"

"Not unless I 'm took. 'N'd them that comes fer me better look out. You tell that young owner, will ye?"

BUT Jedediah was taken smoothly and without much loss of time. By offering violence to Leatherman's agent he gave the law technical grounds; and then he was old and alone, and the Leatherman name was a power, no doubt, with a county court and the county medical officer. Even so, the constables would not go for him to the house; they waylaid him in Sand Haven buying provisions. He was committed for observation to the Mineola hospital. So much Mr. Tuohey, who seemed to hear all that stirred along the whole North shore, reported.

Developments showed Leatherman loath to leave the house unwatched for an hour. But no one he sent would stay that length of time. Then his agent tried to hire a watchman locally, and failed. After that, so far as Mr. Tuohey could learn, there was no one about the premises.

It should have been the golden opportunity of science. The doctor, however, was off for Cambridge. The A. O. U. was in session there; he was down for an address. Trennish dismayed him by demurring to a lone-hand investigation. A golfing engagement at Englewood, he explained.

"Golf?" said the doctor, wondering.

"Miss Ormsbee promised to play me eighteen holes."

"Capital. But you 've time enough—"

"The promise had a string to it. I 'd told her, as well as I could, about the house. I 'm never to go there or speak of it again. Hanged if I know why not or why I agreed," he said and flushed.

"One never does know," said the doctor. *"I 'd* have agreed—at your age. But surely a little—ah—Jesuitism? An hour with a kodak over there—"

"I don't think I 'll be Jesuitic," said Trennish, still redder, "about this." For some reason or other the doctor beamed upon him.

The second night thereafter, a fine autumnish night with a moon, a touring-car loaded with noisy hilarity stopped in front of Trennish's tiny cottage, and Mr. Tuohey tiptoed up the steps.

"What d' ye think now?" he whispered. "That 's bailiffs, or the like, an' intern lads huntin' yer friend Jed Steele!"

"The devil it is!" Trennish dropped his pipe. "And when did he get loose?"

"Dropped from his window some time in the night. They 've been combin' the country all day. Begad! they 've been extra-conscientious searchin' road-house bars! They think he 's come home to roost."

"They don't think I 've got him here?"

"They 've come to be directed to that house. Ye 're the one man in these parts knows which it is. D' ye see me tactics? I thought ye 'd like their help to get inside there."

Trennish thanked him, but declined.

"Ye 're right," Mr. Tuohey said, misinterpreting. "There 'll be Donnybrook

"HE STUMBLED: THE OIL BLAZED"

Fair amongst 'em, the house bein' what it is. I 'd pay for a grand-stand seat."

"I would myself, but—"

"Why not then, by George! Have n't ye yer canoe!"

"They 'd be there and gone before we could get over."

"Not with me to retail yer route directions."

He retailed them; the car went on with yells of thanks.

"An' there ye are," he said gleefully. "They 'll see a good part of Long Island before they 'll arrive. Make haste, me son. It 's going to be worth it."

He pattered valiantly at Trennish's heels across the silent village. He was blown when they put the canoe into the water, but gasped exhortations to haste. And Trennish, sweating, heaved the bay behind them.

The night was dead still. A long glint of moon on its cornice showed the house from far away.

"They 'll not find Steele, if he 's there. The two intern children are sober in a way—enough to be sarcastic. The rest—I hear them, don't I?"

The whole North Shore could have heard them within five miles. A Zulu dance with spears of light was on through house and grounds. They had taken the lamps off the car, and battery torches were winking.

At first it seemed that alcohol or the dark had conferred immunity; but when finally the search was dropped, two voices —the interns', said Tuohey—set up the characteristic senseless quarrel, each insisting on driving on the way home. He who had not driven thus far—Ed, he was called—volunteered to break his rival's neck.

The rest came running. One man had a lamp. He stumbled; the oil blazed, and the lamp was dead.

"There! Look at that!" the Ed voice raged. "And this — wants to drive!"

A fuzzy voice coaxed like a mother's.

"Ah, Ed, be nice now, Ed! Johnny 's a good driver. He don't need but one light."

"Come on; cut it out," another adjured. "You can sit up in front with Johnny, Ed, and light us with your flash."

"Ah, sure; he don't need but one light."

The party piled into the car. It seemed almost at once to go into high.

"Oh, good Lord!" cried Trennish. "I ought to have—that curve—"

He yelled at the top of his lungs as the woods engulfed the lights. He might have saved his breath. The merry souls in the tonneau were roaring a song:

And when I di-eeeee
Don't bury me at al-l-l-l—

Ice-cold, Trennish paddled for their lives. The chorus, which the woods had dampered, swelled again as it neared the open curve. Abruptly Johnny's shriek knifed it.

"Leg go, Ed! Leg go that, damn you!"

The car lurched through the rail and plunged.

It was hours later, not long before the setting of the moon, when the architect and the Irishman, dog-tired, got back to the landing. The interval had been nightmare. Both white shirts were dabbed as with paint. The worst had been waiting for the ambulance that had nine miles to come.

Mr. Tuohey sighed and swore; his flask was emptied. Trennish dropped on the sand and hung his head between his knees.

"Ye 're not to blame, I tell you," Mr. Tuohey kept gently insisting. "The last thing he said, that poor lad owned he 'd ditched 'em out of spite. It 's the blame of the house, if any one's, not yours."

Trennish could only groan.

"There 's one thing sure. Old Steele was not among those present. The craziest man alive wu'd have shown up. An' what is that—*fire over there?*"

Jedediah must have been present through it all, watching and listening, hugging himself, perhaps, in the black shadows. The ruins were a formless dump of brick. When they cooled, charred bits of a skeleton were uncovered. For a while, in connection with the name the house had borne, shore gossip took a trend that would have paralyzed Schuyler Leatherman. The first official theory was that one searcher had lagged and perished; but as all who had left Mineola were accounted for, while Jedediah never was, arson and suicide were in the end attributed to him.

In the clapboard hut in the woods where he had lived the coroner found a Bible, open to this one of several hundred passages that were marked:

It shall never be inhabited; neither shall it be dwelt in, generation to generation. . . . But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there.

Mr. Tuohey at least considered the verse suggestive.

"And there 's your story," said Trennish, yawning. "My wife could vouch for part of it. I warn you she hates the subject even yet."

"There is n't a story in it," I lamented. "Not unless you could unhaunt the house—I mean clear up the mystery in a reasonable way."

"Why can't you?"

"Your explanation? I said a *reasonable* way."

"What 's unreasonable about it?"

"Everything, to me. You don't know why or to what extent Holy Jim and Mallister had it in for one another—"

"What does that matter? Schuyler may know. He 'd never told Dorothy. I have n't asked him, naturally.

"What does matter, though," he said,

warming, "is that—that wizard, old, breaking down, accepting that deadly commission with a chuckle—can't you hear it?—because he knew he could do just what he did."

"But you 've got to show me that he did it," I protested. Trennish scowled and studied. "Well?" I jibed.

"I 'm thinking how to put this so you 'll get it. Ever hear of the unity of the arts?"

"Trennish," I said, "I 'm sick unto death of the unity of the arts."

"Wait a second. You purport to be musical. You know what Bach did with the fugue?"

I professed dim notions.

"Well, you know what pure line is? Remember Beardsley's depravities —those faces?"

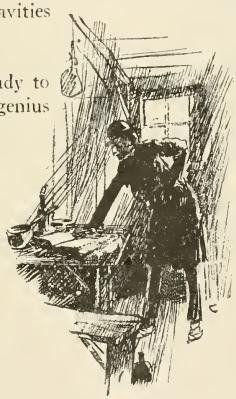
"Go on," I said, nodding.

"Well, then. Are you ready to acknowledge that — that genius enough, wrought up enough, can express, put across, what it likes, any restrictions and specifications?"

"Not that it could put *that* across. Oh, rubbish! Rubbish, man!"

"Go say that in front of his monuments, and then down on your knees and pray. Have you ever seen a court-house nearer the palace of Rhadamanthus? Or a modern cathedral more like a great old Te Deum in stone? You bet you have n't. And every one of 'em strict Auvergne Romanesque!"

I am still trying, and failing, to formulate the rejoinder that will crush him. There is comfort in the realization that no one who reads this nonsense of his will, more than myself, believe. But—I can't show the shades of his masters how a ghost-story ought to be written.



"THE CORONER FOUND A BIBLE"

The Messenger

By ELIZABETH ROBINS

Illustrations by Hamlin Gardner

CHAPTER III—(Continued)

THEY all saw Miss Ellis to the door, and Miss Greta saw her to the first gate. Dullness fell upon the hall. The young men lounged at the door, talking over the Irish news. Lady McIntyre went away to attend to such orders as Greta might not already have issued. Such a wonderful way Greta had with servants. They 'd do anything for her.

"I say," remarked Julian when the lady of the house had disappeared, "why should n't we take 'em round?"

"Sir William. He 'd never stand it."

"No, no; but after. He plays before tea, does n't he?"

"Yes, before."

"Very well, then. We 'll take 'em round after. Half-past five."

"Should n't have finished tea before twenty past," Napier objected.

"Well, that 's all right. I 'll come with the motor." He caught up his cap. "You arrange it with the paragon. Will you?" He looked into Napier's face with those vision-seeing eyes of his and smiled. "Of course you will." He bolted off diagonally across the lawn. Napier watched him. He was taking the short cut that would bring him out on the foot-path leading to the inn.

Did she realize that, the woman coming back with the reflective air? Apparently not. She lifted her bent head, and when she saw Napier was waiting there at the door alone, she smiled. She was certainly very charming when she smiled.

Sir William was coming up from the stables.

"So that is why he is late," Napier said, just to say something by way of preface. "Seeing Sir William reminds me. I don't want to disparage the golfing powers of either Bobby or Madge, but what do you say to a round with me after tea?"

She looked at him oddly. It struck Napier that she did n't apply her formula, "You are very kind." He was aware of a slight embarrassment under her scrutiny.

"You say that because Lady McIntyre asked you to."

"Not only for that reason." Whereat Miss Greta lowered her eyes. "And you won't say," he went on, "that Lady McIntyre has n't some very good inspirations."

She lifted the china-blue eyes to see just what he meant by that.

"Sir William won't be playing after tea, so why should n't we?"

"I 'm afraid it would be far too great a trouble. Besides,"—she gave a little embarrassed movement of the shoulders, —"what should I do about Nan Ellis?"

"Oh, we 've thought of that. Mr. Grant will look after her while you and I—" he smiled. "Shall we say half-past five?"

Still unaccountably she hesitated.

"You really are willing? You *want* me to?"

"Why, yes. Is n't that what I 'm saying?"

"Very well, then." Her smile at last reflected his, and then the china-blue eyes turned to the open door and the gaitered rotundity approaching. "Half-past five, then," she murmured. On her way to

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the school-room she caught up a book with the air of one who finds at last a boon long sought.

Sir William was inclined to be facetious over "catching you and the Incomparable One. I 've always known the day would come."

Instead of tackling the letters, he went on with his absurd chaffing.

"The fact is," Napier said when he had shut the library door, "I 've been wanting to say a word about this lady." He spoke of feeling that his business was not merely to carry out the routine of work, which, he threw in, Sir William made so easy and pleasant. His business was also to keep an eye out, so to say. To warn his chief of any little matter that had escaped a mind necesarily preoccupied with larger affairs.

"What 's up, Gavan?" Sir William was still smiling roguishly.

"I 'm thinking of the matter of the translation. Surely an official document of that description ought not to be in chance hands."

What did he mean? It had n't been in chance hands.

"It had been in the hands of Miss von Schwarzenberg."

"Precisely. And Miss von Schwarzenberg was—"

Yes, yes, Gavan admitted all that. But did it matter how boundlessly trustworthy she was? She was an outsider. Or, if not that,—hastily he readjusted himself to the McIntyre view,—she was at all events outside the official circle.

"My dear boy, of course she is. She is a woman. And beyond having an English equivalent for a German word, she understands as much about the bearing of a paper on international commerce—as much as that Aberdeen terrier."

"I think, sir, you underrate Miss von Schwarzenberg's intelligence."

"Or maybe you," said Sir William, wrinkling his nose with silent laughter—"maybe you underrate the Aberdeen's."

Miss Greta did not produce her friend at tea-time.

"Nan does n't care about tea. Americans don't, you know. She will meet us at the links."

And it so fell out.

If Miss Ellis did n't "take to" tea, she "took to" golf "as if she 'd been a born Scot," according to Julian. Why on earth Miss von Schwarzenberg should want to go on trying when the power to hit a ball was so obviously not among her many gifts passed Napier's understanding. She appeared perfectly content to make assault after assault upon the green, to the ultimate end of gouging out a piece of the turf and sending the ball hopping a little way on. She would stroll after it, looking back at Napier with, "I did it *that* time, did n't I?"

It struck him as rather nice of her that she was n't the least disturbed by Nan's swingeing efficiency. Was that because it got rid of her, put wide stretches of sand and gorse between the ill-matched couples? Napier would hardly have stood it so amiably but for Julian's disarming frankness as to the satisfaction he, at all events, was deriving from the arrangement. "If Sir William never plays after tea, why should n't we do this every fine evening?"

Napier had yielded to the temptation to make a really good drive, and now, a trifle supercilious, stood over the ball, for which his caddie was feverishly looking a good twenty yards away. Miss von Schwarzenberg, some distance behind, was coming up slowly against the wind.

Nan Ellis, planted high above a bunker, hair rather wild, face sparkling with zest for the game or for the company or for that she was Nan Ellis.

"*Look* at her!" Julian said, on a note so new in Napier's experience of him that he stood silent a moment looking not at the girl, but at his friend.

Napier was still in the phase of being immensely diverted at the spiffing progress of old Julian's flirtation, so much better for him than addling his brains over that scheme of internationalism that was going to save the world. Perfectly aware, too, was Napier that it would never do to pre-

sent this view to his friend, at least not yet. Deliberately he adopted a more commonplace attitude.

"Look at her," Julian repeated. "Did you ever see anybody so—" he fell away into some region of deep content.

"So what?" Cannily Napier urged old Julian on.

"Why so"—The other through half-shut eyes embraced the figure on the sky-line—"so, 'God 's in his heaven; all 's well with the world!' "

"Look here, Julian, I hope you 're not—"

"Well, do you know, I 'm afraid I am," said his friend. "I don't really quite understand what it is that 's happened, but *something* has."

Napier laughed.

"*Rather!* The only odd thing about it is that it has n't happened at least twenty times before."

"I expect you don't know what I mean," Julian returned with a gravity that greatly tickled his friend. "If it were you, now, it *would n't* mean much, I dare say."

The other man let it go at that. The probability of this interlude's "meaning something" was, as Napier recognized, likelier in that Julian's experience, more than common full of other interests, had been quite curiously free from the feminine kind. Now, if it had been Napier—

With that childlike directness that was part of Julian's charm for the more complex mind, he turned to Napier just before the Schwarzenberg came within earshot.

"There 's a fly in the precious ointment," he said—"this rot about her going to London. Look here, Napier, that Schwarzenberg woman would do anything for you. Make her leave the girl in peace here."

"Impossible," Napier said with decision. "How *could* I ask such a thing, you unpractical being!"

"That woman" was too near now for more, and Julian sheered off toward the figure on the sky-line.

On the way back to the hall Miss von Schwarzenberg talked more intimately than ever she had talked to Napier. She told him about her home in Hanover, about her childhood, her "years of exile." So she spoke of America. She had a story of how an odious Chicago millionaire had wanted to marry her.

"But why do I tell you all this?"

Napier, too, had been wondering, but he could hardly say as much.

"It must be," she went on dreamily, "because you are a little less 'remote' this evening, and I am suffering from *Heimweh.*"

In a sturdy, practical tone Napier advised her not to give way to that. In order to divert her thoughts, he nodded to the two in front.

"What do you think of—"

"Of what?" said Miss von Schwarzenberg, dreamily.

"Well, are n't you in a way chaperoning your friend?"

"Chaperoning!" She came to suddenly. Plainly she had n't liked the word. "We are too near of an age for chaperoning."

"It 's not a question of age, is it?" Napier extricated himself quickly. "But perhaps it 's only that I don't understand. I never can be quite sure about Americans."

"Exactly my feeling," Miss von Schwarzenberg struck in. "They are so cold and yet so passionate. Oh, there 's more than three thousand miles of salt water between us of the Old World and the people of the New. They 're a new kind of humanity."

They found Nan and Julian alone in the hall. As Napier stopped to unshoulder the golf-bag, Miss von Schwarzenberg lingered, too.

"What shall you do in that miserable inn all by yourself the whole evening?" they heard Julian saying.

Miss Ellis replied that she should read, and write up her journal.

"And, I dare say, I 'll go to bed early."

"What do you put in your journal?"

"Everything."

"Then you don't go to bed early."

Nan laughed, and then at the sound of

the golf-clubs clattering into the corner,

"Oh, they 're here!" She came out to the lobby, Julian following. "I wanted to say good-by, dearest." She pressed Greta's hand. "Has n't it been heavenly, learning golf? I *never* enjoyed myself so much."

Mr. Grant's gratification at this news was too beatific. It invited the hand of the moderator.

"I wonder," Miss von Schwarzenberg said, smiling at her friend, "how many thousand times I 've heard you say exactly that."

"Oh, have you, Greta?" But she was ready; she poured oil on the languishing fire of Julian's joy. "No matter how many times I 've said it before, I never knew what the words meant till this minute. Good-by."

Julian walked on air at the girl's side.

"I say," Napier called after him, "don't forget you 're dining here."

"Here? Oh, no," said the unblushing Julian. "I 'm dining at the Queen of Scots."

"*Are* you?" said Nan, stopping short. "I was *thinking* of asking you, but I did n't know I had."

"You had n't."

"Oh, and do you in Scotland"—she laughed—"invite yourself to dinner?"

"Yes, when it 's an inn."

They went off arguing, laughing.

The hall seemed to grow suddenly dark. Miss von Schwarzenberg leaned against the big table as she unwound her scarf.

"Is your friend given to these sudden—a—these flirtations?" Napier asked in his lightest tone.

Miss von Schwarzenberg spoke of "several little affairs." She could n't say how far they had gone. Miss von Schwarzenberg's manner suggested that she could, and she would, say precisely that they had gone a good way. "You know the American standard in these things is n't ours." She spoke of the sanctity and binding character of the German betrothal. With great detail and a kind of passion she described her sister's—the toasts, the gifts, the bride-wreath, the songs, the tender scenes, and how, after all that, a day or two later, the young man most inopportunely died, and how the girl wore black and considered herself a widow. Then, with that effect Napier was growing used to, of one who recites the tag of an Adelphi scene, "If a man *looked* at her, she held it an insult to the sacred dead." Oh, things were very different in Germany! While this recital was going on, Napier's thoughts were nearer the inn than the scene of the German betrothal.

Should he or should n't he?

He knew quite well he could prevent this American girl's being shunted on to the London line. Suppose he did n't prevent it? Julian would never know how easily Napier could have kept Nan Ellis in Scotland.

Should he or should n't he?

Suddenly it occurred to him how extraordinarily serious he was being about this trifle. What could it matter whether this little American tourist spent a few weeks in Scotland or went to London tomorrow? Napier knew, looking back, that he had no faintest prevision of the difference that the girl's going or her staying would make even to Julian. And all the same he stood there in the middle of Kirklamont Hall with the oddest sense of compulsion upon him.

He must see to it that the girl did n't go.

"I 'm far from being unsympathetic to,"—he moved his head in the general direction of the Queen of Scots,—"but, speaking of flirtations, I can't help hoping your friend won't carry *my* friend off to London."

Miss von Schwarzenberg's air of dreamy sentimentality dropped from her as the petals of an overblown rose at some rude touch. She stood bare of all but the essential woman, with never a grace to clothe her.

"What on *earth* are you talking about? Does she *mean* to carry him off?"

Napier shrugged.

"I can only say that it 's highly probable, if Miss Ellis goes to London, that Mr. Grant will find an excuse for going.

"But you 'd prevent that?"

"Why should I?"

"Well, are n't you his friend? What would his father, what would Lady Grant think of—" She stopped there, having indicated some unsuitableness even greater than might appear.

"You think they would object?"

"Well, don't *you?*"

"Oh, it does n't matter about me. But why should they?" he probed.

Miss Greta was either too loyal or too wise to commit herself. She compressed her beautiful lips and stood with that slightly theatrical air of hers, as much as to say, "Wild horses shall not drag from me any fact derogatory to 'my little friend.'"

"All the more, then," said Napier, as though she had given out of those close-shut lips some damning fact—"all the more we ought to keep an eye on them. But if they are in London, there 'd be only one of us to keep an eye." She looked up quickly. "You 'd be here, and I 'd be sweltering in London."

"You, too, in Nan's train!"

"Oh, dear, no!" he said, and laughed. "In Julian's, catching up what Miss Ellis deigns to let fall."

"You, too!" she repeated, as though the calamity was greater than she could grasp.

He nodded.

"I 'd have to. Especially after what—you did n't say. And to go to London now would be an awful sell for both of us."

"For both of us?" she inquired, with a little catch.

"For Julian and me. My holiday begins in ten days and we were counting on having it in Scotland. You see," he explained, "we 've looked forward to these next weeks for over a year. We 've spent our summers together ever since Eton days, till he had a row with his father about leaving the Unionist party, and went off on this silly tour. Now that he 's back, I 've got to keep a restraining hand on him. More than ever if—" He left the clear contingency hanging there. "Oh, yes, no doubt about *that.* If Julian goes, I 've got to go, too. And I should look on such a necessity"—he gazed upon the lady as he spoke, with eyes well practised in conveying tender regretfulness—"I should look on it as a personal misfortune."

The stricture about the mouth relaxed. The lips even trembled a little. Napier could n't imagine himself actually making love to Miss von Schwarzenberg, but he could easily imagine himself kissing that beautiful mouth of hers. So easily, indeed, that with some abruptness he turned away.

It was lucky he had.

"There she is!" Out of a fiery cloud Madge McIntyre, on tiptoe, looked in at the window. Her school-boy brother, behind her, was grinning. "Bobby 's won his bet!" she called out derisively to the world in general. The wind of her scorn stirred in her flaming hair. Wildfire tossed it back to say to her companion, "She *has* been able to tear herself away from her American!"

"I 've been looking for you," said Miss Greta, calmly. "Come round."

"Looking for me! Oh, *my!*" A final shake of the flaming mane, and as if Wildfire's fury had shriveled her, had burnt both of them up, she and Bobby vanished.

Napier had made for the library, thanking his stars for the interruption. What in the name of common sense had he been about to do? To saddle himself with a flirtation, or a relation of some sort, with this foreign young woman from whom, with considerable expenditure of skill, he had kept clear for over a year!

"Mr. Napier,"—she overtook him on the library threshold,—"I can't have you thinking me ungrateful. I appreciate—*do* believe me, how particularly kind and thoughtful, yes, chivalrous, you 've shown yourself."

With genuine amazement Napier faced her again.

"What—a—I don't understand—"

"Oh, I can well believe you do these things—these generous, delicate things almost without thinking." Before he knew what she was about she had found

his hand. She was pressing it in both of hers. She held up her face, or, as it seemed, her lips. As he backed away, "I shall *never* forget," she said in her intense whisper, "your putting me on my guard like this. And I may be able to be of use to you before we 've done. Meggie, where are you, child?"

CHAPTER IV

THE thing happened with a remarkable regularity. An expedition would be proposed by Julian, vetoed by Greta. Julian would stir Nan's enthusiasm. Greta would dampen it. Her reasons being cleared away by the united efforts of Julian and Nan, Miss Greta would take refuge in "Anyway, we can't go to-day." Nan did n't wait for Julian's protest. "Oh, yes *I* 'll come," she 'd say, in spite of the Schwarzenberg's warning looks. "It is n't as if you needed me, Greta dear, since you 'll be so busy—" Then, by degrees, which Napier came to recognize for their sinuous plausibility, Miss von Schwarzenberg's extreme "business" would be mitigated. Napier soon realized that if Nan was determined to come, Miss Greta was equally determined to come and have an eye on her.

So it fell out that Miss von Schwarzenberg's schemes first to banish and later to sequestrate the American were set at naught through the agency of Mr. Julian Grant. With a perfectly careless transparency he showed that no plan of a social nature stood the smallest chance of enlisting him unless it included the American. Whatever Miss Greta descried in the future, she must have known that at the moment her only chance of seeing more of Napier was to fall in with Julian's program. After all, exceptional as her position at Kirklamont was acknowledged to be, she was far too level-headed to expect to leave her special charge out of any proposed diversion. Since Madge had to be included, Bobby would come, too, when he was n't off with the head keeper or fishing with the Pforzheims. If "those children" were added to the party, it left Miss Greta the freer to cultivate her cautiously conducted friendliness with the private secretary. It was so Napier read her gradual readjustment to the new character Julian was giving to the social life of the younger inmates of the hall.

Madge proved less malleable. She was poignantly jealous of the new-comer, who was guilty, on the most generous judgment, of being an older comer than herself in Miss Greta's affections. She mimicked Miss Ellis with "Oh, *my!*" behind her back, and hated her with extreme cordiality. The circumstance which more than any other tended to allay Madge's irritation was the constantly supplied proof that beyond keeping a rather cold eye on Miss Nan and carefully checking what she said, Miss Greta bothered herself extraordinarily little about the friend who had come so far for her sake. Once fully assured of this undoubted fact, Madge was on the way to become inured to the new presence.

Lady McIntyre and Sir William were everything that was kind and hospitable. No later than the third morning after the arrival of Miss Ellis, Lady McIntyre made Sir William stop the motor at the inn and invite the young lady to dine with them that evening.

Bareheaded, she came running out to say, "Oh, *my!* I 'd just love to, only I believe Mr. Grant expects to dine here, and"—with a laugh—"expects *me* to."

Lady McIntyre's face when she related the incident to Napier before she went up to dress that evening still showed signs of the surprise with which she had heard not so much of the arrangement as its unblushing avowal.

Sir William had apparently dealt with it summarily.

"Tell Mr. Grant we 're expecting him, too. At eight. Good-by." Then they were off to lunch with some constituents.

Poor Julian! It 's all up with him, Napier decided, between sympathy and malicious satisfaction, as the girl slipped her long satin cloak off her shoulders in the hall ten minutes before dinner. She

"POOR JULIAN. IT 'S ALL UP WITH HIM . . . AS THE GIRL SLIPPED HER LONG SATIN CLOAK OFF HER SHOULDERS"

was, he decided, a rather deceiving sort of person. He had thought of her as the not particularly distinguished, but cleanly made and well put-together, young person, who he had no doubt looked her best in the plain, close-fitting things women wore in the country by day. But no; for in the morning one had no hint of those shoulders, or any true sense of the glory of the hair under that close Mercury cap.

In the evening the light brown waves were tossed up on the top of her head with an effect of daring, of sumptuous, achieved "style," queerly in contrast with the simplicity of the childish face beneath. Such a burden of wealth must be almost too much for the slim neck to carry, and yet the carrying was all, Napier said to himself. Lord! she *did* carry it! How did they teach their girls over there that bearing which with us the very courts had lost? The daytime Nan was one person. Who and what was this other, with the daring coiffure and the deliberate grace? Confronted by the more sophisticated figure, Napier became aware of a question taking form in that dim chamber of the mind where secret impulses first see the light of conscious thought. The question was, Why was n't he the one?

No, no; *much* better that it should be Julian. The situation as it was might, with Napier's fostering care, last long enough to scotch this obsession about the new internationalism.

He was n't here yet. Miss Nan was early. Nobody was down except Napier and the master of the house. Sir William eyed the apparition with the appraising glance of the connoisseur in feminine good looks. Plainly she passed muster.

"Well, Miss Ellis, and shall I ask you, as your compatriots do me when I 've been only a few hours in the place, 'What do you think of this country?' "

"If you did, I could tell you right now, and a great deal more to-morrow."

"Why to-morrow?"

"Because—" She interrupted herself to go forward upon the flustered entrance of the hostess. Lady McIntyre's manner was that of the person so inured to being late that she got no good out of being on time. But to this manifestation Napier had long been accustomed. What mildly intrigued him was the manner of the girl. She had put on a different grace along with her evening gown. Her slower movements had even a touch of stateliness, as though to match the trailing elegance of embroidered chiffons. Miss Greta's "little friend." H'm! Was she genuine or was she a bit of an actress, this young person, with her school-girl impulsiveness by day and her practised and measured grace by night? Napier would, at all events, like Miss Greta,—he smiled to himself at the juxtaposition,—keep an eye on the little friend for Julian's sake.

Madge, looking like a boy masquerading in a red wig and a white frock, came across the hall as if it had been a plowed field.

"Where 's Miss Greta?" she demanded truculently, prepared, it would seem, to suspect the new-comer of having concealed the precious one. But Sir William had his question, too.

"Come now, Miss Ellis, why could you tell me more about your impressions after to-morrow?" he asked.

"Because Mr. Grant is going to show us a castle. And Greta has promised to take pictures of it. I suppose you know how splendid Greta is at taking pictures? You don't? Well, she 's every bit as good as a professional."

"What castle?" Lady McIntyre asked. She was calmer; she could expand in the spreading geniality, especially now that the disturbing element in the house of McIntyre, Madge, had tramped out in search of Miss von Schwarzenberg. "Glenfallon?"

Napier wondered for an instant what had occasioned the little change that came over Miss Ellis. She stood hesitating after Lady McIntyre's question. Yet nothing had happened unless it was the expected. Miss von Schwarzenberg had come into the hall with Madge clinging on her arm. Miss Ellis smiled at her friend, a slightly embarrassed smile. Her flow seemed checked. She showed self-consciousness.

"Glenfallon—is that its name, Greta?" she asked.

"What name?" asked Miss von Schwarzenberg.

"Why, of the castle we 're going to see to-morrow."

"*Oh,* no!" Her accent convicted Miss Ellis of some impropriety in imagining it could be Glenfallon. "It 's some ruin, I believe," Miss Greta ended carelessly. She turned and smiled into Madge's face. "Yes, your hair is done better." She touched the ribbon.

"Glenfallon," Lady McIntyre persisted, "would make the best picture of any place about here. And I dare say the Pforzheims would n't mind." She turned to Miss Ellis. "We have some delightful foreigners at Glenfallon—Germans. We owe them a great debt of gratitude." She was going on, as every one there except Miss Ellis knew, to tell, as she invariably did to every new-comer, the story of Frau Lenz and the providential result of taking her advice. No one knew better than Madge how this repetition bored and annoyed Miss Greta. When her mother had got as far as "debt of gratitude," Madge threw in the information that "The old man wore goggles and goes scudding about the firth in the dead of night in a motor-launch. Simply bogy, *I* call it."

"Bogy enough," said Miss Greta, gently, "to be nearly blind and not able to sleep."

Julian's entry did not disturb the group at the fire.

Across the wake of a servant who automatically appeared to take possession of coat and hat Miss Nan telegraphed her greeting. But it was subdued, and when her eyes left Julian's face they sought a little anxiously Miss von Schwarzenberg, as though more from slight embarrassment than anything else.

"I wish," Miss Ellis said, "if they 're so kind, those Pforzheims, that they 'd take us out in their launch some time." She stopped short, as much as to say, "Where *am* I going to?" and to ask the question by way of apology to Miss Greta. That lady showed no sign of having heard.

"Take us out? Not they," said Madge, drawing Miss von Schwarzenberg over to the fire.

"They won't? How do you know, Miss?" Sir William pulled Madge's ear.

"They seem to me *most* kind," Lady McIntyre threw in.

"Well, they won't take people out in their boat. Won't even take me. Asked 'em."

"Meggie!" Lady McIntyre's tone was shocked, but the look she cast round said, "There 's a spirited young person for you!"

Bobby came in, and Julian joined the others in time to celebrate the superior attractions of a sail-boat over a beastly launch. "I 'll take you out, and you 'll see!" The person who was apparently to do the seeing was Miss Ellis. Greta von Schwarzenberg caught Napier's eye. "These innocents!" she seemed to say. It was the sort of cautious interchange that punctuated the entire evening. It went on across the flowers during dinner. It went on across the bridge-table after dinner, for Julian would n't play and discouraged Nan from doing so. He told Napier afterward how he had managed it. He 'd warned her during dinner. "They 'll want you to play. Sure to. Now, are you *good* at bridge? If you are n't good at it, you 'll rue the day you play with Sir William. He 's the finest bridge-player I know, and the most intolerant."

"I 'm sure she said, 'Oh, my!' " Napier threw in.

"She did." Julian beamed at the reminder, as though "Oh, my!" in this connection were the aptest comment conceivable. He had told her she would see Bobby taking on his mother at piquet. " 'Sir William's own wife does n't dare—' Miss Nan's surprising rejoinder was, "Oh, own wives often don't. But I perfectly hate losing time over cards."

" 'So do I,' I agreed. 'Let 's waste time over—what?'

" 'It does n't matter.' She said that!"

Julian offered the testimony with extraordinary satisfaction. "And I felt pretty much the same."

It was when the party broke up that Napier stood a minute beside the girl while Julian discussed his sailing plans with the others.

"Why do you look at me as if you had n't seen me before?" she smilingly asked Napier.

"I have n't seen this you before. You 're different."

"Well, of course I am."

"But why?"

"It 's my clothes."

"Do *they* make you different?" he asked with as much surprise as though he had n't perceived this truth for himself.

"They make everybody different, only some more different than others."

Napier said he had n't observed the universal application of the fact, if it was a fact.

"If!" She looked at him with, Napier would have sworn, a smile of ingenuous admiration; but what she said was, "If you had a crown on your head, you would n't put your chin on your shirt, would you?"

Napier very nearly jumped at the implied stricture upon his slight, very slight, Eton slouch.

"You 'd hold yourself up; and I dare say"—she laughed—"that people would say, 'How kingly!' But it would be the crown's doing."

"I see." His eyes swept the figure in front of him.

"Well, am I wrong?" she inquired a little anxiously. "If we acted just the same in a gown with a lovely, languishing fish-tail"—she bestowed a fleeting glance of affection at her own—"as we did in a sports skirt, *think* how we 'd look!"

Napier did n't need to think. He had beheld the phenomenon among his own distinguished relatives.

"You have your countrywomen's *flair* for these things," he said.

"No," she said with decision. "It 's just that clothes affect me more than anybody except actresses. I saw that when I was quite young. It was partly why I insisted on going on the stage."

"On the stage!" he echoed.

"Yes; that 's just the way they all said it."

"So you 've been on the stage?" It would account for several things.

No, she had n't. She would have but for Greta. That was what first made her mother so immensely grateful. It was one of the things Greta had saved her from.

"Oh. And what were some of the others?"

"Why—the usual thing. Thinking I 'd better marry this one and then that."

"But why did you think you 'd better marry them?"

"Because I thought they 'd be so awfully hurt if I did n't." She joined in his laughter, then said seriously: "You must understand they were *quite* nice, too. I rather loved them, as you say over here."

"And would you always be ready to give up the idea of marrying anybody Greta disapproved?"

"I—don't—know," she said.

Miss Ellis was sent back to the inn in a motor-car, to her evident regret. She even leaned over the side as she was rolling away.

"Such a night for a walk!" she called back to the two young men. "I do envy you."

Napier, vaguely dissatisfied, uneasy, kept the pace at his friend's side. What if the girl was only flirting with Julian? What if she was n't only flirting? He did n't know which contingency he had come so quickly in this short space of time to dread the most.

"Did I hear you arranging to motor her to Abergarry?"

"Oh, you heard that!" Julian laughed. "We thought it was a secret."

"A secret? 'Oh, my, I 'd *love* to see your home!' " he mimicked. " 'And is it really three hundred years old? Oh *my!*' "

"Look here, Gavan,"—Julian stopped short in the middle of the moonlit road,—

"don't say you are n't going to like her."

"I don't see my way to not liking her," he said grudgingly; "but I felt to-night if she said, 'Oh, my!' again, I should probably wring her neck."

"What 's wrong with it? Bless my soul! it 's harmless enough. Some of our up-to-date young women *swear.*"

"Oh, if *you* don't mind, I suppose I must put up with it. But, I say, Julian," —and then instead of embarking on a fundamental examination into the situation as he 'd meant, he found himself saying, as though everything hung on that,— "You are n't going to take her alone to Abergarry, are you?"

"Why not?" Julian threw off the surface annoyance occasioned by criticism of "Oh, my!" He was smiling. "Do *you* want to come along?"

"I was only thinking," Napier said, "it was rather marked, your not including the Schwarzenberg."

"Why should we always have to lug that German woman along?" The question came out with uncommon rancor. Then pulling himself up, Julian added, "I 'm sorry if you *want* the Schwarzenberg." He reflected a moment on the possibility; plainly it disturbed him. "Look here," he said, laying his hand on his friend's sleeve, "you are n't going to take her too seriously, are you?"

"Well, of all the turning of tables I ever saw!" Napier said and laughed. But the other was serious enough for two.

"I 'd just like to know, that 's all. If you *are* wanting her always along, and if that means with you what it would mean with most men, I 'll hold my jaw."

"You need n't put the smallest compulsion on your jaw, old man. But what about *your* 'taking seriously,' as you call it?"

"God bless me! you don't compare them!" The sacrilege held Julian rooted.

"If I compare them, it 's only to point out that we don't know *very* much about either. As for Miss Ellis, we virtually don't know *any*thing about Miss Ellis except that she 's the intimate friend of a woman you—"

"I know this much," said Julian, already with the proprietary air, "Nan is under the most complete illusion about the Schwarzenberg." Something watchful came into the face he showed to the moonlight, almost suspicious, totally un-Julianesque. "*I* thought the reason Nan was going away so meekly to London directly she got here was that she was dependent on Miss Schwarzenberg."

Napier said that he certainly had received the impression, though in a vague sort of way which he could n't recall, that Miss Greta was financing her little friend.

"Madge certainly thought so; but Madge has a way of getting to the bottom of things," he added.

That had been newly manifested when Madge came over to say good night.

"Did Miss Greta give you that curb key-chain?" she demanded of the newcomer. "No? Is it gold, like Miss Greta's?"

"Oh, yes, it 's gold. Would you like to have it?"

Madge looked over at the Schwarzenberg and said:

"No, thank you." But she looked back at the chain, and then she looked up into the stranger's face. "I suppose Miss Greta gave it to you."

"No."

"Then how do you come to have one exactly like hers?"

"Why, she liked mine, so I got her one."

"Oh." Then Madge presented her first idea in a different guise: "Miss Greta was very kind to you at school, was n't she?"

"Very, very kind."

"And she gives you your holidays?"

"Gives me—oh, I see what you mean. Yes, she *does* give one the greatest sense of being on a holiday."

"I mean she pays your expenses."

Miss Ellis stared.

"Expenses!" she exclaimed, and then broke into a little laugh. "Why, no. You are a funny girl."

Madge threw back her hair. She did n't relish being called a funny girl. She

ached to bring this interloper down off her high horse.

"Was it a very expensive school Miss von Schwarzenberg sent you to?"

"Sent me—to school? Oh, you have n't understood her. We—a—were at the same school."

"I suppose you mean her rich uncle sent you?"

"Me?" she glanced at Julian with her laugh. "Oh, no!" And then to the girl, without a shadow of resentment: "You see, I had my mother to send me. And she sent Greta, too. When my mother found out what a splendid ambition Greta had to study hard and learn a great deal—"

"Your mother sent her to school!" Indignant unbelief was written in every line of Wildfire's face. "What about her rich uncle?"

"Well—he—he was n't much good. Had n't an idea"—she turned again to Julian—"what a splendid person Greta was. Luckily, other people appreciated her. Mother used to say"—Miss Ellis was still talking more to Mr. Grant than to the girl, determined as Julian felt, looking back, to run no risk of his not taking Miss Greta at a proper valuation —"mother used to say she considered it a very great privilege to put opportunities in the way of a person like Greta. We all feel that we owe her a great deal."

"What for?" demanded Wildfire.

"Why, for being the splendid person she is. And, above all, for being the splendid friend. I can't begin to say what she 's done for me."

Ever since the days of "wet bob" prowess Julian was at his best, Napier had always thought, on the water. But sailing was the sport he gave his soul to. He forgot his troublesome theories, his quarrel with the world's ordering, and yielded himself with delight to a comradely tussle with the difficulties of navigation on a rock-bound "chancy" bit of coast, as he called it.

He looked his best, too. The lithe activity of body, the extraordinary quickness of eye, showed the dreaming gone; instead of it, a mastery in alertness. His girlish, brown hands were endowed with a steadiness as of steel. All this and more came out strongly during a squall that overtook them on their second outing. If the sudden need showed there was one sailor aboard the *Kelpie,* it showed there was stuff of another. Yet Nan's quickness at learning the new lesson was not emphasized by the person to whom it gave most pleasure. Once again Napier was obliged to recognize the sensitive wisdom that guides the impulse to make people happy. If instead of that, a canny diplomacy had been Julian's instinctive goal, he could n't have aimed straighter than by appointing Madge first mate and Bobby boatswain. Those two loved him. You 'd say the American loved him, too.

The person who was distinctly not at her best under these conditions was Miss Greta. She had opposed the boating plan as long as she could without entirely eliminating herself from participation should it be persisted in. The moment she grasped the fact that Nan and Julian and probably Napier were going on the water with or without Miss Greta, Miss Greta saw her course with characteristic clarity. She adored sailing. It was only her "sense of responsibility" that had made her hesitate. Nan thought she meant toward Madge and Bobby. Everybody else thought she meant toward Nan. Napier early formed an opinion from Miss Greta's unusual quiescence on these expeditions, her slight languor as she lay among the cushions in the stern, a certain heaviness of eye, and ebbing of color, that Miss Greta suffered almost constantly from a touch of seasickness. From time to time she roused herself for one of the two ends which alone moved her to effort in a choppy sea. First to suggest that the outward channels toward the rocks were dangerous. The second had to do with her unfailing companion, an admirable little camera.

"Why do you want so many pictures?" Napier said, more out of compassion for her obvious unsteadiness than for any in-

terest in the question. But he was struck by the pause, the faint embarrassment of the fluent lady at finding herself either too sick or too much at a loss for an answer. She need not have troubled. Her friend was ready.

"She wants them for me, and I want them dreadfully for my journal. You see, I send it to my mother."

"Nonsense!" said Madge. "Miss Greta is *always* taking snap-shots."

"You are quiet to-day," Napier said on another occasion.

"Am I? Sailing like this makes me remember other times, on other shores." She heaved a little sigh, which she seemed to mean one to take as from a burdened breast rather than from an uneasy stomach.

Napier smiled to himself. He did a good deal of covert smiling during those perfect July days, though he did n't pretend to himself that he was specially happy.

The initial reason he gave himself for his state of mind was the breath-taking speed of your inexperienced person when once he gets started. While Napier had been giving a secretly humorous welcome to Julian's little distraction, here was that rash youth planning to motor the girl to Abergarry. The only thing, so far as Napier could judge, that prevented Julian from introducing the girl forthwith as his future wife was the trifling circumstance that Sir James and Lady Grant had just telegraphed to say they would be detained a fortnight longer at Bad Nauheim.

There were times when, if Napier had been forced to stand and deliver the reasons for his secret depressions, he would have been inclined to say they rose not out of the fact that Julian was probably going to marry this girl, but out of a growing conviction that she would n't "fit in" in the life over here. She was "crude," as Miss Greta had said, and she was too independent, too impulsive, too—what was it? No repose. You never knew where she 'd break out next either in speech or act. It was n't so much that what she said was wrong or that what she did was amiss; only both might be unexpected. She kept one on the jump. No thoroughly nice woman, certainly no wife, should keep one on the jump.

But just as surely as Nan's adventurousness in mind and body put off Napier, those self-same qualities "put on" the other man, even her charades of an evening, which degenerated into a romp with Bobby and Madge, despite stately clothes and a proper feeling for deportment in accordance. "Let 's do theatricals! I love theatricals, don't you?" she would say. The unblushing Julian lied without a qualm. They did do theatricals, very American theatricals; and that fact seemed to make them all the more piquant and amusing for everybody except Napier. In the persons of other ladies from over the water he had before now enjoyed this raciness. He could n't help applying a more exigeant standard to the particular American in question. She would be adorable if she 'd been brought up in England. Being brought up in America provided a risky result.

From the girl's own point of view there did n't seem to be any bounds except obvious good and obvious evil. And life was n't so simple as that. She had n't a glimmer of an idea of the benefit she might derive from mere abstaining. If only she just *did n't* do all the things that occurred to her to do!

But why the devil should he, Napier asked himself, expect to be personally gratified by all this young woman's manifestations? Not even Julian was always that. His spirits swung between the peaks of rapture and the deeps of anxiety. The name of the anxiety was Greta von Schwarzenberg. Curiously, to Napier's mind, Julian was fashing himself on the score of the influence which that lady exercised over Nan Ellis.

"I tell you," he said one night, "the woman's hold over her is uncanny. Part of the trouble lies in Nan's sense of loyalty. It 's a drawbridge and a moat and an army—horse, foot, and dragoons. I can't get past it. It 's a thing I have n't so far been able to talk openly to her about.

And there 's only one other"—Julian's face was quite beautiful in that moment—"she does n't know yet, unless she guesses—"

"Oh, you have n't said anything yet?" Napier breathed freer.

He was only waiting, Julian said, to get one thing clear. Not his caring, and not any doubt of her. It was only that he could n't share his wife with anybody, least of all with Miss Schwarzenberg. "I 've got to know what that woman counts for."

"Why don't you find out?" Napier asked. His own impatience, his sense of suppressed irritation at the idea of the Schwarzenberg's uncanny hold, surprised Napier, though he would have said it was a natural expression of sympathy for his friend. "I 'd find out what she counts for if it were my affair."

"I was going to yesterday," Julian said. "I 'm thinking I will to-night."

Napier took out his watch.

"Ten minutes to eleven," he remarked.

"Hang the Schwarzenberg!" Her inventing to see Nan home in the motor that evening had been a low-down device to cheat Julian Grant of his rights! But all the same, here he was, briskly leading the way along the cross cut to the inn. "She 's often late getting to bed."

"How do you know?" Napier demanded.

"I 've noticed that going over the hill."

Out of his unaccountable heaviness of spirit Napier forced a teasing. "May I be permitted to ask what you are doing up on the hill at such an hour?"

"Oh, *I*," said Julian, with a beaming smile—"I look at the light in the third upper window of the inn." He gave the information with an air of happy righteousness, as if watching the light in the third window of the Queen of Scots summed the whole duty of man.

"Well, upon my word, you might be seventeen!"

"Yes," he said, still with that new and irritating self-content. "I was n't seventeen, you see, at the time most people are. I 'm catching up. Gavan, she 's a miracle. Do you notice," he broke off to say, "how, when we 're sailing, Nan always wants to go further out?" He waited a moment, eager for Napier's tribute to the spirit of the girl. "And not foolhardy either. I do believe she could take the boat in and out of those reefs and islands almost as well as I could."

"You are making a very tolerable sailor of her," Napier admitted.

"Steady as any old hand," the other went on eagerly. "And that woman always interfering. 'Be careful, Nanchen; leave it to Mr. Grant.' 'We must turn back now; look how far we 've come!'"

"'That woman,' you brute, is in tortures from suppressed sea-sickness," Napier said. "If you were to take her into rougher water—"

"I don't want to take her anywhere. Why the devil must she always come, and then kick up a row if we don't hug the coast the whole time? Nan hates it as much as I do. I can see that. But, as you saw, she won't say a word."

There had been, indeed, that very afternoon a spirited argument in the course of which a number of prickly observations were made, chiefly by Bobby and Miss Greta. With the sole exception of the lady, everybody in the boat was enthusiastically—Bobby even violently—in favor of going out to the islands. The project was opposed by the one person with a pertinacity that Julian was sure had behind it more than fear of increased seasickness. It could mean only one thing: a jealous woman's determination to preserve her ascendancy, to make a test case. "She 's afraid she 's losing hold. She must make a stand somewhere. She makes it at Gull Island. We are n't to land there if Schwarzenberg dies for it. I tell you what it is, Gavan. I 'll get Nan out to Gull Island to-morrow, or I 'll know the reason why." The face Julian turned to his friend in the starlight was lit with radiances Napier had never thought to see there, a faith in coming joy that was equal to Nan's own. One could n't say more.

"This way." Julian began to thread his way on in front among the rocks and

underbrush. "I shall go and wait in the gorse by the inn till Miss Schwarzenberg takes herself off."

A sense of utter joylessness fell on Napier as for a few minutes longer he kept the pace at Julian's heels, such a feeling as would have been more natural in a traveler who, far from home, stands outside some window in sleet and wind, watching the firelit faces within, smiling contentment at one another.

Napier struggled consciously against this absurd illusion of being left out in the cold. It was something he had n't known before. He, with his hosts of friends, his hosts of "affairs" scattered broadcast through the last ten years, the Gavan Napier of enviable worldly lot, had an instant's keen perception of the externality of all these things, their actual irrelevance to the Julian brand of joy, which, after all, might be also any other man's. Or was *that* the illusion? Was this kind of happiness the peculiar reward, the recompense at some price Julian had paid gladly, and which Napier had n't paid and would never pay at all? Did this gift, he asked himself as the anemone face shone an instant on his path of thought, come to a man in one guise only? Was it the gift of one out of all the creatures of earth? To concede such a possibility, was n't that to abandon his vantage-ground as ironist and join the mob of mere sentimentalists? As he, like Julian, turned his eyes to the night sky, Napier found himself, still with the anemone face in his mind, repeating to himself, "As one star differeth from another star in glory." And then: "What 's come over me? The Julian fever must be catching. Was n't the world full of prettyish girls? And were n't an extraordinary number of them willing to smile on Gavan Napier? Had n't an extraordinary number done so?"

All the same, he knew without telling that he had never lived through an hour like this that was Julian's. "I 'll turn back now," Napier said aloud. The figure in front neither turned nor tarried.

Napier smiled. His friend was hurrying along under the stars toward a planet mightier for light and leading than any in the heavens—a candle set in the window of a girl.

Before Napier had finished sorting the next morning's letters the Grants' chauffeur drove up to Kirklamont with a note.

Must see you before the others come. Car will wait and bring you to the landing. Important.

J. G.

The slight figure was pacing up and down the strip of sand between encircling rocks. Never a look toward his beloved boat riding with sunlit sails at the entrance to the cove. As far away as Napier could see his friend, he felt the nervous force that was being expended in that absorbed prowl.

"I nearly routed you out in the middle of the night," was the way Julian began. He broke off to give the chauffeur his further directions, and turned away with Napier to resume that restless tramp.

"You remember last night, just to prevent me from taking Nan home, that woman—I mean," he said, with a hasty clutch at civility which struck Napier as odd, "Miss von Schwarzenberg — took Nan home herself. Well, she stayed at the Queen a mortal hour. As if that was n't enough in all conscience, Nan was for seeing *her* home! 'No, darling; no,' I heard the Schwarzenberg say. And then, with that acrid break in her sugariness, 'I don't *want* to be taken half-way!'

"There was something I lost and then, 'My dear child,' I heard her say, 'you must allow me *here* to know what is appropriate, what is expected. What *is n't* expected is that an inexperienced girl, strange to the place, should be running about dark roads at this time of night. You would be misunderstood. I should be misunderstood if I let you.' Then Nan was 'So sorry!' and 'Forgive me, Greta!' They kissed. Nan went slowly back to the inn. The other woman waited to see that her august command was obeyed. 'That 's right. Good gracious! don't stand

there! Go in and shut the door! *Gott im Himmel, was für ein Esel!*' she said under her breath. If it had n't been for that *Esel* I would have come down off the rocks and spoken to her. But *Esel* astonished me so I just sat there. And then I was astonished at something quite different. Instead of turning into the Kirklamont footpath, Schwarzenberg came up the hill. I laughed to myself to think of her surprise when she should come across me. But she turned to the left and cut across the west flank. The moon was in and out of huge clouds and made a chancy kind of shifting light. I thought maybe the woman had got bewildered going in unaccustomed places at night. But she was n't walking like a bewildered person at all. Do you know what she *was* walking like? Like a person who has done the same thing before. She was making straight as a die for that old shepherd's hut the bracken-cutters use. She went into that hut and stayed there three quarters of an hour."

"No!"

"And when she came out, Ernst Pforzheim was with her. They came along so near me that I began to be sorry for them. They were heading straight for a nasty jar when they should see me. Well, they did n't see me. They went by not five yards away from the stone pine I was leaning against, talking hard in German, till I lost sound and sight of them."

"God bless me!"

"I 'm sorry, Gavan." To Napier's amazement, Julian was looking at him with pitying eyes. Evidently, he thought, despite his friend's air of humorous detachment, he had been cherishing some genuine feeling for Miss Greta.

The idea, especially in view of the revelation, offended Napier's *amour propre*.

"I had n't thought it necessary to tell anybody," he said, "but I knew there was, or there had been, a Pforzheim friendship under the rose."

"You did n't think it necessary to tell when you see the hold she 's got over Nan! A woman of that kind!"

Napier could n't remember ever having seen Julian look at him with the expression he wore at that moment.

"I was in the Schwarzenberg's confidence before all this. I could n't give her away, could I?"

"You need n't have given her away. The merest hint would have warned me. You might have thought of Nan!" he burst out passionately.

"Oh, everybody can't be thinking of Nan," returned Napier, irritably.

"I should say a friend of mine might."

"Not even a friend of yours can be thinking of her always, to the exclusion of everybody else."

The other man looked into Napier's eyes, and Napier laughed out. It was so patent that Julian, newly enlightened as to the part love plays, had gone back to the idea that his poor friend was a victim to his tenderness for Miss Greta.

Gavan caught in the toils of a woman like that! The tragedy of it softened Julian.

"Jolly hard lines," he muttered, with a harassed air. Then his face cleared. The motor was coming back with the others.

But the only others who were in the car were Madge, distinctly scowling, and Bobby, cheerful as usual.

"Miss Greta 's got a headache; not coming," the boy called out.

Julian was in the car as soon as they were out.

"I 'll go and get Miss Ellis."

"You can't. She won't leave her friend!" said Madge, jerking her head away.

They did n't sail that day.

Julian haunted Kirklamont all the afternoon and evening. No sign of either lady.

"I should n't have thought she would be so obvious," Julian burst out as he and Napier sat smoking at the far end of the terrace. "To stick in bed all day just so as to prevent Nan—"

"What 's the good? There 's always to-morrow."

"She thinks twenty-four hours will block the business pretty completely and

maybe even take the edge off Nan's keenness about the island for good. Anyway," —his forehead drew up into lines of anxiety,—"twenty-four hours will give her time to draw the reins tighter. She 's drawing the reins tighter this minute." Julian looked up at the pile of Kirklamont, somewhere in the innermost recesses of which Nan Ellis was in attendance on a so-called sick-bed instead of being where she ought to be, out sailing with Julian.

"I 'll tell you what it is, Gavan." He drove a fist into the palm of his hand. "You may take my word for it, I 'll get Nan Ellis out to Gull Island to-morrow somehow. You see if I don't!"

"You said that last night."

"No. I said last night I 'd get her out there or I 'd know the reason why. Well, now I know the reason." He nodded toward the two windows the blinds of which were drawn.

"She does n't seem to mind so much your wandering about the mainland with her 'little friend,' " Napier reflected out loud. "She seems to have a special objection to islands. Why?"

"Especially against Gull Island," Julian agreed. He, too, echoed "Why?"

CHAPTER V.

To THE general surprise, Nan Ellis had risen early and vanished. Miss Greta sent down a message for her friend. Lady McIntyre went up in person to say, "We thought she was with you." And so she had been when Miss Greta waked at five. But she had fallen asleep and, opening her eyes at eight, no Nan. She would be found in the garden, according to Miss Greta.

She was n't found in the garden. The disappearance exercised a strikingly curative effect upon Miss Greta. She rose and dressed, and she herself conducted a search.

"*I* know," she said at last. "Nan has gone to get fresh clothes. As if I could n't have lent her what she needed! She has a mania for never wearing what she calls a 'shirt waist' twice."

Sir William had already left the breakfast-table, and every one but Napier had finished. Still Miss Greta lingered.

"She must come soon, after leaving me like that," she said.

And come she did. Across the lawn, in full view of the dining-room windows, walking at Julian Grant's side, looking up into his face. Julian was talking with great earnestness, his right hand, palm upward, now raised, now lowered, with that weighing action Napier knew so well.

The hardening of Miss von Schwarzenberg's features as she caught sight of the two was quickly effaced by a smile of doubtful geniality.

"Oh, *that 's* it!" she exclaimed, and then added to Lady McIntyre, "I think I told you my little friend was—a—did I say unconventional?"

"What you said was 'crude,' " Madge reminded her, ruthlessly. "And she *has* got on different clothes. And 'Oh, *my!*' is n't she interested in what Mr. Grant is saying!"

"It 's very polite of her," Napier threw in. "I should say that *my* little friend was talking public utilities."

"Is that the name you give it?" Again Miss Greta smiled.

"I seem to recognise that single-tax gesture of his," Napier said, unyielding. But it was no good. There are some people you cannot shield. Those two, when they lifted their eyes and saw the family at breakfast, Miss Greta and all, turned squarely about, two souls with but the single thought: since we 've breakfasted already, why should we go in? In full sight of everybody they marched toward the orchard. All the other onlookers, even Miss Greta, were smiling.

What sort of lover did Julian make? Napier tormented himself with that question quite as though he had n't answered it again and again. For always the recurrent mental recoil from possibilities thus invoked passed over into a humorous envisagement of Julian as the inexperienced suitor, standing before the door of paradise too devout to enter in. And what do they talk about? If comfort visited Napier during these speculations, it came in

the guise of a conviction that Julian had taken in hand the girl's neglected political education. Oh, la! la! To make love by talking internationalism under the guise of foreign policy! And for "home affairs" to offer the yearning heart of youth the sublime panacea of the single tax. Good old Julian!

Bobby, before anybody could stop him, had jumped up from the table and rung a hand-bell out of the window in the direction of the disappearing figures.

And *that* did n't deflect their course. Only Miss Greta could achieve so much.

What she could n't do was to make her dear Nanchen relinquish the plan for going out on the water. Miss Greta had not abandoned her expectation of doing precisely that, as Napier saw when she returned with a grave face with Miss Nan in tow.

"Julian?" the girl echoed, with apparent no self-consciousness at the use of his Christian name. "Oh, he 's gone—gone—I don't know where he 's gone. But he 'll come back." You 'd say she summed the best life had in store. So it sounded in Gavan Napier's ears. And for the first time in his life he thought of Julian as enviable. For long years Napier had loved his friend. He had never imagined it possible to envy him before.

"He 's coming to take me for a sail," the girl went on, "whether anybody else wants to go or not."

"Oh really!" Miss Greta exchanged a look with Napier.

"*Thank* you!" said Madge, at her prickly protest. "Since you are so pressing—"

"We must wait for the letters." It was so that Miss Greta, coming out into the hall, announced her intention of being one of the party. So, too, she betrayed her cherished hope that Napier might join them—at least that was plainly the interpretation put upon the remark by Sir William, jingling his seals and smiling in the library doorway.

"Of course Gavan must go." He, Sir William, was n't going to be a spoil-sport. He announced the fact with a roguish significance that made Miss Greta cast down her eyes. When she lifted them there was the bag. It proved a light post. Sir William tore open two or three envelops while he stood there.

"Anything in the papers?" Miss Greta asked Napier.

A glance at the outsides of her own letters seemed to satisfy her. Did she read other people's with the same facility?

"The papers don't seem to have come," Napier answered.

"Not come! I wonder why." She listened while he explained in the easy British fashion "that now and then the fella at the junction would forget to throw the papers out."

"And you stand that? Sir William does n't get the man dismissed?"

"What the devil!" Sir William broke out. Apparently there were things which Sir William could not stand. One of them was in the letter he held as he went fuming toward the library, with Napier at his heels.

"Shut the door! Look here. The fact of that confidential memorandum being in the hands of the British Government is known. Known in the Hamburg shipping center, of all things! Why are you looking like that? You must remember—"

Napier remembered only too well.

"Here, you see what they say." Sir William thrust under the eyes of his secretary the highly disconcerting letter he had just received from the board of trade. "Well? It certainly did n't happen in *my* department. Damned impudence!" Sir William burst out, "to suppose that any of *our* people—'Leakage!' eh?" He grew slightly incoherent with annoyance. "'Never been out of their hands'"—He was reading out a part of the "posed" case. "Very well,——he glared at an invisible cross-examiner,—"it 's never been out of *our* hands."

"Except," Napier threw in, "to come into the translator's."

"'Translator's!'" his chief echoed pettishly. Sir William, like many men ignorant of foreign languages, quite particu-

larly objected to being reminded of the fact. "They are n't worrying about the translator. It 's what you 're here for."

"I was n't the translator of that particular document. You gave it to Miss von Schwarzenberg to do."

"To be sure. I 'd forgotten. But remembering *that* does n't help us."

"I wonder," said Gavan Napier.

"Come, come," said Sir William, "it 's annoying to have secret information go astray, but it need n't warp our common sense. Besides,"—he broke off and looked again at the letter,—"it 's so damnably quickly done! It argues a knowledge, rare among men, of exactly where to place such a piece of technical information." Sir William speculated angrily. He struck wild. He forgot that "special qualification" clause. Except by the person whom more and more confidently Napier believed to be responsible, this thing, according to Sir William, might have been done by *any*body. "Anybody, that is, capable of understanding such things. Any man."

Napier's duty, as he saw it, to try to turn his chief's mind toward a possible culprit nearer home was discounted at the start, as the younger man well knew, by Sir William's chivalrous view of women. That was n't really what was the matter with his view, but that was the name it went by. Sir William had married his butterfly lady for her painted wings. Finding but little underneath the blue and golden dust, he loyally concluded that the only difference between Lady McIntyre and other men's wives was a difference in the hue and the degree of their gold and blue, or their leaden and dun, as the case might be. Sir William was a model husband and much devoted to his wife. If he ever asked her opinion, he did so partly out of an instinct of sociability (and he was an eminently sociable soul) and partly because talking about things often clarified them for his type of mind. His talk in the home circle had never been in the least for sake of what Lady McIntyre might be found saying, but for sake of what he might find himself saying. Napier had before now sometimes ventured a cautious warning but Sir William would smile, secure in the "quintessential inconsequence of the feminine mind," the total absence in them of that power of correlation, which was the mark of the male mind at its best.

Even if women were told things, they could never distinguish what was important from what was trivial, and they forgot as quickly the precise point as the general bearing. Sir William had lived many happy years in the comfort of these convictions. Then, after giving him three sons all equally good and equally dull, Fate had sent Sir William, by way of fair warning, you might say, a daughter with a mind inquisitive, alert, tenacious, possessing a power of correlation which could only in most unmaidenly fashion have filched from her father. He had known his wife to say betwixt admiration and despair: "She sees everything, she hears everything, that child! Nothing can go on in the house that she does n't know." Sir William knew that the less conscientious servants were her slaves, because they walked in terror. No little license, no little dereliction, no little fun, but Miss Madge was "on to" it. Sir William was slily diverted by such acquaintance as he had with these facts. Yet they had taught him nothing.

"I tell you, Gavan, the use of that document would argue a relationship with affairs quite grotesque to suppose on the part of any woman."

The thought of the Pforzheims flashed across Napier, bringing a kind of relief. Miss Greta may quite innocently have remembered and retailed enough to Mr. Ernst for him to turn to account. Well, it was to be hoped the highly inconvenient incident, the issue of which might be grave enough, would teach Sir William a lesson at last.

For the first hour and a half of that memorable sail Julian devoted himself chiefly to Madge and Bobby. They made a separate camp, those three. Was it, Napier wondered—was it that Julian did n't dare to give much of himself to Nan that morning lest too publicly he should

"HE DIVED AND CAME UP, SUPPORTING A DRIPPING YELLOW HEAD ON ONE ARM."

give all? Miss Greta appeared to have abandoned herself to the inevitable. More pathetic than domineering, she had uttered her preliminary protest, "The water looks rougher out there to-day," and then resigned herself to the cushions at the stern. Napier lounged at her feet. Nan, in the bow, seemed to forget not only Napier, but Miss Greta, after that fleeting glance and the comment intended for Julian: "So unselfish of her to come! I 'm afraid she is n't really enjoying it."

"I should think it more than probable," returned Julian in a too careless tone.

But if Miss Greta heard, she gave no sign.

The *Kelpie* shook out her sails and ran lightly before a delicate breeze, with an eager girl at the prow, a languorous woman at the stern, youth and manhood on board, a cargo of fair hopes borne along under skies of summer to airs of extreme sweetness. It was the very light opera of seafaring and of life. No faintest hint of the weightier merchandise for which mankind takes risks; no reminder of the organ music in the waves or in those wild wind instruments of the orchestra of heaven or in the terror-breeding reverberation of great seas on the drum of a frail ship's hull.

Julian looked back at the receding coastline.

"How gloriously Glenfallen stands!" He quoted: " 'A great sea mark outstanding every flaw.' "

Innocent as it was, the comment seemed not to please Miss Greta. She thought the castle was probably not so great a " 'sea mark' as it looks to us."

Julian assured her that you could see Glenfallen tower "a long way beyond those cruisers."

"What cruisers?" All the eyes except Miss Greta's swept the horizon, and all found it featureless till Bobby picked out a couple of dun-gray shapes.

Nan looked at Julian with admiration.

"*My!* what wonderful eyes you must have! I can't see a thing!"

"Pooh! Mr. Grant is n't a patch on Ernst Pforzheim," said Bobby.

"Oh, you and your Pforzheims!" Julian scoffed.

With his Scotch tenacity Bobby stuck to his guns.

"All I 'm saying is, Mr. Ernst can do better than see a ship when it 's so far away nobody else knows there 's a ship there at all. *He* can tell you what she is."

"Any one with a good eye—" began Miss Greta.

"No, not even most sailors. *Jim* could n't do what I 've seen Mr. Ernst do." His sailor brother was Bobby's beau ideal, so the tribute was high. "And those are n't cruisers. They 're battle-ships."

"What do you suppose we 'd be doing with battle-ships in that—"

"We are n't. They ain't our battle-ships."

"Cruisers!" repeated Julian, teasing.

"Battle-ships!" How did he know? They were either the very same ones or exactly like the ones he had seen when he was out fishing yesterday evening. Mr. Carl had been the first to see them. "Our friends have come out from Rosyth," he said. "Mr. Ernst gave only one glance, and then did like this": Bobby gave his head a short, emphatic shake. "'*Nicht Englisch!*' Mr. Carl sat up. '*Französisch?*' he said, and then both together, '*Rüssisch!*' "

After that, Bobby said, they looked at him.

"They seemed to think," he explained, naïvely to the party, "that I might take it for swank. They said anybody who had ever noticed ships at all, knew those differences."

"That is n't so," Napier interrupted.

"I assure you, with *us,* yes," said Miss Greta, smiling a sickly smile. "The eye is trained. Oh, the commonest thing—" She would n't leave it; she went on, hardly able to speak, telling how in German schools a study of silhouettes was just part of the ordinary discipline of the eye. Then she closed her own and lay very still, but listening, Napier was sure.

"Don't they look exciting?"

Julian seemed to know Nan was n't meaning the ships.

"Yes," he said. "There 's something about an island—what is it?"

"It must be because an island 's so safe," the girl answered with a touch of wistfulness.

"Safe? Awfully jolly, any way."

"*Safe.* Nobody could ever come near without your knowing a long way off."

They went on celebrating islands. There was no such framework for romance. *Robinson Crusoe's,* Treasure Island, Iona, the isle of Calypso, the South Sea coral kingdoms, "Summer Isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." Julian wound up with: "And ours."

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

Miss Greta's comment upon *John of Gaunt's* remarks, "We can't unpack luncheon in water as rough as this," lacked her usual nice sense of the appropriate. But it did not fail of its mark. Julian deflected Madge's course to the left of Gull Island.

"Oh, let's go a *little* nearer!" Madge implored.

"No, the channel is n't safe," came from the cushions in the stern. "Keep further to the left."

Julian began to tell about bird-nesting over there when he was a boy. In a hollow among the rocks he and his brothers had played a glorious game of robbers' cave.

"Oh, my!" came the familiar note. "We simply *must* go and explore!"

"No!" said Miss Greta, decisively; and again, that there might be no mistake about it, "*No!*"

Napier caught Julian's eye. "Why?" they both asked silently.

And now even the devoted Nan was ready with:

"Dearest Greta, why not?"

"Because it—it 's too dangerous, I tell you!" She had carried a handkerchief to her colorless lips. Over the handkerchief the eyes looked out to the Gull rocks with an expression not easy to define. But Napier felt as clearly as ever he 'd felt anything in his life: she will do something to prevent those two from wandering away together on Gull Island. What would she do? What *could* she do? He lay in the boat and speculated. The arguing and urging went on among the others. They fell upon Julian and rent him when he said, hesitating, that Miss Greta might be right about the landing being a little difficult for girls.

"For girls, indeed!" Nan Ellis echoed in her penetrating voice. "Now you 've simply got to take us over. Must n't he, Madge?" And for once Madge made common cause with the interloper.

Miss Greta's conception of her responsibility for their safety produced a curious agitation in that lady. She dashed her handkerchief down from lips that were seen to be trembling and called out roughly:

"*Madge!* I forbid it!"

"Why—Miss Greta?" said the astonished girl, staring at her altered idol with wide eyes.

"I don't know what you 've been hearing about Gull Island." Julian said soothingly. "There 's nothing the least dangerous, really. I only said for girls it might n't be so easy, and I 've been terrified into admitting there is n't much even in *that.*" He looked at Nan Ellis. Those two laughed into each other's faces, ignoring all the world.

Greta von Schwarzenberg had gone from green to white. She sat up straight.

"You must turn back," she said, her bosom heaving.

Whether Julian did not hear or would not hear, Napier did not know. Nan Ellis had turned to look at the island. She

leaned far out over the bow. As motionless as a figurehead, she faced the islands and the outer sea. The wind drowned Greta's protest; it blew the girl's loose hair straight back; it made a booming in the sail.

"Mr. Grant, they are in my care. I *refuse* to let them land!"

Julian stared at her. Miss Greta made an effort to speak in a more normal tone.

"It 's too—*too* dangerous," she said hoarsely.

"Oh, very well," Julian said. "They can stay in the boat."

"Then why"—her voice rose again—"why are you going so near? You just want to tantalize them!"

"They won't be half so tantalized, will you, Madge, if somebody goes and brings back the news? I have n't been there for a dozen years, or anybody else, I suppose."

The boat was cutting through the bright water at a great speed. The wind sang in the sail.

Napier was n't soon to forget the extraordinary agitation on Miss von Schwarzenberg's face as she looked from Julian to the island and from the island back to Julian; and suddenly this woman, who would never before admit she had a qualm, was crying out:

"Stop! I—I 'm dizzy! I 'm sick!" She lurched, she flung out her hands. Before anybody had time to catch her, or, indeed, any conception of the need to, Miss von Schwarzenberg had lost her balance. She was over the side of the boat.

Napier sprang to his feet just a second too late. Greta, in five fathoms of water, was crying for help.

The first Nan knew of what had happened, Madge was screaming with horror, and Julian was tearing off his coat. But Napier was nearer. Miss Greta need n't have lifted her arms out of the water, as the foolish do, calling frantically: "Mr. Napier! Mr. Nap—" before, most horribly, she disappeared. Napier was out of the boat and swimming toward a hat. He dived and came up, supporting a dripping yellow head on one arm.

Julian helped to lift Miss Greta in. They covered her with coats. The two girls chafed her hands. Julian, silent with remorse, as fast as he could was bringing the *Kelpie* home. Napier supported Miss Greta down the little gangway. She pressed his arm, and under her breath murmured:

"You 've saved my life. For all that 's left of it I shall remember." She would n't wait till they could get a motor. In her clinging, soaking clothes she insisted on walking those three quarters of a mile from the landing to Kirklamont.

Oh, Greta von Schwarzenberg was game, for all her pardonable panic at the sudden prospect of death. Napier admitted as much to Miss Ellis as the heroine of the day hurried on before them, nobly concerned to tone down the story with which Madge and Bobby were so pleasantly occupied in freezing their mother's blood.

Nan lingered a moment at Julian's side in the lobby, but it was to Napier she was talking.

" 'Peril of death?' " she repeated under cover of the repercussions of Lady McIntyre's consternation and thankfulness. "Why do you say that?"

"Well, I don't want to make much of the little I did, but suppose I had n't been there, and suppose Julian could n't swim."

"But Greta can."

Both men stared at the girl incredulously.

"It 's none the less good of you, what you did, and very horrid for poor Greta, with all her nice clothes on—"

"She can *swim?*"

"Like a fish."

(To be continued)

A Christmas Colonial Ball
in
Our Village Town Hall

A Patriotic Demonstration

With Trifling Anachronisms

Drawings made for The Century by George Wright

The ball opened with a grand march, after the manner

of the forefathers, in which all the villagers took part

The costumes, having been gathered from corners of various attics, and their shortcomings from more modern sources, presented certain variations from the accepted idea of colonial dress

Charlie Snuffle is supposed to be Nathan Hale. His wife is Mrs. Hale

The minister seemed cheerful and in no way disturbed that his whiskers hardly were in high favor in Revolutionary days. His reading of the Declaration of Independence was greatly appreciated

There were some who did not dance. The proceeds of the note was lent by flags and bunting. The lemonade was enjoyed

occasion were to be devoted to the Red Cross; hence a patriotic
by all

George and Martha Washington were presented by our esteemed fellow-citizen (censored) and an attractive local lady

THE WAR

The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

THE CENTURY *believes that every American of whatever age should read "The Roots of the War." Therefore, despite its publication as a book and its wide adoption in colleges and universities throughout the country, and its approval by the Committee on Education and Special Training of the War Aims Course of the War Department, it has been decided to publish this material in the next twelve numbers of the magazine in order that a wider audience may be given the opportunity to know the causes of the present world struggle. No more authentic, clear, and thrilling historical narrative has been produced than this by Professor Davis and his colleagues.*—THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION

THIS history has been written during the stressful period since the United States became a participant in the great World War. It is not, however, merely a "war book." It is an attempt to relate in a non-technical fashion the history of the development of the various forces that led up to the catastrophe of 1914. The leader of the American Republic, himself a historian as well as a statesman, has stated that "you can explain most wars very simply, but the explanation of this war is not so simple. Its roots run deep into all the obscure soils of history."[1] It is to discover some of these roots and their fateful growths that this book is written.

By general consent the period of history which ended in 1914 saw its beginning in 1870, when the Prussian militarists won their original triumph over France, thereby establishing a precedent for the use of armed force as a wise supplement to flagging diplomacy—a precedent that was to be applied with incalculable effect upon a much greater field of action forty-four years later. During this interval many national and international forces were at work simultaneously, which all together helped to produce the climax of Armageddon. Of course, however, not all the factors that were very prominent in the history of the period contributed directly to this terrific end. For example, socialism, potent as it was, does not seem to have helped to bring about the final war, except indirectly by making the junker lords of Prussia fearful at its progress, and therefore the more willing to try desperate remedies to wean the German people from the new heresy by the counter-excitements and joys of a great military victory. The many colonial and domestic questions of Great Britain also, although of large historical importance, did little *directly* to hasten the war, save by making the Pan-Germans believe that their island rivals were so beset with internal issues that Britons would probably let the Teutonic empires crush France and Russia unhindered, leaving the British Empire to be devoured a little later.

Many things, therefore, that would have an honored place in any comprehensive general

[1] President Wilson, address at Buffalo, November 12, 1917.

history can be wisely omitted from this; nor has there been any attempt at formal discussion of the interests of the United States in Old World affairs before 1914. But in the opinion of the writers of this book there were three dominant factors in the international relations of the last forty years that enabled the Pan-German conspirators to bring on the great calamity in the precise form in which it finally inflicted itself upon the world. These were:

I.—The old hate between France and Germany, nourished by the unhealed and unforgetable Alsace-Lorraine question.

II.—The newer hate between Great Britain and Germany, caused partly by commercial rivalry, but much more by the overweening jealousy of the Pan-Germans of the British colonial empire, and by the antipathy inevitable between two great nations, one essentially liberal and non-militaristic, the other precisely the reverse.

III.—The eternal Balkan question, the problem of the disposition of the dying Turkish Empire, and the straining anxiety of Russia on the one hand and Germany and Austria on the other to become the preferred heirs to the "Sick Man of Europe."

These three factors came to play simultaneously into the hands of the Pan-German schemers, master-financiers, and manufacturers, doctrinaire professors, irresponsible journalists, highly titled officers, princely and royal "Serenities" and "Highnesses," and above these, finally, it would seem, the "All-Highest" himself, in their deliberate conspiracy to achieve at one stroke, or at most two or three ruthless and gigantic strokes, of the sword the establishment of a world empire, an Empire of Teutonia, indescribably vaster, richer, more irresistible, more universal, than that of imperial Rome.

The majority of these chapters have been written by Mr. William Stearns Davis. Chapters VII, VIII, and XVI have been written by Mr. William Anderson, and chapters XIV, XIX, and XXI by Mr. Mason W. Tyler. Each collaborator is responsible for the final form of his statements, although in every case his two friends have given careful scrutiny to his work. The maps and statistical tables have been prepared by the kindness of Mr. Paul S. Smith.

The authors have felt keenly the difficulty of handling highly controversial subjects in a scientific spirit during this time of great public stress. They have sometimes expressed robust opinions and have not hesitated to call a spade a spade. They have made a faithful effort, however, to write with a due sense of historical as well as patriotic responsibility, and to record nothing that as scholars they would be ashamed to review after peace and normal councils have returned.

THE GREAT WAR THAT BRED A GREATER

ON the evening of July 13, 1870, three high-born gentlemen found themselves around a dining-table in Berlin. The first of these was Otto von Bismarck, Minister-President of Prussia; the second was Helmuth von Moltke, Chief of Staff of the Prussian Army; the third was Albrecht von Roon, Prussian Minister of War.

While they discussed the international situation, a telegram was brought in to Bismarck, and the others watched him anxiously. The message was from their king, William I of Prussia, who was at the watering-place of Ems, and related to an interview he had had with the French ambassador, Benedetti, relative to the proposed candidacy of a Hohenzollern prince for the vacant throne of Spain. Foolish speeches against "Prussian aggressions" and ambitions in Spain had been uttered in Paris, and the French ambassador had been unduly importunate in demanding of the king not merely that he discourage his kinsman, the Prince of Hohenzollern, from seeking the Spanish throne at that time, but that he also pledge the same policy for all the future. King William I, however, was a kind-

hearted and moderate man, and although he refused the French requests, he had parted with Benedetti in a manner that left an honorable retreat open to the Paris cabinet and to its emperor, Napoleon III. In France there were, indeed, headstrong fire-eaters, but there were also sensible statesmen who were quite willing to meet the king half-way and not let a petty incident provoke a great war. Therefore King William had sent a fair and non-irritating account of what had taken place in Ems, and had left to Bismarck, his minister, the task of deciding whether or not to communicate the facts to the public.

But Bismarck's heart was not set on peace; nor was that of Moltke, nor that of Roon. The prime-minister, who a few years earlier had publicly avowed that German national unity could be won only by "blood and iron," and who in behalf of that unity had provoked two easily avoidable wars, first with Denmark in 1864 and then with Austria in 1866, had now come to believe that France would never be a contented neighbor to a consolidated Germany, that war with her was inevitable, and that such a war would bring into the union led by Prussia those South German states that had refused to enter the North German Confederation founded by Bismarck after the defeat of Austria in 1866.

Now he was filled with wrath at what seemed the too yielding attitude of his king toward France, and his feelings were completely shared by Moltke and by Roon. They saw the opportunity for precipitating a war with France slipping away, and were depressed and melancholy at the prospect. Perhaps at a later day, when France had modernized her army and had secured an abler leader than the semi-invalid Napoleon III, they would have to fight at greater military disadvantage. Also the desired inclusion of Baden, Würtemberg, and Bavaria under Prussian leadership might have to wait a few years longer. These three high-born gentlemen, therefore, had been sitting over their Rhenish, silent and moody; but Bismarck, studying the telegram, suddenly realized that the Fates were playing into his hands. The king had given him permission to decide what kind of abstract of his message to give to the papers, and the man who had crushed Denmark and Austria would use all his power.

The minister-president therefore strode into the next room and, bending over a table, with ready pencil "edited" the royal despatch. By striking out a clause here, rendering a shade harsher a phrase there, and generally excluding all expressions of conciliation and kindliness, Bismarck transformed what had been a studiously moderate document into what seemed a deliberate challenge to war. William was made to treat the French envoy with almost incredible bruskness and discourtesy, and finally to have "shown him the door," as at least all Paris soon furiously asserted.

The revised despatch was read to Moltke and Roon amid their warmly expressed approval.

"Before it sounded like a parley," declared Moltke; "now it is a defiance."

Bismarck asked a few questions about the state of the army. Roon assured him that all was ready. Moltke declared that nothing could be absolutely certain in a great war, but that he looked on the future with calm anticipation. So the minister and the two generals spent a merry social hour, confident now that all chances of peace were gone and that two mighty nations were headed straight toward bloodshed, and thanking their "good old German god" who had brought it all to pass.

Soon another messenger was summoned. Bismarck gave him the new despatch, to be published under the inaccurate dateline of "Ems" in every German newspaper and to be wired to every Prussian embassy. The next morning all the world was reading how the King of Prussia had "turned his back" on the French ambassador. "There is little doubt," says an authoritative historian, peculiarly favorable to the German cause, "that had this telegram been worded differently, the Franco-German struggle might have been avoided."[1]

[1] Henderson, "Short History of Germany," II, p. 419.

The responsibility for deluging two great nations with blood and, incidentally, for sowing very many of the dragon's teeth that were to spring up for a fearful harvest in 1914 must, therefore, rest largely with Otto von Bismarck and his two jovial friends.

This does not save the ministers of Napoleon III from the charge of criminal folly and recklessness in forcing the quarrel about the "Spanish candidacy" to a point where Bismarck could catch them in the terrible dilemma of either submitting to national humiliation or declaring a war for which they were grievously unprepared.

The foreign minister, Gramont, afterward plaintively excused himself by saying that he would never have pressed the issue had not the military men grossly misled him as to the state of the French Army. Bismarck, however, bears all the responsibility of a calm, intelligent man who deliberately eggs on an excited, ignorant one to begin a bloody quarrel.

The great minister in later years was to boast of his act and to expatiate upon the details. The facts are undeniable, and in after days German statesmen, to whom the example of Bismarck loomed as that of a second Jupiter, were taught to consider robust deeds like these to be the very essence of wise patriotism. The Ems despatch was in the mind of every officer and diplomat who met around the council-table of the grandson of William I when that grandson summoned his mighty men to Potsdam late in July, 1914, to consider declaring war on Russia and France and violating the neutrality of Belgium.

"Nothing succeeds like success." This is an American saying, probably of slight ethical value. During the next decades, however, it made Bismarck seem the king of all statesmen. There had been a strong peace party at Paris, despite much jealousy and dislike toward Prussia. The "Spanish-candidature" episode had seemed on the point of being happily lived down despite high words and newspaper froth. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the outrageous Bismarckian version of the king's interview with Benedetti. The warm summer weather had filled the Paris boulevards, and the light-headed, irresponsible mob simply thundered its cries for war, "To Berlin!" French honor, the honor of the most sensitive people in Europe, had been insulted before all the world. The last arguments for peace were stifled in the French cabinet. Napoleon III, the great adventurer, was none too secure upon his throne. To have refused this challenge to arms would have ruined his prestige with the two elements which then held the rulers of France in the hollow of their hands, the army and the populace of Paris. The French Chamber of Deputies was in a white heat. Ollivier, the premier, almost a pacifist in his former tendencies, uplifted his voice for action. "If ever a war was necessary," he cried, "it is this war to which Prussia drives us. We continued to negotiate [for a peaceful issue], and in the meantime they announce to Europe that they have shown our envoy the door." The chamber voted for war by two hundred and forty-six against only ten for peace. The streets of Paris rang with cheers and patriotic music, while men stood about telling tales of Jena and of the first Napoleon's victorious march through Prussia, soon to be followed by the glorious peace of Tilsit.

The story of the months that followed should have been writ large in the school history-books of every American who had grown up imagining that successful armies could be created in a day. It was because the fearful facts developed in 1870 were not forgotten by the French nation that the world did not fall promptly under Teutonic dominion in 1914, when an even greater struggle was loosed upon the earth. Recent events have amply demonstrated, even to their foes, that the French are, at the very least, as brave, as valorous, and as capable of patriotic effort and sacrifice as any of their rivals, and are past-masters in the modern science of war. But the contest of 1870 gave a perfect illustration of the futility of mere bravery and patriotism, when without proper preparation or leadership it is required to cope with a

scientifically constructed war-machine controlled by a competent general staff.

The army of Prussia and of the South German allied states (Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden) was essentially the same type of army as that which in 1914 went across Belgium and was halted only at the Marne. Between 1870 and the later date it had, of course, become larger, with more up-to-date weapons and other military appliances, and with some improvements in organization. But in the main in 1914 it was still essentially the developed creation of Moltke and Roon, perpetuated, but not case-hardened.

The army of France in 1870 was absolutely different from that second fighting machine which, mobilizing a little more slowly in 1914 than its rival and swept back at first, turned, nevertheless, and saved Paris, France, and the world for democracy in those great September days one short month after the beginning of Armageddon. The soldier of Napoleon III was just as skilful, brave, and patriotic as his grandsire under Napoleon the Great or his son under Joffre, but the lack of scientific preparation and capable leadership doomed him to fight with one hand tied behind his back. The result was the abject humiliation of France.

Napoleon III, the purple-clad adventurer "condemned to be brilliant," who had vainly tried to persuade the world that he was a worthy successor of his mighty uncle, had gained his throne by too devious methods to be able to place the best talent of France in charge of his armies. Many of his generals were superannuated and incapable; others were downright soldiers of fortune, more loyal to their own interests than to their nation. Universal military training had been introduced into France very imperfectly. A large part of the population had been exempted from conscription. The reserves for the regular professional army were inadequate. The railways were ill arranged for mobilization. Many articles for equipping the troops were missing. The field-artillery guns were notoriously inferior to the German. Above all, a competent commander-in-chief was soon discovered to be utterly lacking. Everything, in short, was amiss except the bravery and patriotism of the field officers and privates, and in the circumstances these were to be miserably sacrificed. It was a case where a nation, proud, courageous, and potentially containing the best fighting material in the world, but acting under an overwhelming handicap, was to be pitted against Moltke's relentless fighting-machine.

When the French armies began to mobilize about their great frontier towns of Metz and Strasburg, the confusion of their system would have been ludicrous had not the price of the laugh been the ruin of the nation. The officers sent to defend the boundary telegraphed back that they had no maps of France, although they had many of Germany, "soon to be invaded." An artillery general reported that out of eight hundred horse-collars sent him, five hundred were too tight for his horses. A brigadier-general telegraphed to Paris: "I have not found my brigade or my superior commander. What shall I do? Don't know the whereabouts of my regiments." Yet all the time Moltke's mobilization was proceeding like clock-work; so much so that, according to a popular tale, when the final declaration of war had been handed to the general late one night, he had simply turned to his orderly, saying, "Go to my desk and telegraph file No. ——," and had peacefully retired to bed. All had been prearranged. Prussian and South German mobilization had proceeded without the slightest hitch or hindrance, and speedily vast hosts were pouring down to the Rhinelands, ready to burst over the frontiers.

When actual hostilities began, Moltke disposed of nearly five hundred thousand men, besides ample reserves. Napoleon III, if certain paper projects had been executed, should have had nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand, but the French program had been only nominally executed. In fact, the very year that the war broke out a scheme for reducing the size of the army had been agitated by the pacifists of 1870. Napoleon III had not as-

sembled many more than three hundred and fifty thousand men before he ceased to be emperor. Some of these troops were grievously ill equipped, and not one of the major armies was properly concentrated. The only real chance the French had for victory was by a quick dash into southern Germany, where the alliances between the local governments and Prussia were still new and very possibly, in case of defeats, unstable. A blow there, before Prussian mobilization was completed, might have produced great results, but this chance was entirely thrown away by the delay in assembling the French armies. Napoleon III, therefore, seemed able only to string out his men in rather isolated detachments along the frontiers and await the Prussian thunderbolt. The initiative had thus passed at the outset to Germany, and to secure the initiative in war involves winning half the battle.

Napoleon III had one really capable general, Marshal MacMahon, but he was not in command at Metz, where the main French Army was mustering. MacMahon was put in charge of the forces in Alsace, the second theater of war, where he was isolated from his supports and inferior in numbers to the Germans concentrating against him. On August 6, Prince Frederick Charles, leader of the Prussian advance, fell upon him at the heights of Wörth. The French cavalry scouting had been very poor, and they did not realize how they were outnumbered, or they might not have risked a battle. As it was, forty thousand Frenchmen tried to halt the progress of eighty thousand Teutons. MacMahon beat off all frontal attacks until superior numbers turned his flank and made his case hopeless. The French did all that brave men well could, but presently they left the field in what was little better than a rout. Moltke's machine had struck its first blow.

On this same day there had been a second battle in Lorraine, at Spicheren, where another German army collided with General Frossard's corps. At first the French had superior numbers and superior chances; but by a fatality Frossard himself was absent from the field when the fight began, telegraphing to his superiors at Metz. No subordinate dared order a grand charge. Still the French held their own, and did even better until almost evening, when Frossard, who had returned to find his opportunity gone, began to fear lest German reinforcements were getting near his line of retreat, and ordered a complete retirement. The French had almost won the day, and yet they lost the battle.

After these two blows there was still greater demoralization and almost despair at the imperial headquarters in Metz. The Germans were pressing forward relentlessly; nevertheless the main French Army was still unbeaten. Under a good commander it could have made a successful stand, but Napoleon III and his parasites were losing their grip on the situation. After wasting time in senselessly marching and counter-marching much of the army, the emperor resigned the actual command at Metz to Marshal Bazaine. The latter was a bluff, high-speaking officer, with a considerable reputation founded on easy successes in Mexico, but he also had a tendency to play the politician as well as the soldier. The position at Metz was so bad that Bazaine quickly resolved to retreat across the Moselle and put his army under the forts of Verdun. But now intervened more procrastination and irresolution, and the Prussians came still closer at his heels. On the fourteenth of August, while Bazaine was trying to march out of Metz to the west, the German advance-guard attacked his rear from the east. The French flung back this force, but it was no real victory. Bazaine's retreat had been halted at a time when every hour had become precious. On the fifteenth the German cavalry was over the Moselle, south of Metz, and threatened to cut the roads to Verdun. On the sixteenth there was infantry with the cavalry, and the battle of Mars-la-Tour, or Vionville, was fought.

The next day Bazaine pretended that he had won a success. Actually he had sustained a disastrous defeat. One hundred

and thirty thousand French troops were on the scene and only half as many Prussians, yet the Teutons throughout kept the offensive, and their foes had one exhibition after another of the bungling of their own commanders. When some French divisions won ground, there came no reinforcements, because Bazaine worried more about keeping open the road in his rear, toward Metz, than the one to safety, toward Verdun. On the seventeenth the great main French Army ignominiously fell back on Metz for ammunition and supplies, while the steady advance of King William's legions over the Moselle bridges brought nearer the next act in the tragedy.

On the eighteenth of August, Moltke attacked Bazaine before Metz. His aim was to drive the French back under the fortress's guns, block their roads of retreat west and north, and so pen up the whole army. This battle is commonly called Gravelotte, from one of the small villages about which the tempest raged. The German victory was complete. Moltke had now about two hundred thousand men against only one hundred and forty thousand Frenchmen. But if Bazaine had been a great leader, he need not have lost. He was, in fact, only a small man overwhelmed by a tremendous situation. The main French Army was therefore mewed up about Metz. Speedily it became evident that Bazaine lacked both energy and power to cut his way through to safety.

A semblance of an army was still left to Napoleon III, however. MacMahon, after escaping from Wörth, had been reorganizing his beaten forces, plus some reinforcements and some unreliable reserve divisions at Châlons. This array was so obviously inferior to the host that Moltke could detach from the siege of Metz and aim straight toward Paris that MacMahon considered it futile to risk another pitched battle. Sorely as it hurt his French pride, the marshal realized that there was only one really wise thing to do, to retire from Châlons toward Paris, fighting delaying actions and, for a while at least, leaving Bazaine to his fate. The latter had supplies to hold out for two months, and by drawing the Germans far from their base and by allowing time to organize the great resources of France, MacMahon could hope to turn and rend the invader. This was an intelligent program. It was very like Joffre's scheme in 1914, when, after the first efforts to hold the lines in Belgium had failed, that doughty Frenchman retreated to the Marne and under better conditions won a terrific battle. But MacMahon was far less fortunate than his successor. Behind Joffre was a Government brave and willing to trust France. Behind MacMahon was a coterie of self-seeking adventurers and sordid politicians who constituted the court and cabinet of "Napoleon the Little." Already Paris was growling because no victories had been reported and because the invader was on French soil. The emperor was vainly telegraphing "all can be recovered," and his ministers were now reduced to the shifts of issuing lying bulletins, pretending that it was only for high strategic reasons that they did not give out news which would cause the capital "to be illuminated." At the Tuileries, in fact, there was much more fear of the Paris mob than of the advancing Prussians. Base politics had left France unprepared for war; baser politics was now to destroy her last chance of averting defeat.

When MacMahon announced that he intended to retire from Châlons toward Paris, consternation reigned in the imperial ministry. Comte de Palikao, the incapable minister of war, telegraphed that if he abandoned Bazaine, there would be "the gravest consequences [that is, a revolution] in Paris." Napoleon III, who had slipped away from Metz in the nick of time, had not dared to return to his capital with only reports of disasters. He was with MacMahon, not in direct command, but not giving his general the proper moral support to withstand the protests from Paris. MacMahon's heart was heavy, but he dared not disobey Palikao, more especially as vague messages were being smuggled through from Bazaine conveying the idea that he intended to break out of Metz toward the north and hoped that

MacMahon would arrange to join him. That marshal, therefore, ordered his poorly organized one hundred and fifty thousand men to march not toward Paris, but toward the Meuse, headed somewhere between Verdun and Sedan, on the desperate chance that he could get into direct touch with Bazaine.

This new movement was so contrary to all rules of sound strategy that for a few days the Prussian general staff could not believe the French would uncover the road to their capital and despatch their only remaining free army on a wild-goose chase. After their cavalry scouts had confirmed the rumors, however, an overwhelming body of German troops was sent after MacMahon. Had the French been a picked force, well provided with cavalry scouts and with good transport service, they might have got safely across the Meuse and worked into contact with Bazaine. But many of the brigades were composed of raw, soft men, and the baggage-train was pitifully inadequate. The columns merely crawled forward, and later the approach of the Prussians made the French hustle in confusion from one place to another, seeking some temporary refuge. On the twenty-eighth of August the state of affairs was so bad that MacMahon for the last time resolved to order a retreat, but Palikao telegraphed him again, "If you desert Bazaine, there will be a revolution in Paris," and the luckless general preferred to face the strong chances of defeat and capture if he held on, to slander and disgrace if he fell back.

On the thirtieth of August MacMahon found himself across the Meuse, indeed, but with his whole army piled upon Sedan, a little town wedged between the river and the Belgian frontier. On the thirty-first the weary French waited carelessly, uncertain of their own plans and ignorant of their imminent danger, but on the afternoon of that day they suddenly found the Germans closing in on them from all sides. The next morning the trap was sprung.

September 1, 1870, saw the climax. The French were outnumbered almost two to one, lacked confidence in their leaders, and were in a veritable pocket between hills and river, where the Germans could seize all the heights commanding the valley and rake it with their cannon. The resistance was gallant and desperate. The French "marine infantry" repeatedly forced back the attackers. The cavalry, which had failed utterly in its proper task of scouting, now flung away its lives recklessly in heroic, though vain, charges upon the Prussian guns. By afternoon the last avenue of escape had been closed, and the French were being forced back into the small fortress of Sedan, now subjected from every side to a terrible converging fire. MacMahon had been wounded, and there was a disgraceful contention among the other generals as to who was next in command. At last Napoleon III, realizing that further resistance meant slaughter, ordered the white flag to be raised, and sent this memorable letter to King William:

> Monsieur, my brother: Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty. I am your Majesty's good brother,
>
> NAPOLEON.

Moltke was adamant to the pleas of the French leaders for better terms than absolute surrender. Bismarck declared bluntly that the French were an envious and jealous people on whose gratitude it was useless to count, and that magnanimity, therefore, was quite out of place. There was no possible escape for the trapped army, and eighty-one thousand men, including, as the German despatches gleefully reported, "one emperor," gave themselves up on September 2. Earlier in the battle over thirty-seven thousand men had been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. There had almost never been a like overthrow in all history.

Bazaine already had made a blundering attempt on the thirty-first of August to cut his way out of Metz. It had failed completely. One French army was therefore firmly blockaded; the second had been

captured outright. There was no effective force between the Germans and Paris.

By September 19, Moltke had drawn his lines around Paris and was pressing against the forts that encircled that city; but it was not the old government of the Second Empire which now resisted him. Late on the third of September tidings of the disaster at Sedan began to leak out in the great anxious capital. Soon crowds were parading the streets, shouting: "Down with the empire! Long live the republic!" The Empress-Regent Eugénie and her minister, Palikao, were powerless. General Trochu, commander of the garrison, gave them little aid. By the fourth the upheaval had taken an organized form. Prominent Liberals and old Republican leaders, enemies of the Bonaparte dynasty, seized the helm of state with the prompt consent of garrison and populace. A Republican Government of National Defense sprang into being, and was accepted everywhere, thanks to the fearful emergency. Eugénie, her young son, the luckless "Prince Imperial," and their adherents fled precipitantly to England. On the sixth, Jules Favre, the new foreign minister, could proclaim that "the revolution of September fourth had taken place without the shedding of a drop of blood or the loss of liberty to a single person."

This new Government remained nominally in Paris during the ensuing siege, but a delegation from it left before the Prussians closed around, and undertook to rouse France against the invader. During the two weeks' interval between the revolution and the coming of the Prussians great energy was exerted to improve the defenses of the capital; forts were strengthened, provisions rushed in, and useless mouths sent out. The city defended itself much longer than Moltke and Roon had estimated. The Republican leaders talked, indeed, of peace: the Bonapartists had made the war; the new régime was not responsible for it. On the nineteenth of September, Favre had an interview with Bismarck, to see if the invasion could be stopped. The French might have paid an indemnity, but when the Germans demanded Alsace, Favre's proud reply was, "Not an inch of our land, not a stone of our fortresses." After that there could only be war to the bitter end.

The rest of the struggle, however, although it had many heroic chapters, could have only one outcome. The French were without a single field army of trained and organized troops wherewith to raise the siege of Paris, and within the city only a small proportion of the large garrison was made up of experienced men fit to be pitted against the Teutonic veterans. Nevertheless, for a few weeks there seemed a chance to save the city, for the Germans were now deep in a hostile land, with an extremely long line of communication.

On October 7, Léon Gambetta escaped from Paris. It was before the days of aëroplanes, but he made use of a balloon, and landed safely outside the hostile lines. During the siege sixty-four balloons are said to have left Paris, of which five were captured and two lost at sea. Three hundred and sixty-three carrier-pigeons were sent out, and fifty-seven came in. The Germans were on the alert to shoot the birds, but they did not get all of them.

Gambetta was a man of abounding energy and extraordinary capacity for organization. In a short time his enthusiasm was evoking large armies from central and southern France, and he was preparing to hurl them against the German lines around the capital. These new forces had bravery and patriotism, but they were composed of raw recruits hastily thrown together under inexperienced leaders. Still, they might have succeeded had not Bazaine done his afflicted country one last disservice. On October 27 he surrendered at Metz, with nearly one hundred and eighty thousand officers and men and about thirteen hundred and forty cannon. Assuredly he was terribly straitened for provisions, but since Sedan he had shown almost no initiative in trying to escape from his besiegers. Probably he had expected some kind of peace would be patched up, and that then his army would be released to restore the emperor to Paris. Certain it is that Bismarck duped him by pretended

negotiations, spun along until supplies were at an end. But the French were never satisfied that Bazaine had resisted to the uttermost or that he could not have held out a little longer, even if his men were almost starving. If it is sometimes the duty of a soldier to die for his country, he ought also sometimes to be willing to exist for it on pitifully short rations. Bazaine was condemned after the war as a traitor, and although his life was spared and he escaped into Spain, he was to die in ignominious exile, shunned like a kind of Benedict Arnold. Traitor, coward, or incompetent, his surrender in any case sealed the doom of France. The two hundred thousand odd Germans who had been employed in blockading Metz could now be hurried up to thwart the relief of Paris, and against such reinforcements Gambetta's improvised militia could only beat themselves in vain.

The French won some minor successes, but they were never able to win a general battle or break the ring about Paris. For one hundred and thirty days the great city held out courageously despite growing scarcity of food, while rats and cats were served in the boulevard restaurants and infants died for lack of milk. There were several brave sorties, but none penetrated the German lines far enough to get in touch with Gambetta's armies beyond. The Germans bombarded the city with heavy guns and wrought much damage, although not enough to force a surrender. The end came late in January, when the last sortie had failed, and there was no longer bread enough in Paris for even a scanty ration. The Government of National Defense had not been able to save the capital, but it had certainly saved French national honor. A winter of unparalleled severity had increased the demoralization of the new armies; every attempt to get foreign alliances or intervention from England, Austria, Russia, or Italy had met with polite refusals, and flesh and blood could hold out no longer.

On January 28, Paris capitulated on condition that her garrison give itself up—all save twelve thousand men retained to preserve order—and that she pay a special war contribution of forty million dollars (two hundred million francs). On the same day an armistice was arranged to allow the election of a French National Assembly to discuss terms of peace.

These terms of peace the French well knew were likely to be hard. Gambetta protested vainly against any truce and desired to continue the war, but the responsible generals told him the case was hopeless, and the French peasantry were unwilling to make further vain sacrifices. The newly elected National Assembly met in February at Bordeaux, and on February 24, Louis Adolphe Thiers, the veteran Liberal statesman, whom the assembly had named as provisional "head of the executive power,"—they had not yet organized the new government,—went to Versailles to get the best conditions he could from Bismarck. It was a pathetic and humiliating task, the representative of a proud and hitherto mighty nation forced to go to the triumphant foe and plead for mercy for his country. Thiers acquitted himself bravely and not without some success.

Bismarck bluntly stated the required pound of flesh. He demanded a war indemnity of six billion francs (one billion two hundred million dollars) and the cession of part of Lorraine, all of Alsace, and the fortress city of Belfort, near the Franco-Swiss frontier.

When her rulers foolishly rushed her into war, France, if victorious, no doubt had intended to demand the cession of lands in Rhenish Germany. This would have been a wrong, but the world has never acceded to the evil doctrine that two sets of wrongs create a status of right. Alsace-Lorraine had been a part of the debatable lands which had lain between Germany and France in the Middle Ages. They had certainly once belonged to the medieval Holy Roman Empire, wherein Germany had been the main factor. But France had acquired Strasburg, the capital of Alsace, in 1681. She had, however, acquired Metz, the chief town in Lorraine, in 1552. The possession of these lands had been confirmed to France by the great

European peace congress at Vienna in 1815, although that congress had been dominated by her victorious foes. As to mere historical claims of possession, there are surely limits to the right to assert them, or Holland might justly be claiming the State of New York because she held the Hudson Valley up to 1664. A statute of international limitations must at some time run out; otherwise there would be no honest peace for the world.

Germans admitted that the Alsatians were contented and civilized under French dominion. Their entire loyalty went to Paris and not to Berlin. They had supplied France with many of her most distinguished generals and statesmen. A certain amount of mongrel German was spoken in their villages, but this did not affect the sympathies of the region. If the question of annexation to Germany had been submitted to popular vote, the proposition would have been buried under an enormous adverse majority.

Nevertheless, Prussia demanded Alsace-Lorraine. The country had been overrun by her armies. The wishes of the fifteen hundred thousand Alsace-Lorrainers as cultivated, industrious, and honorable folk as existed in Europe, were the last thing the victors chose to consider.

Nevertheless, Bismarck was too shrewd not to realize that it would be a serious matter to absorb into the new German Empire too many Frenchmen. Early in 1871 he talked of taking only Alsace and Strasburg, but of leaving Metz to the vanquished, and of using a part of the indemnity to build a huge fortress a few miles back to cover the frontier. "I do not like so many Frenchmen being in our house against their will," he said. "The military men, however, will not be willing to let Metz slip, and perhaps they are right." Moltke, for his part, declared that the possession of Metz was worth one hundred thousand men at the opening of a campaign, and he easily talked over King William, now also emperor, who was first and last a soldier rather than a statesman.

In 1866, Bismarck had deliberately argued that easy terms must be granted to defeated Austria, because Austria would some day be valuable as a friend; but he showed no such merciful wisdom now in dealing with France. As for the indemnity, it seemed so huge a sum that the victors coldly calculated that the French would be economically crippled for many decades in their effort to pay it, and consequently would be incapable of a blow for "revenge."

In behalf of Alsace-Lorraine, Thiers exhausted all his resources; but he found the German leader as hard as adamant. In the matter of the indemnity, however, he beat down the claim to five billion francs (one billion dollars), thanks, possibly, to the aid of British influences, which did not care to see the financial world demoralized by the bankruptcy of France. Also, to save Belfort, Thiers made a resolute stand. Belfort alone of all the great French fortresses had made a brave and successful defense. Its commandant had been no Bazaine. The Germans had been unable to capture it. Now when the Teutons demanded a city which was purely French and which had specially endeared itself to the hearts of all Frenchmen, Thiers turned desperately at bay.

"These negotiations are nothing but a sham," he cried. "Make war, then! Ravage our provinces, burn our houses, slaughter the inoffensive inhabitants, complete your work! We will fight you to our last breath. We may be defeated, but at least we will not be dishonored."

Bismarck was moved. He could not be sure if Thiers was in earnest, but he did know that the other nations in Europe were growing anxious at the sudden and tremendous growth of German power, and that if war was resumed, France might suddenly find a formidable friend. He retired to consult Emperor William and Moltke. On returning, he said that the French might retain Belfort, provided that Paris would consent to a triumphal march of the Prussians through her gates, something excluded by the original capitulation. This blow to French pride destroyed all the advantages of magnanimity, but Paris submitted to the parade of her enemies,

and Belfort was saved. When, in 1914, this fortress became an invaluable bulwark against German invasion from Alsace, no doubt many Teutonic officers cursed the weakness of Bismarck in allowing himself to be overborne by Thiers.

So, by the final treaty, completed in detail at Frankfort, May 10, 1871, France had to pay the enormous sum of one billion dollars and see a German army occupy her provinces until the debt was paid, and was also forcibly deprived of about five thousand square miles of territory, with one million five hundred thousand inhabitants. Vainly some thirty-five deputies of the doomed lands protested before the French National Assembly against this treaty which tore them away from France. "Alsace and Lorraine," they proclaimed, "refuse to be alienated; with one voice the citizens at their firesides, the soldiers under arms, the former by voting, the latter by fighting, proclaim to Germany and to the world at large *their immutable will to remain French.*" But nothing could be done for them. France herself was helpless. England, Russia, Italy, and Austria did not stir. The treaty was ratified.

Thus ended the Franco-Prussian War, provoked by Bismarck for his ulterior ends and precipitated by the incompetent statesmen of Napoleon III, the Germans' unconscious puppets. Its main consequences were fourfold.

I.—It certainly aided to hasten the unification of the German nation into the new empire. This, however, would have come to pass within a few years in any event.

II.—It weakened France, dethroned her as "first power in Europe," and put Germany in her place.

III.—It gave the rulers of the new Germany unbounded confidence in their military machine, and became a guiding precedent for the unscrupulous, but successful, use of the same in wars provoked for aggrandizement.

IV.—It fixed a deep gulf of enmity between France and Germany, and by the creation of the never-ending "Alsace-Lorraine problem" made it impossible to bridge this chasm for forty-three years.

To no small extent, therefore, the consequences of this war produced the greater War of 1914, in which, during 1917, the United States of America was engulfed despite its ardent love for peace.

On January 5, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George, Prime-Minister of Great Britain, spoke of the need of "a reconsideration of the great wrong of 1871, when Alsace-Lorraine was torn away from them [the French]. *This sore has poisoned the peace of Europe for half a century,* and until it is cured, healthy conditions cannot be restored."

Three days later President Wilson declared to the American Congress that "the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years.

II.—BISMARCK AND THE EUROPE OF 1871

In 1871, when the treaty of Frankfort closed the Franco-Prussian War, the map of Europe presented almost the same aspect as in July, 1914, saving only the Balkan Peninsula, where were to occur eventful changes. In the interval, indeed, Norway was to secede peacefully from her union with Sweden under a common king, and Luxemburg was to become an independent principality, no longer under the king of the Netherlands; but these things were only locally important.

In many respects not shown by the map the world of 1871 also presented "modern aspects" which made the transition to the twentieth century not very abrupt. The telegraph was in familiar existence, although not as yet the telephone. Gaslights were in the cities, although electric-light so far was hardly practical. The nations already were covered by a considerable network of railways. Iron screw-steamships were plying the ocean, and the first cable was working to America. The recent war had been fought with breech-loading rifles on both sides, and the French had used a type of machine-gun, albeit imperfect and unsatisfactory. In the scientific field Darwin was announcing his epoch-

making theories, and modern medicine was advancing to its great discoveries. It had achieved the use of anesthetics, although not yet that of antiseptics. Modern industrialism and commerce, also, were fairly embarked along those lines of development that they were to follow down to 1914.

In political life most of the monarchs of Europe had reluctantly concluded that constitutions, or similar charters of liberties, were unavoidable perquisites of their subjects, and outside of Russia and Turkey there were at least the forms of law-making parliaments, popular elections, and political agitation. There were already some people who were classified as socialists, and these were making an organized attack on the privileges of capital and property. The old battle for religious toleration had been won almost everywhere save in Russia, and Catholics, Protestants, and Jews were usually equal before the law, although often subject to local stigma and social persecution.

The forty-three years which followed, therefore, were not marked in the majority of nations by those bloody struggles for liberty, political or religious, that have made up the history of past ages. As for the claims of socialism and its demand for a new order in society, however vigorous its growth during this time, it did not result in any wars or successful revolutions. Thus in many respects the entire period from 1871 to 1914 lacks the dramatic events and the spectacular heroisms which bulk large in human annals.

Nevertheless, this whole period was one of the most significant and, it is fair to say, most decisively important in the history of mankind. It was the era during which the great peoples of Europe, most of whom had been in a process of consolidation and violent flux since at least 1848, found themselves as nations, solved many of their local problems, suppressed their internal woes and enmities, grew rich and strong and self-confident, and began to look outward. This whole process of looking outward brought them into constant contact —a contact often jealous and unfriendly —with their equally forward-thrusting neighbors. For a time, however, the resources of diplomacy sufficed to bridge over the difficulties. No great general war resulted. There were almost annual threats and "cries," but no actual appeal to the cannon. Men accounted wise and honest assured the world that, thanks to the growing spirit of brotherhood and humanity among all peoples, the scientific demonstrations of the folly of war, the absence of many of the causes of quarrel that had formerly set nations by the ears, and the development of the use of courts of arbitration and peace tribunals for solving international troubles, a great European war would never come. This confidence grew, rather than diminished, despite sundry ominous warnings from passing events, down to the last days of July, 1914.

Then, suddenly, "the windows of heaven were opened" to pour down not rain, but a deluge of blood. Mankind awoke from its infatuation to discover that all the time it had been merrily trading, traveling, manufacturing, conducting scientific investigations, or agitating schemes for social betterment, another set of forces, the serious existence of which it had often ignored or even denied, had been making all things ready for a carnival of death and devastation such as had not been since intelligent beings walked this planet.

Between 1871 and 1914 there had been slowly collected for action a quantity of international explosives of terrific power. Year by year this fearful magazine grew larger. Year by year the interlocking of human interests made it more certain that very obscure deeds and occasions could produce terrible results. Year by year new scientific inventions also made it certain that the great war, when it came, would be unprecedentedly devilish and would almost unavoidably involve innocent and neutral peoples.[1] Down to the end, how-

[1] Before the days of aëroplanes and Zeppelins it would have been impossible to kill women and children in towns hundreds of miles from the war zone. Before the invention of submarines it would have been almost impossible, even for a government as reckless as that of Germany in 1914-18, to indulge in a naval policy that could work such bloody havoc to neutrals as to make the offending country an outlaw among the nations.

ever, the falsely optimistic pacifist prophets continued their cry of "Peace! peace!" where there was to be no peace. Then came twelve days of acute stress and agony, from the presentation of the fateful Serbian note by Austria to the final declaration of war upon Germany by Great Britain, and at length the world realized that it had been living in a fools' paradise.

In 1871 there were, as to-day, six great powers in Europe, Great Britain, France, Germany (the successor to victorious Prussia), Russia, Austria, and Italy. The last named was the smallest, weakest, and newest claimant for major honors. Her position remained somewhat equivocal. Outside of Europe there seemed to be no formidable nations. The United States of America was recognized as a huge body of people who had succeeded in preserving their unity after the great Civil War. It seemed an utterly remote country, however, with many curious problems that few Europeans understood; its navy was small, and its army still smaller. Americans took even less interest in European affairs than Europeans did in American problems. Europe also was too busy with her own troubles just then to care to consider whether the Monroe Doctrine was worth violating.[1] That America should actually intervene in Old World problems and diplomatic conferences seemed about the least probable thing imaginable.

As for what is now the eighth great power in the world, Japan, she was barely emerging from the chrysalis of isolation that had imprisoned her for centuries, and she was just beginning to cultivate relations with the Western World. A serious war between the mikado and his feudal dynasts had been racking her. Japan was regarded in Europe as a second China, only smaller and even less formidable.

One great capital event was startling the world in 1871—the dethronement of France as "first power" in continental Europe. No nation in modern times ever had so fearful and sudden a humiliation as that which had come to France in the Metz-Sedan campaign. For nearly two hundred years England had, indeed, been mistress of the seas. Her commerce and colonies had grown apace. But for over two hundred years France had been the center of the military, social, and diplomatic life of Europe. She had not succeeded in defeating England upon the ocean, partly at least because so much of her energies had been consumed upon land; but, as a witty Parisian had said, "Though England may blockade Havre, the Paris boulevards will remain very pleasant just the same."

Frenchmen liked to call themselves citizens of "the Grand Nation." They could repeat with seeming justice the old boast of their kings, "The ruler of France *without* allies can go to war with whomsoever he will; but the greatest king elsewhere dare not go to war with France except he have many allies." France had been beaten in great wars. Louis XIV had been defeated, Napoleon I had been defeated; but these defeats were compliments to the greatness of France. Virtually all Europe had been obliged in each case to unite against her to prevent her from conquering the wide continent, and even after her defeat she had been left with sufficient power and prestige to make her neighbors shiver at the threat of her anger. Under Napoleon III, vain "man of destiny," as he proved to be, the old prestige of the nation seemed to have returned. His armies had defeated the Russians in the Crimean War and the Austrians in the War for the Liberation of Italy. The axis of European life seemed to revolve in Paris. "France is happy," Napoleon III had arrogantly asserted in 1851; "Europe may live in peace." The French language, French ideas, French books, French manners, French clothes, and French products went everywhere—to the Levant, to the heart of Russia, to South America, to almost every land not strictly dominated by Anglo-Saxons, and when the phrase "European civilization" was used, the speaker, whatever his nationality, probably uncon-

[1] Napoleon III's experiment in Mexico (1863-67) had been a disastrous failure and a clear warning against similar adventures.

sciously thought of the types and examples of Paris.

Now all was changed in a twinkling. France was not merely defeated in battle. The fearfulness of her disaster seemed to imply that her whole culture and attitude toward life were bad. The world assumed that no nation could undergo so terrible a catastrophe and not be rotten to the core. Men dwelt on certain undoubted defects in the French character and exaggerated the glittering vices that had been purveyed to foreign visitors in Paris; while in such nations as Russia and England, both of which had formerly dreaded French rivalry or invasion, there was ill-concealed satisfaction at her downfall. France was no longer the greatest power in Europe. She was, at best, only a second-class power. There were plenty to argue that she was not a power at all, but a decadent, dwindling nation, now in the evening of her history and without the hope of a national dawn.

All that France lost by the war of 1870-71 Germany gained. And more, too. She was now undoubtedly the first power on the Continent. "Europe," it was wittily said, "had lost a mistress and gained a master." The perfection of Moltke's war machine was such that no military nation would have ventured to measure strength with it unless supported by several formidable allies. But an alliance against Germany seemed one of the last things probable. Italy was still a decidedly weak and unconsolidated nation. Austria had not actually forgotten how Prussia had defeated her in 1866; but Bismarck had taken good care not to humiliate her in the treaty of that year, and he was already making it plain that if the Vienna Government would only let German affairs alone and turn its face toward the Balkans, it would meet with no hostility, but probably with decided helpfulness from its neighbor at Berlin.

Russia was extremely friendly to Germany. In 1870 the czar had virtually served notice on Austria that if the latter came to the rescue of France, Russia would balance matters by aiding Prussia. In return for this, Bismarck had aided the czar to set aside the old treaty of 1856, which bound him not to keep war-ships on the Black Sea. This proceeding made England scowl and grumble, but she did not prepare to fight.

With England Bismarck's relations were, indeed, somewhat cold. He was on bad personal terms with the Crown Princess Frederick (wife of the later Emperor Frederick), who, as eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, was accused of conducting a kind of pro-English propaganda at the Berlin court. But England was, on the whole, decidedly friendly to the new order of things in Europe. She had disliked and distrusted Napoleon III. Prussia had seemed, perhaps, rather too drastic in her penalizing of France, but it was hard to arouse much sympathy for a nation that Englishmen had been taught to glory over, with due memories of Agincourt, Trafalgar, and Waterloo, and to regard as their "natural enemy."

Germany also had another great asset in English eyes. She was not a naval power. France had always possessed a fleet strong enough to give the British Admiralty serious anxiety. Germany had only a few coast-defence ironclads and gun-boats. She had no colonies, and her merchant marine was small. Englishmen did not worry because threats from Berlin caused consternation in Paris and Vienna. Moltke's legions could not fly across or swim the channel. The average Briton probably would have indorsed Thomas Carlyle's view "that Germany is to stand on her feet henceforth, and not be dismembered on the highway, but face all manner of Napoleons and hungry, springing dogs, with clear steel and honest purpose in her heart, —this seems to me the best news we or Europe has had for the last forty years or more." [1]

The military success of Germany of course enabled her genius to find an outlet in hundreds of peaceful ways. The moral

[1] Carlyle actually said this in 1866, after the defeat of Austria, but it remained good for the British attitude in 1870-71.

rebound from her victory promptly stimulated her universities, her laboratories, and her printing-presses. The wealth which was to pour in upon her from the great indemnity coming out of France gave her financiers and manufacturers for the first time the opportunity to undertake huge commercial and industrial enterprises such as had hitherto centered mainly in England.

There is no prompter advertisement for a nation, however, than that of a military triumph. For the next thirty years all mankind seemed going to school in Germany. The excellence of her scientific, philosophical, education, business and practical-efficiency systems made people lose interest in other questions, such as whether her political institutions were keeping pace with the remaining sides of her progress, and whether the unscrupulous spirit which had provoked three wars in behalf of German unity might not some day provoke another war in behalf of German imperialism and arrogant expansion. As long as the empire, however, remained under the control of its founder, there was relatively little danger of its launching on a policy of raw aggrandizement. Bismarck in 1871 looked on the new German Federation as a structure altogether too young and uncertain to be subject to fresh risks and chances. Practical in all things, he knew how to draw the wise line between boldness and rashness. He believed that Germany now had territories enough, and that any new annexations would mean danger. He did not see any necessity for imitating England and seeking colonies. He looked on a fleet as a useless expense and luxury, more likely to involve the nation in trouble than to defend its interest. He dreaded the lasting anger of France, and believed that after Sedan and Alsace-Lorraine it was useless to expect that Berlin and Paris could preserve more than official friendship. But France, fighting alone, seemed now too crippled to constitute a serious danger. Bismarck therefore did his best to patch up old feuds with Austria, and particularly tried not to anger either England or Russia. Unless one of these two powers joined with France, Germany seemed safe; and the standing difficulties France had with England and Russia seemed to make the Iron Chancellor's task easy. As long as France was isolated, Germany was secure; as long as Germany was secure, Bismarck was an ardent lover of peace.

All Europe recognized the commanding position and the great personal genius of Bismarck even while his foes cursed the checkmate he gave to their policies. Not since Napoleon I has any other man ever cast his shadow so impressively over nations not his own. Here is a fair sketch of his character:

> His dominant personality, his gift of caustic expression, his apparent frankness, nay, the very brutality of his utterances, fascinated and subjugated those with whom he came in contact. Born for strife, he passionately resented opposition, and was a good hater who seldom forgot an injury. He was infinitely resourceful in detail, keeping open various possibilities and ready to change on the instant, if need be, from one cause of action to another, and constantly bewildering his opponents; but at bottom his aims and ambitions were not complicated.[1]

As has been said, his object now was to strengthen Germany and to put her in a position to weather future storms.

Bismarck was now chancellor of the new German Empire. Nominally, he was merely the agent and mouthpiece of his sovereign, Emperor William I. But that worthy old gentleman was not a person of sufficiently acute intelligence and strength of character to hold his own against the demands of the redoubtable minister, to whom, as he understood well enough, he owed his imperial throne and his glory. Also, in fairness be it said, the personal relations of the two men were those of intimate and sincere friendship. Bismarck was therefore really an autocrat. He had been the opponent of liberal and parliamentary institutions in his youth, and he made only

[1] Coolidge; Ibid, p. 27.

the most grudging concessions to the spirit of liberalism in his later days. To him the test of government was prompt efficiency, and prompt efficiency seemed to him to come best in a hereditary monarchy, where the monarch was wise enough to intrust all his vast power to a few energetic, capable ministers, or, better still, to a *single* arch-minister (such as Otto von Bismarck!) who would provide for the public good out of the plenitude of his wisdom, unhampered by sordid political considerations and the tug of parties.

Bismarck could not quite dispense with parliamentary forms; but he accepted their machinery and limitations just as hesitantly as possible. Government, for him, was to be prompt, severe, impersonal, scientific, and therefore efficient.

Bismarck's political methods and ideas became a standard for the rulers of Prussia and Germany long after his death in 1898. Their fruition came in July, 1914, when a small body of real or alleged military and diplomatic experts, sitting around the imperial council-table at Potsdam, hurried the German Empire into war without giving the nation one fair chance to consider the necessity thereof, and when the well-disciplined German people, on its part, enthusiastically accepted the fearful decision that its lauded and trusted experts had made for it.

In short, the following statement can fairly stand in history: Between 1871 and 1914 the democratic ideal and its applied political methods made rapid progress in almost every civilized land *save in Germany;* but in Germany, as will be explained later, autocracy and privilege seemed to be making a successful stand. Nay, more; by their very efficiency, by the wealth, glory, and creature comforts, and by the glittering hopes extended for the national future—hopes which they presented to the people they dominated—the Prussian militarists and officials seemed to give the lie to the claims of democracy. If their "intelligent monarchy," with its powerful sovereign, officer caste, and its tentacles of civil officialdom, was to prove a lasting success, there would be a setback for democracy throughout the entire world; for democracy would have to be branded as incapable of governing the most formidable, intellectual, and progressive nation of Europe. For this renewed lease of life to monarchism and the things that go with it the foes of democracy must undoubtedly thank the genius of Bismarck.

But Bismarck's main triumphs had really been as a diplomat, as a master-player upon the fears, interests, and personal frailties of the rulers of other nations. Indeed, except for his success as a diplomat, he could never have won that prestige for the Prussian throne which saved its domestic power. Bismarck took the international world as he found it, used its methods, and, it must be said, did nothing to improve them. He did not believe in "pitiless publicity," in general arbitration treaties, or in allowing any kind of popular opinion, much less popular clamor, to mold the policies which out of his superior wisdom he conceived to be for the interest of the Prussian state. When he actually made a treaty, he executed it faithfully,[1] though by no means over-liberally; but when he made a less formal private agreement, his performance thereof often made the statesmen opposed to him curse themselves as his dupes, misled by glowing words and half-promises. His methods were those of the private-cabinet and cipher-correspondence. He used innumerable "private agents" and downright spies in foreign capitals, and often the accredited ambassadors of Prussia were ignorant of their master's real policy and were allowed to make statements and engage in actions that Bismarck himself could promptly repudiate, if such a turn pleased him. Thus in 1870 the Prussian Ambassador at Paris ingenuously worked for peace with Napoleon III at the very moment that his superior was pulling every wire in order to bring about war.

[1] It is impossible to believe that Bismark could not have realized how the violation of Belgium would have produced consequences outweighing almost any resulting military gains, and would have prevented the German staff from taking the action it did in 1914. He was unscrupulous, but not blind to the practical disadvantages of immorality in many cases.

In private life the chancellor was undoubtedly a man of keen personal honor and was not without most of the tokens of a high-minded gentleman, but in behalf of prince and fatherland he often selected curious standards. Sometimes his duplicity was so brazen as to cause the ruin of any diplomat less astute and without a formidable military state behind him to make cross-examination perilous. Thus in 1871 he met the Austrian statesman Beust and disclaimed to him any intention of trying to acquire the German-speaking provinces of Austria. "I would rather," asserted the chancellor, "annex Holland to Germany." A little later, however, Beust went to London as ambassador for his Government. Here he met the new Dutch envoy, an old diplomatic friend, who had earlier been accredited to Berlin. "The first thing he told me," recounts Beust in his memoirs, "was that Bismarck had reassured him as to the rumor that Germany wished to annex Holland by saying that he [Bismarck] would greatly prefer to annex the German provinces of Austria."[1]

Such methods appear so outrageous as to be likely to produce their own punishment. But Bismarck had many factors in his favor. In the first place, Napoleon III, the ruler whom he befooled the most, met so utter a downfall that he could never take vengeance. In the next place, the mighty Teuton did not overdo the game of duplicity. Very frequently he bluntly spoke the truth, threw all finesse to the winds, and went straight to the point of his desires. It was far more dangerous to assume that he was lying than that he was sincere. In the third place, oblique methods in diplomacy were no monopoly of his. They had been inherited from the long line of red-or-purple-robed prevaricators whereof the leaders had been such Olympians as Richelieu, Frederick the Great, and, more recently, the Austrian Metternich. Diplomacy, the game of kings, with cities as pawns and provinces as the greater pieces, had long been reckoned a refined combat of wits in which the least guileful was the surest loser. All must be done dexterously, smoothly, politely, remembering well that the penalty for loss of temper at a detected intrigue or falsehood might well be a very disastrous war. You lied to your neighbor because he was presumably lying to you; and Bismarck had probably a much cleaner record in these matters than many of the hopelessly mediocre French, Austrian, and Russian diplomats with whom he contended.

France, Russia, Austria, England, as well as Germany, had been doing these things for centuries; but the world was getting sick of such methods. They were no longer proving absolutely necessary to success. Cavour, the great Italian, seems to have been able to unite his country territorially without making public and personal honor pitifully separate. Other leaders in other lands were trying to uphold better standards. But Bismarck preferred, on the whole, the old way, a way which was to become increasingly revolting to men of the twentieth century.

To sum up, then, the achievements of Bismarck: he consummated the federation of all the German states (minus the Austrian lands) into one empire; he made that empire the most formidable power in Europe; he put the German people in a position to give free rein to their remarkable abilities for intellectual, scientific, and commercial conquests: but he did not give them a free government; and he did not introduce into diplomacy any new ideals corresponding with the world's developments in science, personal ethics, and humanity. He used the old tools of statecraft, now becoming rusty in other hands, and he gave them new credit by wielding them with incomparable skill. The Germans did well to honor him as a supremely great man; but they did grievously ill not to recognize how much of clay was mingled with his iron.

[1] Coolidge, "Origins of the Triple Alliance," p. 31, note quoting Beust's memoirs.

(To be continued)

The Poet of This War

By NELSON COLLINS

Author of "The First Convoy"

"SHUCKS! what are we mixed up in this thing for, anyway?"

We had been at sea for three weeks, and he had just come in off a hard watch and thrown himself upon his bunk. I laughed. This was in the second month of the war.

I had known him slightly six years before, in a university group, and had not seen him or thought of him again until we met on a transport. When war was declared he had thrown over a good practice, still growing, in order to volunteer. He had hoped for stirring service at least, and had been assigned to nagging routine. I had him sized up. He loved to be comfortable, with his professional practice expanding slowly and surely, his wife and his one child always there for him at the end of a day; above all, to be comfortable in his ideas. He came from Philadelphia. All these things had been taken from him. He was ravaged of his habits, physical, mental, and emotional.

"I 'm not growling, you know. I 've no streaks of a quitter, I hope, and it 's all right in the best hours. Then the adventure justifies itself for itself. But in the hours when we 're dead— Anyway, we can't be in this thing as an adventure justifying itself. That is n't a sound mood.

"This is an abstract war for us. The whole Allied cause may be fundamentally ideal,—I believe it is,—but only the United States is *purely* ideal. Other nations expect something, but there is nothing for us to claim except the death of autocracy, and until a few months ago we had n't believed there was any overpowering autocracy left in the world. We had just cheerfully and easily assumed that most of the world was democratic and the rest shortly would be. We lived in that mood so thoroughly that we were rather careless about our own ideal of government. We enjoyed it so completely, it came to us so easily, that we did n't more than half appreciate it."

"The war is going to do us a lot of good," I suggested, "by giving us a sacred fear and a holy hate of an evil opposite something in the world vastly more self-assertive and self-justifying than we had dreamed."

"That is what we have to do," he agreed. "We have to learn to hate. Only it has to be an abstract hate, and it will have to be born out of a renewed, a revivified devotion to our liberty, which we 'll make purer than ever after this war, now that we see the unbelievable peril it was in, and might be in again. Believe me, the war will make us clearer lovers of liberty, less tolerant of the things that vitiate it. But all this will take intensity, more than we have now.

"In other words, we need a poet," I said.

"A poet?" he asked incredulously.

"Not to stir us galvanically, not to play upon the surface at all; but a man with clarity of spiritual vision and strength of fundamental thought upon the issues and the significances and the necessities involved for America even more than for all the other allied democracies, a man to reveal our essential mood to us." I pawed around in my bunk-rack. "Luckily we 've got him," I said, as I drew out a thick red book and threw it to him.

"Poetry?" he said in the same tone he used when he had said, "A poet?" "I don't read poetry."

"I 'm afraid you 'll have to," I rejoined. "A poet, I take it, is a man who

can see the full spiritual purpose back of a thing, and grow intense enough about it to give it driving power while at the same time he stays coherent."

"Who 's your friend?" he mocked.

"A man able, first of all, to have intelligent abstract enthusiasms, to grow disinterestedly intense; a man who cared earnestly about things that had nothing directly to do with his own fortunes or his own country; a man in just the position Americans were in two years ago and a year ago. This man hated autocracy and loved full liberty. Those are the two things we have to learn to do sufficiently, to hate and to love, because most of us don't understand with any fullness what either of them means. You remember my telling you about a man's remark at a dinner out in Idaho in 1915,—a remark somewhat too violent, I thought, for the amenities of a dinner-table,—that if this war did not take care of the matter, he was prepared to join a group that would undertake to assassinate any person, young or old, of either sex, tyrannical or innocuous, who claimed either powers or possessions on any dynastic basis. The thing had to be cleared out of civilization, he said, root and branch. That was all the war meant. We smiled indulgently. It was exaggerated, a little over-intense. 'I used to be an aristocrat in my intellectual sympathies,' he said, 'and I am still a traditionalist. But the war has made me a black democrat; more than that, a black republican. I still see logical and spiritual coherencies in kingships and aristocracies. But I 'll take my chance in the lucky-bag of thoroughly democratic republics from now on. The mistakes they make are less serious than such breakdowns as this, due to the dynasties, and at least the people who die make the mistakes they pay for.' Two years have gone by since I heard that outburst, and I believe more every day that that man understood the war early, had it stripped to its grim fact. I have thought of him often since, and recalled Lionel Johnson's line,

"I hate you with a necessary hate.

"This war is not a new thing in its issues. It is almost exactly a hundred years old in its two main contentions. The reassertiveness of dynasties in the affairs of the world and the counter-assertiveness of democracies have been running a hundred years now, ever since the dynasties saw their chance to get back at the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The principle of nationalities has been a determining line of guidance for the same length of time, and a useful principle against the dynasties, though it does n't always serve in that direction, and perhaps is n't so valid as it usually is made to seem. The dynasties had their big chances in 1815 and in 1849, and made a big try for it again in 1914. The democracies made their big plays in the thirties, forty-eight, the sixties, and now again in 1915-17. If we were to lose this war disastrously,—and any losing of it would be disastrous,—I have heard more than one man say he would n't care to go on living. A Prussianized world would force a self-respecting man to turn his back on organized society, even on life itself. As my poet here said:

"Out to the sea with her there,
Out with her over the sand;
Let the kings keep the earth for their share!
We have done with the sharers of land.

"They have tied the world in a tether,
They have bought over God with a fee;
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.

"All the world has its burdens to bear,
From Cayenne to the Austrian whips;
Forth, with the rain in our hair
And the salt, sweet foam on our lips;

"In the teeth of the hard, glad weather,
In the blown wet face of the sea;
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three."

His response to this was unexpectedly personal and funny.

"I 'm not a sea-going person myself. How he must have hated the situation on land!"

"He proposed to take refuge from it in that way, much as many men have no care to go on living if the course of things could let Germany win this war. And if the whole world, land and sea, agreed against him, he was firm to take refuge for a last stand within his separate individual consciousness.

"Since only souls that keep their place
By their own light, and watch things roll
And stand, have light for any soul.

"Save his own soul he hath no star,
And sinks, except his own soul guide,
Helmless in middle turn of tide.

"Save his own soul's light overhead
None leads him, and none ever led.

"To the hatred of the dynasties for freedom he was able to oppose an equal, sacred hatred for all the betrayals of democracy by dynasties.

"With iron for thy linen bands
And unclean cloths for winding-sheet
They bind the people's nail-pierced hands,
They hide the people's nail-pierced feet:
And what man or what angel known
Shall roll back the sepulchral stone?

"O son of man, beneath man's feet
Cast down, O common face of man
Whereon all blows and buffets meet,
O royal, O republican
Face of the people bruised and dumb
And longing till thy kingdom come!

"To those who deprecated his invincible hate he addressed 'The Moderates':

"She stood before her traitors bound and bare,
Clothed with her wounds and with her naked shame
As with a weed of fiery tears and flame,
Their mother-land, their common weal and care,
And they turned from her and denied,
And they took truce with tyrants and grew tame,
And gathered up cast crowns and creeds to wear,
And rags and shards regilded. Then she took
In her bruised hands their broken pledge, and eyed
These men so late so loud upon her side
With one inevitable and tearless look,
That they might see her face whom they forsook.

"There never was a better hater. People really could n't understand it. But you 've got to hate if you 've reached the point where you want to fight. Only to be worthy the hate must be—well, again, abstract and be soundly based. That 'Hymn of Hate' out of Germany in the early part of the war was n't so outrageous as people tried to make out, or at least it did n't seem so to me. It failed because it was too strongly personalized against England and because the moral consciousness of the world simply did n't believe that it came out of a sacred cause. But I think we hate William II and his crown prince. I don't hate Hindenburg, but I trust I hate those two and some others.

"His uncompromising hate faced all the triumphant tyrannical personalities of his time, assaulted them undauntedly, and refused to compromise with them even in the face of death as it visited them. See this to one of them dying:

"And for him though the utter day be nigh,
Not yet, not yet we give him leave to die;
We give him grace not yet that men should say
He is dead, wiped out, perished and past away.
Till the last bitterness of life go by,
Thou shalt not slay him; till those last dregs run dry,
O thou last lord of life! thou shalt not slay.
Let the lips live a little while and lie.
The hand a little, and falter, and fail of strength,

And the soul shudder and sicken at the sky;
Yea, let him live, though God nor man would let
Save for the curse's sake; then at bitter length,
Lord, will we yield him to thee, but not yet.

"Could you attain to a hate like this when a tyrant and obstructor of liberty finally was forced to cease by death?

"Go down to hell. This end is good to see,
The breath is lightened and the sense at ease
Because thou art not; . . .
Time lays his finger on thee, saying, 'Cease;
Here is no room for thee; go down to hell.'

"One thinks of the two arch-Hohenzollerns and our hopes for Germany in his 'Diræ':

"Weep now and howl, yea, weep now sore; for this
That was thy kingdom hath spat out its king.
Wilt thou plead now with God? Behold again
Thy prayer for thy son's sake is turned to a hiss,
Thy mouth to a snake's whose slime outlives the sting.

"That kind of hate is extravagant," my "bunkie" broke in; "it 's—it 's uncomfortable."

"It is uncomfortable. It sounds uncomfortable, even wild. It may be necessary, if we are to be shocked into a sense of what this war is about. After all, ideas, good or evil, come into being, are developed, and dominate nations through people, usually only a few persons. You can't have ideas without persons. It is n't worth while hating an idea until it has become assertive enough so that you must hate the persons who make it their agent. It 's perfectly true, perhaps, that you can't hate a whole nation any more than you can indict a whole nation; yet you have to take some attitude toward a whole nation that allows the wickedly fallacious ideas of a few to dominate. That is the way Americans used to feel about England. Back in 1776 it was what some English historian has called the stupidest cabinet England ever had that forced the war of American Independence; in the 1860's popular sympathy in England was with the North, though the governmental group manifested sympathy with the South. It took a strong showing decades thereafter before we acquitted the English people at large in our inmost souls for all their governing group was allowed to do in their name without being swept out of existence. The feeling is gone now. If for these relatively small things we accused so long we can hardly keep abstract and dissociated from individuals and masses of people our hate for the wicked logic poisonously flowering in atrocious acts that the Germans permit in their name. We shall try to be reasonable, but we shall have to be intelligent with at least a jury's intelligence.

"The side nobler than his hate, just possibly, is this poet's passionate love of liberty. His passion of devotion was as great as the passion of hate—was, indeed, the parent of the passion of hate; and the passion of undaunted belief in democracy was the greatest of the three passions that animated him.

"I think we need all three, hate and devotion and faith, easy accepters and easy critics of liberty and democracy that we have been from time to time in America. We are all half frightened by the excesses and follies in the Russian Revolution, the kind of thing that frightened Tennyson into his phrase, 'the red fool-fury of the Seine,' just as earlier the excesses of the French Revolution frightened Wordsworth back into conservatism. This man, facing it, was moved to noble and clear-sighted utterance:

"Me not thy winds and storms nor thrones disrooted
Nor molten crowns *nor thine own sins* dismay.

Sinned hast thou sometime, therefore art thou sinless;
Stained hast thou been, who art therefore without stain.

"These lines are from 'Mater Triumphalis,' which I am ready to believe is altogether the greatest hymn to freedom in any language:

"Mother of man's time-travelling generations,
Breath of his nostrils, heartblood of his heart,
God above all Gods worshipped of all nations,
Light above light, law beyond law, thou art.

"We have known thee and have not known thee; stood beside thee,
Felt thy lips breathe, set foot where thy feet trod,
Loved and renounced and worshipped and denied thee,
As though thou wert but as another God.

"The crowned heads lose the light on them; it may be
Dawn is at hand to strike the loud feast dumb:
To blind the torch-lit centuries till the day be,
The feasting kingdoms till thy kingdom come.

"I have love at least, and have not fear, and part not
From thine unnavigable and wingless way;
Thou tarriest, and I have not said thou art not,
Nor all thy night long have denied thy day.

"Come, though all heaven again be fire above thee;
Though death before thee come to clear thy sky;
Let us but see in his thy face who love thee;
Yea, though thou slay us, arise and let us die.

"His passion of devotion to the abstract ideal of liberty for the peoples and for the individual soul was developed into a perfect readiness for service quite in the sense that animates, that must animate, American soldiers on European soil. 'The Pilgrims' is the supreme song of disinterested service; passages from 'A Marching Song' exactly hit off the present international assemblage in France—French, English, American, Belgian, Portuguese, Russian, what not; and 'Mater Dolorosa' gives the picture of the goddess as men must see Freedom in the hours of her desperate danger.

"'The Pilgrims' should be as well known as the Lord's Prayer during this time of stress; for we are not going to get through this bitter rebirth of freedom and new consecration to liberty without an exalted unselfishness we have thought of as fantastic.

"Whoso hath seen her shall not live
Except he serve her sorrowing, with strange pain,
Travail and bloodshedding and bitterer tears;
And when she bids die he shall surely die.

"Pass on then and pass by us and let us be,
For what light think ye after life to see?
And if the world fare better will ye know?
And if man triumph who shall seek you and say?
—Enough of life is this for one life's span,
That all men born are mortal, but not man:
And we men bring death lives by night to sow,
That man may reap and eat and live by day.

"There 's something in Emerson's oversoul business, you know, 'each for all' without bothering about the reciprocal 'all for each.' I read 'The Pilgrims' to cleanse my mind of the man I knew—young, mind you, so that he ought to have been stanch—who sentimentalized and psychologized in sickly fashion over the war and those who took part in it, and his own forthcoming part in it, who welched in

little crisis after crisis as he tried to reach his own decision in the matter, as if his fate, and not the world's, was the supreme issue.

"There is a magnificent rhythm of swinging strides in 'A Marching Song':

"We mix from many lands,
We march for very far;
In hearts and lips and hands
Our staffs and weapons are;
The light we walk in darkens sun and moon and star.

"O sorrowing hearts of slaves,
We heard you beat from far!
We bring the light that saves,
We bring the morning star;
Freedom's good things we bring you, whence all good things are.

"France? from its grey dejection
Make manifest the red
Tempestuous resurrection
Of thy most sacred head!
Break thou the covering cerecloths; rise up from the dead.

"And thou, whom sea-walls sever
From lands unwalled with seas,
Wilt thou endure forever,
O Milton's England, these?
Thou that wast his Republic, wilt thou clasp their knees?

"These royalties rust-eaten,
These worm-corroded lies,
* * * *
"These princelings with gauze winglets
That buzz in the air unfurled,
These summer-swarming kinglets
These thin worms crowned and curled,
That bask and blink and warm themselves about the world.

"And this poem, so thoroughly American in its point of view, so much more American than English even in its references, is supplemented by an appeal, 'Mater Dolorosa,' such as rang through the United States in the early months of 1917:

"Is it nothing unto you then, all ye that pass by,
If her breath be left in her lips, if she live now or die?
Behold now, O people, and say if she be not fair,
Whom your fathers followed to find her, with praise and prayer,
And rejoiced having found her, though roof they had none nor bread;
But ye care not; what is it to you if her own day be dead?

"It was well with our fathers; their sound was in all men's lands;
There was fire in their hearts, and the hunger of fight in their hands.
Naked and strong they went forth in her strength like flame,
For her love's and her name's sake of old, her republican name.
But their children, by kings made quiet, by priests made wise,
Love better the heat of their hearths than the light of her eyes.

"The appeal is made complete by his call 'To Walt Whitman in America':

"Send but a song oversea for us,
Heart of their hearts who are free,
Heart of their singer, to be for us
More than our singing can be;
Ours, in the tempest at error,
With no light but the twilight of terror;
Send us a song oversea!

"For a continent bloodless with travail
Here toils and brawls as it can,
And the web of it who shall unravel
Of all that peer on the plan;
Would fain grow men, but they grow not,
And fain be free, but they know not
One name for freedom and man.

"The Russian Revolution, the dream for Poland, the deferred hope for Germany, are all in his 'The Eve of Revolution':

"I set the trumpet to my lips and blow.
The night is broken northward; the pale plains

And footless fields of sun-forgotten snow
Feel through their creviced lips and iron veins
Such quick breath labour and such clean blood flow.

"Strange tyrannies and vast,
Tribes frost-bound to their past,
Lands that are loud all through their length with chains.
Time is wan
And hope is weak with waiting, and swift thought
Hath lost the wings at heel wherewith he ran,
And on the red pit's edge sits down distraught
To talk with death of days republican
And dreams and fights long since dreamt out and fought;
Of the last hope that drew
To that red edge anew
The fire-white faith of Poland without spot;
Of the blind Russian might,
And fire that is not light;
Of the green Rhineland where thy spirit wrought.

"What Russia has done finally, what Poland sees on the definite horizon, what Greece hopes for, what China strives to hold, who may not dream for Germany as well?

"Germany, what of the night?—
Long has it lulled me with dreams;
Now at midwatch, as it seems,
Light is brought back to mine eyes.
And the mastery of old and the might
Lives in the joints of mine hands,
Steadies my limbs as they rise,
Strengthens my foot as it stands."

"He warns the war-weary, and appeals beyond them to farther-sighted men who know we must see the thing through.

"Yet heavy, grievous yet the weight
Sits on us of imperfect fate.
Still kings for fear and slaves for hate
Sow lives of men on earth like seeds
In the red soil they saturate;
And we, with faces eastward set,
Stand sightless of the morning yet.
And many for pure sorrow's sake
Look back and stretch back hands to take
Gifts of night's giving, ease and sleep.

"We that see wars and woes and kings,
And portents of enormous things,
Empires, and agonies, and slaves,
And whole flame of town-swallowing graves;
That hear the harsh hours clash sharp wings
From wreck to wreck as the world swings;
Know but that men there are who see
And hear things other far than we.

"By the light sitting on their brows,
The fire wherewith their presence glows,
By these signs, there is none but knows
Men who have life and grace to give,
Men who have seen the soul and live.

"Who was he?" asked my Philadelphia doctor friend in, I like to think, a more congenial tone.

"All the stuff is from Swinburne's 'Songs Before Sunrise,' published in 1871, and the greatest single volume of poetry in the last fifty years. He was writing against King Frederick of Naples and Napoleon III and Francis Joseph and for Italy in the birth of a new freedom and a betrayed France and a Europe disturbed, if not always demonstrative, throughout its length and breadth. Mazzini and Carducci were akin to him in abstract international mood then, as Gabriele d'Annunzio is now, and as America has to be. The poems are forty years old; but, then, he was a 'forward-looking' man. And, anyway, what 's in a date? The best book on the way this war is stamping the men who fight in it, 'The Red Laugh,' was written in 1905."

A War-Time Christmas

By AGNES REPPLIER

"Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind."

A YOUNG American lieutenant, for whom the world had been from infancy a perilously pleasant place, wrote home in the early spring of 1918:

It has rained and rained and rained. I am as much at home in a mud puddle as any frog in France, and I have clean forgotten what a dry bed is like. But I am as fit as a fiddle and as hard as nails. I can eat scrap iron and sleep standing. Are n't there things called umbrellas, which you pampered civilians carry about in showers?

When I read that letter, I thought of the "Wandering Knight," in the finest of the old Spanish ballads:

My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp, yon star.

The buoyancy of the ballad and the buoyancy of the young American's letter strike the same clear, dominant note. Both men are driven by the wind of their destiny, but both ride free. Face to face with the primitive emotions of life, its primitive comforts become subservient to their will, and its stuffy draperies are nowhere. The soldier does not belong to the dense body of mankind, which, according to Mr. Emerson, is ridden by the tyranny of things.

And if the Great War can so liberate our fighting men, may it not be our appointed time to free ourselves from the cumbrous old Juggernaut which has grown heavier with each succeeding age? "Le superflu, chose très nécessaire," has reached such swelling dimensions that it has lost all comeliness, and all fitness in our lives. It has no longer even the poor distinction of being unattainable to the many. The mechanic's house and the mechanic's wife bear melancholy witness to its universality. Trade is as unconcerned with beauty as with usefulness. Peter Pindar's razor-man is at work the whole world over, and each and every one of us is burdened with his wares. The cry that was raised in England the first year of the war, and that has been reëchoed in the United States within the last twelve months, "Business as usual," means nothing but the reproduction of the unessential for the benefit of the producer. England has learned, and we are learning, that many things deemed indispensable can be readily dispensed with. England has learned, and we are learning, that the business of the Allies is war. Every dollar should contribute directly or indirectly to this supreme industry. If we are bankrupt in war, other forms of bankruptcy will follow as a necessary sequence. We shall be an insolvent nation, with Germany for our creditor.

Bearing this in mind, we may find it worth while to reconstruct our lives on a new and different scale. The counsel which is authoritatively given us is sometimes very confusing, because we are from first to last "economic illiterates" (I borrow the phrase from Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, chairman of the War Savings Committee); and while there is a great deal of talk, there is no visible standard which we may set ourselves to emulate and surpass. The artless creed of administrators that economy is to be measured by the discomfort it creates proves the rawness of our point of view. Judged by this rule, the

savings effected in our railroads should pay the cost of the war. The people look naturally and fearlessly to their leaders for guidance and example. That the Government should prove beyond dispute that the billions so cheerfully subscribed to loans and paid in taxes are spent with fidelity and thrift is not too much to ask. The debt of the tax-payer to the state is a business debt. The law provides measures to compel its payment. The debt of the state to the tax-payer is a debt of honor. He cannot enforce payment; but if it is withheld, the fine fabric of civilization crumbles into dust. The foundation of democracy is a square deal between the men who pay the taxes and the men who spend them.

And, after all, it is not so much economy as austerity which should be bred and sanctified by the war. The question of saving money is secondary to the question of saving our souls from the lust of things —a lust which is out of harmony with the dignity of life, and absurdly out of proportion to its brevity. Newman tells us that the Sultan Mahmud carried away great spoils from India. When he lay dying in extreme pain, he had the riches of his treasury spread out before him, and wept to think that he must leave them, and that the years of his possession had been so few.

After the Spanish-American War I heard one of my countrywomen say she wanted to go to Spain, because she understood that many Spaniards, impoverished by the contest and by the loss of their Cuban estates, would be obliged to sell their jewels and laces, and she would like to buy on the spot. She was a church-going Christian woman, but she spoke with the voice of Jacob when he bargained with his fainting brother for the birthright he shamefully coveted.

There is a passage in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" which describes with precision the crown prince, as watched by English eyes. "He was the backbone of the war party at court. And presently he stole bric-à-brac. That will help posterity to a proper value of things."

It helps us now. The crown prince has committed worse crimes than carrying away bronzes and plate. The long years of the war have revealed in him no trait that is not evil. He has had no more heart for his own men than for his enemy. He has ridden his troops over their wounded comrades, over their dying comrades, over German soldiers bleeding on the battle-field for him who bore no wound. In this he has sinned against God and man; but not against his own caste, not against the pride of the Hohenzollerns. It is only petty larceny which cannot by any stretch of judgment be accounted a princely failing. It was only the profoundly stupid desire to possess something he did not need which made him part so lightly with the rank and title of a gentleman.

And now there comes cropping up from time to time in our newspapers an agitating report that Germany is "cornering pearls," and that French jewelers have been found base enough to deal, through Swiss agents, with these speculators. What have the Allied nations to fear from such a scheme? It is true that a string of pearls, sold last July at Christie's, brought forty-seven thousand pounds, which is said to be the biggest sum ever paid in a London auction-room. This proves, what we all know, that wealth and want go hand in hand in war-time. It is also true that British women gave their pearls to make up the famous Red Cross necklace, sold for the needs of the wounded. But what Germany corners, Germany can consume. If, when peace comes, and brings some measure of justice to a stricken world, there can be found a French, British, Italian, or American woman willing to buy a pearl from the Hun's dishonored hand, to what end has the war been fought?

The efforts of our law-makers to decide what is a luxury (with a view to taxing it when disclosed), and the efforts of economists and statisticians to aid them in this decision, have brought to light some instructive and discouraging facts. Strange to say, luxury taxes are not, and never

have been, popular. The Paris Chamber of Commerce protested vigorously against the French war-tax of April, 1918, which raised the duty on such undisputed luxuries as jewels, pianos, and motors from ten to twenty per cent. The law was held to impose "serious hardships on traders," and a modification was asked for. The British Luxury Tax Committee submitted in August, 1918, a report which combined uncompromising clearness, triumphant common sense, and a human quality not often found in such an inhuman business as tax-raising. That medical, surgical, and dental appliances should be exempted is natural and reasonable; but that this hard-driven committee should have paused in its labors to consider and recommend for exemption, "the first sale of an artist's work, made by himself, and not exceeding one hundred and twenty pounds," proves pleasantly that a functionary may yet be a man and a brother.

In this country the word luxury is held to embrace not only a long list of inutilities (jade carvings, lacquered shrines, wooden jewel-boxes, and brass candlesticks were added last June to the list of restricted imports), but an equally long list of needful articles, if they are of a reasonably good quality. We must have clothes, because the law does not permit us to appear, even in August, without them. We must have boots and shoes, because, otherwise, our feet would be frost-bitten in January. The high price of clothes and boots and shoes has long been a matter of solicitude. But that "departmental tax experts" should pronounce these stern necessities to be luxuries because tailors and bootmakers ask so much for them, is to add insult to injury, and injury to insult. Even the possibility of buying, untaxed, two shoddy suits instead of one woolen one, and two pairs of paper shoes instead of one pair of leather ones, does not reconcile us to fate, or make clear the workings of democracy.

For it is not on necessary apparel, nor yet on jade carvings and lacquered shrines, that the wealth of the country is being wasted. We can make shift to do without the carvings and the shrines, especially if they are of the sort prepared for the American trade, and shown on the upper floor of a department store; but the savings so effected will not build many ships. The staggering sums to contemplate are the three millions of dollars spent on imported feathers, mostly from China and Japan; the fifty millions spent on chewing-gum; and the three hundred millions spent on candy, all in the fiscal year of 1917. A story has been going the rounds that Mr. Woolworth asked the architect of the Woolworth Building in New York how much iron was used in the structure.

"Twenty-seven thousand tons," said Mr. Gilbert.

"Last year," commented Mr. Woolworth, "I sold in my stores more than that weight of candy."

There is no use telling the public that "voluntary self-denial of the great American appetite is all that stands between our comrades in Europe and starvation." There is no such thing as voluntary self-denial on a scale commensurate to the needs of a world whose food supply is running low. It is not voluntary self-denial which has enabled Germany to survive four years of blockade, to put up a hard fight, heap money in the Deutsche Reichsbank, make the biggest guns in the world, and have still the cash and the spirit left to corner the pearl market, to say nothing of cornering the German-American traitor market, which has cost her rather more than it was worth. Austria went on placidly eating all she wanted as long as she had it to eat. So did England, though she obeyed with superb precision as soon as prohibitory laws were passed. Americans, except for a few insignificant restrictions, are now eating all they want, or at least all they can afford to buy. The fact that in remote portions of Europe men and women are on the brink of starvation does not impair their appetite. If they are aware of this circumstance (and many are not), if they recall it (and few do), they say: "The food is here, and not in Serbia or Armenia. If I don't eat it, my neighbors will," and pursue their way.

That trade must suffer if superfluities be discarded is not a sufficient reason for wasting labor and money on them. War necessarily involves suffering. Reform necessarily implies loss. Prohibition means a lessening of revenue and an added burden of taxation. It also spells ruin to the breweries and the grape-growers. Yet it is hard to think that a bottle of California wine is not a more useful article than the thousands of gimcracks exposed for sale by shopkeepers at Christmas-time. We can do better things with our labor and our money than produce and purchase inutilities. A great manufacturer of talking-machines is now making airplanes. This fact alone should convert all the pacifists in the country. It is honey snatched from the lion's jaw.

Rummage sales were first designed to fulfil a practical purpose. Useful articles, decent clothing, were given by the rich, and bought by the poor, who thus received more than the value of their money. With an increase of popularity came a change of character. Trash of every kind, cheap and costly, was dumped upon counters, and sold to people who knew no better than to buy it. As a method of raising money, the sales grew more valuable every year; but they catered to waste rather than to economy.

"Why have you left your counter?" I asked a light-hearted young woman who was making her way out of a crowded rummage-room.

"They don't want me any longer," she laughed. "I would n't let a mother of nine children buy a china stork. I said that was one thing she did n't need, and they told me, if I were going to sell only what was needed, I had better hand out stamps at a post-office."

Last spring, when the German drive was on, and we counted day by day, with hearts as heavy as lead, the number of miles that lay between Hindenburg and Paris, I saw a dense crowd of men and women standing before one of the newspaper offices. It took all the courage I possessed to approach those bulletin-boards; but when I pushed my way through the throng, I saw that it was not concerned with war news. Next to the newspaper building was a chemist's shop, and in the window a very young girl sat before an elaborate toilet-table. She wore an evening dress of yellow tulle and a wreath of red and yellow flowers. Her cheeks flamed crimson with paint. She sat without turning her head, and stared at herself in the mirror, while the men and women in the street stared ecstatically at her. She was advertising a face powder. A few feet away the boards announced the fall of Noyon and the sinking of a British transport. The only object in the window besides the girl and the toilet-table was a huge war poster, lettered, "America's Answer to the Huns."

We have been told that we can finance the war by spending only on things we need. We could go a long way toward financing it by ceasing to spend on things we are better without. So little is necessary for health and efficiency; so much is ridiculous excess. And having lost our sense of proportion, it is hard to regain it, even in these years of stern enlightenment. A recent war novel, and an able one, challenges our admiration for the heroic temper of an American woman, the wife of a New York broker, who tells her husband she is prepared to run her house and her family of three on twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Four servants are all she will permit herself, and, as for dress, two thousand dollars will suffice. "Why should I want any new clothes this winter?" Moved to solemn transport by this sacrificial spirit, the broker affirms he will curtail his own personal expenses to twelve hundred dollars, and, taking down the family Bible, he reads with a swelling heart, "Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies."

And it is n't meant to be satiric. It is written seriously, and was printed in the fourth year of a world war in which uncounted thousands of men, women, and children have died of want. Neither is it wholly and typically American, for I read last winter, in the "Nineteenth Century and After," that Cecil Rhodes was a man

of such simple and "coarse" tastes that they could have been amply gratified on an income of five thousand pounds. Now five thousand pounds is a small sum when we look at it in connection with Cecil Rhodes; but as the outlay required for the contentment of simple and coarse tastes it seems a bit excessive.

When we count up our gains from a war which will cost us the flower of our manhood, we reckon a lesson in economy as one of our national assets. But abnegation is better than economy. It is the lesson which, of all others, is taught us by the first Christmas, and now is the time to take it soberly to heart. Those are good words of Lloyd George's, spoken to a nation which has made every sacrifice for freedom's sake: "Don't be always thinking of getting back to where you were before the war. Get a really new world." A new and a better world, emptied of forced and artificial production, full of essentials, freely shared. We have been carrying too much cargo for a short and stormy voyage. Two of the cardinal virtues, prudence and temperance, combine to insure thrift; and where prudence and temperance are found, their nobler sisters, justice and fortitude, are close at hand. Christianity borrowed these cardinal virtues from paganism, which honored them for centuries, and built its finest civilization on their strong support.

Their best fruit to-day is that voluntary austerity which Bacon says "may be as well for a man's country as for the Kingdom of Heaven."

Driftwood

By SARA TEASDALE

My forefathers gave me
  My spirit's shaken flame,
The shape of hands, the beat of heart,
  The letters of my name.

But it was my lovers,
  And not my sleeping sires,
Who taught my spirit how to flame
  With iridescent fires,

As the driftwood burning
  Learned its jeweled blaze
From the sea's blue splendor
  Of colored nights and days.

Innocents Abroad

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

EVEN before the war Americans were curious as to what other nations thought of them, and so I make no apology for beginning what I have to write with a pertinent conversation in which Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett took part.

"Unless you are forewarned by experience," said Mr. Wells, "you underestimate the American in the first ten minutes of conversation. Then you begin to understand. He has the enormous advantage of being elemental and unsophisticated. He is a breath of fresh air. Europe needs him."

"We are 'Innocents Abroad' again?" I suggested; and Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett agreed.

Is it true? Are we so naïve, are we "simple?" We do not so describe ourselves at home. But if to be elemental and unsophisticated is merely the state of being young, Mr. Wells is probably right. Nothing in Europe, not even the French child, is so young as the American Army. I have seen them on transports subdued by the endless horizon and the grim unreality of the striped and blotched ships of the convoy. I have seen them lost and a little homesick in tangled London, and in Paris "jollying" one another over the hats of an admiring populace. I have caught the distinctive spring of their march ahead on dusty roads behind the British front; passed village after village of what was once French France bubbling over with their hearty figures; noted the sharp profiles of Americans on guard at twilight by the entrance of ruined towns. Among troops, only the Australians look as young as the Americans. The *Poilus* might be their fathers,—many of them, indeed, are old enough to be,—but it is not age, it is experience, that makes the difference. They look tired; and so, no doubt, do the Germans. Our men are fresh physically and fresh mentally. They have the vigor and eagerness of youth.

It is not the physical freshness, which will pass after six months in the field, but this mental freshness of the Americans that is the new factor for war in Europe. I watched a French general as, surrounded by his staff, he decorated three American aviators with the *Croix de Guerre,* while an American and a French regiment stood at attention. The band of drums, fifes, and brass had just finished "The Marsellaise," the baton had waved for "The Star-Spangled Banner," when a sudden command hushed the musicians and split wide the ranks. Then down a long lane of soldiers six Nieuports roared, taking the air, to rise and turn and shoot one after the other northward where the Germans had crossed the line. You could see the eyes of our boys sparkle and their cheeks flush. The French held steady. What was one *alerte* more to those dark little fellows with their long coats and their slender bayonets? They were workers at a trade, skilful, untiring, unmoved. Youth had gone out of them.

Again, one night it was my privilege to go to a dangerous trench where men from my own State and my own town were holding a position that had been "rushed" only a little while before, had been retaken, and might at any moment see the shock troops once more coming over and the barrage again begin. It was just dawn as we stole down a road the enemy were watching; the first bird-songs were ominous of growing light. It was too dark to see the sentinel in his shell-pit until his bayonet stopped us; light enough to catch a glimmer from the line of gray,

expectant faces of the men who held the trench. It was a battle-scene as the dawn came on, machine-guns trained at each bay, nests of grenades ready for hurling, signal-flares still rising from the German lines, and in the bottom of the trench dark figures of men, dog-tired from their watch, rolled in the water and the slime.

It would have made an effective lithograph, but the picture would have been misleading; for these were neither desperate heroes nor hardened veterans. They were boys, a little nervous, a little tense with excitement, content that day was approaching, but eager that something should happen; talking of breakfast and cursing the mosquitos, but thinking most of the real push that was coming.

The contrast with the fine *Poilus* in the quiet trenches beyond Verdun was striking. "*Bonjour, mon fils,*" said our old colonel to the first be-medaled breast we encountered in the somnolence of the front line at noon. "How goes it?"

"*Bien, bien, mon colonel.* One habituates oneself after a while to this quiet life."

That is the attitude of the professional, neither desiring trouble nor moved by it. It is the spirit of the Tommies I saw on Vimy Ridge, joking in their dugouts to escape the weariness of a war where they were ready to hold on forever, but could take no joy. It is very different from the eager expectancy of the Americans, with to-morrow always in their minds. And is not that almost a definition of youth? French and British alike are thanking Heaven that our army is young in years and youthful in mind and in hope. If we are unsophisticated in warfare, let us be proud of it.

It is not only, however, by our army's spirit of youth that we Americans show ourselves elemental and unsophisticated when over-seas. This inrush of eagerness into France, carrying strength, optimism, and a hope in retirement with it, is a new thing that only those who have swung the circle of the long front line and run down the spreading arteries toward the sea can fitly appreciate. What fools, after all, we were to suppose that dead things from America—food, guns, money—might be more important in a crisis than the courage, force, and enthusiasm that come with men! But this eager youth is no more significant than the instinctive simplicity — a simplicity both unsophisticated and elemental — which Americans abroad have displayed in this war.

I spent, by chance, some informal hours in a single day at two G. H. Q.'s with British generals and their staffs. What struck me in their talk confirmed many lesser impressions. It was of the mind of "Fritz" that they spoke, of how he thought and how he acted, talk full of respect for a resourceful, if unscrupulous, adversary, inspired with the spirit of good sportsmanship and an intimate study of man. And there was constant question of the last British "show," the strong and the weak, especially the weak, points of the attack or defense, as if it had been a foot-ball match instead of a death-struggle. On another occasion I crossed the torn hill of Douamont with a group of French officers who quite forgot their visitors in the niceties of technical argument over positions lost and won there. The Americans in France are not like that. Their view is narrower than the British and less expert than the French. Without British coolness and French strategy we might easily wreck ourselves in this war. But the American, nevertheless, has gone instinctively to what may, after all, be the heart of the military problem. He is absorbed in the "business" of warfare—construction, transportation, organization. His imagination moves by leaps to vast enterprises for a year after to-morrow, and his energy, all steam up, comes puffing after. What is happening on the remainder of the front only occasionally concerns him. Instinctively he seems to have felt that modern war is a business, to be so conducted, to be so ended, he hopes, and that let happen what may in Paris or Flanders or Mesopotamia, his prescription is "to get to business" first of all. Therefore he

shuts his mind to military speculation, and meets his problem with a single mind. He may be disappointed, skilful strategy may wreck his hopeful labors half completed; but at least he has acted not on theory, but upon the facts as they have been flung at his head in France.

Yet this same soldier will, by European standards, speculate most wildly on questions of war aims and world readjustments after the war. An English Tommy is blank when you ask him what will happen when Germany is defeated, a French *Poilu* will shrug his shoulders; but it is a poor-spirited "doughboy" who has no theory as to the remolding of powers and principalities. America, indeed, is the one nation, always excepting Germany, that has committed itself in this already sufficiently difficult war to a reconstruction of the world. And it is this, I think, that the Europeans chiefly have in mind when they call us "elemental" and, in irritable moments, "innocent." It is the American in world politics that they mean, from President Wilson down to the casual dinner-guest who in the midst of conversation as to what the Swedes intend, and what the French, blandly states that Europe must of course be reorganized according to a system entirely new. Our world policy is just as instinctive as our obsession with business.

Even the greatest among us are naïve as we confront European diplomacy and European entanglements. That is our strength — a strength as great as the vigor of our youth. The instinct and the will for vast political rearrangements are anesthetized in the European *bourgeois* —anesthetized by custom and fatigue. It is to be found, of course, in outstanding persons more so perhaps than at home, and also in organized bodies such as constitute the extreme left of every European legislature. Their programs are sufficiently radical, as we well know; but John Smith, the draper's assistant, and Gaspard Le Fevre, the *huissier,* are too aware of the social fabric in which they live and work to dream easily of a different future. They lack the free-moving imagination of the Kansan or Oregonian, who, for all his material practicality, has seen and felt a continent shaped to his uses and old laws stretched to fit new needs. They lack most of all the experience of the melting-pot, antagonistic races forgetting their antagonisms in the possession of relative political and economic freedom, intermarrying instead of preparing to fight, exchanging, though slowly, racial prejudice for national pride. America is just entering, I suppose, upon her greatest problems, and yet we believe, at least, that we can teach the world one fact: federation of races and sovereignties, both political and economical, is possible, has been accomplished. The United States of Civilization, if it comes, will certainly not be an imitation of our republic, but our faith in such a divine, far-off event springs not from the gaseous theory of the Russian "social contract," but from "the great American experiment" itself. And we have with us the free-thinking Canadians, New-Zealanders, Australians, who already, according to reliable testimony, have broken up the political inertia of the British with whom they have mingled at the front.

All this is in the sub-consciousness of the American abroad, and makes him seem naïve to the critical, and "elemental" to the friendly, among our Allies. Sometimes it is very far within. No one puts speculation as to the immediate future so definitely aside as the American organizer in France; no one can go so whole-heartedly after the "first objective" and let strategy take care of itself. That, as I have said, is one of our contributions to the war. But if we talk politics at all in Europe, it is the politics of the future, not of the past. We refuse to be bound by the "lessons of history," even when we know them, which is not often the case. We insist upon regarding the Balkans as potential Louisianas or New Mexicos, upon discussing Triest in terms of St. Louis and the open waters of the Mississippi, upon believing that the Germans of Germany are only Milwaukee Germans, after all, controlled by a Teutonized Tam-

many Hall, dangerous because efficient, but not unbreakable.

All this is very naïve, of course, and very innocent, and the diplomat of the old European brand endeavors not to be sarcastic as he states the manifold and documented objections — unchanging human nature, commercial rivalries, pride of sovereignty, and the rest. But the light-hearted American is not silenced.

"I believe in a different future because *yours* is impossible; *your* alternative implies a continuation of armaments and war to the brink, or beyond it, of degeneration. It is better, but not much better, than the domination of German *Kultur*. You counsel black pessimism; but why be pessimistic until we have made a push with optimism? The world after the war will be what we make it, not what it was."

Alas! it is far easier to be pessimistic than optimistic in 1918. It is easy to urge the American program for the rights of all peoples, for self-development within bounds laid down by the welfare of all; but it is hard to keep up the mood of youth in solitary thought. To plan a world for 1930 that will be better than 1913, better even than the present, requires an act of faith. Nevertheless, one cannot take part in such conversations without feeling the crude, fresh air of which Wells spoke blowing freely. Air it is, still, often "hot air"; but it is better than negation. And there are several circumstances of great importance which must be highly considered before the platform upon which America entered the war is condemned as a naïve and shallow idealism. For it may be wise and not foolish to be naïve, to be elemental, in this age of the world.

Note first, that among all the "war aims" as expressed from time to time by the chief belligerents, only three look toward the future. The expressed and authorized aims of Great Britain, except (an important exception) in so far as they echo our own, look toward the righting of wrongs and the perpetuation of justice as justice was understood in 1914. The expressed aims of France are identical. Russia—what is left of Russia under the Bolshevik régime—deals entirely in "futures," as they say on the stock-exchange, but the abundant idealism in her certificates has little security behind it. Russia has mortgaged her present to a future this generation can scarcely hope to touch. As for Germany, her aims, as the dominant party expresses them, are certainly forward-looking, but like the famous dachshund that sought the tail he had long since left behind him, it is a *pax Romana,* of a kind gone, one hopes, forever that she seeks; and in this future we refuse with all our will and strength to play a part. There remains the "Wilson Program," indefinite, impossible of immediate realization, involving readjustments each more difficult than problems which hitherto have been soluable only by war, but containing principles of international settlement on the basis of national rights that most men think to be sound, even though faith is partial and full realization improbable for our times. It seems naïve precisely because it is elemental. In politics it may prove to be one of the greatest, and perhaps the last, effort of that historical Renaissance which created modern civilization by substituting a creative hope of the future for an ardent subservience to the past.

The second and more obvious circumstance is very clear to an observer who detaches himself for a while from the tumultuous enthusiasm of early war-time in his native land. It is that no common war aim but this unites the American people; that no other war aim has been given leadership that is powerful, distinctive, and our own. Belgium shocked us, the *Lusitania* enraged us, the world ambitions of the German empire stiffened our necks. We fight against all these things. But America, instinctively suspicious of European entanglements (bred, in fact, on the "Farewell Address" of Washington), instinctively averse to the bankrupt scheme of the balance of powers— America was moved to war because by 1917 it was only by war that we could maintain our ideals of decent living. It was "put up or shut up," as the old phrase goes, and we

"put up." President Wilson expresses, as no one in Europe, the instinctive will of a nation.

I have written "as no one in Europe," and this is the third important circumstance that makes the naïveté of America something more than charming innocence. Germany we must leave out of the argument; but I dare to answer with some confidence for Great Britain and France. The "breath of fresh air" sweeps through them also, and is preferred by a majority to their own traditional policies. The "American lead" in international politics is better recognized, better supported by a definite majority in each country than any leadership of their own from 1914 until to-day. Eighty-five per cent. of the population of France, I was told by an acute observer, himself a Frenchman in a post where accurate and wide observation was possible, support the "Wilson program," with all its implications.

As for Great Britain, there are groups in open or concealed opposition, groups of "stiff-necks," "bitter-enders," wealthy *sauve-qui-peuts,* and Bolsheviki, and there are many, as everywhere, who are ignorant of all issues; but a definite majority could even now be polled for the principles—I do not say the details; it is too early for details—of the "American idea" of what to do after the war. The most important document in international politics issued in England since 1914 is no single speech, or all the speeches, of the prime ministers, but the platform of the united labor parties as regards international settlement. And this is in close agreement with the principles which our leadership has advanced, which most of us support, and which well nigh all of us, including the "stand-patters" and the legion of "a tooth for a tooth," instinctively crave. Even the Southern Irish, who differ from the English on every other conceivable point, agree with them that President Wilson is the political leader of the English-speaking world.

All this explains why the governments and the press of our Allies speak to us as one might, at commencement, address high-spirited boys, untried idealists, who hold, nevertheless, the keys to the future. It was only a little while ago that Finnin Roz published a book in Paris which endeavored to prove to French incredulity that there was more idealism than materialism in America. And now, whether you take your evidence from the "Figaro," the "Temps," or the "Petit Parisien," from the mouth of Clemenceau or Bergson or Tardieu, the approach is always the same. It is an efficient and practical nation they address, who nevertheless wills peace among nations, non-aggression, and an order where strength of heart and of mind, beauty of life, and fineness of spirit shall have as great a price as might of arm and the power to exploit. And Great Britain speaks not otherwise.

We are not quite like that. We are not so nobly minded, nor so innocent as just now they wish to believe; we are not so altruistic, if indeed it be altruism to desire the only world solution that can save us from turmoil in the next generation. Nor are we free from the passions of crude revenge, the desires for feverish activity, the liking for the rewards, pecuniary and social, of combat, which accompany war among all nations. Some of us are militaristic, some of us are profiteers, many of us are fighting chiefly for the love of it. The Western European races and their offshoots do not differ profoundly one from another. Nevertheless, what a man is thought to be he sometimes is, and often becomes; and what a man thinks himself to be is the most important thing about him. Europe believes and wants us to be idealistic. We have committed ourselves to a program of practical idealism. That just now is the most important political factor in the war, and it may prove more generally important than German might, British tenacity, or the military genius of the French.

It does not take much sagacity to predict that there will be two crises in this world conflict, one for victory in war, the other for success in peace. Idealism is needed for both if we are to win through. In the first crisis we are already involved,

and possibly in its advanced stages. The prestige of the German military leaders must be broken. Germany as a whole must be made to feel, and therefore believe, that a policy of world domination by force does not pay. It will not be necessary, fortunately, to take Berlin, it may not be necessary even to invade Germany; but we must prove by our own exertions that the German Army cannot impose its will. In this our youthful vigor and our business sense should count heavily. But if Germany stays strong, if the war drags, more will be needed. As a writer in "The Westminster Gazette" said recently, the chief characteristic of the fourth year of war is fatigue, a joyless performance of duty for which there is no cure but hope; not hope of a meaningless victory, which will be only a prelude to further conflicts where what has been saved or won will assuredly be lost, and victor and vanquished tumble together into the breakdown of civilization, but the hope which comes from constructive ideas for the future, firmly grasped. I have heard military experts say again and again that military effectiveness is a matter of morale almost exclusively. And as the morale of the men in the trenches depends upon dry feet and full stomachs, so surely does the morale of the nation of which they are a part depend upon moral enthusiasm. We will not go on for three years to destroy Germany or to get back a strip of land rendered desert in the getting. There must be larger hopes than these in the bitter cup.

The other crisis will come when our morale has proved itself stronger than the Germans, and it may come before. It will test us more deeply than the first, for success or failure will depend upon whether, as a nation, we can make good our idealism. Whoever thinks that this, in comparison with "winning the war," is easy, deludes himself. The greatest struggles of this epoch are to be social and political, not military, and this will be one of them. In order to carry out the principles we have affirmed, we may have to carry on the war through weariness and detestation when others, on some basis which they think "practical," may be eager to stop. We may have to support policies directly counter to the cherished ambitions of some of our Allies. We may have to withhold our hands and the hands of others from punishments richly deserved by an offending enemy. We shall certainly be forced to cultivate detachment from prejudice and greed. And with equal certainty, America, in some respects the most conservative of the great nations, must be willing to adopt economic policies of an international character and in violent opposition to our protectionist, individualistic tradition. Without such an exercise of self-control and self-development, all talk of world federation and the prolongation of peace is moonshine or bluff.

I am not afraid of wreck, if reconstruction follows. I am not afraid of this war pursued to its rightful end. Human nature is more enduring than we thought, and it is good that we should prove it. The stoical mothers of England, the French children I have seen playing in the ruins of their cottage with rags bound round their wounded heads, the gray-headed *Poilus* still cheerful after four years of danger and hardship and exile—these things are good if good come of them. But to trust *alone* to man's uprightness under misery, to trust *alone* to military "preparedness," after the sermons writ large all over Europe, is a counsel of desperation. It is as absurd as our old comfortable belief that war as a danger could safely be forgotten; as absurd as our delusion that we had only to go about our peaceful business in disregard of the rest of the world; as wild a counsel as absolute non-resistance.

"In times of peace prepare for war." We must learn that old dictum, and add to it "in time of war prepare for peace." Is it naïve to seek with slow and hopeful perseverance an alternative to the wreck of states? Is it "mere idealism" to plan that nations should hang together instead of separately? If so, thank God that America seems to be young and innocent enough to lead in the attempt!

Bulgaria Quits

By LOTHROP STODDARD

BULGARIA'S withdrawal from the Teutonic block and her frank capitulation to the Allies is easily the most dramatic episode of the World War. Almost overnight the massive bridge of "Mitteleuropa" has crumbled at its central span, leaving exhausted Turkey foredoomed to speedy surrender and laying distracted Austria open to the combined assaults of Allied arms and domestic revolution. So stupendous are the possibilities flowing from the Allies' September offensive in Macedonia that we are almost tempted to believe that the age of miracles is come again.

Yet in such hours we should clarify our vision by insistent remembrance of Clausewitz's famous saying that war is but the extension of politics. For brilliant as was the Franco-Serbian escalade of mid-September, storming successive mountain walls as though they were mere trench lines and shearing through war-hardened Bulgarian divisions like a knife through rotten cheese, there was more than fighting involved. For the last year and even longer a combination of circumstances had been weaning Bulgaria from her former solidarity with the Central powers, and this disruptive process, proceeding with special rapidity during the last few months, had been steadily sapping the morale of the Bulgarian people and the war-spirit of the Bulgarian soldiery. From the broader point of view, therefore, the Allies' Macedonian offensive must be deemed not merely a skilful military operation, but even more a well-timed garnering of fruits ripe for the plucking. In such masterly combinations of strategy and politics lies the secret of decisive victory.

The accurate gaging by Allied statesmanship of Bulgaria's political evolution is specially noteworthy because that evolution was both complicated and obscure. In fact, its roots reach down to the fundamental aspirations of the Bulgarian people. Bulgaria's present volte-face is no chance product of panic, but a logical step in her national policy. Its consequences thus promise to be not ephemeral, but lasting. An understanding of the factors that brought about the existing situation is therefore worth careful study.

The Bulgarians have often been called the Prussians of the Balkans, and in this characterization there is a large measure of truth. A hard-working, tenacious folk, capable of great patience, docile to iron discipline, and appreciative of governmental efficiency, the material progress made by the Bulgarians during their forty years of independence is as striking in its way as the similar progress of the German people. Unfortunately, the Bulgarians resemble the Prussians not only in their virtues, but in their most unlovely qualities as well. There are the same tactlessness, brutality, overweening ambition, and cynical indifference to the means by which those ambitions are to be attained. This has shown itself clearly throughout Bulgarian history. When Bulgaria gained her independence of Turkey in 1878 she started with a perfectly legitimate ambition, the attainment of Bulgarian race-unity through the annexation of those Bulgar-inhabited portions of Macedonia that remained under Turkish rule. For this the Bulgarian people toiled and taxed themselves without stint. For this they built up a military machine relatively the most formidable on earth.

But that was by no means the whole story. Race-unity may have been the goal for which the simple Bulgarian peasant drilled and delved. His leaders had more

grandiose projects in view. This was specially true of the Bulgarian monarch, Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a man of great political sagacity, but of a cynical unscrupulousness rivaling Machiavelli's "Prince." Ferdinand's dream was a great Bulgarian empire embracing the entire Balkan Peninsula, with its seat at Constantinople and his exalted self occupying the imperial throne. This implied both the expulsion of the Turks from Europe and the subjugation of the other Christian Balkan peoples. In the Balkan War of 1912 Bulgaria's hour seemed to have struck, but Ferdinand for once overplayed his hand, and Bulgaria's Balkan rivals beat her on the battle-field and forced her to the humiliating Peace of Bukharest in 1913.

The Peace of Bukharest was not a constructive settlement. It was an attempt on the part of embittered enemies to punish Bulgaria's ambitions and keep her permanently down. The result was most unfortunate. Playing upon their balked desire for race-unity, Ferdinand bound his subjects to his wider imperialistic designs. Raging under their humiliations and their failure to redeem their Macedonian brethren, the Bulgarians declared themselves ready to league with the devil if they might thereby tear up the Bukharest parchment and revenge themselves upon their enemies.

The opportunity was not long in coming. The Pan-German devil was already preparing his stroke for world dominion, and when the blow fell in 1914, Bulgaria's alinement was almost a foregone conclusion. The military losses in the recent Balkan Wars had of course so weakened her that cautious diplomatic jockeying was a preliminary necessity, but when Russia had succumbed to Hindenburg's hammer-strokes in the summer of 1915 and the Germanic hosts menaced Serbia in the autumn, Bulgaria threw off the mask, struck Serbia from the rear, and joined the Teutonic powers. Thus did the "Berlin-Bagdad" dream grow into solid fact, and Mitteleuropa become a hard reality.

There can be no question that when Bulgaria entered the war on the Teutonic side in the autumn of 1915 she did so with the hearty assent of the vast majority of her people. The Germans had promised Bulgaria those things which Bulgarians most desired. A Teutonic alliance offered Bulgaria immediate possession of Serbian Macedonia, where lived the bulk of the Bulgarian element still outside Bulgaria's political frontiers, together with the practical destruction of the Serbian arch-enemy. The Teutonic alliance likewise offered prospects of reclaiming the Bulgarian populations of Greek Macedonia and of the southern Dobrudja, annexed by Rumania, in 1913, should Greece and Rumania, both notoriously pro-Ally, strike in on the Entente side. Lastly, the German Government agreed to use its good offices with its ally, Turkey, to obtain for Bulgaria a Turkish cession of the Demotika district of Thrace west of the Maritza River, thereby giving Bulgaria direct railroad communication with Dedeagatch, her one practicable outlet on the Ægean Sea. All these things presently came to pass. Serbia lay crushed, and Serbian Macedonia was under Bulgarian control before the close of 1915. Turkey soon yielded Demotika. In the spring of 1916 the quarrel between the Greek King Constantine and the Entente powers permitted Bulgaria to occupy the coveted Drama-Serres-Kavala districts of Greek Macedonia, while that same autumn Rumania's intervention on the Allied side resulted in her speedy defeat, with Bulgarian troops overrunning the whole Dobrudja as far as the Danube mouth, and Bulgarian regiments triumphantly parading through the street of Bukharest. Small wonder that up to the close of 1916 Bulgaria remained a loyal member of Mitteleuropa, thoroughly contented with her bargain.

The year 1917, however, saw the beginning of that estrangement from Germany which has finally caused Bulgaria's abandonment of the Teutonic cause. The first rift in the lute was the Russian Revolution. This event was a great shock to Ferdinand and the Sofia politicians. When Bulgaria had joined Germany in the autumn of 1915 her political leaders had divined the

fact that Russia's war spirit was broken by the crushing defeats inflicted upon her by the Germans and that she would ultimately retire from the war. But Sofia had looked forward to a Russian retirement under imperial auspices and thereafter to a Russo-German rapprochement in which Bulgaria should be the connecting-link, extracting a profitable brokerage by playing off one against the other in Balkan affairs. The idea was subtle, yet not without reason when we remember that it was toward this very state of things that the last czarist governments of Stürmer and Golytzin were feeling their way. However, Bulgarian expectations were completely dashed by the credo of Revolutionary Russia, which renounced imperialism and eschewed all those near-Eastern ambitions which had been the watchword of the old régime. Now, Bulgaria did not like the new situation. For though Russia was definitely out of the Balkans, Germany and Austria were emphatically not, and their weight was too heavy to be borne pleasantly even by their friends. It was one thing for Bulgaria to be the connecting link of Mitteleuropa, with mighty Russia always potentially present to redress the balance. It was quite another matter to be just the link. That this was to be Bulgaria's future rôle in Mitteleuropa, Germany's new attitude made increasingly plain. The progressive disintegration of Russia through 1917 riveted Teutonic domination on the Balkans and even offered Germany alternative routes to the East. This meant that Germany no longer needed to show Bulgaria special consideration, and what that fact implied to Teutonic minds was quickly shown by the series of bitter disillusionments that Bulgaria had to experience.

The first shock came regarding the Dobrudja. When the Teuton-Bulgar armies had swept the Rumanians out of the Dobrudja at the close of 1916, Bulgaria had expected to acquire the entire peninsula. But Germany soon showed that she had other ideas on the matter. The Dobrudja not only controlled the mouth of the Danube, but also contained the port terminus of the main railroad trunk-line from Central Europe to the Black Sea. These things Germany had no intention of placing in Bulgarian hands. Accordingly, Bulgaria was given only the southern Dobrudja, the rest of the peninsula being held "in common." And when in the spring of 1918 Russia's final collapse forced Rumania to make peace with the Central powers, it was to them, and not to Bulgaria, that Rumania ceded the Dobrudja prize. Of course Germany temporized, and extended the Dobrudja "condominium" until the final peace settlement, but Bulgaria could

see with half an eye that her hopes in this quarter would never be realized.

A second shock was presently administered by Turkey. In return for Bulgaria's extension of territory in the southern Dobrudja, Turkey demanded compensation by Bulgaria's retrocession of the Demotika district of Thrace. This district, it will be remembered, was vital to Bulgaria's railway communications with her Ægean seaboard. Bulgaria therefore angrily rejected the proposal, Turkey as vehemently in-

sisted, and by the beginning of 1918 a very pretty quarrel was on between the two allies, culminating in at least one bloody mix-up between Turkish and Bulgarian troops. In these circumstances Bulgaria appealed to Germany, but was deeply chagrined to receive from the Wilhelmstrasse a Delphic utterance which might have been interpreted as an indorsement of Turkish claims. The reason for this was that Germany was then overrunning the Ukraine preparatory to the occupation of Transcaucasia and the penetration of the middle East. For such far-flung projects zealous Turkish coöperation was a prime necessity. Accordingly, Turkey had to be favored in every possible way. As for Bulgaria, she must not embarrass Germany in her march to world dominion.

A third shock was in store. Ever since the spring of 1916 Bulgaria had occupied the Drama-Serres-Kavala districts of Greek Macedonia. In 1916, Greece was clinging to an ambiguous neutrality, but a year later the Entente powers deposed King Constantine, and Greece ranged herself squarely on the Allied side, with a declaration of war against Bulgaria as one of the first consequences. Thereupon Bulgaria urged Germany to allow her definitely to annex the occupied districts and to promise her Saloniki when victory should crown the Teuton-Bulgar arms. But here again Bulgaria discovered that Germany had other fish to fry. Ex-King Constantine and the Greek royalists might yet be very useful to Berlin. Therefore they must not be alienated by giving Bulgaria territories which would render every Greek an irreconcilable foe to Mitteleuropa. Also Saloniki, the great Ægean outlet of central Europe, was far too valuable a prize to be committed exclusively to Bulgarian hands. But Saloniki could be reached from central Europe only across Macedonia. Therefore in the final Balkan settlement there must be reserves regarding Bulgaria's control of the Macedonian railroad system. For that matter, this might have to be applied to Bulgaria's own railroad system, since it was the trunk-line from central Europe to the East.

So reasoned the suave German diplomats. The effect upon Bulgarian sensibilities can be imagined. How far removed was this drab reality from roseate dreams of imperial Bulgaria dominating the entire Balkans and treating with Teutonic partners as a respected equal! The grim truth was this: Bulgaria's promised gains were being whittled away according to the shifting exigencies of German policy. Was anything certain for the future? No. Because German interests came first, and the junior colleagues must "do their part." Here once more appeared the Nemesis of Prussian *Realpolitik*, that sinister heresy the crowning demerit of which is that it is not even "real," since it reposes on short-sighted egoism and disregards those moral "imponderables," good faith, fair-dealing, etc., which weigh most heavily in the end. Having turned the neutral world into enemies, *Realpolitik* was now ready to turn Germany's allies into neutrals.

Thus by the opening months of 1918 Bulgaria was no longer a contented member of central Europe. Most of her political leaders were profoundly disillusioned, and uncertain as to the future. Of course these political matters were still somewhat veiled from the masses. But meanwhile the Bulgarian peasant had been undergoing a little educative process of his own. German diplomats might ask Bulgaria to make sacrifices. The Bulgarian peasant could answer roundly that this was already the case. For Bulgaria was suffering—suffering in every fiber of her being. When she entered the European struggle in 1915, Bulgaria was still weak from two bloody wars. True, the Bulgarian conscripts had marched gladly enough once more, because they were told that it was a matter of a single short campaign, ending in a speedy peace. But two long years had now passed, and Bulgaria's manhood still stood mobilized in distant Macedonia, while at home the fields went fallow, and the scanty harvests, reaped by women and children, had to be shared with the German. Everywhere there was increasing want, sometimes amounting to semi-starvation. Bulgaria, like Russia, was proving that a prim-

itive agricultural people may make a fine campaign, but cannot wage prolonged modern war.

All this discontent, both above and below, presently focused itself in the parliamentary situation. The opposition groups in the Bulgarian Sobranje steadily gained strength until on June 17, 1918, Premier Radoslavov was forced to resign. Radoslavov had been in power since 1913. He had been the architect of the Teuton-Bulgar alliance and was known to be a firm believer in the Mitteleuropa idea. His successor, Malinov, naturally gave lip-service to the same program, but his past leaning had been toward Russia, and he had never displayed marked enthusiasm for the Teutonic powers.

Of course this change of ministry did not mean that Bulgaria was then ready to make a separate peace with the Entente Allies. Every Bulgarian knew that such an act would mean the abandonment of Bulgaria's whole imperialistic dream and the immediate relinquishment of supremely prized Macedonia. But it did mean that Bulgaria was discontented with her present situation and that she was resolved to take a more independent stand toward her Teutonic allies even though Germany was at the moment in the full flush of her great Western offensive and dreaming of a speedy entry into Paris.

But just a month after Malinov's accession came the dramatic shift of fortune in the West. The German offensive broke down, and the Allies began their astounding succession of victories. Instantly the Balkan situation altered. Bulgaria knew that the spring offensive had been Germany's supreme bid for victory. To fill the ranks for the rush on Paris and the channel ports the last German veterans had been withdrawn from the East. Gone were those field-gray divisions which had stiffened the Macedonian front and kept down popular discontent by garrisoning Bulgarian towns. The peasant voice was at last free to speak, and it spoke in no uncertain terms for an end of the war. Agrarian disturbances increased in frequency. Peace demonstrations occurred in Sofia. In fact, some of these demonstrations were tinged with revolutionary red. Bolshevism, that wild revolt against the whole existing order to-day manifest in every quarter of the globe, had not passed Bulgaria by. Of course there was the army, but the army itself was not immune. By early July, Bulgarian deserters and prisoners taken on the Macedonian front were telling the Allied intelligence officers strange tales—tales of midnight soldiers' meetings at which "delegates" were chosen in true Russian fashion, and which Bulgarian regimental officers found it wisest to ignore. Such was the situation in early summer. By the first days of autumn Bulgaria was cracking from end to end. It was in mid-September that General Franchet d'Espérey, the Allied commander, ordered the Macedonian offensive. Small wonder that within a fortnight Bulgaria had surrendered and retired from the war.

The consequences of Bulgaria's capitulation should be both momentous and far-reaching. In the first place, Turkey's doom is sealed. Cut off from direct communication with the Teutonic powers save by the Black Sea water-route and staggering under her Palestine defeats, Turkey is now menaced at her very heart. By the terms of the recent armistice Bulgaria has agreed to allow the Allies free passage across her territory, including the full use of her railways. This means that the Allies can move through Bulgaria upon Turkish Thrace, the sole land bastion protecting Constantinople. Turkey's military situation is thus hopeless, and it is not impossible that before these lines appear in print Turkey will have followed Bulgaria's example and will have thrown up the sponge.

A second possibility is the liberation of Rumania. The "peace" imposed upon Rumania by the Central powers last spring was one of the most shameless acts of international brigandage in the annals of modern history, and though dire necessity compelled Rumania to sign, it was plain that she would submit to her new slavery only so long as the Teutonic pistol was held to her head. This pistol took the form of a Teutonic army of ten divisions

camped upon her soil. But to-day Rumania is thrilling to the great news, and when Allied bayonets begin flashing south of the Danube these heliographs of liberty will light a flame of revolt which second-rate German divisions will be unable to stamp out. With the ground burning under their feet the Teutons will probably have to evacuate Rumania with only the most perfunctory resistance to the advancing Allies.

And southern Russia is in much the same case. To-day it is bowed beneath the Teuton yoke, yet the Teutonic corps of occupation are mere islets lost in its vast immensity and ruling more by prestige than by physical power. But German prestige is crumbling fast, and when Turkey's surrender opens the Black Sea to the Allied fleets, southern Russia, like Rumania, should be in a blaze. From the Ukraine to the Caucasus the land is already seething with disaffection. The Don Cossacks have never been subdued. Will the Germans dare to hold their thin communication lines till the guns of Entente warships are thundering off Odessa and Batum?

Lastly, there is Austria-Hungary. Bulgaria's capitulation opens the way for the liberation of Serbia and an Allied push to the Austrian border on the middle Danube. Beyond lie whole provinces full of mutinous Jugoslavs and Rumanians. For that matter, all the non-German and non-Magyar peoples of the Dual Empire are in a state of suppressed revolt, held down by armies largely composed of their disaffected brethren. Perhaps the Balkan winter may delay the Allied advance, perhaps Germany may find enough troops to stifle Austrian disaffection, but the condition of the Hapsburg realm is at best a desperate one, full of explosive possibilities.

These are the major consequences which seem likely to flow from Bulgaria's surrender. There remains the question of the future attitude of Bulgaria herself. Will she remain a passive spectator of these momentous happenings, or will she, striking in on the Allies' side, do her share toward bringing them to pass? The latter eventuality is more than possible. The Bulgarians, from czar to peasant lad, are realists, not given to vain sacrifices. They see that Germany's game is up and that her Balkan grip is broken forever. They have also been bitterly disillusioned about Mitteleuropa, and must to-day realize that under Mitteleuropa whatever Balkan territories might have been colored "Bulgarian" upon the map, they themselves would have been virtually serfs of a Germany whose idea of empire was the outworn concept of a master race lording it over submissive slaves. With their eyes thus opened, the Bulgarians are in a position to appreciate the Allies' profession of faith with its program of freedom for the smallest peoples and fair-dealing even toward the foe. Imperialistic dreams must of course be banished forever. But solicitude for race-brethren outside Bulgaria's present frontiers is a sentiment which the Allies recognize as wholly legitimate and which they are pledged to satisfy either by permitting annexation to the homeland or, where this is impossible owing to superior claims of intervening races, by assuring the unredeemed Bulgars full cultural liberty. The Allies' hope is a Balkan confederation in which its varied races may pull together in common interest and mutual respect instead of rending one another in vain dreams of barren empire achieved through blood and iron. Is it too much to hope that so level-headed a people as the Bulgarians will come to realize that in such a Balkan settlement their lasting interests will be far safer than in a Balkans precariously dominated by a Bulgarian minority holding down a majority of sullen and vengeful race enemies?

GENERAL

"Any Vinders to Mend?"

By TEMPLE SCOTT

THE street-criers of cities are rarely heard now, even in London, where the airs of the various seasons were once musical with their calls. "Trade's unfeeling train" has usurped the land and dispossessed these picturesque swains of their ancient rights and privileges, and the warblers have long since migrated to where blow kinder airs. I suppose the modern newspaper, with its tradesmen's advertisements, is a better guide and helper than was the itinerant cobbler or the traveling tinker; yet I cannot help feeling a regret that these peripatetic peddlers no longer play their part in the dramas of life.

I recall these acquaintances of my boyhood as I sit listening to the bells that are chiming in the new year, because it was on the eve of a new year that I first met one of these criers of the streets whose beneficent influence on my life is still an abiding force. I remember as though it were but yesterday that cold December afternoon, as I sat by the window watching the snowflakes falling, hearing a voice in the street cry: "Any vinders to mend? Any vinders to me-end?" I peered into the graying dusk, and saw a man standing in the middle of the road, his head raised, his hands held funnel-wise to his mouth. On his back was strapped a wooden crate loaded with squares of glass. My mother bade me call the man in to repair one of the panes in a kitchen window which had long needed a glazier's attention.

The poor fellow was stiff from the cold and seemed very grateful for the permission granted him to warm his hands over the fire. He excused himself for the odor that came from his clothes, which, he explained, was due to the oil in the putty with which they were smeared. I noticed that his features were remarkably distinguished, unlike those of any Jew I had seen before. The nose was straight, with finely chiseled nostrils, and the face clean shaven except for a short, bushy mustache that gave him something of a foreign military air. He had taken off his greasy cap on entering the room, and I was struck by the beautiful white forehead which shone below the closely cropped grisly hair in the gas-light. I was deeply interested to see him at work, especially when he began to cut the glass to size with a small instrument he called "a diamond."

"Are you a Jew?" I asked with a boy's impertinence, as he stood softening the putty before the fire. He nodded his head, with an amused look.

"Were you born in Palestine?"

He laughed.

"No," he said; "I was born in Warsaw." He pronounced it "Varshaw."

"Where is that?"

"In Poland. It is the capital of that country."

"Do you like being a glazier?"

"I must like it. I have to earn a living."

"Were you a glazier in Varshaw?"

I have never forgotten the look he gave me. Instinctively, I realized, though I was only a boy, that I had made a mistake.

"My little lad," he said sternly, "you seem to be a nice boy, but I will take the liberty to say to you that it is not to be a gentleman to be too inquisitive. In Poland we are gentlemen."

He spoke with difficulty and with a strong foreign accent. I hung my head in shame at his words.

"You are a good boy," he said in a changed voice, and patted me with his putty-smeared hand. "It is the part of a gentleman to ask pardon when he has done wrong, and I see you are sorry. We are friends again, are we not?"

Smiling, I looked up at him, and he nodded his head, satisfied, as he turned to finish his task. My mother came in soon to pay him, and she asked if he would drink a cup of tea to keep him warm on his way home. He looked at her for a moment, and then he bowed politely. It would give him great pleasure, he said, to accept her hospitality; "but in my country," he explained, "we drink tea *à la Russe,* in a glass, with lemon and lump sugar, and I still keep to the custom here." He drank not one, but several glasses, and enjoyed the steaming brew hugely. I tried to drink a glass with him, but I had difficulty in keeping the sugar in my mouth unmelted. This amused him greatly and afforded him the opportunity to give a lesson in this form of tea-drinking. Thus began my friendship with Leon Wiener, the Polish exile, a friendship which, though it is ended in the body, will continue in the spirit as long as I live. On leaving he begged I would visit him in his humble lodging, so that he might have the pleasure of returning the hospitality he had enjoyed in my home. I promised eagerly, and I still possess the piece of paper, greased with putty, with his penciled address on it.

Very humble indeed was the third-story attic in which I found him one Saturday afternoon in January; but the room was spotlessly clean, and the little fire-grate flamed very invitingly. On a table near the hearth stood a gleaming brass samovar steaming merrily. He did the duties of host in a manner at once so dignified and kindly that I felt I was a person of importance being entertained at a feast. He was quite changed in his appearance. In place of the tired, greasy workman I had previously met, I now saw a neatly dressed gentleman of distinction who might have passed for an army officer in mufti. Tea served, he began by inquiring about my studies, and when I told him I had just graduated into the higher classes, he said:

"You must learn French. That is the one language which a gentleman must know. The French are the only people in the world who know how to live. English-speaking people cannot understand them, because they take life too seriously and think the French are frivolous. But they are far from being frivolous; they are just happy as children are happy. They have been taught by suffering that happiness is all that life means. They are happy also because they are brave, for all brave people are glad to be alive. This is the first lesson you must learn my boy, because God made you that you should be glad He made you. A great Jewish philosopher, Baruch Spinosa, said, 'A free man fears nothing less than death,' and the French will teach you the meaning of that splendid thought. Ah, if I had not been born a Pole, I would have thanked God to be born a Frenchman, to have nursed my soul at the breast of France, that daughter of History bred in Romance. But we Poles are very like Frenchmen. We like to eat good food, to drink fine wines, to dance our mazurkas, to fight against oppression and tyranny, to love our women, and to honor our parents. It will always be well with the land where the children reverence their fathers and mothers. Your mother is a gracious lady. Never forget that, and the memory of her will be as a guiding star to you in the journey of your life." He paused, and took a long drink.

"Have you ever heard of Pushkin? No, of course not. Well, Pushkin is our great Slav poet, who has written the most beautiful songs in praise of women and home and country. I wish you could understand the language, for I would recite some of his poems to you. Then there is Turgenieff, the Russian novelist, and Sienkiewicz, Poland's great writer of historical romances, and Krasinski, the historian of Poland. Some day you will read their books. But Pushkin can never be translated;

never. His songs are like the droppings of honeycombs on a bright summer's day. Will you have another glass of tea? It will do you no harm, and it is a great pleasure to me to have you here to talk to. You have unloosed the streams of a memory that circumstance has held frozen for many years. It is like being at home again. Ah, I see you would like to know more of me and my country, not so? I know you are inquisitive. Ha! ha! ha! Pardon, that I remind you of your *faux pas*. But it is different now. *Nu;* so you shall listen while an old man talks."

Then he told me a strange tale of a revolution, of fighting in the cause of Poland's freedom from Russian oppression, of defeat, and of his flight for his life. He had possessed a great estate, and he dwelt lovingly on its beauties and the happiness he had known there; but all had been lost, and he was now an exile. He spoke of his travels, of the people he had met, of the trials he had suffered, of his hopes of the future. He told it all very simply and only after many questionings from me. I learned then the details of his escape over the frozen snows in long sleigh-rides on frosty nights, with the bells tinkling round the horses' necks. I seemed to be listening to a romance as I sat by the fireside sipping my lemon tea, trying to realize those wonderful happenings in a world of which I could form no idea.

"It is all gone, and will never be again," he said with a plaintive note in his voice and a smile. "I am only a glazier now. I can say with Leonardo da Vinci, 'While I thought I was learning how to live, I have been learning how to die.' But I should do it all over again—for Poland's sake." His face took on a rapt expression as he raised his eyes to the skylight window in the low ceiling. The next moment, however, he was himself again. "Let us drink a toast!" He stood up, and placing one hand on his hip, he lifted his glass high, "To the memory of Kosciuszko!" I repeated the words after him, though I knew not what they meant.

"Who was Kosciuszko?" I asked, with a smile.

"Ah, I forgot you were only a boy. I will tell you about him another day. Will you not honor me with your company next Saturday? You shall hear all about Kosciuszko then."

I promised to come.

"Good; and now it is time for you to go back to your dear mother. Tell her that I have enjoyed your society exceedingly. That is my message to her, and she will understand. *Au revoir,* then, my young friend. I can see we shall be great —how do you call it?—chums. Is not that the right word? But remember,"— and he held up a warning finger,—"never tell a lie, and always wear clean linen."

As I walked away I could not help speculating as to what he could mean by advising me about my linen. I was sure it was clean, for I had changed only that morning. I asked my mother about it when I got home, and she smiled.

"I expect," she said, "the people he meets now are not very particular in that matter. But ask him to explain on your next visit."

The following Saturday, when we were seated by the fireside with the samovar between us, I put my question, and told him the explanation my mother had given.

"Your mother grows in my estimation the more I know of her," he said, laughing. "She is quite right. The world I live in now is very different from the world I once knew. Clean linen is the one luxury left me by which I keep my mind in tune with the dignity of my heart. We may not be able always to afford fine clothes, but we can always afford clean linen, even if we have to wash it ourselves. And now to Kosciuszko, shall we?"

It was not until years later that I understood fully what he told me then of Poland's patriot and Poland's struggle for independence. His narrative was so interspersed with long explanations of events entirely unfamiliar to me, and he named such strange-sounding names, that I was very little the wiser as to the true inwardness of the whole business. But I carried away with me, none the less, an

exalted sense of the rare nobility of a human life, of its unselfish devotion to a pure ideal, of the charm and lovableness of a great character. And I am sure now that this was all that my friend intended I should feel. He hoped, he said, that I, too, would keep the lamp of liberty burning when I should have learned how to trim its wick.

I visited him frequently for two or three years, during the whole of which time he was both my mentor and friend. He helped me with my studies, enriching the meager information of my school-books with commentaries and narratives that seemed to come from him as from an inexhaustible fountain. I am not able to recall many of the details of these conversations, but the memory of them arouses in me now the same sensations as of a new enlightenment I then experienced after each visit I paid him. He rarely touched on religion. Only once do I remember his making a reference to it, when I showed him a prettily bound New Testament in French that a relative had sent me on my sixteenth birthday. He held the little volume tenderly as he turned its leaves for some moments in silence.

"Ah," he said musingly, "that book makes me proud of being a Jew. Study it well, for there are truths in it which will not be understood for many generations to come." Then, as he handed the book back to me, he added: "They say he claimed to be the Messiah, but that is not true. There is only one Messiah, and he is always with us—in our own hearts."

A year later I went up to college, so that my meetings with Leon Wiener were necessarily broken off. We saw each other, however, during my vacations, when he continued to be the same dear friend I had always found him; very eager to know all about my work, very curious as to what I was reading, asking many questions as to the young men I was meeting, the friendships I was making, and the tutors under whom I was studying. He urged me over and over again to pay special attention to the study of history and economics, two subjects, he said solemnly, to which I could not give too much time. One of my last meetings with him was on the evening of the attempted assassination of Emperor Nicholas II of Russia. I found him in a state of unusual excitement, walking up and down his garret, gesticulating, and cracking his finger-joints.

"A thousand pities! a thousand pities!" he kept exclaiming. "I have told Stepniak and Krapotkin again and again that this is the wrong way, that this is the one way to bring the cause to ruins about us. They tried it with Alexander the Second, and nothing came of it, and now they are at it again. O Russia, Russia, thou hast too much heart and too little head!"

"How is it possible," I asked, "for the Russian people to throw off the Romanoff yoke and successfully maintain a democracy when the great mass of them have just been released from serfdom? Liberty must become a national religion before it can be established in institutions."

"You are right; but that is not the vital question for Russia. You speak as a theorist and a student; but the situation in Russia must be dealt with by those who know the actual conditions there. Ask rather, How is it possible for the Russian people to throw off the yoke of Prussia? There lies the problem, and it is a hard one to solve; because the leaders of Russian enlightenment, who have been educated by German socialists, do not see the deep Machiavellian policy which is behind the German Government's relations with Russia. They think that the German socialists mean to carry out all they teach and preach; they do not realize that these socialists can and will do nothing, because they have been born and trained in the school of Prussian militarism. They do not see that Germany has a yoke of her own, the heaviest and most debilitating of all yokes, that of a military autocracy, to throw off before the socialists can do anything. They do know that the Russian reigning family has been thoroughly Germanized,—the process began with Catharine the Great,—but they do not know that Russia's bureaucracy and Russia's

commercial and industrial enterprises are all in the hands of Germans, and therefore subject to Prussia's will. Study the life of the Empress Catharine, and you will have revealed to you the real nature of the Prussian dynastic family. She was the rampant, unbridled Teuton. That 's the stuff that rules Germany to-day. Look at the treatment given the Jews in Russia. That is not of the spirit of the genuine Russian, who is a gentleman and bears a kind heart. It is the outcome of that *Judenhetze* which sprang from Germany. The Russian people must and will achieve freedom some day, but it will be only when they realize that they have been fooled by Prussian intrigue. And when Russia obtains her freedom, Poland will also be a nation once again. I know the Prussian only too well; my name betrays the taint of his blood. I have lived with him and seen the true nature that he covers with his bluff and smiling exterior, and it is bestial. He wears fine clothes, but the linen next his skin is dirty, and his heart is false. I will not live to see the day, but you will, and mark my words, Europe will then lie stricken to death because of his insatiable passion for power and his ruthlessness to obtain it. Napoleon regretted he had not destroyed the nation, and the world will echo his regret. But why do I talk? I have lived my life, and there is nothing left for me now but to mend broken windows."

"Pan Wiener," I said, "you have mended the windows of minds as well as of houses. Let us forget this sad business in a glass of tea. The spirit of Kosciuszko still lives and will never die."

"You are right, my dear friend, and I thank you for reminding me of that great soul. It is good for the heart to keep it warm with love."

I left him with his promise to go for a walk with me into the country. That country ramble stands out in my memory as one of the events of my life. The day was warm and blue and golden, the very air seemed spangled with sunlight, and the lanes were leafy aisles filled with the incense of flowers.

"Ah, how much we miss who live in cities!" he exclaimed, as he stopped by a bunch of honeysuckles on a hedge. "It is many years since I have breathed the life-giving airs of the open fields and heard the songs of happy birds. We who are compelled to live by the labor of our hands are rarely permitted to look up and around; we can only look down for the next mouthful of grass, like the oxen in the meadows. Still, our hearts have their eyes also, and we can look up with them. Our cities are barren places, and would be unbearable if we did not look with our hearts to find the brave and aspiring souls who keep on loving and hoping while they are working, and, who, like these flowers of the fields, fill the dreary wastes of the streets with the perfume of their natures. They are God's human flowers, and they are growing even in the slums and Ghettos. My friend, never give way to the temptation to become a cynic; for that way lie misery and death. God's way is the way of life through love and the joy that comes from the dignity of simple being. Here"—and he spread his arms abroad—"here is God's way, where you see flowers blooming, birds singing, trees and grass growing to ripeness, and you and I walking in consciousness of the beauty and the loving-kindness of it all. It will be likewise in cities some day, but that day will come the sooner if we, who live in them now, will bear a friendly hand and open the treasure-houses of our divinely gifted minds to all in the spirit of comradeship. That is the meaning of liberty, as it is of the brotherhood of man, about which so many have said so much. You will pardon an old man for talking to himself aloud, but this beauty has made me a little sad. It is so full of life, and I am no longer what I was. That inn in the distance looks inviting; shall we rest there and drink a glass of tea?"

I lay awake that night filled with the emotions my friend had aroused in me. It seemed as if I had been walking and talking with a visitor from another world, who had stayed just long enough to bless

me, and had then departed never to return. I had long since given up speculating about him, for I knew that to do that was to lose his charm and to deny myself the enjoyment of the rare fruits of thought with which he bountifully fed my mind. I accepted him as I did the day's sunlight or the changes of the seasons, so that he became a part of my life. His companionship was a benediction, and his speech a magic music that lifted me on the mounting pinions of its thought. What was it in our economic system that condemned such a man to walk the stony ways merely to keep soul and body together?

The next morning I went up to college, and did not see my friend until the Christmas vacation. When I called on him again I thought he was looking greatly aged. His face was pinched and gray, and his clothes hung loosely about him. But he had lost nothing of his debonair gaiety, and he still drank his lemon tea as though it were the rarest of vintages. We spent some unforgetable evenings together when the old spirit in him flamed as brightly as ever. He had moved to a cheaper lodging, for he found he was no longer able to ply his trade in bad weather. The shining samovar steamed as brightly as ever, and if the fire in the tiny grate did not flame as brightly as it once did, he made up for it by the fire in his eyes when he warmed to his thoughts. I had brought him a box of choice Havanas as a Christmas gift, and his enjoyment of the aroma, as he blew the smoke appreciatingly from his lips, brought up a lasting vision of him at that moment in his own home in Poland.

A week later, when I paid my last visit before going up to college for my final examinations, I was shocked to find him in bed, suffering from an injured back. Some boys had thrown stones at him as he was crying his trade, and he had slipped on the icy pavement. One of the staples of the crate he carried had dug itself between his shoulder-blades, and he had to be borne home on a stretcher. I was heartbroken to see him, and I cried aloud in anger at the wretched boys.

"No, no, my friend," he said, smiling through his pain, "do not be angry with them; they did not know what they were doing. This is not the first time such an accident has happened to me. I shall be better soon. Ah, dear friend, I am truly glad to see you."

He did not get better soon. I engaged a nurse to wait on him, and saw that he had the best medical aid; but it was all of no avail. He suffered greatly for ten days, and then one night, when I was sitting on the bed by his side, he opened his eyes and looked at me with his old beautiful smile.

"This is the end, dear friend," he whispered, laying a thin, wasted hand on mine. "You will not forget me?"

I bent over and kissed him on his trembling lips, when, still smiling, he gave a faint sigh, and I knew that my friend had at last found rest.

The bells have long since ceased chiming the New Year's advent, and soon the world will awake to resume the march of life. We shall work and love and hope as we did in the past year, and perhaps, with stouter hearts, because of the high cause to which our spirits have been consecrated in the year just gone. Yet is our new enterprise of the same nature as were all the noble enthusiasms of the past, which have heartened us to climb to the Pisgah height from which we now view the promised land of democracy. Of great adventures in such causes history tells a splendid tale; but there were many of that noble company whose names were writ in water who deserve a tablet to their memory. Among such I count this street-crier. I know not if glaziers still walk the street crying, "Any vinders to mend?" but I do know that should I hear that cry again, my dear friend would come back to me, and I should "ope a casement wide to let the warm love in"; for in my house of life, at least, he had mended all its windows with the love of the Master.

Photographs by Chappel Studio

HIGH RELIEF FOR THE MALLEY MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

R. Tait McKenzie,—Physician and Sculptor

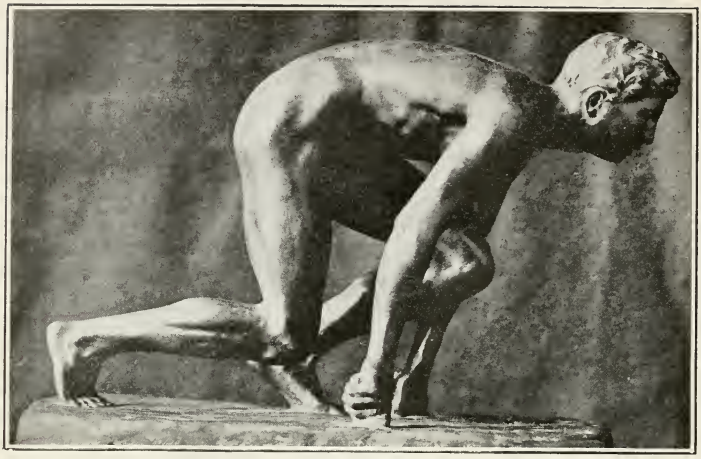
By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN

"SCULPTURE from mathematics" does not sound alluring. It sounds scarcely less bald and brutally materialistic to take refuge in Latin euphemism and say, "Ex mathematica sculptura." Happily, in the case before us, the fact belies the promise of the terms. In analyzing the work of R. Tait McKenzie, mathematical veracity and exactitude must be reckoned among the basic factors that materially contribute to the worth of many of the most forceful and most agreeable of his creations.

Impelled by conviction, he did not hesitate at the very outset of his sculptural career to hark back to a long-disused method of mechanical guidance employed by some of the old Greeks—to follow in his modeling, despite opposition and some ridicule, an exactly averaged set of measurements taken from life. The results have fully justified the decision he made sixteen years ago. It is not too much to say that this incorporation of composite measurements was a significant part of the ideal that actuated Dr. McKenzie. Indeed, his devotion to exact measurements had much to do with the very inception of his modeling activity.

From the beginning he aimed to realize the esthetically perfect by working up to it from absolute physical accuracy. His preference for this self-imposed limitation of mathematical veracity in the portrayal of the human figure, rather than for the easy license of mere effect, was a matter of principle. But to reduce "theoretical figures to plastic fact," as Dr. McKenzie has successfully done, requires not only technical knowledge and manual dexterity, but also the vitalizing forces of imaginative vision and genius as well. To the end that we may clearly appreciate the character of his work and appraise its true value in the field of modern sculpture, we must take a brief survey of Dr. McKenzie's career and note the events that preceded and followed his initial endeavors in modeling.

Tait McKenzie was born in 1867 in Almonte, Ontario, Canada. When he was



"THE SPRINTER"
Acquired by Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, England

a lad of nine, the death of his father, a minister of the Scottish Kirk, left the family in straitened circumstances, and thenceforward his own exertions were necessary to carry on his education. Like all good Scottish mothers, Mrs. McKenzie was intent that her three sons should win their college degrees. Heartened by her earnest wishes and efforts toward this object, and the sterling aid given by a devoted elder sister, as well as spurred on by native vigor and ambition, young McKenzie faithfully discharged the duties laid upon him, surmounted all obstacles, and made his way through McGill University with the characteristic determination and resourcefulness that have often stood him in good stead since those early years of adversity.

During one of his college vacations he eked out his finances by filling a double job on the Montreal docks, by day as a checker of stevedores, by night as a watchman. Two other watchmen, employed by different organizations, covered the same ground. At McKenzie's suggestion, a tripartite agreement was concluded by which each stood watch a third of the night while the other two got the rest necessary to keep them fit for their work by day. His keen interest in athletic training even at this period of exacting duty led him at odd moments to practice jumping over the bales of cotton piled on the dock awaiting removal, a bit of exercise that afterward helped him to carry off several first prizes. The university authorities, however, soon opened the way to more lucrative and less burdensome means of livelihood.

In 1889 he took his bachelor's degree in arts, and thereupon entered the medical school, from which he was graduated in 1892. He was successively intern, ship's surgeon, assistant demonstrator in anatomy, demonstrator, and lecturer in anatomy at McGill University, and house physician to the Earl of Aberdeen, then Governor-General of Canada, while incidentally he built up a considerable private practice as a specialist in the physical treatment of deformities. In 1904 he became professor of physical therapy in the medical school and director of the Department of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania.

All this workaday chronicle of strenuous exertion and busy medical pursuits seems quite foreign to the fostering of any kind of art expression, even taken as an occasional diversion. As a matter of fact,

however, from his early boyhood McKenzie had always cherished a passion for drawing and painting. He had inherited from both parents their fine sense of appreciation. More than that, he had yielded to the promptings of esthetic instinct and encouraged it—an instinct that generations of his forebears had stoically repressed as an inconvenient distraction from the more serious concerns of the spirit. The tacit assumption, too often made, that the Scots as a race are deficient in artistic perception and creative ability is without real justification in fact. The silent testimony of the Scottish tartans alone is evidence enough of a refined popular taste in color. It is far truer to say that the fires of artistic inspiration have been banked for centuries under a thick covering of religious and philosophical preoccupation. Given half a chance and the slightest sign of encouragement, these slumbering fires have always been ready to spring into flame whenever the individual Scot of susceptible temperament was willing to hearken to the urgings of native aptitude and the creative art instinct pent within him.

So was it with Tait McKenzie. The impulse of latent hereditary genius flared up. All through his youth and early manhood he drew and painted at every leisure moment, thus acquiring by constant practice more and more facility with pencil and brush. By this experience, and through the chance suggestions and criticisms of artist associates, he gained no mean mastery of composition and line, as his sketches and water-colors attest; but in the art of modeling he was utterly without training, beyond the meager insight afforded by making plaster casts in his medical and surgical work and the casual bits of practical information picked up from sculptor friends, whose studios he frequented whenever opportunity permitted.

In 1902, being then assistant demonstrator in anatomy in the Medical School of McGill University, and deeply interested in the types produced, or susceptible of being produced, by athletic training, Dr. McKenzie was minded to have constructed the model figure of a sprinter whose physical proportions should embody the averaged measurements of a given number of champion sprinters. For this theoretically perfect figure he got from Dr. Paul Phillips of Amherst the full measurements of eighty-nine such track athletes. After averaging their points, he successively tried to induce several sculptors to incoporate the results in a figure which would thus prove "a visible table of facts for reference." The sculptors he

"BLIGHTY"

approached only laughed at him. Thereupon he set up his armatures, got his clay, and fell to work himself, unalterably determined to realize his purpose, cost what effort it might. Once the armatures collapsed because he did n't know how to set them up; a second time they stuck out from the clay when he began to model; the third attempt was successful. Up to this time the sum total of his modeling experience was the fashioning of four masques showing "The Progress of Fatigue"—masques he has since corrected in the light of broader knowledge. The result of this more ambitious attempt, achieved, indeed, not without much travail of spirit and endless toil of correction, was "The Sprinter," a work the finished excellence of which at once proclaimed its maker a sculptor of parts.

This overnight genesis of a sculptor, this unforeseen advent of a new force in the field of modern plastic art, bursting into the light of day as suddenly as Athene springing full armed from the head of Zeus, astonished every one. Nor, perhaps, was Dr. McKenzie himself the least surprised at a revelation of powers of which hitherto he had been only imperfectly aware. Extraordinary and well-nigh incredible as this rapid development may seem, yet there is "The Sprinter," a work accomplished in very fact, a tangible realization of an ideal, a complete vindication of its author's theory, a work of art of which any sculptor might justly feel proud, and which few could hope to excel.

It is a stooping figure of a runner, one quarter life-size, with toes and fingers on the ground, ready set, with muscles tense, awaiting only the signal to flash into action. As a conception of plastic art expression and well-considered composition, its merit is more than reminiscent of the golden age of classic performance; as a faithful anatomical study, the marshaling of masses and the play of muscles are so instinct with verisimilitude to life that every lineament bespeaks the touch of a master anatomist. With eyes trained to see certain physical phenomena, the author saw them, and translated what he saw into a permanent sculptured record. Therein alone lies one proof of genius.

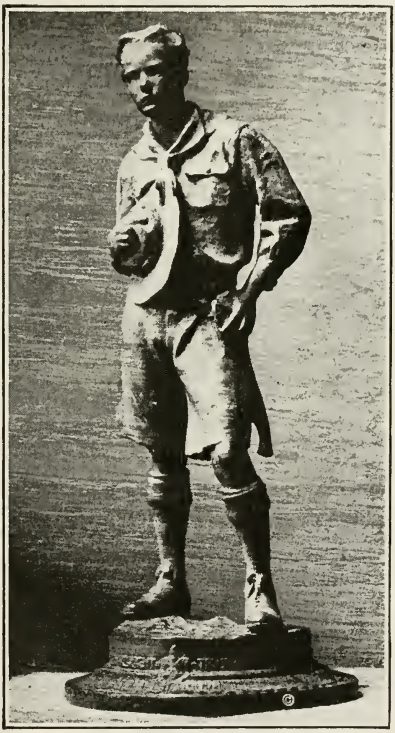
The creation of this statuette was a logical evolution proceeding from given premises to an inevitable conclusion: from accurate anatomical knowledge and the firm purpose to give it visible expression, creative ambition, coupled with sensitive and sympathetic artistic perception, a steadfast will to conquer the difficulties of technic in an unaccustomed medium—all combining to produce a final incorporation of ideal and theory in plastic form. Scrupulous fidelity to exact measurement gave the work its intended scientific value; its esthetic merit must be ascribed to the author's felicitous sense of composition.

"The Sprinter" at once ranked Dr. McKenzie as a sculptor and committed him to a congenial sphere of activity, henceforth to be pursued as an issue of equal importance with his medical vocation, the two callings progressing *pari passu* and each helping the other. The first merely opened the door for the second, and the second equaled the first almost immediately; for this initial venture in serious plastic work in 1902 proved the foundation-stone of an international reputation. It was exhibited before the Society of American Artists in 1903, at the Royal Academy in the same year, at the Salon of 1904, and was eventually acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum of Cambridge, England.

"The Athlete," Dr. McKenzie's next work in the round, which was finished and exhibited at the Salon of 1903, closely approximates the classic type in its facile poise and the flowing symmetry of its proportions. In the figures that followed there may be discerned a departure from the conception that dominated the modeling of "The Athlete" and, to some extent, the treatment of "The Sprinter." The change may be set down partly, perhaps, to a ripening facility of technic, but chiefly to the growing conviction of an inherent difference between the Greek type of athlete, perpetuated by the Hellenic sculptors, and the modern American type, from which current inspiration is to be

drawn. Both types are clean-cut and trenchant, but the Greek contour is usually mellow and well rounded, with flowing lines, while the American type, whether considered in the individual instance or determined by composite measurements, is commonly more nervous and angular, one might almost say in some cases rawboned and even gristly.

Coincident with the recognition of this difference, the aim that had fascinated Dr. McKenzie for a long time previously now passed quite beyond the experimental stage and took its direction toward a definite goal. To immortalize the American athlete was the ideal he now set before him. Here was a task of almost unlimited scope, rich in invitation and in opportunity of fulfilment.



"THE BOY SCOUT"

Modern sentiment in favor of athletics and outdoor sports in general, and enthusiastic practice in accord with that sentiment, have combined to bring about a fine physical type in our young manhood no whit inferior to the ancient Greek types. Schools and colleges throughout the length and breadth of the land all aid in multiplying that type, divers extra-collegiate organizations exist solely to maintain it in fitness, and countless athletic contests put a premium upon its attainment. Numerically, in various degrees of excellence, the type is tremendously strong; it is everywhere and always in evidence. Compared with our modern revival of the Olympic Games, held at London, Paris, St. Louis, and Stockholm, or compared even with our annual relay meets, the greatest of the old Greek athletic gatherings were parochial affairs. Naturally, therefore, the opportunities for observation and selection of fine developments are far ampler with us than among the Greeks. And now Dr. McKenzie was about to become physical director in a great university where every year between three thousand and four thousand students, many of them in the prime of physical fitness, would come directly under his supervision. Since 1904, when he arrived at the University of Pennsylvania, both in the gymnasium and on the track he has had "the nude almost as constantly before him as in Hellenic life." Nor has he failed to profit fully by his unsurpassed opportunity for the close study of muscular development and action in all their aspects.

Of a strongly analytical bent, and predisposed as he is to scientific exactitude, Dr. McKenzie's adherence to anatomically perfect types as models, and to anatomical verity in presenting them, as essential steps toward realizing his ideal, can be readily understood. But over and above that, his insistence upon *anatomical verity*

THE RELAY (1909)
Roman Art Exposition, 1911

of the most perfect attainable type is one of his strongest distinguishing characteristics, and is in marked contrast with the too prevalent procedure of the average "modern sculptor who has usually to seek his model among men of a low class, ill fed, ill trained, and debauched by bad habits, and is usually content to copy what he sees." To the foregoing comment Percy Gardner adds that, of this careless or unhappy choice of models, one "may find many deplorable examples in the exhibitions at the Royal Academy." He might have included the names of not a few other famous exhibition places and still kept within the bounds of truth.

The sculptors who follow such models are realistic, but their realism is purely episodic. McKenzie also is a realist. But anatomical verity, expressive of the highest physical type, is an indispensable part of his realism. Building up these two figures, as he did, by averaged measurements taken from the best developed physical examples, and taking his poses from those examples as he sees them daily in the gymnasium or on the track, it may be said that he standardizes or classicizes his realism or, indeed, that he sometimes idealizes it. In this same connection, some one has pertinently said that McKenzie's figures of athletes are really nudes, like those of the ancient Greeks, because he has the nude ever before him and constantly beholds all phases of natural and unconscious muscular action. The realist sculptor who depends upon the fortuitous model too often finds, when he has essayed a nude, that he has, instead, produced a "representation of a naked person," a figure obviously aware of being without his usual clothes.

It is characteristic of McKenzie's conscientious devotion to anatomical accuracy that his clothed figures are just as carefully studied for physical composition as are the nudes. The Franklin statue was first modeled in the nude and then actually dressed. In Dr. McKenzie's own words, uttered at a dinner of the class that gave the statue, the figure was

first modeled in clay in the nude, in preparation for which a week or so was spent in studying the walking pose by having the model walk up and down and stopping the pace at different stages of the step.

After the figure was completely modeled in the nude, it was draped with the costume, which was obtained after much searching,

"THE SUPPLE JUGGLER" (1906)
Acquired by Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

and by consulting the standard works on the costumes of the period, as well as by the kind assistance of the late Howard Pyle, who made a number of sketches showing the probable costume of a boy of that time. . . . The shoes were modeled from old and discarded shoes obtained from the

. . . shoemaker, so that the creases would be those actually produced by much wear.

Despite the archæological scrupulosity, which some might think would spoil the spontaneity of the composition, the heroic figure of Franklin is full of movement and vigor, and the expression of the face is exceptionally satisfactory.

In "The Supple Juggler" (1906), "The Competitor" (1906), and "The Relay" (1909), the traits of the American athlete's physique, previously referred to, are especially conspicuous. "The "Juggler," a spry lad, fairly alive with sinewy, flexible agility, is not, perhaps, comfortable to contemplate, but any one who looks at him must be thoroughly convinced of the suppleness of his wiry muscles and of his ability to unwind his contortions like a flash of lightning to assume another posture equally baffling. In "The Competitor" we see the same type of deep-chested, steel-framed, lithe-limbed contestant, caught in a moment of repose, but full of potential action and vigor and all alert for the approaching trial. "The Relay," again, is a piece of fine nervous modeling, a runner intent, resilient, quick with mobile grace.

"THE COMPETITOR" (1906)
Acquired by Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and by National Gallery of Art, Ottawa, Canada

In each of these three figures, which obviously belong to the same closely related group, the natural chance attitudes are presented with a classic sense of ordered, well-poised composition. In all the figures in the round, the inspiration for which has been drawn from the athlete, preponderant stress falls upon the portrayal of physique or upon such phases of emotion as are commonly exhibited in athletic contests, the kind with which the author's observation of his studies have made him most intimately familiar. There is no dealing in manufactured heroics, no dramatic pretense of posture or countenance, no *tour de force* of tumultuous mental passion. McKenzie's realism is altogether different from the realism of Rodin, for instance, whose frequent emotional tension is strongly dramatic, stimulates the imagination by its implied psychological message, and faithfully conveys the stormy surgings or the spirit or anguish, or the working of some powerful and subtle passion. McKenzie's athletes are expressions of bodily comeliness; they are not spiritual expositions. They would be unnatural and exaggerated if they were. They are not episodes of

ephemeral impulse, but rather enduring types to which he has imparted the benison of grace and beauty. They are satisfying and convincing mainly because of their physical veracity, which is one of their strongest claims to permanent value.

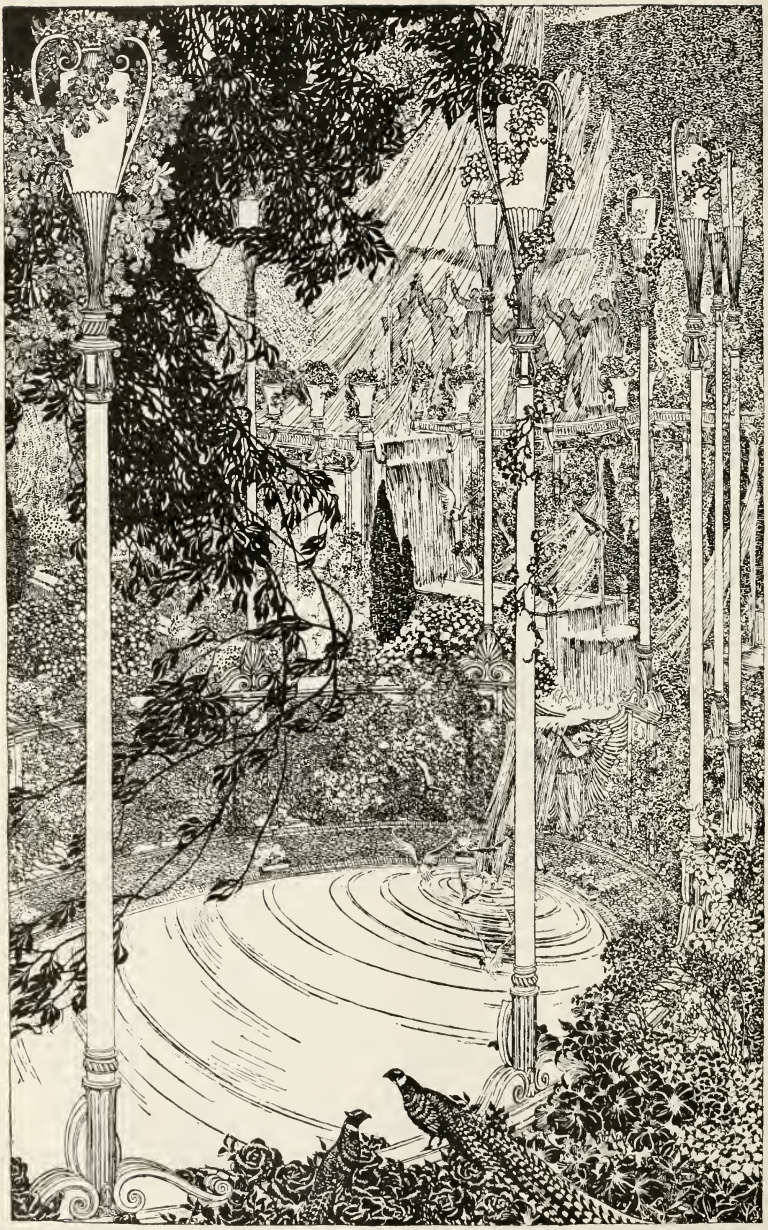
"The Boy Scout," unsophisticated, insouciant, and brimming with youthful buoyancy, belongs in a measure to the athlete group so far as physique and attitude are concerned, but in the felicitous treatment of the clothing the sculptor has justified his wonted avoidance of the tyranny that hideous modern habiliments so mercilessly impose.

One of McKenzie's finest achievements in low relief, a branch of activity even more prolific than his modeling in the round, is "The Joy of Effort" (1912), set in the wall of the Stadium at Stockholm. The three figures, "Americans all" in type, driven with impetuous eagerness, present a very whirlwind of dashing muscular play. The treatment of facial expression, too, is exceptionally fine and shows the unmistakable result, in this matured work, of the physiognomical experience and finesse inevitably acquired in the production of numerous portrait reliefs. His versatility of conception and felicity of technic in this respect are interestingly shown by contrast in the playful composition of children's faces of the high-relief group for the Malley memorial fountain.

Of the low reliefs in general—portraits, medals, and athletes—it may be said that they show an adroit and highly effective management of planes, a degree of salience almost astounding at times, a catholic sense of appreciation, ingenuity, and imagination fertile in contributing interest, balance, and diversity to his backgrounds by the disposition and forms of lettering, by the introduction of heraldry, and by sundry small decorative details of great enhancing value.

The war has affected every one's life. For the nonce it has stayed Dr. McKenzie's further realization of his cherished ideal—the interpretation of the American athlete, even as Meunier interpreted the toiler. It has, however, called forth, among other works, two that are of enduring worth and disclose a new phase of his talents, "Blighty" and "Guy Drummond," the Canadian Highlander killed in action. Both reveal a singular touch of sympathetic handling and a ripe capacity of spiritual perception. "Guy Drummond," the young warrior with the air of a modern Sir Galahad, a figure equally satisfying from whatever angle it is viewed, embodies the lofty ideal of race tradition and chivalrous sense of duty in the visible form of a memorial—a memorial such as thousands of mothers might cherish of their sons fallen on the fields of France.

Since the outbreak of the war Dr. McKenzie has devoted much of his time to work for which he is peculiarly fitted. In 1915 he was instrumental in organizing in England the Command Depots for the remaking of men who were either physically unfit or else suffering from chronic, but curable, forms of disablement, to the end that they might be returned to the front or, failing that, be better fitted for their return to civil life. He has also accomplished notable results in the fashioning of masques to supply the place of features torn away or hopelessly mutilated by shell-wounds, a work demanding imagination as well as sculptural dexterity and judgment. When he can again return to his modeling, the promise of all his former performance warrants the expectation that his work will display breadth and powers of execution even deeper and more comprehensive than in the past.



DECORATIONS BY RUTHERFORD BOYD

The Secret Garden

By ROBERT NICHOLS

There is somewhere a secret garden, which none has seen,
  In a place apart,
But, amid the bramble-bound world, the thicket, the screen
  To the understanding of heart.

There is somewhere a secret garden, where none has been,
  Where night and day
Commingle; where the sun and the starlight's sheen
  Shine ever; where even the moony fountains play,
  Lifting their lily-like throats, tossing their spray;
Whereover the rainbow meets, red-hued, serene;
Where the flame-dripping branches are brighter green;
  Where the roses burn richer, richer than tongue can say;
Where the Gardener walks in His garden unheard, unseen.

There is somewhere a secret garden; a door in a wall
  Opened. Now shine within
Flower and fruit and torrent of blossom which cannot fall,
  While a jubilant din
Floats abroad from birds of scintillant feather,
Swelling their divine throats in chorus together;
Or the cry of one,
  Crying alone a sad and a silver call,
Rings from the garden where none has been.

There everlastingly the Gardener walks
  Unseen, unheard,
Save He goes
  Humbled and hushed, and happy falls each bird,
Each fountain throws
Gentlier upward, changing from blue to rose;
  And there is seen
  Glimpse of a radiant robe, a darkling mien,
'Twixt the sheeted light and sparkling drift where it blows.

There the flowers wait,
Abasing each noble head
  Till He draw nigh,
Then exalt their lovely faces to Him, rose little, rose great,
  Flower of pale or flower of passionate dye,
  Under his eye
Till softly He lift a hand, and the land is spread,
  Blessing their beauty, their peace with a word like a sigh.

There is somewhere a secret garden, where none has been
  Or glimpsed, lost to their grief.
There would I bide, though I ever abode unseen,
  A snail or a stone under the lowliest leaf.

Our Village

By WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

IT was a hill village on the stage road midway between ——— and ———. Stage roads in the year 1840 varied with the seasons from bad to worse. In the spring they were rivers of mud, through which the jaded horses dragged the coach wearily; in the summer the passengers were choked with dust, and in the autumn, by reason of the ruts and holes in the road, they were tossed about like dice in a box; in winter the roads were blocked with snow, but the stage, when there was a stage, always came into our village with a clatter of galloping horses and sounding horn. Its round body, swung on leather straps, its gallant driver, its four smoking horses, and its merry horn were followed by shouting boys, who swung from the straps of the boot or fell off in a cloud of dust. The stage-driver was a personage in every village that depended on his arrival for the daily mail and the latest news from the outside world. He was gazed upon with awe by the children as a sort of hero of romance, who never worked, but drove galloping horses back and forth through a perpetual holiday. He was an expert with the reins whose reputation was counties wide. As he whirled up to the tavern porch, the leaders of his team, which, it was whispered, had been sold to the stage-company by the farmers because of their vicious tricks, walked around to the stable with drooping heads and into their familiar stalls as soon as their traces were unhooked, as innocent-looking as if they had never kicked a farmer's boy or picked up a groom by the collar.

How we admired the driver in his great

coat and buckskin gloves and traveled air as he strolled into the tavern, turning his back on the stable-boys, who trotted out his fresh horses, and how, when everything was ready, he mounted to his throne, gathered up the four reins, and dashed away to the sound of the horn!

Travel was at the parting of the ways. The passenger-packets were disappearing from the canals as the first railway trains were making their appearance on the new iron tracks, but the stage-driver, who cracked his whip at the one and snapped his fingers at the other, was still the king of the road.

At that time the county town or the nearest city afforded a local market for the produce of the surrounding community, which was a community of contentment and prosperity, hardly aware of dependence on the outside world. The fruits and spices of the tropics and the food from the sea found their way to these inland markets, the oysters in wooden kegs and tin cans, the ginger in ginger-jars swung in a network of rattan, and the white sugar in a tall, conical loaf wrapped in blue paper, which on state occasions was taken down from an upper shelf in the store-room and lumps were broken from it with a knife and a hammer.

The spinning-wheel was busy in every farm-house, where the wool was carded and spun and dyed for the men's socks and mittens. In every neighborhood was a loom for weaving rag-carpets, and in the winter evenings, and in the long summer days as well, old garments were cut into strips, sewed together, and wound into balls for the loom. Buyers came from a distance to bargain for the apples and for the wheat and the wool, and they chewed straws and whittled until the deal was completed. The tin peddler made frequent calls, driving a one-horse box-wagon, festooned with shining tin, ready to trade for paper, rags, dried fruit, or any other portable farm product; and if he "put up" for the night, he expected to pay for his keep in tinware.

The children on their way to school carried baskets of eggs at ten cents a dozen and pails of butter at a shilling a pound to exchange for calico or tea or sugar at the village store. The district-school-teacher, a young man in the winter and a young woman in the summer, "boarded around," stopping at each farm-house two weeks at a time. There was another itinerant boarder for two or three days at a time, the old cracker baker, for whom the Dutch oven was made ready and the flour-barrel uncovered. The flour-barrel was an extra piece of coopering, with a cover that fitted over the top to keep out the dust, and stood in a dry chamber with an extra sack or two of fine flour when the cracker baker was due, ground and bolted at the nearest water mill. The traveling baker was a gruff old Norwegian with one white eye, who traveled in a wide circuit, for he came but once a year, and for fifty cents a day and his "keep" he left behind him a whole barrel of round crackers, dented with his elbow and stamped with his name, not to mention a half-barrel of gingersnaps.

I was born on the fourth of September, in the year 1840, in my great-grandmother's house in our village, which, with its surrounding farms, constituted just such an independent community as I have described. The village was dominated by a white church with a tall steeple, and most of its houses were strung out along the stage road like beads on a string. The church was a chapel of old Trinity, and the people were all Episcopalians. There was the tavern where the stages stopped, and opposite it stood an unused store, with a stairway on the side leading up to a study where a well-known historian was busy writing his first books. The tavern and the empty store and the church faced three sides of a little square where the boys played ball on week days, and which in a larger form extended back and around the church. On the tavern side of the square and facing the side wall of the church were two white houses, with lilac-bushes flanking the gates and flower-bordered walks to the front doors, and behind the church was the handsome house

of the historian in grounds well planted with selected shrubs and conical cedars. The entrance to the sloping graveyard was at the corner of the square, between the large house and the two small ones. On Sundays it was a favorite resort at noontime, to hunt for wild strawberries in the warm grass, and to sit on a broad, unlettered flat stone that rested on four low walls of masonry, one of which had crumbled away, and let a certain amount of light into the mysterious and nameless grave beneath. Hard by this slab of mystery was the upright stone of a soldier of the Revolutionary War who had been captured at Fort Washington and had sailed with Paul Jones, and whose adventures, written in picturesque English for his grandchildren, have since been published, and who should be noted as the first literary person produced by our village.

The stage road, which crossed through the village in front of the church square, fell off as it passed the tavern and the stable-yard and the brick shop and rambling house of shoemaker Talmadge, until it came to the foot of the hill and the little red school-house in the valley.

On one side of the village street was the great house of the congressman, who was a Virginian, and quite the aristocrat of the village. Opposite his broad grounds were most of the other houses, beginning with the empty store, the rectory, the house and office of the doctor, the village store, and two more houses, the last of which faced on the cross-road, and was flanked by a red-brick blacksmith shop, no longer a shop, but a tool-house. The real blacksmith shop was on the corner over the way, with the smith's house behind it, and both separated by a wide garden from the house of my great-grandmother, which was the easternmost house in the village.

There were just eighteen houses in our village, exclusive of barns and shops and offices, and counting the church, the new school-house, and the cannon-house. The front door of every dwelling-house was a colonial door, with fan-lights and side-lights set in with leaded glass, which sufficiently indicated the ancestry of the people. Each door was ornamented with a brass knocker, for bells had not yet been heard of, and over every door was an oval tin sign bearing the enigma "Ont. & Liv. Mutual," showing that a well-regulated community of two counties could take care of its own insurance.

In front of the row of houses, between the church square and the cross-road, was a graveled sidewalk separated from the street by a continuous oak rail for hitching horses. There was a break in this railing in front of the store, and there were other openings where it was necessary to drive through to reach the barns. There were plain board fences in front of the houses, painted white, and the house line was ten paces back from the fence, not because the people of our village had any vulgar curiosity about the traffic of the street, but to make room at the back for lawns for battledore and shuttlecock and for gardens and stables, which latter afforded us boys no end of hiding-places when we played I-spy, with the "gould"

at the corner of the church. It was a wide street through the village, with a considerable lawn in front of the congressman's big house, and at the head of the street near the tavern were a well with a sweep and scales for weighing hay.

The southwest corner of the four corners was the congressman's orchard of small fruits, inclosed by an upright board fence, painted black, with convenient cracks and knot-holes through which the ripe peaches and plums could be seen on the ground. The house on the southeast corner, which had never been painted, was guarded by a row of Lombardy poplars on each front. The white house on the diagonal corner, one of the two houses below the store, faced the stage road, with its unused colonial door and parlor windows darkened with green shades, but its other front was gay with potted geraniums in a recessed porch that was reached by stone steps in a whitewashed stone wall. On the cross-road to the north was another cottage, and opposite it the little red cannon-house, in which was a cannon of the Mexican War mounted on a yellow gun-carriage, with a yellow box, divided into squares for the cannon-balls, which fitted into its place in the double trail.

General training days were over, and this gun remained the visible evidence of the military past of the village. We boys crawled through a hole alongside the door to roll about the iron balls and to speculate on the romance of the old gun; and when we wondered if the village would ever be a city, we planned the growth of new houses, to begin at the cannon-house. There were other remains of general training to be found in the garrets of almost every house. There were uniforms of blue broadcloth lined with white merino, the narrow coat-tails looped together with silver bugles; cocked hats with plumes and high-crowned caps of beaver and brass; handsome swords with ivory hilts and chain-guards; horse pistols, London made; bridles with fringed leather head-stalls; and double bits and spurs, all of which had been in use within a dozen years.

Before I can remember, and during this period of changing from the old ways to the new, my parents had removed to the farm, half a mile beyond the cannon-house, that was the northern limit of the village. I was a favorite of my great-grandmother and of my Aunt Mary Ann, and quite my earliest recollections are of the house where I was born. It was screened from the road by a row of Lombardy poplars growing within the door-yard fence. It was from the tender sprouts of these trees that "big men" made me whistles with a fragrant, bitter smell and a slightly bitter taste, which, however, never lessened my delight in blowing the whistles. How well I remember the peculiar, pungent odor of the poplar whip, which was the new growth, as the big man girdled and tapped the bark with his jack-knife until it slid off the sappy wood and slid back again a whistle!

Of my five senses, as I recall conditions at that early period, I believe that my sense of smell was the keenest, for it is the vivid recollection of the odor of things that appeals first to my memory. My great-grandmother's place was a bouquet of pungent smells, and is still a bouquet in my memory that has not yet lost its distinguishing odors. There was the "black apple-tree" in the first row of the orchard, the purple-red fruit of which, lying in the warm grass, had a spicy, sweet smell that drew the wasps and the bees until its shade was a danger zone; and equally distinctive was the fragrance of the harvest apples that fell from the tree with the sloping trunk at the corner of the orchard. My aunt's flower-beds of dahlias and marigolds and poppies had a medicinal smell. The woodhouse chamber, where I played with wooden clock-wheels made fast to discarded dials, had a smell of its own, fascinating, but quite indescribable.

There were a dark closet under the hall stairs where the hickory nuts were kept, together with the round lap-stone on which my aunt cracked them, and the closed parlor where my grandmother kept the platter of molasses candy, made with her own

hands, and the living-room, in the winter, with my aunt's geraniums in the windows —all rooms that I remember through my nose.

One day in the summer when I was four years old I was taken to the village school at the foot of the hill below the tavern. I have no recollection of how I got there, but my return to my grandmother's was so dramatic that it has impressed itself indelibly on my memory. Perhaps I was taken to school by the sentimental schoolmistress herself, who was a girl of sixteen and an intimate friend of my aunt, to whom, in after years, when she became a famous novelist, she used to send her books. Her maiden name was Mary Jane Hawes, but there was a red-haired, freckle-faced boy in one of the pretty houses facing the side of the church who went to Yale College and gave her another name.

The school-house consisted of one room, with an entry without any floor where the wood was cut and stored. The school-room was square, with a box-stove in the center. A form against the wall extended around three sides of the room, affording seats for the larger pupils, and in front of these a row of oak desks for slates and books was fantastically carved by generations of jack-knives, and made against the backs of a second row of desks was a low front form for the A-B-C children. On the fourth side, flanking the door, were a blackboard on one hand and on the other the schoolma'am's desk, usually decorated with a bunch of wild flowers or a red apple, either the gifts of a sincere admirer or the would-be bribe of some trembling delinquent.

On the occasion of my first visit to the school I wore a blue-and-white dress of muslin-de-laine that was afterward made into a cushion for a rocking-chair in my mother's parlor. I was evidently dressed in my very best in honor of the occasion, and all went well until recess came. There was a rumble of thunder, and the sky had been growing dark with portent of storm, and the leaves and dust were flying on the wind when the children were released for play. I wanted to do every thing that the other boys did, and so,

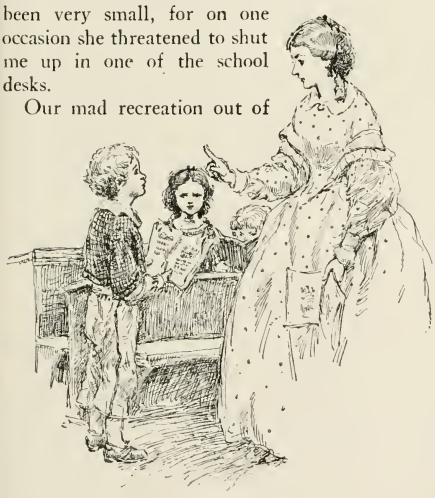
when they scampered out with a rush, I followed without fear. Just as we came into the open the thunder-storm burst upon us. The wind blew off one boy's hat and whirled it in the direction of the village, and all the other boys joined in the chase. As I started to follow them a gust of wind and rain beat me to the ground, and drenched my dress with mud and water.

I was promptly rescued by the schoolma'am and taken into the entry, where she undressed me on the wood-pile and wrapped me in her own woolen shawl, which was a black-and-red pattern of very large squares. Thus bundled up and rendered quite helpless except as to my lungs, I was laid on the floor near the stove, where I remained for the amusement of the children until the shower was over, when a bushel-basket was sent for to the

nearest house, which was the house of shoemaker Talmadge. Into this basket, commonly used for potatoes and corn, I was put, wrapped in the black-and-red shawl and packed around with my soiled clothes, and two of the big boys, John Pierpont and John Talmadge, carried me up the hill and through the village to my grandmother's house.

In the summer following I went to school again, and again to the sentimental schoolma'am, who loved to teach, but abhorred to punish. Her gentle punishments rarely frightened the youngest children.

She would say, "Henry, you have disobeyed me, and I shall have to cut off your ear," and with these ominous words she would draw the back of her penknife across the threatened ear. I must have been very small, for on one occasion she threatened to shut me up in one of the school desks.



Our mad recreation out of school was "playing horse." We drove each other singly and in pairs by means of wooden bits and reins of sheep-twine, and some prancing horses were led, chewing one end of a twine string, and neighing and prancing almost beyond the control of the infant groom.

In the congressman's woods, close by the school-house, we built stalls and mangers against logs and in fence corners, and gathered horse-sorrel and sheep-sorrel for hay. The stalls were bedded with grass and protected from the sun by a roof of green boughs, and the horses were watered and curried and groomed in imitation of that service at the stage stables, and the steeds themselves kicked and bit like the vicious leaders.

Other teachers followed the young and sentimental one, and the surplus of the dinner-baskets, thrown out of the window or cast upon the wood-pile, bred a colony of gray rats that lived under the school-house and came out to take the air in the quiet period after the door was padlocked at night and even ventured to come up into the school-room and look over the books and otherwise nibble at learning. When I had advanced to the dignity of pictorial geography, as set forth in a thin, square-built, dog-eared volume, which not having been opened for a whole day by a certain prancing horse, he was left to learn his lesson while the teacher went to tea at the house below the tavern, and the wheat stubble under the window was soon alive with gray rodents that looked like the colony of seals in the geography.

About this time the rats, having taken formal possession of the old school-house, a new school-house was built in our village just beyond my grandmother's house and facing her orchard. The new house had a back door as well as a front door, an entry with shelves and hooks for hats and shawls, and an extra room where the maps and globes and philosophical instruments were kept.

The stage from Canandaigua, if the roads were in condition, passed the new school-house just before twelve o'clock, and it was just there that the four horses were put to their paces with a blast of the horn, followed by the cracking and swishing of the driver's long whip-lash as it tickled the ears of the leaders. The approach of the stage was heralded by an

unofficial rider, mounted on an Indian pony of uncertain age, in the person of a gentleman farmer (so called by the other farmers because he never tilled the soil) who lived in a square colonial mansion built of cream-colored bricks, with great chimneys, and wooden shutters that were pierced with holes, and flanked with iron letter S's on the walls. His wife, a Philadelphia heiress, of whom it was related that when a neighbor came to borrow a plow, she asked him if a cart would do as well, had left him a widower with four daughters. When he came for the mail on the Indian pony, in advance of the stage, he sometimes had one daughter in front of the saddle and another behind, and on one occasion a third little girl was seen clinging to the crupper.

My great-grandmother was the widow of an Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Titus Welton, whose son was the first rector of the village church. My only acquaintance with my great-grandfather was connected with the white headstone that bore his name in the graveyard. With the exception of a quaint water-color portrait in profile of my grandmother in a mob-cap bound with a black ribbon, which was equally a portrait of the flowered back of the rocking-chair in which she sat, she survives in my memory in a series of pictures. I see her sitting before the open fire, knitting, with one steel needle held in a knitting-sheath pinned to her left side, or taking snuff from a flat, round box that contained a vanilla bean to perfume the snuff. Her hands were twisted with rheumatism, and she walked with a cane. On one occasion I trotted by her side to church and carried her tin foot-stove, warm with glowing coals.

She slept in a high post bed in her particular room over the sitting-room, which was warmed in winter by a sheet-iron drum connected with the stove below, and in one corner was a copper warming-pan with a long handle. When I sat at table in my high-chair eating apple-pie in a bowl of milk, she sat on the side nearest the fire eating dipped toast with a two-tined fork. The fork may have had three tines, but silver forks had not yet made their appearance.

My great-grandmother lived just long enough to have her picture taken on a

plate of silvered copper by the wonderful process of Daguerre, a process so like something diabolical that she protected her soul from evil, as all sitters in that part of the country did, by resting her hand on a great Bible, the back turned to the front, so that the letters "Holy Bible" could be read, proving that the great book was not a profane dictionary. The operator who took her daguerreotype traveled from town to town, hiring a room in the village tavern furnished with a chair, a stand on tripod legs, a brown linen tablecloth, and the aforesaid Bible, and when such of the people as had the fee to spare, the courage to submit to a new-fangled idea, and no fear that the face on the magical plate would fade away like any other spirit face when they opened the stamped-leather case with the red plush lining after it had lain overnight in the darkened parlor, he moved on like the cracker baker or any other itinerant showman.

My great-grandmother had never sent or received a message by telegraph or ridden in a railway-carriage, and died in peace just before those portentous inventions came to destroy forever the small community life in which she had lived. My home under her roof was only a vis-

iting home. My real home was with my parents at the farm on the road beyond the cannon-house, and I had another visiting home at my maternal grandfather's, two miles across country by a road that wound and dipped among the hills, with short cuts and steep climbs across lots, and at one point was shut in by the maple woods, so that when my brother and I were making the journey after supper in the twilight of a late afternoon, we ran like young deer through the gloomy tunnel of trees.

Of a Sunday, between sermons, we climbed into the belfry of the village church and looked over the world as far as we could see it. To the south a blue lake lay in the lap of the woods, and wherever we turned our eyes they rested on a circle of purple hills, beyond which lay mysterious and unexplored regions from which not a chattering wire, strung on glass insulators, and upheld by miles and miles of gray poles, had yet found its way. The news traveled slowly on the four wheels of the stage-coach, and foreign capitals, now within chatting radius, were then a long way off.

But our village, with its historian and its congressman and its novelist and its clergyman, who was a collegian, and its medical man, who collected Indian arrowheads and fossil butterflies and was a shrewd practitioner as well,—a village which was represented at West Point and at Yale College,—shared with the farmers of the surrounding country-side a serene contentment and that degree of cultivation to which the young republic had then arrived. County and state, weekly and semi-weekly, journals made their periodical arrivals, followed by "Harper's New Monthly Magazine," with the last instalment of "The Pickwick Papers." Bound volumes of "The New York Mirror" lay on parlor tables with richly bound "annuals" and "young lady's books" and verses by Mrs. Hemans, and in the circulating library were leather-bound volumes of "The Spectator," "The Idler," and "The Tatler," with a volume of Æsop's Fables in large print, of which I believed every word, and read on my knees by the light of a whale-oil lamp until I was dragged off to bed, to sleep with the lamb that the lion had already eaten.

Our village read the best literature of the day and was content. "Godey's Lady's Book" furnished the fashions, which the ladies followed strictly in cutting and fitting their dresses. The men, or, rather, the gentlemen, for they were all gentlemen in our village, went to church in broadcloth dress-coats with high collars and tight sleeves over tiny velvet waistcoats, and their silk hats were no longer bell-crowned, but very narrow in the rim. If it rained on Sunday, they came in long cloaks of black or blue cloth, with chains and steel clasps at the neck, and their varnished boots were protected by clumsy rubbers made of the raw gum, shaped like Indian moccasins and ornamented with a stamped circle like the designs on the tin lanterns of the day. Their umbrellas were of blue cotton, with ribs of rattan. The gentlemen were not only correct in their dress, but were very gallant in their deportment, which was painfully evident when a beau in a high stock tried to force his head around to an angle that would give him a glimpse of the sweet face at his side, modestly retired within the walls of a cottage bonnet.

The little Episcopal church was the center of the community, and it was there that the people were to be seen at their best. The congressman, clean-shaven for Sunday, with his five sons and one daughter, occupied the only square pew in the church, and read the responses in a voice as loud as the rector's. The pew had a kneeling-desk in the center, which may have been a concession and a tribute to the father of the congressman's first wife, Major Allen, after whom our village was named. The gentleman farmer, who lived in the yellow brick house on the stage road to the east, sat with his four daughters in a narrow pew to the right of the chancel. As there was no room to spare in his pew, on his arrival he set his hat in the pew behind him, stood his riding-whip in it, and rubbed up his curly gray hair

for the benefit of the ladies and in preparation for the sermon. Mr. Stout was a widower, and sometimes wrote poetry to visiting ladies.

There were four pews to the right and left of, and facing, the chancel. It was a custom with some of the congregation to turn toward the choir when the hymns were sung, and on one occasion the rector expressed himself strongly against the practice and asked the people to face him. Mr. Swan, who occupied the pew in front of my grandmother's, promptly informed the rector that he was always taught to face the music and turned his back on the altar. Of course there was a half-witted youth in the village who trudged on foot to all the churches and prayer-meetings he could reach, offered himself to all the girls, drove the cows to pasture, and pumped the organ on Sunday. The daughters of the gentleman farmer, taught by a governess at home, were seldom seen in the village except on Sunday in a row of oval faces flanked by long curls, and in the summer vacation one of the sons of the congressman came to church in the blue uniform and bell-buttons of a West Point cadet, and was more in the eye of the congregation than the rector. There were two sisters who sang in the choir and enlivened the church as far as lay in their power with a display of rings on their fingers and thumbs. The storekeeper was regularly in his pew, as were the shoemaker and the historian and the doctor (ready to be called out in the middle of the sermon) and the farmers, who came in family carriages behind sleek horses.

Besides the warm smell of Sunday stuffs and open hymn-books, and an occasional reminder of apple-blossoms coming in through the open windows, there was a faint, sweet odor of fennel pervading the church, for it was a custom with the older ladies to go into the garden for a few sprigs of fennel when their husbands cut sprigs of asparagus to fix in the buckles of the harness to keep the flies away from the horses. On one Sunday in every month there was a solemn hush after the sermon, when the very young and the impenitent drifted out of the church in twos and threes as the church members went

forward and knelt at the chancel-rail, where the rector, in surplice and bands, administered the sacrament of the holy communion.

Our village was too small to attract the traveling shows except the one-man attractions like the ventriloquist, the mesmerist, or the learned pig, which spelled words by nosing block letters into lines. If one show a year did its tricks in the ball-room of the tavern, it was the subject of conversation until the next one came. The real entertainments of our village were provided by the people. The church and the Sunday-school ranked first, and a prayer-meeting in a neighborhood school-house, where the young people could meet, was an event. The singing-school in the winter, the spelling-bees, the husking-bees, the family gatherings for Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's, and the rector's donation party united to make a gay season. Then there were funerals as occasion required, to which every one went, and on the following Sunday, after service, every one shook

hands with the bereaved family and made doleful reminders, with long faces, of just what the victims were trying to forget, and tempered the severity of their discourse by speculating hopefully on the whereabouts of the departed spirit.

The number and variety of amusements in our village were surprising. There were even practical jokes, intended to point a moral or correct an objectionable habit, as when the sons of the congressman, in protecting their only sister from the approach of the half-witted youth, who pumped the organ and proposed to all the girls, received him at the gate with a pail of water, followed by a pan of flour.

In our village and in all the community surrounding the village there was not a family that was not of good old New England stock except the congressman's. It was an American village in an American community in which not a single foreign-born person had yet arrived. It was a community of contentment and serene confidence in its future just before the first telegraph wire came over the surrounding hills leading the advance of the procession of electrical discoveries that were to fuse the round world into one vast community for evil and for good.

The blacksmith hammered at his anvil, shod the horses of the farmers, and set the tires of wagon-wheels in a circle of burning fagots outside the door; the doctor drove his rounds over the country roads, taking his fees in butter and eggs; the shoemaker, sitting low in his leather seat, hammered on his last and drove his awl and extended his arms in a cross as he patched the shoe of the urchin in stocking feet who was stealing his wax for chewing-gum; the rector wrote sermons in his study and attended to the spiritual needs of the parish, and if he buried one, he married two, and lived frugally on his small salary, which was supplemented by an annual donation; John Pierpont pumped the organ on Sunday, and drove the cows to pasture, listening through the dust to the crackling hoofs of the herd, and, to hasten his wooing, proposed to two girls in one letter; and the storekeeper, who boarded at the tavern, to be grand, at two dollars a week when he could have lived at the rectory for twelve shillings, measuring calico and weighing codfish behind his cool counter, was the envy of the farm boys who toiled in the sun, and sometimes they lingered in the seductive coolness while their horses, goaded by the flies, stamped and pawed in the hollow places by the hitching-blocks; the tavern-keeper sat behind his register, with a quill pen reposing in a tumbler of bird shot, listening for the first sound of the stage-horn announcing his coming guests; the farmers worked out their road tax in the spring with plow and harrow and scraper and hoe, one day for a man and two for a team and one for a scraper, and built bridges in the hollows and "thank-you-ma'ams" on the hillsides: and so things went on in the community of contentment from day to day and from year to year until one historic morning a stranger got out of the stage.

He was a brawny man, with big fists and sinewy arms, in a drab greatcoat having a graduated series of small capes at the shoulder, and he had a curious twinkle

in his eye as he faced about and looked at the church, the superfluous store, the tree-embowered mansion of the congressman, and down the road through the village. He had come over seas all the way from

Yorkshire. There had been rumors of a foreign correspondence on the part of the shoemaker, who was now the postmaster as well, and there are boys now living who stood on tiptoe to look through the delivery-window or mounted on one another's shoulders to peep through an empty letter-box at the yellow English guineas, sorted and counted and stacked up in golden chimneys on the shoemaker's table.

The shoemaker retired with his British gold to a neighboring city, and the brawny immigrant with the sinewy arms built a blacksmith shop and took his stand behind the anvil, with his son at the bellows. No one minded his coming but the blacksmith at the other end of the street; yet the great outside world had struck our village a body blow. The farmers brought their horses and wagons to the new shop for better service at cheaper rates. The new smith took a family pew in the church, chinked his coin on the pewter plate, and waited. Within a year the native blacksmith, whose face, by the way, had never been seen in church, like the shoemaker, disappeared from the village.

The potato crop was bad in Ireland, and America sent flour by the shipload and brought back the starving people for ballast, who came as workmen on the farms, and soon the Irish brogue was heard for the first time in our village. One English navvy came in hobnailed shoes and corduroys, destitute of everything but a brood of open mouths, like young birds in a nest. It was vacation-time, and his family was given shelter and food in the school-house, and the village children, who had been born in ancestral homes, however humble, and ate at table from family delft with silver spoons of another generation, gathered about the door of the school-house to wonder at other children seated on bundles of canvas and bed-ticking about an iron-bound chest for a table. The new world was just as strange to them. The father was crippled, rumor said, by tramping on a tread-mill, and after his first day's work on a farm, he started in the early summer evening to return to his family in the school-house, with salt pork and bread in the slack of his slop, when he was attacked by fireflies, which he mistook for "lantern men," and lost his provisions as he stumbled and fell in his flight.

Imperceptibly, but steadily, with the arrival of aliens and the approach of the railway, the tide set in against our village. A railway station was located five miles away, and the Concord stages, with the galloping horses and the merry horn, were taken off the road, and succeeded by a one-horse trap. The business of the tavern dwindled for want of guests, and the pen, which was now a steel pen, grew rusty in the tumbler of bird shot, while the landlord dozed on the porch from year to year, until he slept in longer naps, undisturbed by the school-boys, who crawled about underneath, searching for pennies, a business that had been profitable in stage-times, but which, like some modern enterprises, went into bankruptcy in sympathy with its business connections.

The stage barns took a sympathetic lurch with the tottering business of the tavern, and the long row of stalls where the vicious leaders had rattled their halter chains and looked back with bloodshot eyes and slanted ears at the man with the currycomb, were now deserted slips where the hens hatched their broods in the mangers, with heads turned to bring one eye to bear on the lean rats that scampered over the straw. In the stable-yard were broken wagons, the iron work gathering rust in the rain and the sun, and abandoned fanning-mills, the property of the stage company, and cutting-boxes with single knives, set at a guillotine-slant, under which the heads of the oat-sheaves had fallen into the basket, to be devoured by the horses, and red pools of stagnant water stood in the cart-ruts.

The departed stages had left a trail of depression and decay in their wake, which settled first on the tavern and its outbuildings; but under the contagion of bad business our village itself was soon dozing. The church was unable to maintain a rector, and the congressman read the ser-

mon in a sonorous and pompous voice, while the service was read by the father of the girls in the choir who wore rings on their thumbs. He was a small farmer who helped the neighbors in pig-killing time, and was a devout man who was equally God-fearing on his knees at the

against his neighbors, and during its progress, together with his sons, he disappeared from our village. Many of the young men went west, and the old men who had not sold their farms to aliens and moved away found their resting-place in the graveyard. The congressman's great house

chancel-table or inserting the knife in the throat of a stupid porker. Some of the parishioners had already gone away, and their places had been filled by strange faces. The village doctor was enjoying a larger practice in the country town, and the historian had transferred his activities to the house of his publishers in Franklin Square.

John Pierpont still pumped the organ, Mr. Swann faced the music, and the father of the oval-faced daughters with blond curls stood his riding-whip in his hat in the pew behind him and rubbed up his curly gray hair for the benefit of the ladies and prepared to listen to the congressman.

When the services ceased altogether, it was John Pierpont who took to the road, prayer-book in hand, tramping two miles to the north to be present at a morning service, and then walking an equal distance to the south to an afternoon sermon in a Methodist church.

In the fullness of time the great war came to find the congressman ranged

went up in smoke, and a plain farm-house took its place, with no fence to protect its sheds and stacks and farming implements and muddy wagons from the public gaze. The two houses facing the church, with lilac-bushes at the front gate and flower-bordered walks, disappeared, and so did the unused store, and the conical cedars planted by the historian had grown into tall trees that overtopped the church tower, from which the spire had fallen. The village street was not grass-grown, for it was a part of the highway between two county towns, but fields had advanced to its border over the gardens and house-sites and the lawns where the gentle game of battledore and shuttlecock had been played. The post-office had been removed to a neighboring town, and in its stead there were tin boxes fixed against the fences in front of the few remaining houses, or nailed to the hitching-post, where there was no fence, and these were visited once a day by a licensed mail-carrier in a two-wheeled cart.

If the ghost of the old stage-coach had passed over the hill on moonlight nights,

with muffled hoof-beats and silent horn, the churchyard would have risen up to see it pass, and the tavern-keeper would have strayed as far as his rickety porch from force of habit; but, alas! the ghosts of our village would have been hard put to it to find their own tombstones, since the sacred mounds, the gentle hillocks of the dead, had been plowed up by the vandal alien and leveled into a dreary lawn where the strawberries refuse to grow.

In this area of desolation, which was all that survived of our village, John Pierpont remained the last inhabitant, bent with age, watching the traffic of the cross-road from behind the potted geraniums in the recessed porch, which, like a good son, he watered and cared for in memory of his mother. He was a feeble old man who had never married because all the girls were in a league against him, and many of whom he had buried, for he has long been the village sexton. He no longer digs the graves. Even that office is performed by an alien; but he is present at all burials, and it is sometimes his duty to welcome an old member of the congregation, come back to our village in the only way a villager, having once gone away, ever came back.

The Flute

By AMY LOWELL

"Stop! What are you doing?"
"Playing on an old flute."
"That 's Heine's flute. You must n't touch it."
"Why not, if I can make it sound?"
"I don't know why not, but you must n't."
"I don't believe I can—much. It 's full of dust. Still, listen:

The rose moon whitens the lifting leaves.
Heigh-ho! the nightingale sings!
Through boughs and branches the moon-thread weaves.
Ancient as time are these midnight things.

The nightingale's notes over-bubble the night.
Heigh-ho! yet the night is so big!
He stands on his nest in a wafer of light
And the nest was once a philosopher's wig.

Moon-sharp needles and dew on the grass.
Heigh-ho! it flickers, the breeze!
Kings, philosophers, periwigs pass.
Nightingales hatch their eggs in the trees.

Wigs and pigs and kings and courts,
Heigh-ho! rain on the flower!
The old moon thinks her white, bright thoughts,
And trundles away before the shower.

"Well, you got it to play."
"Yes, a little. And it has lovely silver mountings."

Photograph by William E. Gray, London
(Fig. 17) STUDY FOR SAMSON BETRAYED BY DELILAH
By Vandyke, Heseltine Collection
(Chalk and color wash)

The Heseltine Collection

III—Dutch and Flemish Schools

By SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

IN this article we pass to the schools of the Netherlands. Here our first example is from a Dutch master of the late sixteenth century, Hendrik Goltzius (1555-1618), a painter-engraver widely famous in his day and a craftsman of high power, which was to a large extent misused. Goltzius lived in the age when the sincere native art of the Low Countries had lost its way and become ridiculous in the attempt to ape the graces and sublimities of the Renaissance in Italy. His designs, intended to be in the spirit of Michelangelo, are to modern eyes bombastic and absurd beyond measure. But he was like many other artists of his time and country in that only one half of him was Italianate and false, namely, the high-flying and academic half; the other half, which dealt with immediate facts and especially with portraiture, remained sincere and masterly. Nothing can well be more faithful and incisive in the rendering of structure and of character, and at the same time in soberer taste, than the sheet with three studies in silver point of a single male head, here reproduced from the Malcolm Collection in the British Museum (Fig. 15); and it is typical of much that was done by this master and by others of the same time and school. The material, silver point, is, of course, one which ad-

Photograph by Donald Macbeth, London
(Fig. 16) PORTRAIT HEAD OF HIS FIRST WIFE
By Rubens, British Museum
(Black and red chalk)

so much in this master's work that his drawings, in comparison with his paintings, are relatively less interesting than those of many other masters. But in them, too, one recognizes his sweep of hand, his opulence of invention, and also, when he chooses, his energetic sincerity of vision. There is no finer example than this portrait-head of his first wife, Isabella Brant, drawn in black and red chalk and tingling with character and vitality in every touch (Fig. 16). The consent of mouth and eyes in the vivid, rather malicious smile, the faultlessly expressive and lifelike modeling of the flesh tissues, the very play of life itself in the hair—no reader can fail to feel the force of these, though their rendering in one color instead of two in our reproduction unavoidably weakens it to some extent. This draw-

mits no erasure or correction in the course of work. It is one of those most frequently employed by artists both north and south of the Alps and of the early and late Renaissance; but, by an accident, this happens to be the only drawing done in this material which figures in our illustrations.

Before the death of Goltzius an artist had arisen at Antwerp who possessed so much genius and a temperament so strong and glowing that he was able to weld the traditional elements of North and South, or at least of Flanders and Venice, into a new, splendidly potent, and dominating, style of his own. I speak, of course, of Rubens. Color and decorative gorgeousness on a great scale count for

Photograph by Donald Macbeth, London
(Fig. 15) THREE STUDIES OF ONE HEAD
By Goltzius, British Museum
(Silver point)

Photograph by William E. Gray, London

(Fig. 24) LANDSCAPE
By Jan Livens, Heseltine Collection
(Pen and sepia wash)

ing is one of those which a century later, as we shall see, were fruitful of example and inspiration to the young Watteau. It was acquired for the British Museum on the dispersal, in 1893, of the drawings that had belonged to the collection of Mr. R. S. Hodford, one of the most princely of the early Victorian amateurs.

Rubens handed on his style to Vandyke, who practised it with a difference, with more of courtly grace and less of boisterous exuberance. Mr. Heseltine's collection was rich in Vandykes, and included several of his most masterly portrait-drawings of the Flemish and the English periods. But portraiture is the most familiar class of his work, in drawing as in painting, and the two examples I have chosen are less usual. One (Fig. 17), gives us Vandyke in the phase where he is nearest to Rubens in style and energy. The drawing is an elaborate preliminary study in chalks and color-wash, carried much further than such studies usually are,—for a picture of Samson betrayed by Delilah to the Philistines,—and is one of the most characteristic examples of what the master could do in the way of strong dramatic composition. In point of fact, under the effective surface bustle and animation of the design there is not much of vital drama either in action or expression. The gesture of the serene, voluptuous Delilah as she gives over the prisoner to his captors has little meaning; the face which he turns to look at her is ravaged by no agony, whether of reproach, resistance, or surrender; the twirling ends of the cords with which the soldiers bind him make a pretty, but quite unpractical, pattern; and in the way they go about their work there is no fierceness of tension or resolve. The other example by Vandyke (Fig. 18) is a careful study of plate armor, with all its shadows and reflected lights, also done for a picture, and touched with the force and vitality of a true, great draftsman. Both these drawings are from the Heseltine Collection.

Passing from Antwerp to Leyden and Amsterdam, we are met by the great and solitary genius of Rembrandt. In him a new phase of the artistic spirit of the North revealed itself, absolutely unadulterated, totally un-Italianate (though he would now and then take an Italian mo-

tive and transform and recreate it in his own born style and dialect), careless of the graces, defiant of precedent, profoundly and most democratically human. A larger number of sketches and studies by Rembrandt have survived than by any other of the great historic masters. The Heseltine Collection was very rich in them; it yields five out of the six examples which I give.

Rembrandt's instruments were various. In a very few cases where he sought for special charm he used silver point, as in the beautiful little portrait of his wife at Berlin; sometimes he used red chalk, sometimes black, often in his early time a mixture of red and black chalk with umber or sepia wash; but much most commonly pen and sepia, either alone or in combination with a wash of the same color. To the eye trained only in the vision of the physically perfect and graceful world which the art of Italy at the Renaissance had evolved under the combined influences of native racial beauty and of the example of rediscovered Greece and Rome—to an age so trained, and habituated to the union of flowing grace with masterly science in

Photograph by William E. Gray, London
(Fig. 18) A CAREFUL STUDY OF PLATE ARMOR
By Vandyke, Heseltine Collection
(Black chalk and India-ink wash)

Photograph by William E. Gray, London
(Fig. 19) STUDIES OF AN OLD MAN
By Rembrandt
(Pen and bister)

the drawings of the great Italian masters, those of Rembrandt may appear at first sight scrambled, scratchy, careless, charmless, nay, even vulgar. But look at them a little longer, and you will begin to recognize in that commonness a distinction equal in another way to the best of the Italian graces, and perhaps higher.

Every one can recognize the magical power of hand, the searching insight, the intense humanity, sympathy, tenderness, sometimes mingled with drollery, with which Rembrandt interprets the character and daily existence of the individual types who sat to him, or of the mingled crowds of rich and poor in the Dutch streets, whether treated in terms of the Bible story or taken simply as they are. But in painting Rembrandt has two special means

of enhancing and commending to the spectator his personal interpretation of life; namely, that magic of mysterious, enveloping shade and struggling, straying, glimmering gold-and-amber light which was his invention, and in his Biblical and historical pictures the lesser and partly theatrical enhancement of rich and fanciful costume chosen from among the properties of his studio. In his studies and sketches these aids to pictorial magic are lacking, or most of them can only be suggested. In them he is in the most direct possible contact with life, and interprets the essential points of what he sees or imagines in a swift short-hand which recks not of elegance, but is the most exactly and poignantly expressive ever employed by man. With rapid, rude-seeming, intensely vital strokes of pen or brush-point, or anything that comes handy,—sometimes the butt of his brush, the wrong end of his pen, or even, it appears, the half-dry edge of a cake of paint,—he can not only fix every momentary gesture and action, face of worship or of fear, of anger or of mirth, of misery, lust, or cunning, sense of weight carried, fatigue or cripplement endured, the comfort or the wear and tear in rich or in beggarly apparel, in any of his grouped or single figures, but can imply the whole antecedent story and daily habit of their previous lives and surroundings.

Look at the small pen-sketch reproduced on page 273. In this a mother carries her heavy baby by making a seat for it with her hands joined in front of her while it hugs her with both arms around her neck. In the way they hold each other is expressed, it is impossible to say how, the exact sense of the relative strain on both their arms and on the mother's back; in her head and face the quintessence of vigorous plebeian life and chuckling mother glee; in the child's, that of sleepy animal comfort. What gift, what ingrained habit of instant, electric correspondence between eye, brain, and hand, enables strokes so intensely calculated to look as if they had come upon the paper carelessly and anyhow? Another example of the same qualities, in a slightly less concentrated shape, is given on page 276 (Fig. 19) with three rapid

Photograph by Donald Macbeth, London

(Fig. 20) STREET SCENE IN AMSTERDAM
By Rembrandt
(Pen and bister)

pen studies of an old man with his hands on the table. How perfectly the exact and different shades of homely respect and puzzled consideration are seized in the two upper sketches, while in the lower, the same model (if he is indeed the same) has his caste and dignity raised by the addition of a skull-cap, as well as of a more settled and reposeful demeanor!

Photograph by William E. Gray, London
(Fig. 21) PREPARATORY SKETCH FOR PAINTING
By Rembrandt, Heseltine Collection
(Pen and bister wash)

These last two sketches are from the Heseltine Collection. From the Salting Collection in the British Museum I take another drawing, one of the first rank in the artist's work, showing the same qualities, with a more complicated scale and grouping (Fig. 20). It was the custom of the Amsterdam boys to go about the streets on Twelfth Night in a kind of rude Epiphany procession, the leader carrying a great star cut out in paper and fastened to a pole, with a lantern behind it, to represent the star of the Magi. Rembrandt, probably thinking the subject a good one for an etching, has drawn the scene as he saw it, or recalled it in his mind's eye after seeing it often. The shadow boy in front holds the paper star, the lantern of which sends up a heavy drift of smoke; smaller street boys sit or stand around him, envying or admiring, and a little in the background stands a woman with her baby and her basket; a man and a woman with another baby look on through the open hutch of their house-door; on the other side a dog stands barking, and a small girl squalls while her elder sister quiets her by bidding her look at the star; in the background two grave, cloaked, and hatted gentlemen stand and look on patronizingly. The whole human essence of the scene is given with a slight, but sufficient, suggestion of the illumination of the near figures against a background of night and mystery, and with a perfect, artless-seeming art of space composition. When Rembrandt came to etch this subject, however, he did not use this drawing, but changed and greatly simplified the motive, showing fewer figures, and those nearly swamped in darkness.

Figure 21, again from the Heseltine Collection, gives a preparatory study for another phase of Rembrandt's art. A turbaned rabbi sits on the sofa at his writing-desk by candle-light, and turns with an energetic air and gesture of expounding or expostulating to some visitor or intruder who stands in the place of the spectator. Swiftly spread, boldly gradated washes indicate with precision the intended play of darkness and glancing candle-light within the room. The gesture of the foreshortened left hand (which occurs elsewhere in Rembrandt's paintings and in his etchings also), the weight, energy, and certitude of the dogmatic student are expressed with the usual summary power and vividness. It seems unfortunate that neither picture nor etching done directly from this powerful drawing should exist, though kindred motives are to be recognized in works as far apart as the etching

of "The Money-Changer" and the great portrait of Claes Anslo from the Ashburnham Collection at Berlin.

Next comes, from the Heseltine Collection, an example of a totally different class of Rembrandt's work. Pigs, dogs, and horses occur often enough in their natural place in his compositions, and pigs especially he observed and drew delightedly. Witness the well-known and wonderful etching of a sow lying down, with one leg twitching at its tether. But lions were a different and an exceptional matter. In some of his early etchings he brings them in, but done, in the French phrase, *de chic* and without reference to life. Later, we have evidence that when a menagerie gave him the opportunity he studied and drew them with passionate interest and care. Several drawings of this same lion, lying asleep or half asleep, and seen from different sides and angles, are in the British Museum. This from the Heseltine Collection is one of the furthest carried and the most masterly in its expression of structure and of surface, of mighty strength relaxed and nearly, but not quite, dormant.

Lastly, also from the Heseltine Collection, comes a specimen (Fig. 23) of a very numerous class of Rembrandt's work, and one which it manifestly gave him great pleasure to do; namely, his landscape drawings. He never has been equaled, or, if he has, by only one other master, in the power of expressing with slight pen-outlines and monochrome wash the vital structure and imaginative significance of landscape forms. The forms he had to deal with were those of a level country of canals and dikes and sea-banks and grazing marshes and scattered farms and copses; the problems the country especially set before him were those of the massing and ruffling of foliage, the relations of tree-clumps and farm-buildings to wide horizons of meadow or river, distant city or shipping, and those of groups of laboring or resting or traveling figures to such surroundings. There could hardly

(Fig. 25) CHARACTERISTIC DRAWING
By Cuyp, Heseltine Collection
(Black chalk and wash)

be a better example of Rembrandt's landscape style, at least of his closed as distinguished from his open subjects, than this group of thatched cottages and barns inclosing a cleared space with tree, bush, and bench in the foreground, and with the human group, somehow unaccountably expressive and life-laden, that huddles in the sun at one end of the farther bench against the cottage wall.

When one has once become used to the strong impact of life and nature as they come interpreted even in the lightest strokes of this profound and unique genius, the common run of drawings by other painters of the great age of Dutch art—say A. D. 1620-70—seem in comparison shallow and monotonous and not more than prosaically competent. But to make drawings, substantive studies, and sketches other than direct preparations for pictures, to make and often also to certify them with a signature and date, was a large part of the activity of nearly all the painters who swarmed during that age in many of the cities of Holland, as well as of those who turned their backs on their native land to cross the Alps and intoxicate themselves with the alien sun and scenery and associations of Rome. So numerous were these painter-draftsmen of Holland in the seventeenth century that, for a summary purpose like the present, one has to think of them in groups and classes; and even then it is impossible to give an example of each group, and it is necessary to select from them almost at haphazard.

I shall begin with an artist who does not quite readily or strictly fit into any of the groups; namely, Jan Livens. In early life Livens was a fellow-pupil of Rembrandt and was his friend, and good judges thought him likely to go beyond Rembrandt. Like many of his contemporaries, he was an etcher as well as a painter and draftsman, and the etchings he left are competent, but without genius. Later he came under the influence of Vandyke, and to his native Dutch veracity and grit in portraiture added some of that master's aristocratic elegance. His drawings are numerous and fall into two classes: portraits in black lead, often highly finished and of admirable style (the British Museum is rich in these), and landscape studies in pen-and-ink. In these drawings he was technically much influenced by Rembrandt, but lacked Rembrandt's genius for vital selection of matter and his expressive economy of stroke. He left many drawings of woodland scenery, generally skilful in pen-handling, but without much concentration of interest or massing of light and shadow. The example I give

Photograph by William E. Gray, London

A LION RESTING
By Rembrandt, Heseltine Collection
(Chalk and bister wash)

Photograph by William E. Gray, London

(Fig. 27) COASTING CRAFT IN CALM
By Jan van der Capelle, Heseltine Collection
(Pen and India-ink wash)

from the collection of Mr. Heseltine (Fig. 24), with its varied levels of ground, its bold mass of elms in the middle, with willows leaning from the bank to the left, and open pasture-ground on the right, is of a composition more pleasing than usual, if a little commonplace. Livens is recorded to have spent some time in England; this growth of trees and blend of meadow and woodland suggest English park scenery, and it is quite likely that this drawing, like many of the landscape sketches in body color left by Vandyke, is a record of the artist's sojourn in England.

Now, to call to mind the main groups and classes into which the Dutch painter-draftsmen of the time fall, there was the group that treated landscape pure and simple,—or at least landscape with figures holding a very subordinate place,—and earliest among these come Peter Molyn, a special lover of farm-lands and banks and rutted cartways; Jan van Goyen, whose themes varied between these and scenes of river and coast; Anthony Waterloo, indefatigable and rather tedious with innumerable etchings and drawings of woodland; Roelandt Roghman, by predilection a topographer, who left many broadly and vigorously drawn views of country houses and their surroundings; Jacob Ruysdael, whose drawings are relatively rare, and deal skilfully with the same kind of inland scenery as he loved to paint. I name only a few; they, and many more of their kidney, working usually in black chalk, each according to his manner, sometimes with the addition of pen-work or monochrome wash, are represented in every collection of Dutch drawings, and in Mr. Heseltine's form not the smallest group. I include none of them here, but give as representative of the pure landscape class a characteristic drawing by Cuyp of a skeleton windmill, a bank with brushwood, a rude crane for drawing water, and a low, undulating distance (Fig. 25). The magic of mellow afternoon light, which gives its charm to many of Cuyp's paintings, can scarcely, of course, be even suggested in the materials with which he drew; namely, black chalk, often touched with a faint wash of greenish-yellow monochrome. At other times he would use gray chalk alone, paling with exquisite silvery gradations into expansive effects of distance. Cuyp, of course, does not properly belong to the class of pure land-

scape men, but to that of pastoral painters, cattle and country figures and boats being as important in his pictures as their setting of earth, water, and sky. This class of pastoral painters falls again into two main subclasses; namely, those that stayed at home and those that went to Italy. The most famous of the stay-at-homes are Cuyp himself, Paul Potter, and Adrian Van de Velde. Paul Potter, short-lived as he was, has left us many brilliant and incisive sketches and studies, done commonly with black chalk and occasionally with red, of cattle at large in the fields in all their acts and attitudes, as well as a few highly finished drawings in a mixture of pen, chalk, and wash designed either as full preparatory schemes for pictures or as records of such after they were painted. Adrian Van de Velde, using red chalk or sometimes pen-and-ink, was an equally vigorous student and sketcher of farm life and the ways of domestic animals, and, when he chose, a fine portrait-draftsman as well. Neither of these two can be admitted here; but I give a characteristic example of the other group of pastoral painters, those who went to Italy, accustomed themselves to render the classic forms of Italian hill and valley, the intensity of Italian sunlight, and the special picturesqueness of Italian peasant life and tatters, and who when they came home continued to see the Dutch country-side through a veil of Italian experience. Chief among such men were Jan Both, Karel du Jardin, and Nicolas Berghem. All three have left many drawings as well as pictures, Berghem the most of all. His drawings, done for sale and signed, are very numerous, and are often elaborately carried out in pen and India ink, sepia wash, or red chalk. Often they are artfully composed with a full play of light, shadow, and modeling and a careful gradation of aërial perspective, always with private tricks and mannerisms that grow tiresome when one knows them too well. The example I give from Mr. Heseltine's Collection (Fig. 26) is animated and luminous beyond the common.

Photograph by William E. Gray, London
(Fig. 26) LANDSCAPE
By Nicolas Berghem, Heseltine Collection
(Pen and India-ink wash)

Another of the best known and most numerous classes of Dutch drawing has perforce to be omitted; namely, those illustrating tavern life, jollification, brawl and debauchery, with Adrian van Ostade for its chief master. Drawings by him, in pen and sepia wash and also in body color, are very numerous, the latter often veiling the crudity or grossness of the scenes and types represented with a pleasant veil of harmonious color and light effect.

For a last example of the Dutch School I go to the class of marine painters and draftsmen, of whom the more important are Simon de Vlieger (who, however, hugged the shore in preference to paint-

ing open water), the Willem van de Veldes, father and son, Jan van der Capalle, Ludolf Bakhuyzen, and Abraham Storck. The drawings of the elder Van de Velde are very numerous, often drawn on a large panoramic scale, and of great naval and historical interest, inasmuch as he watched studiously, from a pinnace of his own, nearly all the great battles between the Dutch and English fleets in the third quarter of the seventeenth century, and has left a faithful record of what he saw. These drawings of historic sea-fights were usually done rapidly, with a light touch, in a mixture of chalk and India-ink wash. Others, drawn in less exciting circumstances and with a more pictorial intent, are carefully finished in pen and sepia with India-ink wash, and set before us the shipping of those days, luminously afloat between sea and sky, with almost as much effect as the finished paintings by the same hand. For this class of marine drawing in black-and-white I have gone, however, not to the multifarious and well-known work of Van de Velde, but to a specimen in the Heseltine Collection of a rarer and equally gifted craftsman, Jan van der Capelle. Nothing can be more perfect, with the given means, than this rendering of coasting craft afloat in a dead calm, with the difference of luminousness between sea and sky expressed by the subtlety of an almost imperceptible wash; only I fear that in the reproduction this subtlety has almost become a blank, and left the difference indistinguishable to the reader of this article.

Photograph by William E. Gray, London

(Fig. 23) GROUP OF THATCHED COTTAGES
By Rembrandt, Heseltine Collection
(Pen and bister wash)

Acquaintance

By BRIAN HOOKER

Her mind flings golden brightness fair and far;
Seen over-close, the moon's cold depths appear.
Her heart is dim with distance like a star—
One globe of fire. Might I but draw more near!

Holiday Sketches by Thomas Nast

With Notes by THOMAS NAST, Jr.

These recently discovered sketches, made by the late Thomas Nast on the visitors' book of the Shawinigan Fish and Game Club up in the Canadian wilderness, will serve to recall to many the old delight and interest with which they used to follow the artist's work in many a hot political campaign.

Those who remember Mr. Nast, know his remarkable facility for catching and preserving the humorous incident of the instant. These slender sketches are a graphic record of a winter's outing in the wild-game country north of Three Rivers, Quebec. The notes of his son, Thomas Nast, Jr., who was of this interesting party of arctic adventurers, will serve to admit to a full enjoyment of the sports depicted those of us who were not present.—Charles Mason Fairbanks.

My dear Charlie:

I certainly do remember these sketches, and they recall to me one of the many pleasant trips that I had with my father.

THE PARTY'S ARRIVAL.

This special trip was the result of an invitation that Erastus Wyman gave to a number of newspaper artists to attend the ice carnival at Montreal in the year 1887. He certainly did do the thing up brown. He hired an entire boarding-house for his party, in which were Baron de Grim, Bernard Gilliam, Walt McDougal, and several other shining lights of the artistic newspaper fraternity at that time.

During the festivities at the carnival father was entertained at the Shawinigan Fish and Game Club, and as a special honor he was tossed upon a blanket, which was rather disconcerting, though complimentary. On this occasion he met a man by the name of Boyer who was anxious to have him go out to this club for a caribou shoot if there was

NEXT MORNING.

enough left of him after the festivities at Montreal. Eventually we went.

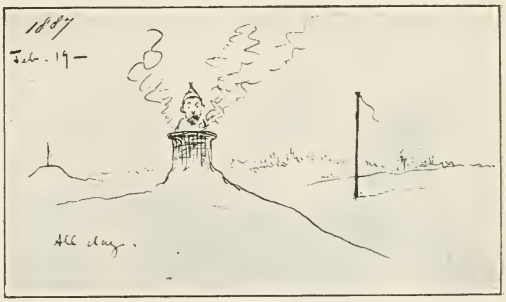
When we left the train we were driven thirty miles in two one-horse sleighs to this camp, which was situated among a chain of lakes. These sleighs had high dashboards and very low seats. If there were any fences in the country, we did not see them, for nothing was visible but snow and timber, while the beaten track in the road was marked by little sprigs of evergreen. If the horse happened to turn around a corner too sharply, or slip off this beaten track, he would disappear entirely from our view, and we would have to get out, unhitch him, and pull him back to the hard part of the trail. When we met another sleigh, both would drive up till the horses' noses touched; then one horse would be unhitched, a hole packed at the side of the road, and one horse and sleigh placed into this hole while the other sleigh was driven by on the beaten track. Then we would hoist the horse and sleigh out of the hole again, hitch up, and drive on.

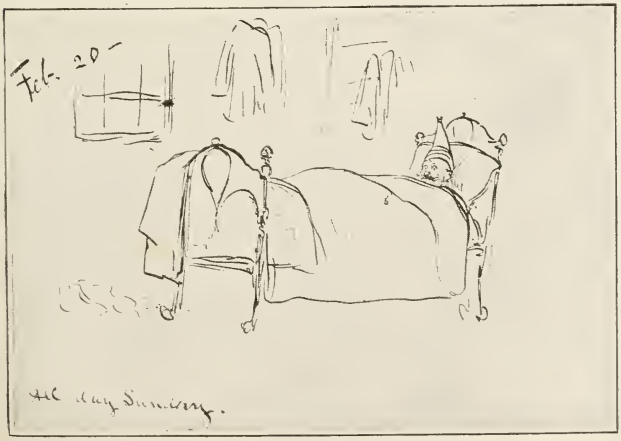
I remember that the windows of the few houses that we did happen to pass were entirely filled with children of all sizes and ages, and father remarked to the driver:

"I did n't know you had so many school-houses out here in the country."

"Those are not school-houses," replied the driver. "They are just families."

Finally we arrived at a point in the road where the driver told us it was twelve miles to the camp; but if we snow-shoed across country

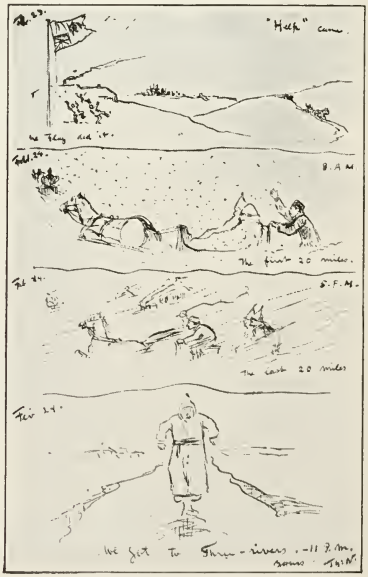




nine miles, it would lighten the load. Mr. Boyer and I started and did those nine miles.

New snow lay to a depth of two feet, with a crust under that, so you can imagine my first experience in snowshoeing was rather vigorous. However, we arrived at camp, where there was nothing ready to eat except salt pork and bread. It is like whittling candle-grease upon a chunk of bread and eating it; nevertheless, it was good.

Finally, about dusk, father arrived, and this brings me to the records that were kept in the log-book of the club. You will see that on February 17 he appeared at the camp, and Boyer and I are in the distance welcoming him. The next day he undertook to follow us on snow-shoes as we were going out to look up caribou. We never found them, as the guide who had them plotted on the map was in town. Father, therefore, contented himself on the eighteenth, as you will see, by fishing through the ice, and keeping us in fresh fish for the entire trip. On one occasion he thought he had the snow sufficiently packed about the holes to discard his snow-shoes, which he did, and disappeared afterward, retaining the snow-shoes. That night it snowed, and the only view he could get of the surrounding country on the nineteenth day was by looking through the chimney. On the twentieth he stayed in bed, as there was nothing to do. It thawed on the twenty-first, and as the roof was not snow-proof, he fished at home. On the twenty-second, Washington's Birthday, in memory of which he procured his little hatchet and confessed that he wanted to go home. On the twenty-third we hoisted the Canadian flag of distress and sent out the S O S call. Relief came. We started out for Three Rivers at 8 A. M., arriving at about dark.



EVENTS OF THE LAST DAY.

Correspondence

The Editor of The Century:

Mr. Charles D. Stewart's article in your July issue somewhat misrepresents Clement Laird Vallandigham. Mr. Vallandigham, though wrong, as I think, in his course toward the prosecution of the Civil War, was not a traitor, nor was he a disunionist, and he was always an opponent of secession. He made the mistake of supposing that the Union could not be restored by force of arms, and the further mistake of supposing that the people of the North were more concerned for constitutional guaranties as to freedom of speech and of the press than for the preservation of the Union by the only means that seemed efficacious to Mr. Lincoln's administration. As a member of the House of Representatives at the opening of the Civil War he voted for an appropriation to defend Washington from possible attack by the Confederates, and as a banished man he declined to compromise himself in his relations with the Confederate Government, and insisted that he was a prisoner of the Confederacy. The Sons of Liberty, of which he became the head while an exile in Canada, certainly grazed the brink of treason, and if it did not fall into the abyss, it was saved from such fall by Mr. Vallandigham's stern threat to expose the extremists of the order to the administration at Washington. When the treason trials instituted against some members of the order came on, Mr. Vallandigham's name appeared now and again in the course of the testimony; but he was not indicted, nor was he molested when he returned of his own motion from Canada and resumed his political activities in 1864.

Mr. Vallandigham was a man of high character, distinguished abilities, and excellent education. He was fatally wrong in his course during the Civil War, but he never deliberately defied the military authority of the United States until a gerrymander of his district had driven him from Congress and thus deprived him of a free forum. He lived long enough to write with horror of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and with generous appreciation of his merciful attitude toward the conquered South. Finally he rendered a great service to his party and his country by sounding the policy, known as the "New Departure," which set the party facing forward toward new issues.

Every man must decide for himself whether he will be silent when he thinks his country wrong not merely in time of peace, but also in time of war, for human law, whether in a monarchy or in a republic, can not supersede the sanctions of the individual conscience. Mr. Vallandigham chose, wrongly as I think, but honestly, to insist upon exercising the constitutional privilege of free speech when the government of his country felt that a higher law than the Constitution forbade the exercise of that privilege as contravening the safety of the state. He paid the penalty of his error. The essentially wise and mainly right administration at Washington today most unwillingly restricts the privilege of free speech, and most men of conscience who disapprove of our participation in the World War prefer to bridle their tongues rather than to incur the suspicion of being enemies of their country or unwittingly to give aid and comfort to its enemies. A few feel that they can not keep silent, and, like Mr. Vallandigham, they must pay the penalty of defiantly exercising a forbidden privilege.

E. N. Vallandigham.

The Editor of The Century:

I do not find anything to take exception to in Mr. E. N. Vallandigham's statements. Clement L. Vallandigham, according to contemporary evidence, was

a man of excellent education and great oratorical ability combined with a winning personality.

At the very time that he was an exile in Canada Vallandigham was nominated by the Democratic party for the governorship of Ohio, and in the ensuing campaign, which he could not conduct himself because he dared not enter the country, he received the largest vote that the Democratic party had ever polled in Ohio. In the nominating convention his name carried the delegates by storm. His opponent had no chance whatever and he failed of becoming governor by 61,000 votes; by 100,000 when the soldier vote came in.

In 1864, before his term of banishment had expired, he came back to Ohio and was not molested. The morning after his arrival he was unanimously chosen delegate to the Chicago convention of his party. These facts sufficiently attest the power of his personality, but more especially the power of his cause—free speech —with a large portion of the people. Eminent statesmen from other States took part in the campaign in his behalf, among them Hendricks and Voorhees of Indiana, Colonel "Dick" Merrick of Maryland, and, in his own State, the ever-scintillating Sunset Cox. These men believed in free speech as much as he himself, and a strict construction of the Constitution in its guaranties of personal rights. I once had in my possession the Manual and Constitution that Hendricks used during his service in Congress, which I finally presented to President Cleveland. It was an interesting volume in the regard that it had no annotation except the parenthetic pen-strokes by which Hendricks impressed the personal-rights clauses on his mind.

If one were engaged in throwing the mantle of charity over Vallandigham's career, much more might be said in his favor than Mr. E. N. Vallandigham has set down. To his credit, he opposed Buchanan in his attitude toward slavery in Kansas. And if he was a strict constructionist during the war, he was no less an adherent of the Constitution when it had been changed as a result of the war. The "New-Departure" resolution, of which he secured the passage, pledged the Democratic party to recognize the validity of all amendments to the Constitution, including the fourteenth.

The manner of his death was as dramatic as his life. As I have heard it told, he had a client who was accused of killing a man with a revolver. Vallandigham's line of defense was that the man might have shot himself accidentally in handling the revolver, and in order to show that a man might easily shoot himself in that particular spot by a certain manipulation of the weapon, Vallandigham picked up a revolver and proceeded to demonstrate. Unfortunately, his demonstration was more convincing than he intended. The revolver was loaded, and Vallandigham killed himself.

Mr. E. N. Vallandigham says that I "somewhat misrepresent" Clement L. Vallandigham; but as he does not take issue with me in any particular point, I presume that he refers to that sort of misrepresentation which consists in speaking of a man's crime without accompanying it with a complete estimate of his character and some sympathetic treatment of his abilities and motives. That, however, was outside the scope of my article. I was not dealing with Vallandigham primarily, but with Lincoln's exposition of his own policy under the Constitution. The main facts of the Vallandigham case were stated to show the bearing of Lincoln's words at the time and in the light of present-day events.

As for Vallandigham being a traitor, he simply defied the military order in which Burnside declared that all those giving aid and comfort to the enemy would be arrested and tried as "spies and traitors," and also those who expressed sympathy would be so treated because Burnside would not tolerate treason "expressed or *implied*." It was in this connection that Vallandigham was arrested and adjudged guilty, and it was this point which I was engaged in bringing out.

CHARLES D. STEWART.

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"WESTGLOW"

From a painting by Elliott Daingerfield

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FICTION

Mrs. Huggins's Hun

By STACY AUMONIER

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

MRS. HUGGINS'S manifestation of antipathy to her prospective son-in-law was a thing to be seen to be believed. She bridled at the sight of him. She lashed him with her tongue on every conceivable occasion. She snubbed, derided, buffeted him. She could find no virtue in his appearance, manners, or character. She hated him with consuming wrath, and did not hesitate to flaunt her animadversion in his face or in the face of her friends or of her daughter Maggie. Maggie was Mrs. Huggins's only child, and Mrs. Huggins was a widow running a boarding-house in Camden Town. Maggie was her ewe-lamb, the light of her existence, whose simple, unsophisticated character had been suddenly, within two months, entirely demoralized by the advent of this meteoric youth. Quentin Livermore had appeared from the blue, when Mrs. Huggins was very distracted at her unlet rooms, and had applied for her first floor, for which he offered a good price. He was a weak-faced, flashy, old-young man, anything between thirty and forty. He dressed gorgeously, lived sumptuously, and was employed in some government department. He was in the house less than twenty-four hours when he began to make love to Maggie, and it was the change in Maggie which particularly annoyed Mrs. Huggins. Maggie was a stenographer in a local store, earning good money, and a simple, natural girl; but when Mr. Livermore appeared on the scene, she began to speak with an affected lisp, to wear fal-lals and gewgaws, and to do her hair in strange bangs and buns. In a few days they were going out for strolls together after supper. In a fortnight he was taking her to theaters and cinemas. In six weeks they were to all intents and purposes engaged. At least, they said they were engaged. Mrs. Huggins said they were not. In fact, she told her friend Mrs. O'Neil, in the private bar of the Staff of Life, that she would "see that slobberin' shark damned" before he should go off with her Mag.

But on the morning when this story begins Mrs. Huggins was in a very perturbed state. It was a pleasant June morning, and she had finished her housework. She sat down to enjoy a well-merited glass of stout and to review the situation. Maggie had gone away for a few days' holiday, to stay with some cousins in Essex, and the evening before she had left there had been a terrible rumpus. Maggie had come home with her hair *bobbed,* looking like some wretched office-boy. After Mrs. Huggins had vented her

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"HE WAS IN THE HOUSE LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WHEN HE BEGAN TO MAKE LOVE TO MAGGIE"

opinion upon this contemptible metamorphosis and had cried a little, she went out, and, returning late in the evening, found her Maggie lolling on a couch in Mr. Livermore's room, smoking cigarettes and drinking port wine! It was a climax in every sense, and to add to her misfortune the Bean family, who occupied the third and a part of the fourth floor, suddenly left to go and live at Mendon, near the aëroplane works, where they were nearly all employed.

Mrs. Huggins had now no lodgers except the insufferable Mr. Livermore. It would be impossible to keep up her refined establishment on the twenty-five shillings a week that Livermore paid her without breaking into her hard-earned savings. But this fact did not disturb Mrs. Huggins so much as the difficulty of furthering a more ambitious project, which was nothing less than to get rid of Mr. Livermore while Maggie was away.

Mrs. Huggins blew the froth off the stout, took a long draft, wiped her mouth on her apron, and then continued to ponder upon the problem. No light came to her, and she was about to repeat the operation when she was disturbed by the clatter of a four-wheeled cab driving up to the front door. She looked up through the kitchen window and beheld a strange sight. The cab was laden with a most peculiar collection of trunks and boxes, and, standing by the front doorstep, was a fat man holding a cage with a canary in one hand and a violin-case in the other.

"Ah, a new lodger at last!" thought Mrs. Huggins, and she slipped off her apron and hurried up-stairs. When she opened the front door, she noticed that the fat man had thick spectacles, a Homburg hat much too small for his head, and a tuft of yellow beard between two of his innumerable chins. He put down the canary and removed his hat.

"Have I the honor to speak to the honored Mrs. Huggins?" he said.

"Mrs. Huggins is my name," answered that lady.

"Ah, so? May I a word with you?" He walked deliberately into the hall and once more set down the canary and the violin. He then produced a sheaf of papers.

"I have been regommended. May I have the pleasure of your hospitality for some time?"

"I *have* some rooms to let," replied Mrs. Huggins, evasively.

He bowed, and blew his nose.

"I must eggsplain in ze first place, goot lady, I am a Sherman."

There was a perceptible pause while the two eyed each other; then Mrs. Huggins said explosively:

"Oh, I can't take no dirty 'Uns in my 'ouse."

It might perhaps be mentioned at this point that the speech of Mrs. Huggins was always characterized by directness and force. The Hun bowed once more and replied:

"The matter is already at your disposition, good lady. I state my case. If you gan gonsider it, I gan assure you that all my papers are in order. The London poliss officers know me. I report to zem. I have my passports, my permits. Everything in order. I pay you vell."

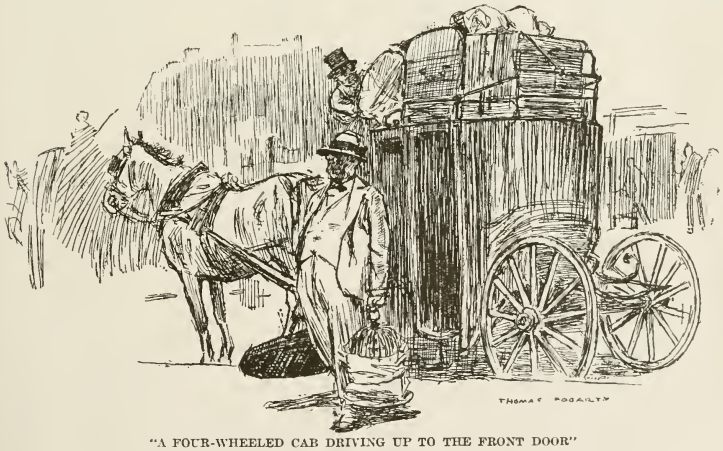
Mrs. Huggins blinked at the German and blinked at the cab. The cab looked somewhat imposing, with its large trunks, and the German's face was eminently homely and kind. Her eye wandered from it to the canary, and then along the wall to the hall stand, and came to a stop at Livermore's felt hat. She equivocated.

"What sort of rooms do you want?" she said.

At this compromise of tone the Hun assumed the arbitrariness of his race. He put his things down on the hall chairs and became voluble and convincing. He was a watch- and clock-maker. His business in Hackney had been destroyed by fire. He had been offered an excellent position at a colleague's in Camden Town, the said colleague being sick and in urgent need of help. He was simple in his requirements; a bed, a breakfast, occasionally a supper. His name was Schmidt, Karl Schmidt. He was willing to pay three pounds a week for the rooms, payment in advance. He had endless "regommendations." Mrs. Huggins found herself following him up and down stairs, helping him in with trunks, and listening abstractedly. In a vague way she took to the Hun, and her mind was active with a scheme to use him for her own ends. All the trunks were installed in the third-floor rooms, and she observed him take out an old string purse and say to the cabman:

"Now have we all the paggages installed. So."

He paid the cabman, came into the hall, and shut the door. He walked ponderously up-stairs, humming to himself. Mrs. Huggins heard him busy with bunches of keys, opening and shutting trunks and putting things away in drawers. The whole thing had happened so suddenly that Mrs. Huggins still could not decide her course of action. She went down-stairs and put some potatoes on to boil. After a time she heard the Hun coming heavily down to



"A FOUR-WHEELED CAB DRIVING UP TO THE FRONT DOOR"

the hall again. She went up to meet him. He waved three one-pound treasury-notes in the air and placed them on the hall-table.

"Mrs. Huggins," he said, "please to be goot enough to allow me to present you with zese. I shall be very gomfortable here. It is all satisfactory. I go now to my colleague in pizness. Then I go to eggsplain to the poliss. It is all in order. Yes. I shall not be returnable since zis evening, perhaps eight o'gloch, perhaps nine o'gloch. In any vay, I gom back before ten o'gloch. Oh, yes, before ten o'gloch." He laughed boisterously, bowed, and went out. Mrs. Huggins stared at the door, then went to the window and watched him cross the street.

"Well, I 'm demned!" she muttered to herself, and fingered the three crisp treasury-notes in her hand. She went up to his room and touched all his trunks and small effects. Most of his things were locked up. She said, "Cheep! cheep!" to the canary three times, and then went downstairs and had her dinner.

"HE PUT DOWN THE CANARY AND REMOVED HIS HAT"

And that afternoon Mrs. Huggins became very busy. In apron, and with bare arms and a broom, she worked as she had not worked for months. The details may be spared, but the principal effect must be observed that by six-thirty that evening all Herr Fritz's luggage and effects had been installed in the *first-floor* room, and all Mr. Quentin Livermore's property had been piled up in a heap in the hall!

We shall also take the liberty of passing over the details of the interview which took place between Mrs. Huggins and Mr. Livermore when he came in at seven o'clock that evening on his way to change his clothes and go down West to dine. It need only be said that the accumulated antipathy of their two months' intercourse reached a climax. There may have been faults on both sides, but Mrs. Huggins was in one of her most masterful moods, and she was, moreover, armed with a brush. Mr. Livermore had only a cane and his superciliousness. He was, indeed, rather frightened, and his sneering comments on her personal appearance had little sting. His ultimate decision to leave at once and go over to Mrs. Hayward's, so that he would still be where Maggie would find him, and where, in any case, it was tolerably clean, and the landlady knew how to cook, was the only shaft which told at all, for Mrs. Hayward and Mrs. Huggins were notorious rivals. In the end a cab was secured, and by eight o'clock the triumphant Mrs. Huggins had slammed the door on her hated lodger, with a final threat that "if she saw 'im going about with 'er gal she 'd bang 'im over the chops with a broom."

So excited and exhilarated was Mrs. Huggins by her victory that when he had gone, she felt it incumbent upon her to dash down to the Staff of Life for ten minutes to get a glass of beer and to unburden herself to Mrs. O'Neil. Not finding her friend there, she had two glasses of beer and hurried back. On arriving

at the corner of her street she had another surprise. A taxi was standing outside her door, and a short gentleman with a dark mustache and pointed beard was banging on her door and looking up at the windows.

"Gawd's truth! What is it now?" muttered Mrs. Huggins, hurrying up.

On approaching the stranger, he turned and looked at her.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

The gentleman smiled very charmingly and made an elaborate bow.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "so at last I have the pleasure of addressing the charming Madame Huggins! Madame, my compliments. May I address you on a professional mattare?"

He slipped a visiting-card into her hand on which was printed, "M. Jules de la Roche, 29B rue Dormi, Paris."

Mrs. Huggins stared at the card and opened her front door.

"O my Gawd!" was all that occurred to her to remark. The Frenchman—for so he apparently was—bowed again, and followed her into the hall.

"You must pardon my precipitate manners," he said. "I am very pressed. I am in London on business connnected with the French Red Cross. I have a peculiar dislike to hotels, and a lady I met in the train was kind enough to refer me to your charming *pension*. I shall owe you a thousand thanks if you will be kind enough to allow me to enjoy your hospitality if only for a few days, or perhaps weeks. Whatever you can do—" He waved his arms and looked quickly, almost beseechingly, round the little hall.

Mrs. Huggins wiped her mouth on her apron, and stared at the Frenchman.

"Well, this is a rum go!" she remarked at last. "I 've got a German on the first floor, a nice, quiet feller. And now you 're a Frenchy! Now, look here; if I take you in, I 'm not goin' to 'ave any fightin' goin' on. D' you understand that?"

The Frenchman gave her one of his quick glances and laughed.

"My dear madame," he exclaimed, "what ees eet to me? I am of entirely a gentle disposition, and if your friend is of gentle disposition, vy should we quarrel?"

" 'E 's no *friend* of mine," interjected Mrs. Huggins. " 'E 's a 'Un, but 'e 's a lodger. I don't make friends of my lodgers, but I treats 'em fair. If I do the fair and square thing by *them,* I expect 'em to do the fair and square by *me;* but I won't 'ave the place turned into a bear-garden by a lot of foreigners."

M. de la Roche threw back his head and laughed.

"An admirable sentiment, *chère madame.* Then it is settled. I take my effects immediately to—vich floor did you mention?"

"I did n't mention no floor," replied Mrs. Huggins, "but if you like to leave it at that, I dessay I can fix you up on the third, and the terms will be three pounds a week."

The face of Mrs. Huggins was perfectly straight when she demanded this extortionate sum, neither did it show any evidence of surprise when the Frenchman quite avidly agreed, and immediately paid her three pounds down in advance. He seemed a gay and companionable gentleman. He had only one valise, which he ran up-stairs with. He paid the cabman a sum which seemed to leave that gentleman so speechless he could not even express his thanks. He chatted to Mrs. Huggins merrily about the weather, the war, the food problems, the difficulties of running a lodging-house. He was intensely sympathetic about various minor ailments of which Mrs. Huggins was a victim. He listened attentively to the history of various former lodgers, but beyond eliciting the fact that the German occupied the first floor, he showed no particular interest in his fellow-lodger. He explained that he had considerable correspondence to attend to that evening, so he did not purpose to go out; but if Mrs. Huggins could scramble him a couple of eggs on toast and make him a cup of tea, he would be eternally grateful.

Mrs. Huggins was a good cook. It was a matter she took a keen personal delight

in. She would neglect her housework in order to produce some savory trifle for a pet lodger. On this occasion she surprised M. de la Roche by serving him with a large ham omelet and an apple tart.

"After yer long journey, you 'll want a bite of somethin'," she explained.

Any apprehensions she entertained that her house was to be turned into a beer-garden by a lot of quarrelsome foreigners were early dissipated. At half-past nine that evening Herr Schmidt came in and went up to his room. Ten minutes later M. Jules de la Roche, coming downstairs, beheld the canary in its cage on a chair outside Herr Fritz's door.

"Ah, le petit bossu!" he remarked.

The door was ajar, and Herr Fritz stepped out.

"Bonsoir, monsieur," he said in his deep-chested voice. "Are you interested in canaries?"

The Frenchman smiled in a friendly manner.

"My sympathies always go out to the caged, monsieur," he replied. "But what a pretty fellow! Am I right in suggesting that he is of the Belgian species?"

"No, sir," said the German. "Although they vas somet'ing similiar, zis is ze Scottish."

"Pardon," replied the Frenchman. "I ought to have known. I have lived at Terceira, in the Azores, where one hears canaries singing in the open all day. Eet ees entrancing."

"Gom inzide," said Herr Schmidt and sighed, "and let us talk. I am lonely."

Mrs. Huggins overheard this conversation from the hall beneath, and she smiled contentedly. It was a triumph, a bolt from the blue. She had ousted the wretched Livermore, and like manna from heaven these two gentle, simple foreigners, who were willing to pay through the neck, had dropped right into her lap. Her conscience mildly smote her that she had demanded so much from Herr Schmidt, but a rapid mental calculation had decided that he must pay at least double as a penalty for being a Hun, but at the same time it would n't be fair to him to take another lodger for less. She had been, in any case, prepared to bargain, and to reduce considerably her terms, and had been quite nonplussed at not being called upon to do so. So far, so good; but the difficulty of detaching the wretched Livermore from her Maggie still remained to be accomplished, for Maggie was to return the day after tomorrow, and Livermore would be sure to be always hanging about the street.

In the meantime the conversation between the two foreigners up-stairs never flagged. They became extremely friendly. The violin case laid the foundation for an intimate chat on technic, personality, Bach, nationality. From these easily devolved discussions on politics, religion, and hence, inevitably, "this regrettable war." Each man was patently sensitive of the other's feelings. They talked of everything in the abstract, and avoided as far as possible the personal equation. They found each other extremely interesting, but there arrived a point when each was aware that the other was fencing. Herr Schmidt produced a bottle of whisky and a syphon of soda, but he could not persuade M. de la Roche to partake of more than one glass. It was nearly twelve o'clock when the Frenchman suddenly said:

"Well, my dear Herr Schmidt, I have had a most entrancing evening. I suggest that you dine vif me to-morrow evening. I have made de happy discovery dat our good Mrs. Huggins is a most excellent chef. Why should ve two lonely bachelors not share our meal?"

"I gannot gonzidder anyt'ing more delightful," replied Herr Schmidt. "Only I insist that you dine vif me in my room. I glaim preëminence as ze first-floor lodger." He laughed boisterously, and after further mildly disputing the matter, it was arranged accordingly.

The dinner which Herr Schmidt prevailed upon Mrs. Huggins to supply the following evening in honor of his friend M. de la Roche was of such a nature that not only had the like never been served in Mrs. Huggins's household, but probably never before in the whole environment of Camden Town. In the first place, there

"HE WAS, INDEED, RATHER FRIGHTENED"

were oysters and grape-fruit, soup, a baked bream, a roast fowl and several vegetables; a lemon-curd tart, Welsh rarebit, and grapes, the whole mellowed with the exhilarating complement of Italian vermuth, sparkling Moselle, and a very old brandy, to say nothing of coffee, cigars, and the dazzling conversation of the two gentlemen.

The preparation of these alluring delicacies occupied Mrs. Huggins nearly the whole of the day—a day which was marred only by a regrettable scuffle in the early morning. It happened at about half-past eight. Mrs. Huggins was at work in the kitchen when she heard a commotion going on up in the hall. Hurrying up-stairs, she found M. de la Roche arguing with Quentin Livermore. The Frenchman turned to her.

"Who is dis man, madam? I know him not. He comes into the house unbidden."

And Livermore cut in:

"I 've come to collect my letters. You 're not going to keep my letters from me."

Mrs. Huggins seized her broom and cried out:

"You get out, you dirty thief and blackmailer!"

She experienced no difficulty in routing Mr. Livermore and sending him flying up the street, and after his departure she told the whole story to M. de la Roche, who kept on repeating:

"*Nom de Dieu!* how shocking! *Quel perfide!* What a villain!" He was almost in tears.

The rest of the day passed quietly. Both the gentlemen went out soon after breakfast. Herr Schmidt did not return till seven-thirty in the evening, in time for the dinner. M. de la Roche came in

at five o'clock, and persuaded Mrs. Huggins to go to the nearest haberdasher's and obtain two clean shirts for him, as, owing to his imperfect knowledge of the English tongue, he was unable to obtain the sort he required. She returned in half an hour, and M. de la Roche thanked her profusely. At eight o'clock precisely he presented himself in Herr Schmidt's room, wearing an ill-fitting evening dress peculiar to Frenchmen. Herr Schmidt was also in evening dress of an ill-fitting kind peculiar to Germans. They bowed, and shook hands cordially.

"I am indeed fortunate," remarked Herr Schmidt, "in a city so desolate as London, and in a quarter so *traurig* as zis, to find zo sympathetic and charming a fellow-lodger."

"*Tout au contraire,*" replied the Frenchman. "The good fortune is exclusively to me. Ah, this London! was there ever a city so *abaissé,* so *triste?*"

"Never, never," retorted Herr Schmidt. "Now, let me offer you a glass of goot vermuth, and then ve vill these excellent oysters circumscribe while ze goot Frau Huggins prepares ze soup."

"HE SLIPPED A VISITING-CARD INTO HER HAND"

The two men sat down, and toasted each other solemnly.

"Doubtless you haf gonsiderably traveled, my frient?" remarked Herr Schmidt as he disposed of his second dozen oysters.

"I would not venture to address myself as a traveler," replied M. de la Roche. "True, I have lived in the Azores, and I am at home in Egypt, Morocco, Spain, France, and Italy. But a traveler, *parbleu!* it means something more than that. And you, Herr Schmidt, have you adventured far?"

"No; ze fatherland—pardon me speaking of ze fatherland in zese delicate times—ze fatherland has occupied me for most a long vile, and zen zis dear Engeland, vich I love almost as much as, it occupies me too already. For ze rest, a little Dutchman, a little Svede, a little of the sea; I am a citizen of ze vide, vide vorld, is n't it?"

"Ees eet not curious," remarked M. de la Roche as Mrs. Huggins brought in the soup; "eet appears mostly that you visit countries I have not visit, and I visit countries you not visit. Strange!"

"So it happens most nearly always. Now I vish much to go to America. And you?"

"Ah, America! Yes, most interesting."

"You do not go to America?"

The German looked at the Frenchman with his mild eyes, and M. de la Roche shook his head.

"No, no; I don't like," he rejoined. "It does not call to me. Interesting, yes, *très intéressant;* but to me too *matériel.* Life to me must be romance. Romance first, romance second, romance all de time."

"Efen in Camden Town?" queried Herr Schmidt, slicing the bream down the center. Then he laughed. "Well, after all, vy not? It is to be found, your romance, even in material zings. I lofe material zings, and I find zem romantic. It is a figure of ze mind. Allow me to offer you zome of zis sparkling vine, if it does not to trink a German vine you disgust."

"I am a Cat'olic," replied M. de la Roche, "bot' in my religion and in appreciation of goot t'ings. To your goot healt', Herr Schmidt, and happy days ven peace shall come."

"Happy days!" solemnly replied the German. "May the vorld vonce more to reason gom!"

The wine flowed freely. The fowl was done to a nicety. The conversation never flagged. Mrs. Huggins enjoyed the dinner almost as much as her two lodgers. They were the softest things she had ever encountered in her professional career. Visions of a bounteous time despite the war floated before her mind's eye. She even decided that she would treat them fairly and squarely. She would not take advantage of their innocence; but there would be a steady accumulation of "things left over," which were her natural perquisites. She was indeed surveying the remnants of the very solid fowl, as it reclined on a dish in the hall, and was mentally performing the skilful operation of "trimming it up" without altering the general effect of the mass, when she heard Herr Schmidt's door open and shut, and he came down the stairs quietly. In the hall he produced a large timepiece from his waistcoat-pocket, and resting one hand commandingly on her shoulder, he said:

"Mrs. Huggins, in seven minutes precisely two shentlemens vill gall to visit me. Ask no questions. Show them straight up to my room, open ze door, and say, 'Mr. Skinner and Mr. Trout.' Then close ze door and retire till I gall you vonce more again."

He gave her no opportunity to reply to these instructions, but returned to his room. As the door opened she heard him crying out:

"Pardon me, dear Monsieur de la Roche. You must try von of my Contadinos. I gan really regommend them. I brought zem myself from Amsterdam the year pefore zis distressful var."

"A thousand t'anks, my dear Herr Schmidt. It is a luxury I seldom allow myself dese days."

The gentle flow of these suave pleasantries reached their appointed crisis. Each man lay back in an easy-chair, with the divine Contadino between his teeth. On the table stood the little glasses filled with the old brandy.

"Life may be very pleasant and grassifying in the midst of vickedness and sin," murmured Herr Schmidt.

"C'est très vrai," replied M. de la Roche. "It does not do even to t'ink of dese t'ings all de time."

"Friendship is vat I value beyond all else. M. de la Roche, to your goot healt'!"

As each man raised the little glass, the door opened, and Mrs. Huggins announced:

"Mr. Trinner and Mr. Snout."

Two stolid-looking gentlemen entered, and Mrs. Huggins retired.

Herr Schmidt removed the cigar from his mouth and said:

"Good evening, gentlemen," and then without changing his position, and in a voice without any trace of German accent, he addressed M. de la Roche as follows:

"Ephraim Hyems, I have the honor to arrest you on an extraordinary warrant issued by the United States Government for embezzlement in connection with the Pennsylvania Small Arms Trust, and moreover with an attempt to convey certain information to an enemy agent in this country, under Article 36 of the Defense of the Realm Act."

The Frenchman leaned forward, and clutching the arms of the chair, he gave vent to a very un-Frenchified expression. He said:

"Gee-whiz!"

"It hardly required that native vernacular to convince me that you were not a Frenchman. As a matter of fact, I have lived for many years in Paris, and if I may say so without giving offense, Monsieur de la Roche, your French never convinced me at all."

The pseudo-Frenchman sat here apparently dazed. At length he said:

"Professionally speaking, Herr Schmidt, it is regrettable that our rôles were not reversed. It is true that I know little

French, but I happen to have spent some years in Germany. I studied medicine at Leipsic. Your German is appalling. It would not deceive a London policeman. In this present case I am fully prepared to throw up my arms and to cry 'Kamerad!' only I would ask you, as a last request, whether you or your assistants would kindly extract my pocket-book from my breast-pocket, and examine my card and any other papers you or they may find. And, finally, whether you will allow me to finish this glass of very excellent brandy."

Herr Schmidt bowed.

"Trout," he said, "turn out all his pockets and hand me his pocket-book. In the meantime the gentleman can enjoy his last plunge of dissipation."

The solemn-looking sub-inspector did as he was told, and handed Herr Schmidt the pocket-book. That gentleman turned it over slowly and drew out a card. When his eyes alighted on it, his face expressed sudden amazement, and then he threw back his head and laughed explosively.

"Cyrus G. Vines!" he exclaimed. "Cyrus G. Vines of the New York police! It 's quite true we 've been expecting Mr. Cyrus G. Vines for some time on this Hyems case. Holy Christopher! and are you really Cyrus G. Vines? Well, I 'm damned! Also, I 'm glad, if it 's true. We shall require a little more evidence on that count. But in the meantime will you kindly explain your presence in Mrs. Huggins's house in Camden Town?"

Mr. Vines grinned. There was no longer any of the Frenchman about him. In fact, he carefully removed the little tuft of beard and mustache of the conventional stage Gaul. He puffed at his cigar and said:

"Unless my calculations are at fault, you will be Inspector Hartrigg. It is quite true my duty was to report right away to Scotland Yard. But it happens I 'm a young man, Inspector, and I have ambitions to make good. I arrived at Liverpool last Friday; the boat was thirty hours ahead of time. I just thought I 'd buzz around for a day or two on my own and see whether I could n't get the case a bit straighter to hand over. I got wise that this Hyems galoot was boarding on the first floor of this shanty. I tracked him here and found him disguised as a Hun! Do you take me?"

The "Hun" pulled at the little tuft of beard between his chins, and twirled his genuine mustache.

"Well, this is a nice go!" he said. "Between us we have missed the quarry. I confess I only traced him to this house. I did n't know which floor. But when I discovered that there was only one other lodger, and he a Frenchman, the case seemed obvious."

"Say, Inspector," interjected the American, "what was your idea of this German stunt?"

"Hyems has been further suspected of dealing with a German agent, as I have told you. I thought a nice friendly German might draw him out. That is all. It is quite true I don't know German well, although I spent a long time in France. Now, tell me what was your idea of the French stunt, Vines?"

"A Frenchman enjoys certain prerogatives," Vines smilingly replied. "He can be talkative, inquiring, sympathetic. He can even make inquiries concerning 'things of the heart' without giving offense. Now, Mrs. Huggins is a very charming and sympathetic woman, and she has a daughter, I believe, although I 've never had the pleasure of meeting her."

"That 's true. But how does this affect Hyems?"

The "Frenchman" rose and said:

"Inspector, I understand that I am technically under arrest. But you have already granted me two favors while in that condition, and I am bold enough to appeal for a third. It is that you all three should accompany me to my room on the third floor and observe the devastating effect of love."

The four men trooped up-stairs, and Vines threw open the door of his bedroom. On his bed lay Mr. Livermore, neatly gagged and bound.

"This is our friend Hyems," remarked

" 'ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU ZOME OF ZIS SPARKLING VINE' "

Vines. "We will remove the gag. I put it there because I did n't want our dinner disturbed by any fuss or excitement."

He removed the gag and said:

"How are you, Hyems?"

The wild-eyed man on the bed was in a state of collapse. He glanced at the other four men and closed his eyes, muttering:

"Go on. It 's a do."

Inspector Hartrigg looked at the man carefully. Then he said:

"My God! you 're right. That 's Hyems. Skinner and Trout, stay with this man for a few minutes. He 's under arrest, remember. I 'll call you in a few minutes. Vines, come down to my room again. There are one or two points I 'd like to clear up."

"Herr Schmidt" and "M. de la Roche" returned to the room below and surveyed the scene of their repast, and then both laughed.

"Come, a little more of this excellent brandy, Monsieur de la Roche, and then tell me how you accomplished your capture."

They filled their glasses once more.

"It all came fairly easy," explained Vines, "when I had once ingratiated myself with Mrs. Huggins. She 's a daisy, that woman. She was full of this story about Livermore and her Maggie; but it was not till this morning, when the mail came, that I got wise on the real trend of things. Wherever I am, I always like to be right there when the mail 's delivered. There 's information of all sorts to be picked up even from the outside. This morning there was a long envelop franked and sealed, addressed to 'Herr Schmidt.' I was just crazy to open that communication, and I was just on the point of securing it when Mrs. Huggins came fussing into the hall. I retired to my room again for about fifteen minutes. When I got back to the hall the long envelop addressed to you had vanished, and a stranger was fingering the mail. I called for Mrs. Huggins. When she came, she soon put the stranger to flight with a broom and her tongue. I was a very sympathetic Frenchman, and then it was she told me the whole story of Mr. Livermore and her Maggie. While she was speaking, the whole truth came to me in a flash. I realized that Livermore was Hyems, but I was darned if I could place you. The capture was dead easy. In the hurried removal of Livermore's things last night, our good landlady had overlooked one or two trifles. She had apparently dumped some on that old chest at the top of the kitchen stairs. I found there a small box in which I discovered several notes and

billets doux signed by 'M.' I am no mug at faking caligraphy. That afternoon I despatched a note to Mr. Livermore in the handwriting of M.

'Do come at five-thirty. Mother will be out. Tremendously important. M.'

I underlined 'tremendously important' four times. It was one of the lady's minor characteristics. At five-thirty Mrs. Huggins was very considerately buying me a couple of shirts in the High Street. I was alone in the house. I let Mr. Livermore in. The rest was just dead easy—as easy as skinning a rabbit.'

"Herr Fritz" laughed.

"Well, Vines," he said, "I congratulate you. It was a smart piece of work. I feel convinced you are destined to 'make good.' It looks as though our friend would even now be free if he had n't been so enterprising as to rob the mail this morning and steal his own warrant of arrest."

"Ah, so that 's what it was."

"I notified Chief Inspector Shapples yesterday that I had my man under observation, but when I left the Yard the warrant was not complete. The whole thing seemed so simple that he said he 'd post it to me, which is quite an irregular proceeding, but one we occasionally indulge in. When it did not come this morning I judged that you had stolen it, and so I obtained a new one to-day. I must say, in fairness to our service, that you have been watched and followed all day and that you would have found it somewhat difficult to make an escape. I did not arrest you before because I did not wish to miss our little dinner this evening, and I also wanted to glean some information about other parties who are still at large. I thought you were fencing very skilfully, and, if you will allow me to say so, I am glad now that I was quite on the wrong tack."

"Inspector," replied the American, "I have not enjoyed such a dinner for a very, very long time, and I 'm real glad to have made your acquaintance."

"After this success I hope the authorities will permit you to assist me in unraveling other little troubles in connection with the case before you return to New York. Here 's to your good health and prosperity!"

"And yours, Inspector, to say nothing of Mrs. Huggins! My, is n't she a peach!"

"You know, dearie," said Mrs. Huggins, three weeks later, in the private bar of the Staff of Life, to her friend Mrs. O'Neil, "it 's a very rum thing about gals. There 's my Mag, now. Lord! how she took on when this 'ere case came up. She was going to do this, that, and the other; but when they reely took 'im away, she calmed down like the lamb she is. And now she 's already walking out with Sandy Waters, as nice a young feller as you could wish to meet. He 's a soldier, you know, an officer; 'e 's got all these 'ere stripes on 'is arm. A quartermaster, that 's what 'e is; gets 'is perks all over the place. Gets quite a good livin', and when 'e goes, she gets 'er maintenance and a bob a day what 'e allots 'er like, to say nothin' of seven and six for the first child, six shillings for the second, three and six for the third, and three bob apiece for the rest; that is, if the war lasts long enough. They 're as sweet on each other as a couple of gumdrops in a glass bottle."

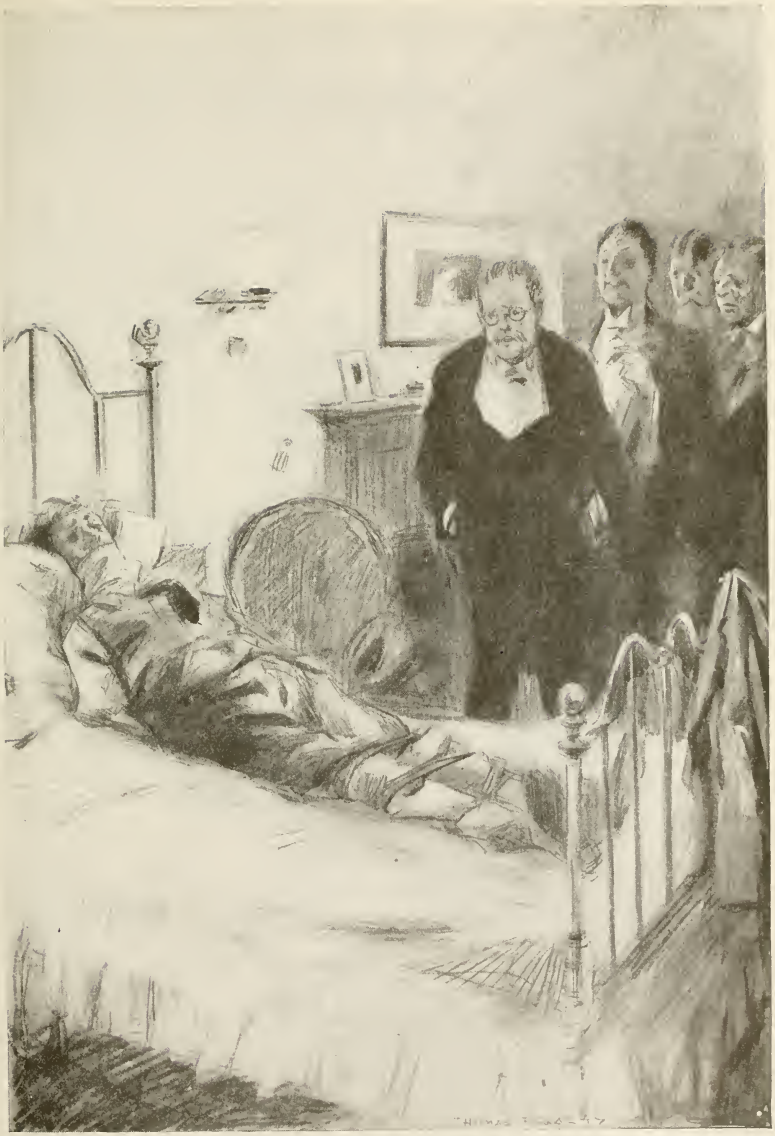
Mrs. O'Neil blew the froth off the stout.

"It 's a wonderful' interestin' case," she said, "what wif all this spyin' and cheatin' and stealin'. Lord! what a narrer escape you 'ad, Mrs. 'Uggins! 'Im comin', too, and stealin' the postman's letters in the mornin'. What a villain!"

Mrs. Huggins coughed, and cleared her throat. Then she looked thoughtfully across her glass and said:

"Well, you know, dearie, it 's rather funny about that part. Of course, you know, it 's nothing departmental to the case, as they say, or I might 'ave spoken out in court about it; but as a matter of fact, 'e never pinched that letter at all."

Mrs. O'Neil looked aghast, and Mrs. Huggins winked mysteriously.



"ON HIS BED LAY MR. LIVERMORE, NEATLY GAGGED AND BOUND"

"No. You see," she whispered, "it was like this 'ere. I was very rushed that mornin', what with the to-do of Mr. Smith's dinner, and that, and I could n't get the b'iler to go. I never take no noospapers now. There 's nothin' in 'em except about this bloomin' war. I takes my 'Reynold's' on Sunday, but as fire-paper that don't last long. Lately I 've taken to usin' these 'ere circulars what come from the sales, you know—spring goods, white sales, and so on. I never looks at 'em. I simply rips 'em open and shoves 'em into the b'iler fire. On that mornin', being 'ard-pressed as it were, I runs up into the 'all, and seein' circulars there, I cops 'old of 'em and runs down to the scullery. I rips 'em open and shoves 'em in. It was not till I got the b'iler goin' that I realized that one of the circulars 'ad a great red sealin'-wax blob on the envelop, and it was all official-like. It was too late then, but I thinks to myself: 'I burnt somethin' I did n't ought to then. That was a summons or somethin'.' Soon after that I 'eard the rumpus up-stairs."

"Lord!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Neil. "You run a risk there, Annie."

"As I say," repeated Mrs. Huggins, "it was n't departmental to the case. There was enough proved against 'im to 'ang 'im in this country and quarter 'im in America without draggin' in a silly old envelop like that."

"Well, I 'ope your Mag 'll be 'appy," said Mrs. O'Neil, wiping her mouth.

"My Mag 'll be all right. Don't *you* worry," replied Mrs. Huggins.

The Tenth Man

By "CENTURION"

Illustrations by Oscar F. Howard

SIX officers, each of them young in years, but incredibly old in experience, sat over their port one summer night in the mess of the Downshires. The hospitality of the Downshires has been famous; a silver loving-cup, a tribute from the Green Jackets, was there, in the middle of the table-cloth, to remind us of guest nights that are gone never to return, festive nights when, after the mess-sergeant had withdrawn and the cloth was removed, the mess president solemnly locked the door and threw the key out of the window. That solemnity had been part of the ritual of the Downshires for two hundred years; in these days, when all things have passed away, it is forgotten, for there is no one left to remember it. Except one. He sat apart in a morose silence. His eyelids twitched incessantly, his pupils were dilated, and when he passed the decanter his hand shook, which is a way shell-shock often takes one. Letcher's restless eyes roved from the leopard on the right of the entrance-door to the buck and ibex on the left until they finally came to rest in a fixed stare on the loving-cup in front of him. Of the other five of us, four were honorary members of the mess, temporary officers of other units posted to the depot for an army "cure." These four had endured more service in the field in three years than the regular officers of the old army were accustomed to see in a lifetime, and it had left its mark upon them all. One had a pallor like anemia, the skin of another was as yellow as a piece of chamois leather, a third had cardiac trouble and that hint of premature asthma which betrays the effects of gas. The fourth had been "knocked out" by a H. E. shell on the Somme. He was under thirty, but his hair at the temples and behind the ears was already white. But the mind has its wounds as well as the body, and the stigmata that they leave behind them, though less visible to the eye, are indelible. These men's minds were seared with memories, and the wounds of the soul never heal.

"Damn that bugler! He does it every night." Letcher uttered that same malediction at the same hour every evening; the others let it pass like an expiration. The night was too hot for protest. A moist heat hung over the barrack-square as though the earth were perspiring with fever; the candles drooped in the silver sconces like the stalks of dying lilies, with an efflorescence of melting wax; the sweat ran down our faces, and each man exhaled into an atmosphere that was as close and stifling as that of a gas-mask. The corners of the room were dark; the electric light had been switched off, for Rutherford's eyes were still sore from the sun and a sharp touch of *dengue* fever in the East African *gubba*. Silence fell upon the room like sleep as the notes of the "Last Post" died away upon the barrack-square. The buzz of an infatuated moth, as it danced round the candles, was as distinct as the ticking of a clock. Suddenly it "crashed" to the table-cloth and lay there with a convulsive movement.

"His number 's up," said Tracy as he gazed at the dying insect. "Some scientific Johnny calls them the *minor* horrors of war. Flies, I mean. He had n't been in Gallipoli. The Turk slew his thousands, but the fly his tens of thousands. Dysentery. My bully-beef was black with them."

"Wait till you meet the jigger," said

Rutherford. "It burrows under your toe-nails; lays its eggs there. After its accouchement you get twinges like the gout, only worse."

"The most loathy thing in Mess-pot was the water," interjected Penruddocke. "It was a case of

> Water, water, everywhere,
> Nor any drop to drink.

Every drop of it was rank poison. And no wonder. I remember when I was evacuated down the Tigris after Ctesiphon, our dhow passed scores of swollen corpses. They were chucked into the river, and on the third day they rose again, inflated with gas like a balloon. A swollen body 's a beastly thing. It looks like a man who 's died first and got blind drunk afterward. Look at that ruddy candle."

A taper was drooping into a note of interrogation, and the hot grease dripped on to the table-cloth. He stretched out a hand to straighten it.

"The Wiltshire rustics call that a winding-sheet," remarked Tracy, languidly. "They say it always means a death in the village. They 're a superstitious lot."

"It 's a curious thing," said Penruddocke, "that though we 've all seen hundreds of dead men, we 've never seen a ghost. Out there, I mean. At least I have n't. And I never met any fellow who had. All the spooks of these spiritualist cranks seem to be on home leave."

"There 's nothing curious about that," snapped Letcher. "The trenches are about the last place a dead man would want to return to. He would n't be such a bloody fool."

"Well, you won't believe what I 'm going to tell you—" began Meredith, a quiet, imperturbable fellow who never spoke except to some purpose.

"No, I sha'n't," interjected Letcher; "I never do. Damn this heat! Pass the syphon."

"But it 's true, all the same," continued Meredith, quietly. "I 've never told this story before—"

"Which is more than you can say of any other story of yours," snarled Letcher.

"Dicky, Dicky, dry up," said Tracy. "Don't be so cross. If you don't behave yourself, I shall put you to bed. It 's time little boys went to by-by." Letcher was six feet two, and topped Tracy, who was a welterweight, by eight inches. Which may have accounted for the fact that Tracy was the only man who could do anything with him.

"And I hope it won't go outside this room," pursued Meredith, dispassionately. "My C. O. did n't want it talked about. You know a C. O. does n't exactly like people jawing about his battalion having got the wind-up. One never hears the end of it."

The others nodded, and lit their cigarettes.

"Well, it was near Fromelles, in March of last year. We had just taken over a new bit of the line, and half the battalion were new drafts. We were a Welsh regiment. There 'd been nothing doing in that part of the line except a strafing with 'Minnies,' and the fire-trench had been thinly held. My company had only one platoon on a front of eight hundred yards, distributed over four posts; I kept the other three platoons in support. On the first night I sent these three platoons up over the top in working-parties. It was their first experience of no-man's-land, and they were curious. Not windy, but just curious. The night was black as a hat. The *Boche* suddenly sent up a star-shell, and the men stood still as statues, which, as you know, is the only thing to do. All except one or two, who moved. They never moved again. Then night descended once more like a drop-curtain. But that peep had been quite enough for the drafts. They 'd seen hundreds of bodies lying out there in the rank grass. They 'd been there for months, their uniforms bleached by sun and rain, loose and shrunken on their bones like the clothes of an old man. They were Australians, eight hundred of them. They 'd attacked, and been caught in no-man's-land by machine-guns, and no stretcher-bearers or burying-party had ever been able to get near them. So they

had lain there till they died and rotted. The rats had done the rest. The new drafts did n't quite like it. I heard one of the platoon-sergeants next morning talking to them like a father and explaining to them gently, but firmly, that war was quite a bloody business and the sooner they accepted the fact the better. They had n't exactly got the wind-up,—they were a tough lot; Welsh miners in fact, and they were afraid of nothing alive,—but they had the civilian's unfamiliarity with the dead, and, as you know, one does n't get over that all at once."

"THE *BOCHE* SUDDENLY SENT UP A STAR-SHELL"

"The words of the wise are as goads," said Penruddocke. "You 're right, my son. It all depends on whether you 're used to the point of view. I 've got accustomed to seeing scores of dead men at the front without turning a hair, but when I came home on leave and saw my old uncle laid out in his coffin with a face like wax and not the trace of a wound, it gave me quite a shiver. It seems so unnatural to die in your bed."

"Well, that 's the converse of my proposition," resumed Meredith. "It seemed so unnatural to my fellows to die anywhere else, and especially in such a multitude. However, the mood soon passed, and they slept like dormice the next day, after the night's shift. On the second night I went my rounds of the front-line trench, visiting each post in turn with my runner and my batman, and found everything O. K. I 'd better explain the configuration of that trench, as it has a good deal to do with my story. It was traversed at intervals, but the intervening sectors were not straight in places; they curved so that you could not see the whole length of them. Each post was in charge of a corporal and a section; the intervening stretches of trench were not manned, but were visited irregularly during the night by a 'duck-board patrol.' At one point the trench crossed a shallow stream that ran at an angle to it, and this gap in the parapet was filled up with 'gooseberries'—big balls of barbed-wire; you know what I mean. Just before 'stand-to,' a ration-party of ten men used to come up the fire-trench carrying 'dixies' of hot tea and so on for the men at the posts. Well, just before dawn, as I was visiting Number 2 Post, the corporal in charge said to me:

"'Have you seen the Australian, sir?' And then, seeing my look of astonishment, he added, 'Some of the men say they saw

an Australian walking up the duck-boards.'

"'Then some of the men have been talking through their hat,' I replied. 'There 's no Australian within ten miles of here.' No more there was, except the eight hundred dead ones on the other side of the parapet, who did n't count.

"'That 's what I tells them, sir,' replied the corporal.

"Half an hour later I encountered four men carrying a man on a stretcher down the communication-trench.

"'What 's this?' I said.

"'Number ten of the ration-party, sir,' they answered. 'We found him lying on his face on the duck-boards. I think he must have had a fit.'

"They took him to the battalion aid-post. The M. O.[1] took one glance at him.

"'He 's dead,' he said; 'but the body 's still warm.'

"He examined it, but could find no trace of a wound, not even a bruise. There was no froth on the lips, but the face was very white.

"'Hum!' said the M. O., 'if he 's had a fit, I don't know the name of it. Heart disease, I suppose.'

"A battalion M. O. has n't much time for post-mortem work, as you know, and the coroner's writ does n't run in the trenches; a M. O. 's too busy with the living to think of the dead. The body was handed over to a burying-party, after the man's identity disk and pay-book had been removed, and we thought no more about it.

"The third night passed off as usual, though it was, if anything, blacker than before. You could have cut the darkness with a knife. The men of Number 1 platoon were posted, visited, and relieved—the usual routine. When dawn broke, the rum ration was served out. I had seen the ration-party go up about half an hour before, ten in all; the tenth man's place had been taken by another, and he was already forgotten. You 've no time to remember out there. Is it not so? As I was passing Number 1 Post, I heard the corporal arguing with the men. 'I tell you there ain't no blinking Australian,' he was saying. 'They 're as dead as Australian mutton.' The men must have have been 'seeing things' again, and I felt a bit shifty about it. I was about to intervene and tell them not to make fools of themselves when the platoon commander, a chap named Wrottesley, came up to me with his platoon sergeant. He asked me to follow him along the trench, and when we were out of hearing of the men, he said to me in a low voice:

"'I 've just found something, sir,' and as we turned the corner of a traverse he pointed to the duck-boards ahead of us. A man lay face downward. His helmet had slipped, and covered the back of his head like a great toadstool; his hands were convulsed, and his legs spread out; an overturned dixie lay by his side. I went up to him and turned him over. He was dead.

"'He 's Number 10 of the ration-party, sir,' said the platoon-sergeant, 'and he ain't got a scratch.'

"I had the body sent down to the Aid-Post and I paraded the ration-party. None of them had heard or seen anything. They were pretty scared, especially the ninth man. I then ordered Wrottesley to muster his platoon. I questioned them closely, but none of them could tell me anything except one man, who said he 'd seen 'the Australian.'

"'I seen him, sir,' he said, 'but I never heard him; his feet never made a sound.'

"I turned on him pretty sharply and asked him what the hell he meant by talking like that. It was a mistake, for after that I could n't get a word out of them.

"I went to the Aid-Post. The M. O. seemed puzzled. He had stripped the body naked. It lay there in the dug-out, gleaming in the cold, gray dawn.

"'He may have died of shock,' he said, 'but it looks to me more like a case of internal hemorrhage.'

"I could n't make it out. One 's heard of murder in the trenches, of course, a private with a grudge against a sergeant,

[1] Medical officer

a quarrel of two men about a girl in billets, a homicidal objection to another man's voice or his laugh or his squint. It 's very easy to lose one's sense of proportion out there. But this case was too damned impersonal to admit of that sort of explanation. A fellow may have a grievance against a particular man, but it 's difficult to conceive of a grievance against a mere figure. No one knew beforehand who would be Number 10 in the ration-party, and it was the tenth man who had been 'outed' each time. I guessed there would n't be much competition in that ration-party the next night for tenth place, and that Number 10 would tread pretty close on the heels of Number 9. Of course they were generally strung over about a hundred yards, each man ten yards behind the other, to distribute the risks from a 'Minnie.'

"'HAVE YOU SEEN THE AUSTRALIAN, SIR?'"

"D' you know the symptoms of an epidemic of cold feet? I mean when your company 's got the wind-up. Unpleasant, is n't it? And very catching. The men, instead of sleeping in their dug-outs, hung about all day in little clusters, talking to one another, and suddenly drying up as I came along. I knew what they were talking about. They eyed me furtively as though they 'd been suddenly caught in some conspiracy. I knew how they felt. You see, I 'm half a Welshman myself, enough of one to understand their temperament, but not enough of one to share it, for which I 'm not sorry. If there 's an explosion in the pit, Welsh miners will tumble over one another when the call comes for a rescue-party, and face the firedamp without a moment's hesitation. But if one of 'em dreams a dream of a fall of stone from the roof of the seam, or sees a 'corpse candle' overnight, nothing will induce him to go down the shaft the next day. They 've got superstition in the marrow of their bones. Their very hymns are enough to make your flesh creep; they are all in the minor key. They used to sing them in the trenches, weird dirges like *'O fryniau Caersalem, ceir gweled,'* or something like that. But there was mighty little singing that day. I did n't like the look of things at all.

"As the day drew to its close, there came a change in the weather. The wind died down, the sky turned to the color of dirty wool, and the air grew very cold. It looked as if it might snow. I gave Wrottesley orders to double the patrols, and determined to keep a sharp lookout myself. After I had made these dispositions, I went to Battalion H. Q. to report them to the C. O. As I was coming away, the M. O., a quizzical devil with a bullethead and hard as iron,—he 'd been a famous Welsh three-quarter in his day,—said to me:

"'I say, Meredith, do any of your men carry hat-pins?'

"'Lord, no,' I replied; 'nor powder-puffs. What are you getting at?'

"'I 'll tell you to-morrow,' he said; 'but it 's my opinion there 's something in the Australian theory, after all.' I looked at him.

"'Have *you* got the wind-up, too, Doctor?' I said. 'I did n't know you believed in ghosts.'

"'I don't,' he retorted, 'but I do believe in devils.' And with that he turned away.

I thought him a damned fool, and said so.

"As the night wore on, I went round the whole front of eight hundred yards twice, but saw nothing. I carried my revolver in my hand, ready to fire 'double action,' and I had my runner and my batman with me. The men were very jumpy, and I was challenged every time by every man I met, let alone the sentries. I made up my mind to go round a third time a few minutes before the ration-party came up. I had already posted a man at the head of the communication-trench with strict orders that they were to be stopped and to halt there to await further instructions. It was now about six o'clock in the morning, within half an hour or so of dawn. As I pulled aside the vermorel

" 'BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT I FELT THE DUCK-BOARDS . . . GIVE UNDER MY FEET AS THOUGH A MOVEMENT SOME WAY OFF WAS BEING COMMUNICATED ALONG THEM' "

blanket of my dugout and looked up at the sky, something soft as lamb's wool, but very cold, gently touched my cheek. It was a snowflake. In a few seconds it was followed by others. Soon everything in front of one was veiled by a speckled curtain like a moving screen of muslin. The incessant weaving of this great white curtain, a warp without a woof, woven upon a loom without a shuttle, affected me strangely. Motion without sound is always uncanny, and the snowflakes fell like shadows and not less noiselessly. You know how snow seems to numb one's brain? It 's like an anesthetic.

"I purposed to vary my itinerary for my third round, deliberately and of malice aforethought. Hitherto I had always gone my rounds from right to left, beginning with Number 1 Post. This time I determined to reverse the order. I had visited Number 4 and Number 3 and had just reached Number 2 and been challenged, when the corporal in charge let his rifle fall with a clatter. His teeth were chattering, and his hands shook as though he were going to have a fit.

"'*My God!*' he stuttered, looking down trench, '*it 's the Australian!*'

"I could see nothing, but at that very moment I felt the duck-boards, which were continuous and covered with resilient wire-netting, give under my feet as though a movement some way off was being communicated along them. It was a stealthy tremor, motion without noise. I could hear no footfalls. Then I heard a slight clink like the sound of side-arms. The next moment I saw the figure of a tall Australian coming noiselessly round the bend of the trench. I can't deny that an unpleasantly cold feeling ran down my spine, and for a moment I stood absolutely inert, with my revolver hanging loose in my hand. Before I had time to raise it, my batman, a stout little chap, was down on one knee and had the butt of his rifle up to his shoulder. There was a loud report and a smell of burnt cordite. The 'Australian' stopped, did a kind of half-turn, and suddenly fell forward on his face. I rushed up, with my batman at my heels, and flashing my torch on to the body,—for it *was* a body, and damnably material,—I turned it over. The man had his hand clutched over his heart; it was a fair bull's-eye. Even as I looked at him, it struck me that his face was not that of an Australian at all. There was nothing aquiline about it; it was broad and flat. He seemed to have a lot of clothes on him. I tore open his tunic. Underneath was the field-gray uniform of a Prussian officer. 'Dot and carry one,' I said to myself, and I went through his pockets, tail-pockets first. The Hun always carries his papers there. As I was looking through the contents, my batman suddenly said, 'Lord! look at his wrist, sir!' And then I saw that he had a long piece of steel, thin as a knitting-needle, but sharply pointed, strapped to his wrist. And on his feet he wore a pair of rubber shoes. With those shoes a man could pad along like a cat.

"It did n't take much more to work it all out. We followed his tracks in the snow with some difficulty, and traced them to the place where the trench crossed the stream. He must have entered by that gap despite the gooseberries. No doubt he then concealed himself in a disused sap and waited for the ration-party to pass until he sprang out on the last man and, putting his hand over his mouth, stabbed him through the heart from behind. As a matter of fact, his second victim had not yet been buried, and the M. O. afterward showed me a tiny puncture just to the left of the spinal cord, so small that it looked more like the bite of a flea than a wound. That Hun was a dirty thug, but I must say he had a nerve."

"Yes," said Tracy after a pause, "but I don't quite see the point of it all."

"I know what you mean," said Meredith. "Why should a *Boche* officer take all those risks merely to stab one poor devil of a ration-carrier in the back? I 'll tell you why, my friend. You 've been fighting the Turk in Gallipoli, and the Turk 's a gentleman more or less. He 's a clean fighter. But the Hun does n't confine himself to carnal weapons, and he 's not ex-

actly a perfect, gentle knight. Do you remember that passage in their War Book where their general staff says that to down the other fellow you must smash him 'spiritually' as well as physically? 'Terrorismus' I think they call it in their ugly lingo. I 've often thought of it. Well, that *Boche* was trying to put the wind-up among our fellows. He knew we had only just taken over, he knew the Welsh temperament, and he knew we were full of new drafts. How did he know? You 've not served in France, or you would n't ask that. But I admit it used to puzzle us ourselves in the early days till we discovered their telephonic tricks of eavesdropping—amplifiers, buried cables, and all the rest of it. The whole forward area 's a perfect whispering-gallery. Our signaling companies have countered all that now. But just think of it all—every psychological detail worked out like a plan of operations! Yes, the Hun 's a devil. Is n't it hot? Pass the soda-water, please."

There was a long pause.

"All the same," said Letcher at length, subdued by the palliative of Meredith's quiet recital, "your story does n't refute my proposition; it confirms it. The dead do *not* return. They don't want to."

And he stared at the empty chairs in the mess.

"'I HAD THE BODY SENT DOWN TO THE AID-POST'"

The Messenger

By ELIZABETH ROBINS

Illustrations by Hamlin Gardner

CHAPTER VI

UPON Miss von Schwarzenberg's reappearance after luncheon, the family welcomed her with affectionate enthusiasm. Lady McIntyre established the rescued one on the sofa. Nan Ellis brought a foot-stool. Sir William stirred the fire.

Napier was struck by the picture of amenity and cheerfulness presented by the group.

"No," Madge said, "you need n't be looking round; the papers *have n't* come, I 'm glad to say. You 've got to rest and be taken care of." She spread the shawl over Miss Greta's knees. Meanwhile Sir William from the hearth-rug beamed on the scene.

"Eh? What? Speaking from London?" he said to the servant who had come in with a message. "All right." So little was Sir William prepared for any important communication that he did n't even go into the library to receive it. He crossed to the telephone on the opposite side of the hall.

Napier would probably have concerned himself about the message no more than Lady McIntyre or Madge but for the chance that made him aware of how intently Greta was taking in the swift change that came over the amiable, fussy little figure with the receiver at his ear.

"What? *What?* Say that again. *When?* Six o'clock last night? Not official! God bless my soul! No, not a word! Our papers have n't come." Then came a pause. "How long did you say? Not *this* Saturday? Why, that 's to-morrow!" A pause of thirty seconds followed, Sir William hanging on to the receiver, listening.

"I 'll think it over," he said excitedly. "I 'll call you up later. Good-by." When he had hung up the receiver, he still stood there, rooted, looking through the wall at some astonishing happening far off.

"William,"—Lady McIntyre started up,—"it 's not about the boys!"

"Boys? No. God bless my soul! nothing whatever to do with the boys."

"Oh, only some government matter." With a clearing brow she settled again in her corner.

Sir William turned about, and went with quick, fussy little steps into the library.

Napier followed his chief a moment after, only to be told to go and send a couple of messages. "Hall telephone." Sir William spoke shortly. He sat, elbows on table, head in hands, staring straight before him at some staggering vision.

As Napier stood waiting to get his call through, Miss Greta came over to the writing-table and took the address-book out of the stand. Madge hitched herself up on the end of the table nearest the telephone and sat swinging her long legs.

"What 's up?" she demanded, with her laughing impudence.

"Is anything up?" Napier asked.

"There, Miss Greta, did n't I tell you? It 's boring enough of *father* to pinch up his lips and go out of the room like that when he gets some news that would be so nice and interesting for us all."

"Sir William is quite right. A member of the government never talks in private about official business."

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"Oh, *does n't* he!" Wildfire tossed back her mane. "You know perfectly well father's discretion is only just at the first shock of any piece of news. He thinks he 's done all he 's called on to do when he does n't tell us that minute. If you wait, you 're safe to hear what it 's all about."

"My dear Madge!" said Miss Greta, sweetly. It was taking her a long time to verify that address.

Patience incarnate at the telephone having refused to deal with two underlings in turn, waited now for the station-master to be fetched.

"Is that the station-master? Well, look here, is the new express running yet? Yes; what time? I 'm speaking from Kirklamont for Sir William McIntyre. He must catch that train. Yes, motoring to —Yes. You could hold it a minute or two, I suppose, if— All right." He had no sooner rung off than he rang on. "Give me the motor-house."

And still Miss Greta sat there till she heard that the new car was to come round in time for Sir William to catch the four o'clock express at the junction.

As Napier rang off again, his chief was back in the hall, giving directions to a servant about packing a traveling-bag. Sir William's family appeared not the least excited at the prospect of the sudden journey. They were too well accustomed to his bustling ways. But Sir William himself had the air of being even more wrought up, now that he 'd had time to think over his news, than he had been on receiving it. He stood working his eyebrows and frowning as the conversation in the hall died down, and the company waited for the enlightenment which Madge had foretold was sure to come.

"Madness!" He flung it out to an invisible audience. "Madness!"

"Oh, Ireland!" said Lady McIntyre, certain of the inevitable connection.

"Ireland? Not at all. Austria."

Miss Greta, her envelop in hand, had turned about in her chair and looked over the back of it, her round head slightly on one side in an attitude of polite attention. Very different from the form adopted by the ladies of Sir William's own family, secure as they were in their knowledge that Sir William would unburden himself.

They seemed disposed to look upon the news, when it did come, as something of an anticlimax; for Sir William preceded his launching of the fact with an increased activity of eyebrow and a furious jingling of seals.

"Austria," he said, "has sent an ultimatum to Serbia!"

"Oh, is that all?" Lady McIntyre's last lingering fear was laid to rest.

"Couched in such terms," Sir William went on, "as no self-respecting nation could accept."

Miss Greta's air of elaborate deference suffered no change. She heard that the Austrian Government was plainly composed of a set of Bedlamites, "scratching matches in a powder-magazine."

Sir William seemed to have his excitement, his anxiety, all to himself till Mr. Grant came in with Nan Ellis. Even then Sir William had only one person with whom to share the graver implications in the news.

You 'd say Julian neither heard nor saw the girl he had been frankly adoring as they came in. Question after question he fired at Sir William rather as though that gentleman were responsible for the *impasse*. "*What!* Serbia is to take it or leave it *en bloc* by to-morrow night? Why, that means there 's less than twenty hours between Europe and—" He stopped, appalled.

"Europe?" said Miss Greta, gently. "You mean Serbia."

The butler came in with the belated papers.

Sir William snatched up "The Times."

Sir William glanced quickly at headlines.

"They don't make much of it," Napier said.

"Naturally," Miss Greta excused them. "They are full of their own difficulty."

"What do you call their own difficulty?" Napier asked as he paused to turn the paper.

"Why, Ireland," she answered promptly.

Napier found himself looking at her.

"AND STILL MISS GRETA SAT THERE"

"There are some sane people even in Ireland," Sir William threw out over the top of his paper; "but this—this Austrian madness—no warning, no parley; a pistol to Serbia's head!"

Julian's voice overtopped Sir William's.

"It amounts to the abject humiliation of Serbia—or war."

"Serbia will accept Austria's terms," said Miss Greta, quietly.

"Never!" cried Julian. "All the chancelleries of Europe will join in protest."

Sir William paused in his trot up and down that end of the hall.

"If Russia goes in, Germany can't stay out. This time to-morrow Europe may be ablaze."

The supposition, sounding through those piping times of peace, rang fantastic. Napier remembered long after how he had looked round Kirklamont Hall, and saw that outside Sir William there was n't a soul there who believed in the possibility of war except one. That one was Miss Greta.

"Monstrous as it would be to force Serbia into political slavery," Julian admitted gravely, "there would be one thing worse."

Nan at last lifted her voice.

"What would the worst thing be?"

"War," answered Julian.

"What! what!" Sir William caught him up. "There are worse things than war, young man."

"There 's nothing worse than war. Fortunately, we 've reached a place where the mass of the people know that."

As the awful prospect unfolded, people were not appalled, though they said they were. They were n't even unhappy. They were far too excited. And to be excited about matters of world-wide importance is to be lifted out of the petty round and to catch at the crumbs of greatness.

Napier went up to town with Sir William. At close quarters with official minds the younger man shared those hours of anxious hope bred by the earlier interchange between Petrograd and Berlin, London and Belgrade.

Still, and without ceasing, though too late, as was seen in the retrospect, England worked for peace.

Not even the formal declaration of war on Serbia made by Austria on the Tuesday following that fateful Friday arrested the effort of the British Government to avert the catastrophe.

Five days after the ultimatum discussion in Kirklamont Hall the German demand was made for British neutrality, and the first shots were fired at Belgrade.

Julian's letters in those days registered merely the seething and boiling in the caldron of his separatist soul. His horror of the Mitteleuropa plot, as it began to unroll, was lost in his horror of the spread, the deliberate inflammation, of what he called the "war cancer."

Napier flung the letters into the waste-paper basket and forgot them; but as he went about his work transmitting cryptic telephone calls or hurrying to and fro with confidential messages, all incongruously a girl's face would flicker before him like a white flower before the eyes of one running at top speed through danger-haunted woods at night.

Those were the hours when Great Britain was pressing the most momentous question ever framed by diplomacy: Was France, was Germany, going to respect the neutrality of Belgium? Then came the moment when France cried, "Yes," and Germany's silence was louder than roar of cannon in the instructed ear.

Sir William had sat in the war councils, and hour after hour sat in smaller groups, laboring with the best minds to find a way to stay the spread of the contagion. When Sir William came to a place where nothing more could be hoped for or immediately be done, he found that for the first time in his life he was unable to sleep. Country air, home, if only for a round of the clock.

They came back to Kirklamont to find, in outward seeming, all unchanged. The fact struck sharply on the strained sense of the two men who drove up from Inverness toward noon on the first Monday in that fateful August. Late Saturday night Germany had declared war on Russia, and France was already invaded.

In the hall at Kirklamont Lady McIntyre sat with her family, her Russian embroidery, and her boarhounds. She came to meet her husband with:

"William dear! And what 's the news?"

Madge ran, her red hair all abroad, to embrace her father. Bobby, on the point of going up-stairs, changed his mind instead. He waited to hear the news.

Sir William met interrogation testily.

Napier's first impression on entering the hall had been of the still intensity of Miss Greta's gaze; perhaps he was the more struck by it because it was n't on himself, but on Sir William. As she closed the book she 'd been reading aloud and rose, the look was gone. Amid the heats of midsummer and of war she stood cool, pearl-powdery, sweet, with a smile for Napier now, and an expression of deferential welcome for Sir William. Miss Greta left to other folk all worrying questions aimed at jaded and travel-worn men.

No, Sir William was n't going to sleep till after luncheon. But he was hot and dusty; he would go up.

They would have tackled Napier, but he escaped hard upon Sir William's heels.

As Napier followed his chief down three quarters of an hour later, a laugh floated up. It was Nan Ellis's.

She and Bobby sat on the sofa taking and giving lessons in the tying of sailors' knots. She looked up carelessly enough at Napier's appearance.

"How do you do? Do *you* know any good knots? I thought you would n't."

"She is prettier than I remember," he said to himself.

Sir William, on the hearth-rug, showed a man already refreshed.

"What 's this about the papers?" His raised voice commanded the hall.

"Yes, my dear William; for the third time. That was why we had to try to get our news from London. But they were horrid yesterday about telling us anything. It 's not very pleasant,"—Lady McIntyre revealed her conception of the use of war news,—"when neighbors call, *expecting* us to know the latest, and find we have n't heard a word since Saturday morning."

"Well, then,"—Sir William filled the hiatus with a single sentence, "at seven o'clock on Saturday evening Germany declared war on Russia."

Instantly the hall was full of hubbub. The excitement bred by that tremendous fact reached even Lady McIntyre.

"Dear me! I wonder what the Pforzheims will say to that. They *will* be astonished."

Miss Greta went through the motions of surprise.

"Has it really come?"

Napier, observing her narrowly, said to himself, "She knew." And then, "How did she know?"

Julian Grant came hurrying in with absorbed, excited face. Before he had spoken to anybody else or so much as looked at Nan, he said:

"Tell us, Sir William, it 's only in the country, is n't it, that people are talking wildly about England being mixed up in this horrible business?"

"People talk everywhere," Sir William said crustily.

After Sir William's rebuff, Julian had gone over and sat down by Nan. It was Miss Greta who did the talking.

Napier saw her leaning across Nan to engage Mr. Grant. Most gentle she was, ingratiating. As he strolled nearer, Napier heard one or two of her leading questions, put with an air of having no idea how straight they went to the heart of the matter.

"Oh, you think that? I should *so* like to know why."

Sir William, pretending not to listen, pretending to talk to Madge, lost no word neither of Julian's denunciation of the idea of England's interfering nor of Miss Greta's "Well, it would be quixotic. And whatever her enemies may say, England is not quixotic." It was the kind of little compliment with a sting in its tail that Miss Greta could deliver with an innocence that must, Napier decided, console her for many an enforced piece of self-suppression.

" 'Quixotic!' " Julian began to tell how much worse it would be than that.

Fury rose in Sir William. Napier saw it getting into his eyebrows. Miss Greta saw it, too, Napier could have sworn. Oh, she knew perfectly what she was about.

"It *is* difficult," she supplemented Julian's assurance, "very difficult, to see how England could come in, with civil war ready to break out at any minute. She would be sacrificing herself for—what?" Miss Greta insisted in her suave voice.

"The statesman who would advocate it," said Julian, "would be committing suicide."

Sir William swung round.

"You 're wide enough of the mark *this* time."

"You don't mean—"

"Our obligations to France—" Sir William began.

"What obligations?" the young man demanded. "The country has n't indorsed any obligations." He jumped up and faced Sir William on the hearth-rug. "If behind our backs they 've gone and committed us—" Julian's dark eyes flashed a threat of dire reprisal. Provisionally he wiped the floor with those (including, all too flagrantly, the Laird of Kirklamont) who might, "in their colossal ineptitude, want to commit this nation to war."

"That 's *your* opinion," said Sir William, growing bright-red under the friction. "You seem to think we have no right to ours."

Julian halted an instant before the problem.

"How much right *has* a man to the wrong opinion?" Upon the answer to that, he knew, had hung much of the history of politics and religion. In another mood Julian would have maintained till all was blue that an intelligent bricklayer had as much right to a voice in the policy of the country as a peer of the realm. None the less, in his heart of hearts, as Napier was whimsically aware, Julian felt that, for all Sir William's official position, he *had n't* any such valid right to press his views as had a Grant of Abergarry. Between mirth and consternation, Napier realized that this was the key to the renewed outpouring. It was not so much Julian, but a Grant, very properly telling a McIntyre things good for him to know.

In the heat and fury of the discussion that she had so adroitly precipitated Miss Greta stretched out a hand and took up her knitting. She sat there with bent head.

"Who? The democracy of England!" Julian was crying to Sir William's angry, "Who is going to prevent?" "If politicians don't know that, they 'll learn it to their cost. English participation in this war is impossible."

"Ah, so little impossible," Sir William barked back, "that we 'll be in it up to the neck!"

There was a moment's hush in the hall before everybody except Miss Greta began to talk at once. Miss Greta never lifted her head. She did not so much as lift her eyes. Napier saw that she was following the success of her ruse with an intensity that held her hands immovable, as though the rapid fingers had been caught, tied fast in those "field-gray" filaments that she wove; as though her palms had been skewered through by the shining steel of her long needles. They stuck out at right angles, seeming to transfix the rigid, death-white hands.

"Never! never!" Julian had cried out at the top of his voice.

"And if we were n't in it," Sir William shouted, "we 'd be wiped off the map. What 's more, we 'd deserve to be."

"I tell you," Julian vociferated, "England will never consent to be dragged into this quarrel."

"England won't be dragged in. She will go in because it would be shame to keep out. She *is* in!"

The shell-shock of Sir William's bomb had shaken even Greta von Schwarzenberg. From that first impact she recovered her mental poise at a price. Her face was white with the cost of it, or under the tension of some immediate decision. It suddenly came over Napier: she wants more than anything on earth to warn the Pforzheims.

She made a slight movement. It brought the clock within range. Five minutes to luncheon-time. "Five minutes," Napier

said to himself, "in which to get the news to Glenfallon," if he did n't prevent her.

CHAPTER VII

It suddenly flashed over Napier that he might learn more by letting her communicate with the Pforzheims than by preventing her. A highly important conclusion about Miss Greta herself might thus be reached in the only possible way. And the harm done by the Pforzheims knowing? The die was already cast. The German Government knew that. The whole world would know it in a few hours. The Pforzheims could n't even gamble on the tip. The stock exchange was closed.

There was yet another consideration very present to Napier's cautious type of mind. Suppose he were mistaken as to the woman's designs. Such a mistake, besides being intensely disagreeable to any one of decent feeling, would "do" for one with the McIntyres, undoubtedly would "do" for one with Nan.

All the same, an expressionless intensity of the Schwarzenberg's stillness, in the midst of the hubbub all about her, kept the observing mind alert.

She stirred, she half rose. In the midst of his excitement, Napier caught himself smiling faintly. He caught himself because Miss Greta had caught him.

"Devil take her acuteness! She would n't be sitting down calmly at the luncheon-table if she did n't know I had my eye on her." He said it to himself. He might as well have said it aloud. She smiled at him across the board. The china-blue eyes were as hard as big alley marbles. She raised her cider-glass to her lips.

Nan turned to her impulsively.

"Do you still think—" She stared at the smashed tumbler and the cascade down on Miss Greta's pink frock.

"Oh, Nan dear, my new dress!"

"Me? Do you mean—did I do that? Oh, my! I 'm most terribly sorry!"

"If I sponge it off instantly—" Greta rose. Nan rose. Madge rose.

"I 'll help you," she said.

"Certainly not!" Miss Greta cast back a look not to be mistaken, and hurried off, holding her skirt out in front of her, and looking at it with a very passion of concern.

Should he bolt after her? Ridiculous! How could he dog the steps of a woman going up-stairs to sponge her frock?

Should he go outside and waylay the messenger? He had n't even the flimsiest excuse, except one that was n't producible unless he could catch her red-handed. To catch her sending a note to Ernst Pforzheim, what would that prove? Would n't any of us in her place want to share such tremendous news with our compatriots, let alone with a lover?

She was away under nine minutes. Napier timed her. When she came back she had on a different skirt and a subtly different expression. Whatever had been on her mind as well as on her dress, she had got rid of both. The others still argued and speculated. The staggering news was new to them. Curiously, it was already old to Napier, old and grim and implacable. He shoved it wearily aside. While Miss Greta's head was bent and she thought him covertly eying her, Napier drank refreshment out of the face at her side. The little girl from over the water, what was it she did to him?

Napier took Julian out on the terrace to cool off, though he said it was to smoke.

"I say, day and night for over a week I 've heard nothing but war. Talk to me about something pleasant," he said. It was a plain lead, but Julian was a mole of a man.

"What do you call pleasant in a world like this?"

"Oh, several things." From where they sat they could see Nan Ellis under the trees at the entrance to the park, and Wildfire flying back and forth through the air as Nan urged the swing.

Napier remembered that in all the heady talk before and during luncheon Julian had hardly looked at the girl. When she spoke he did n't hear. Now Napier said:

"Don't say I did n't warn you. There 's one person who 'll be precious tired of all this war talk if it goes on."

Julian lifted his absent eyes.

"Nan? Not a bit of it. You don't know Nan. Whenever I stray to personal affairs, it 's, 'Come and show me on the map where Luxemburg is,' and then, 'Just where have they crossed the French border?' "

"I suppose you 're not by any chance so taken up telling her where the Germans are in France that you don't know whereabouts you are with America?"

He did n't know. He 'd been waiting till he could see his way clear to detach the girl from Miss Greta. And then this appalling business—

Napier's silence seemed to convey to Julian some hint of an unspoken arraignment. She had written to her mother, he said, in extenuation.

"Yes, about me. She is devoted to her mother. Yes, I 've been thinking it over. You see, the Germans—"

"God bless my soul! Let 's leave the Germans to stew in their own juice an hour or two!" Gavan got up and walked back and forth in front of the two garden chairs and of the man left sitting there. More than by any previous extravagance of Julian's some of the things he said at luncheon had angered Napier. They fairly made Sir William choke. They were of a character to make Sir James Grant incline to choke the speaker. That was the knowledge which opened the door to the fear that clutched at Napier—fear of himself; fear of the temptation revealed in this growing conviction of his that if he let Julian drift on the new tide that was sweeping in, it would carry him away, far beyond the securities, the privileges of a favored son of the old order. Almost certainly it would carry him away from Nan Ellis. Whether an illusion or not, Napier felt that he had only to sit there in the other chair and do nothing, to see Julian blindly "do for" himself. As he walked up and down, Napier discoursed upon woman.

"You mean," Julian said, with the air of the docile disciple receiving a brand-new doctrine—"you mean that, in spite of feeling sure of her,—bless her!—you think I ought to get something definite settled this afternoon?"

"You certainly ought to find out where you stand. You *can't* let it drift." He knew that what he really meant was that *he* could n't.

He got up and walked away toward the loch. On his way back, Julian was coming with that nervous step to meet him. Well, he 'd spoken to her. She admitted she was fond of him.

" 'But I don't want to marry you,' she had said. I told her," he went on, "that I could n't believe that. Fortunately for me, for I did n't see how I could bear it. 'You don't want to marry *any*body just now,' I suggested. And what on earth do you think she said?"

"How do *I* know!" Napier returned irritably.

"She said, 'Well, I 'll just see about that! You must n't go pulling me up by the roots to see how I 'm growing,' she said. 'It puts me back.' And then I very nearly took hold of her. But all I did was to sit tight and say: 'Which *way* are you growing, Nan? If *I* can't find out, I 'll have to get Gavan to.' 'You 'd ask Gavan!' And she looked so startled, I laughed. 'So you don't want Gavan to know how you behave?' I said. I was n't surprised."

He brought it out with an incredible light-heartedness. If underneath his surface equability Julian was really agitated, shaken, torn, it was not on the score of his own and Nan's future. It was for the immediate fate of Europe. He swung back to it as they came in sight of the hall.

"I was thinking as I came along that our diplomacy for the last twenty years—"

A servant came across the lawn to meet them with two telegrams for Sir William.

"And the telephone, sir. Sir William left word that you— Yes, London, sir." Napier hurried back to his post.

Tommy Durrant was at the other end—a message for Sir William from the prime minister. Napier wrote it down. He 'd ring Tommy up before six. Any more news? King Albert's letter, asking for the support of England, had been read in the House with immense effect. "In spite

of some labor opposition, they 'll vote the credit to-night; you 'll see. If the German fleet molests the French, then we 'll be on hand!" cried Tommy along the wire. "Army? Mobilizing overnight. And Kitchener 's back from Egypt."

Under the renewal of these hammer-strokes, Napier's sense of a world blindly driven to some incredible doom gave to the family group, when he rejoined it, an air of unreality. And this despite the fact that Miss Greta did not make the mistake of ignoring the subject which in all minds usurped the foreground. She made her own little contribution with an air of engaging frankness.

"If the war were going to be fought out on sea, the British fleet, of course—But you would n't say yourself, would you, that the British were a military people?"

"Not in the sense that Germany is," Napier agreed.

"In no sense at all," said Julian.

"But Germany! Every son of Germany is a soldier." Miss Greta's tone was just a trifle too superior.

But was n't she right? Even the Pforzheims. They, too, were soldiers. These friendly, slightly ridiculous neighbors, underwent in Napier's mind a sudden and violent transformation. They stripped off their stage tweeds, their check shirts, their superabundant jewelry; they stood in uniform, severe, trained, six feet, each, of formidable enemy.

After tea there was a general movement.

"Coming for a stroll?" Julian stood looking down at Nan.

"Yes, but it *is* cold toward sunset in this Scotland. I must have my jacket."

"Oh, well, where is it?" he demanded, with a touch of his absent-minded impatience.

She looked at him.

"*I* don't know. In the coat-room, perhaps. You 'll find it somewhere."

"Do you think I shall?" he questioned dubiously. "What 's it like?"

"Well, of all things!" She sat up very straight. "You mean to say you never noticed? It is n't the *very least* like anybody else's."

"Oh, I dare say I 'll remember it all right when I see it." Julian retired meekly to the coat-room.

Nan brought her eyes down from the florid gilt molding above the window to the level of Napier's face.

"You look worried," she announced.

"I am worried."

"Just about the war—nothing in particular?"

Yes, there was one thing in particular, one thing he could n't honestly say he was happy about. His speech slowed under the quick shifting of light and shadow in her eyes. What did she think he had been going to say when he began that brought that darkening as he ended:

"I can't honestly say I am happy about Julian."

"About *Julian!*"

"Yes. He tells me you and he are n't engaged, and he does n't know why."

"Is that all you 've got to worry you?"

"Does n't it seem to you enough to justify any friend—"

She was dumb.

Napier took refuge in a rapid survey of Julian's character and advantages.

"Do you know," she broke in, "you 're talking to me about Mr. Grant as if you were recommending a chauffeur. He belongs to a reputable family; he 's steady; he was a long time in his last place; sober, very, *very* sober! But I really don't need any testimonials to Mr. Grant's character," she wound up under her breath as that young man emerged gloomily from the room at the bottom of the hall.

"I say, there are *millions* of coats here."

"Oh, very well, I 'll come."

He *had* been an ass! The sole gain, as Napier saw it, out of a rather ridiculous encounter was to establish the fact of the girl's sensitiveness for Julian's dignity.

For Sir William the Kirklamont charm worked well. Again the next morning he slept late. There was in consequence rather more bustle than usual attendant on his departure. Nan Ellis had rushed over early to say good-by. It struck Napier that she was both grave and excited. She joined him for an instant at the table where he

stood putting some papers into the despatch-box.

"Do *you* want me to?" she asked in a low voice, as though continuing a conversation.

"To—"

"Yes, to marry Julian." Then, as quick as the darting of a dragon-fly, she pounced on his possible answer. "I sha'n't do it—not even for you. But if that 's what you *want,* I 'd just like to know." She waited. Napier, too, for once in his life was tongue-tied.

"Well, good-by everybody. Is n't that lazy dog Bobby down yet?" Sir William demanded.

"He 's where he always is these days," answered Madge—"gone off to Glenfallon."

"Wrong!" Bobby was striding into the hall by the side door. He looked rather glum for Bobby.

"Find your friends out of sorts?" Sir William inquired, with his shrewd look. "Nasty jar for Carl and Ernst, opening their newspapers this morning." Sir William was not forgetting to keep an eye on the private case and the summer mackintosh on their way into the car. "Well, what do they think about the war *now?* Eh, what?"

"I don't suppose I shall ever know what they think," his son answered.

"I don't know why you say that, dear," his mother remonstrated. "I don't find them at all reserved. They talk with perfect freedom to *me."*

"Well, they won't any more. They 're gone," said Bobby.

"Gone where?"

"I don't know. And, what 's more, the caretaker does n't know."

"You don't mean to say they 've gone for good?" Madge sounded a sharp regret.

Bobby nodded.

"Glenfallon 's shut up."

"But they *can't* be gone for good. *Can* they?" Lady McIntyre turned to Miss Greta.

"How should I know?" The answer came a trifle too quickly.

Sir William got into the car. Napier followed him. He leaned over the slammed door.

"When do you say they went?" he asked.

"Late last night. Bag and baggage," answered Bobby.

CHAPTER VIII

Those were the days when all thoughts turned to the fleet. The expected leave of Jim McIntyre, and of many a sailor son, had been canceled. Terrible and glorious things were happening in the element ruled by Britannia. Only the stern discretion of the Admiralty prevented detailed knowledge. Maintenance of this self-denying ordinance on the part of the authorities could not prevent the rumors, which ran about, of a decisive naval engagement. Lady McIntyre, lying awake at night, distinctly heard the boom of guns off the Dogger Bank. Her beloved Jim (God keep him!) was crumpling up the Germans in the North Sea.

It was something to have Colin home from Aldershot and Neil from Shorncliffe. The fact that the two young soldiers were granted leave because they were going off on active service was hidden from their mother.

The knowledge brought Sir William post-haste from London. His proud eyes went from the natty-looking Neil to the taller elder soldier with the ugly, honest face. They rested longest there.

"If you knew the trouble I had—I sha' n't try it again. This place is too far away at such a time."

Lady McIntyre inquired anxiously for Admiralty news.

"Well, the Turks have got the *Breslau* and the *Goeben."* Sir William glanced at his sons. They said nothing.

"Oh, *that!* I mean about the great North Sea engagements."

"The movements of the fleet are n't published."

"Published! Of *course* not," said Lady McIntyre. "But that 's no reason they should n't tell you."

"Well, I'm afraid that they have not."

"Nonsense! It 's just because you 've grown so secretive all of a sudden. You 're nearly as bad as Colin. I do wish Jim would write!" A rush of tears blurred the blueness of her eyes. Evidently the presence of the other sons only emphasized for the mother the absence of her sailor. "Surely, William, you know about the naval battle. Why, I hear the guns all night long!"

"In your head, my dear," said Sir William, gently.

There was a moment's poignant silence. In truth the reverberation of those guns of rumor shook all hearts.

"Well, Neil, go on." Madge returned to her low chair at Miss Greta's other side. "You were telling us about the new army regulations. Go on."

Miss Greta had fixed her eyes on Napier with that "savior of my life" expression that he was coming to know. He made an ungrateful return.

"And how is your 'little friend'?" he asked.

"Oh, Nan is well, thank you."

"She ought to be back by now." Lady McIntyre was making a brave effort to put away fears for her sailor. "Nan," she explained to Napier, "very kindly agreed to take the car and do an errand or two which Miss Greta's slight headache—"

The thought flashed across Napier's mind of the far worse pang it would have cost Miss Greta to be away when official news was arriving hot and hot. She listened now to Sir William's reasons why Liège could hold out indefinitely.

Over the shrubberies the winged hat of the girl messenger rose against the landscape, and again, hardly had the car swerved round to the door before, with that same blackbird-over-the-hedge action, she was out of the car and coming into the hall.

"Yes, I did all the commissions, and in about half the time you said. Oh, Sir William!" She went up and shook hands. "You see, I am here still." She stood childishly in front of him as if waiting for a further extension of playtime.

"That 's right, and you look as if it agreed with you."

"Oh, it *does!*" She gave her hand to Napier. And then, turning with one of her quick movements, she found a singular thing to say to a captain of the Black Watch and a young gentleman who held a commission in the Seaforths. "I 've seen soldiers, Scotch soldiers! They *did* look funny!"

"Funny!" said Sir William. The two elder sons turned away their eyes. Bobby contorted his legs and grinned.

"Yes, soldiers wearing aprons."

"I suppose you mean kilts," said Sir William. "Did you never see—"

"Oh, yes, of course, on the stage and in pictures. But these soldiers had on the funniest little brown aprons *over* their kilts."

"Temporary measure," said Colin, slowly. "They 'll soon be all in khaki."

"And it was awfully difficult to get your check cashed." She turned toward Lady McIntyre. "They say now there is n't any silver left in Scotland. And in *your* town there is n't even copper. I hope you don't mind; I had to take stamps in change. These"—she produced a roll of postal-orders—"are what we 'll have to use for money now, they say."

Lady McIntyre protested, but Sir William indorsed the news. Like the khaki aprons, a "temporary measure." Miss Nan made her accounting. "All these horrid little scraps of paper!" Lady McIntyre complained.

"You can always change them for gold," Neil said.

"If you do, you must keep it circulating," warned Sir William. "No hoarding of gold!"

"But we can't get any more; that 's just the trouble."

"You ought to have asked Miss Nan," said Madge.

"But I did, and Nan had n't any."

"Why, I saw *piles* of gold on your table when I went up to the inn with Miss Greta's note yesterday!"

"Yes; I 'd got it out for her—all I had."

Miss von Schwarzenberg was leaning

comfortably against the back of the settle.

"What a pity!" she said quietly. "I wish I 'd known you wanted gold."

"But, *dear* Greta, I *said*—"

"Did you? I could n't have taken it in. It 's gone now. To a poor person in desperate straits—a stranded American. That was why I borrowed it."

"Bor-*ch*-rowed it," she said, with the vanishing "ch" like a ghost of the final sound in the Scotch word "loch."

Captain Colin was looking at her from under his thick, whity-yellow eyebrows, despite the fact that his father was talking to him very earnestly about the tactics of the German Army. Beyond a doubt consciousness of Miss Greta's foreignness was growing. Her slight burring of the "r" had never sounded so marked as it did to-day. For all her long residence in the States, Miss Greta was far more German than anybody in the Kirklamont circle had quite realized until the war. And now very plainly this "Germanism" was taking its place as a bar to conversation, a something still not productive of hostility so much as of *gêne*.

"I 'd be so grateful, my dear," Lady McIntyre said half aside to Nan, "if you 'd make Greta bathe her temples and lie down."

"Yes, let us go. All this—" Nan looked round the hall through a sudden bewilderment of compunction which fell like a veil over her brightness—"all this is dreadful for you."

"For *me!* Oh, no,"—Miss Greta held her head higher than ever,—"it 's not dreadful for *me.*" She smiled a little fiercely, to Napier's sense, as she left the hall, Madge on one side and Nan on the other.

When Sir William went off with his three sons for a stroll, Lady McIntyre accompanied them as far as the gate. She brought back into the hall a face more agitated than Napier had ever seen it. Irresolute, miserable, she paused on her way to the sofa where Napier sat, trying to read.

"Colin," she jerked out in a guarded voice, "has the *strangest* notions!" The pale eyes looked round more helpless than ever. "He says Greta tried to pump him about army matters, and he 's sorry he did n't warn Neil! He 's going to. Colin said,—oh, in the unkindest way!—'that woman ought to go home!' 'Home?' I said. 'Why, this is Greta's home!' 'No, it is n't,' he said; 'Germany 's her home, and she ought to go there!' Oh, Colin can be very hard when he likes!" She choked back her tears as Miss Ellis came running down the stairs. "What is it?" Lady McIntyre started. "Is Greta worse?"

"Oh, no. It 's only Ju—Mr. Grant has got back. We saw him coming across the—"

He stood in the doorway. Nan went forward, hand out, welcome in every lineament, a kind of all-enfolding affection in the forward inclination of the whole lightly poised figure. Napier looked on dully.

Though Julian was smiling as he took the girl's hand, she said, with quick intuition of his mood:

"What 's happened?" And after he 'd come in and greeted the others, "Are n't they well, your father and mother?" she persisted gently. "They have n't come? I *am* sorry! I knew something was wrong." She folded her sympathy round him like a cloak.

"It is n't their not coming." He dropped into a chair. "It 's the stuff I 've had to listen to in town. And in the railway carriages, too. The colossal tomfoolery—the—indecent way people were jubilating over the greatest disaster in history. This is the kind of fierce test that people go down under. They 'd be ashamed to be unfair, lying, and greedy for themselves. They think it 's a merit to be unfair, lying, and greedy for England!"

Lady McIntyre cast her eye up the staircase, whither her thoughts had already gone. She was in the act of getting up when Julian broke out moodily:

"And the way people already are beginning to talk and behave about the Germans in England!"

He had his instances. Napier pointed out that regrettable as these manifestations

were, they were fewer and of a much milder character with us than in other countries. He spoke of ill treatment in Germany and Austria of retiring ambassadors and even of neutrals. He turned to Nan Ellis.

"*Your* countrymen could tell you a tale of these last days that would make you open your eyes. Ask your ambassador."

"If the Germans really did," Julian began; but Napier picked him up smartly:

"You forget that we *know*."

"Well, well, it 's one proof the more, if we needed the more, that war brutalizes non-combatants as well as combatants."

Lady McIntyre shook her ear-rings despairingly.

"Aromatic vinegar," she murmured as she went up-stairs.

While Julian exposed diplomacy and denounced governments, Nat sat, chin in hand, drinking it in, as if she recognized in these doctrines that true faith for which all her life she had been thirsting. Under the subtle flattery, Julian, despite weariness, waxed yet more eloquent. Napier pulled out his watch and made a low exclamation intended to indicate some pressing business overdue. He went up the stairs two steps at a time. And yet the pace was n't quick enough to please him. Away—he must get away. Julian had been pitying Colin and Neil, "pawns in the great game." Napier knew now that he envied them. Oh, that he too might go and fight! He walked to and fro in his room in the first access of that fever that was to beset him sore until he should be standing in the trenches of the Somme. With Julian's denunciation of war nagging in his ears, Napier hailed it as the great simplification not only of international troubles, but of private ones, too. Instead of ten thousand struggles, one.

Well, at all events, he could n't, as he now realized (and happily, by reason of the great crisis, he was n't going to be asked to) stay here in Scotland and look on at this love-making! War had its uses even to the civilian.

An hour later he was still sitting there, back to the window, smoking innumerable cigarettes and trying to read his novel. A light, rattling sound made him turn round.

A fine hail on the window-panes this cloudless August evening! He looked out. Julian was down below with a handful of coarse sand. A sign to come down.

What now?

The hall was empty except of the footmen beginning to lay tea. Outside was Julian.

"You 're off to-morrow, too," he began. "Is that the idea?"

Yes, that was the idea.

"Well, then there 's precious little time." He was threading a way through the shrubberies to a half-concealed garden bench. "I 've been wanting your advice, Gavan. The fact is"—he smiled as he made the confession—"I don't know quite where I am."

"I should have thought you must be in a happier place than most mortals." Napier sat down on a half-concealed wooden seat.

Julian joined him with an eager:

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, it must be plain to the blindest that she is very fond of you."

"You think she is?" He sat wondering. Then he presented the grievance closest to hand. "She would n't let me kiss her just now, and I 've been away three whole days."

"She has let you, before?"

"Yes."

"As if she was in love with you?"

"She *must* be, or else she would n't, *would* she now? A girl like that?"

Napier tried to ask if these scenes were of frequent occurrence, whether they were courted or evaded. The question stuck in his throat. And then, exactly as if he had spoken, Julian answered:

"She 's a little capricious about that kind of thing. But"—he turned trustfully to his friend—"girls often *are,* are n't they?" Napier sat there without speaking.

"I wondered," Julian went on, "if it could possibly mean the sort of disapproval that 's putting me into other people's black books—about this devil's mess of a war. But you saw she took quite a rational view about that."

"I saw she took *your* view. As to its being rational—"

"Oh, well, we won't say any more about that *now*. I 've talked war till I 'm sick. I thought I was coming back here to—something I don't find." Into Napier's silence Julian dropped the suggestion, "It may only be that I don't understand women." In his quandary Napier wondered aloud whether one ever *did* understand a person brought up in a different country.

"Or in your own," Julian said moodily. "People I 've known since I was a baby, I begin to realize I 've never known at all."

"Oh, come, it is n't as bad as that, though we 're all of us having our eyes opened these days. Those Pforzheims, now. I 'm persuaded they got hold of the Kirklamont newspapers, kept them back with the express idea of giving Greta an excuse for getting official news for them."

Julian stared. And then he turned his head wearily away.

"What rot!"

The tone nettled Napier.

"You seem to have forgotten you had your own suspicions of that woman."

"Never of *that* sort, thank God! I did n't like the idea of Nan's friend carrying on. But that 's all pettiness. This war *bouleversement* has brought to the surface fine things in Greta's character."

Napier told himself that he knew what had been brought to the surface. The spectacle of injustice or even the danger of injustice would at any time make Julian forget his own interests, and yours and anybody's who wasn n't being actively oppressed.

"Have you been to Gull Island since?"

"I 've had no time for picnicking," Julian answered shortly.

"Well, since you 're championing the Schwarzenberg, it 's your business to see she is n't made a tool of. You heard how the Pforzheims vanished. I 've wondered" —He found it curiously difficult to go on. There was a quality,—Napier had noticed it before,—a something in Julian's frankness which put astuteness out of countenance, something that made suspicion seem not only vulgar, but melodramatic. Napier felt obliged to throw a dash of whimsicality, of confessed extravagance, into the speculation—"whether the reason we were n't allowed to land on Gull Island was those Pforzheims. They may have made an emergency camp out of your Smugglers' Cave."

Julian's weary disgust lightened a little.

"I had no notion you were so romantic, Gavan."

"Well, oblige me by going and having a look without delay." A fleeting expression in Julian's eyes made him add, "And you 're not to take Nan."

"I should certainly take Nan."

"If that 's the condition you make, don't go at all. I must find some one else. Nan must n't even be told about it."

"Oh, you think *she 's* not to be trusted now! God bless me, what a world!" Julian flung out his thin hands as if to say he 'd done with it.

"You misunderstand." Napier explained a trifle stiffly that he had every confidence in the good faith of the girl.

"Very well, then. If you won't look into the matter, I must get some one else, and set afloat a new crop of rumors, to say nothing of mixing up a cabinet minister in responsibility for—"

"Oh, see here, I 'll go and hold an inquisition on the gulls and cormorants."

Napier thanked him a little sheepishly.

"Of course I don't *expect* you to find anything. But we 've got to make sure."

CHAPTER IX

Sir William and Napier went back to days of intolerable suspense, when men carried about, like a waking nightmare, the new proof that an impregnable fortress was a thing of the past. The defences of Liège had failed. A vast system of forts had been pounded into ruin. Through breach after breach the German hosts were pouring. People far away from the scenes of carnage and chaos woke in the night under a clutch of dread. What is it? What 's the matter with life? The Germans! On and on they were coming, and nothing, it seemed, could stop them.

Then came the Mons retreat and the Battle of the Marne. Belgium was in ruins, but the German flood had been stayed, when Sir William, worn and aged, came down from London to spend Saturday night and Sunday with his family at Lamborough, on the Essex coast. Apart from public anxieties, Sir William had been subjected to the annoyance of questions in the House about his chauffeur. A member of his Majesty's government could n't be driven about by an unnaturalized German. A new chauffeur had brought Sir William from town.

"*Do* say you like it, William dear!" his wife implored on the familiar note, before he had time to see anything beyond the entrance and the drawing-room. "Remember how little time we had to find a house near enough for you. "Talk about its being a *furnished* house!"

"Great luck to find such a place," Napier reassured her. "How did you hear of it?"

Lady McIntyre shook her head, as with an effort to shake some clear recollection out of the inner disorders.

"We heard of so many! But this, I think Greta saw an advertisement somewhere about this one. I had to come and do the inspecting because of that silliness about getting a permit for Greta."

"Seems all right," said Sir William, rattling his seals as he joined Napier in the bay-window.

"Well, you would n't have said that if you 'd seen it as those people left it. When I went back to Kirklamont, I told Greta, the hideous bareness—oh, it would never do! But she simply insisted on my going to bed." Lady McIntyre smiled at confession of that helplessness which for long years had, after her beauty, been her strongest card. "Greta said everything would be all right. You had arranged about the silly permit, and the very next day she came down, all by herself, and just took hold—"

Sir William glanced at Napier as he asked his wife where Miss Greta was now.

"She 's closing up Kirklamont. That is, she *has* closed it up. They 're coming at five forty-five, Greta and the children and Miss Ellis. I 've come to like that Ellis girl. And I believe Madge has, too, though she won't say so."

Sir William had been walking about, opening doors, looking out of windows.

"Seems the very thing. Capital view, too. I congratulate you, my dear."

She beamed.

"Don't congratulate me. It 's Greta. She thought of everything."

"Even your bed," she exclaimed. "Greta did n't forget you were very particular about your bed."

" You don't say so!"

"Oh, yes. You said once the reason you 'd never been back to Germany was because of the beds. I was afraid at the time she 'd feel that. But you see how *beautifully* she takes it. And what about the war, William?" she said in exactly the same tone. Sir William was feeling absently for his cigar-case. "Are they still slaughtering those poor Belgians? Matches? I 'm sure there must be matches somewhere." She got up and looked vaguely about the big room as though she expected a box of matches to come running like a dog that hears its name called. "Anybody but Greta might forget a little thing like that. There, I told you so!" she exclaimed as Napier produced a box from the far side of the clock. "What do *you* say, Mr. Napier? Will it be over by Christmas? Greta is sure it will."

"H'm! H'm! About Miss Greta," Sir William struck in with that same exchange of glances the name had called forth at the beginning. "Gavan and I met the inspector of police as we came through the station. New broom. In a great taking. He 'd been hauled over the coals, it seems, by an old retired colonel hereabouts—fella called McManus. Has a place a little way down the coast. These retired men are the devil. They don't know they 're retired. This fella McManus got wind of a German lady who was here for a week and who, he said, went poking her nose everywhere."

"She *had* to poke her nose—to get housemaids and an odd man. But McManus! He *must* be an old horror."

"Well, that 's what he said, 'poking her nose everywhere,' when he lodged his complaint with the inspector. Very decent fella, the inspector."

"Lodged a complaint!" Lady McIntyre echoed. "Against a member of our household!"

"Yes, yes. It 's all right. I told the inspector we knew all about Miss von Schwarzenberg, and could absolutely vouch for her."

"Here she is," said Napier from the window.

In another minute Madge and Bobby were bursting in, followed by the other two, Miss von Schwarzenberg wearing a new look of subdued triumph. The American was eager, stirred, smiling in Napier's direction, yet far from seeming as happy as the girl adored by Julian should be.

Madge and Bobby filled the room with their accounts of the queer journey, the long stoppages, the waiting for government trains to pass, and the way the troops seemed to be moving about the country.

"Miss Greta thought it was n't soldiers," Bobby threw in. *"She* says, 'coal for the fleet.' "

"That was only at first," Madge defended Miss Greta, "before we found out that we were held up for another—a perfectly *thrilling* reason! But it 's a dead secret, is n't it, Miss Greta?"

"The deadest kind," she answered as she bent her head for Nan to unpin her veil.

"Russians!" said Madge in a loud stage whisper. "They 're sending *armies* of 'em."

"Russians?" Lady McIntyre blinked rapidly and looked at the door in a perturbed way.

"Yes, to fight the—" Bobby turned tactfully to his father. "I 'll be bound *you* know all about it."

"Not a syllable."

Madge laughed.

"Dear old Daddy;" she said patronizingly. "Well, *we* know, so you need n't keep it up. And it 's an awfully good dodge. Think of the surprise it 'll be."

"It would be a surprise, right enough," her father admitted.

"You see," Bobby continued, to enlighten his mama, "the North Sea 's full of mines, so they 've shipped the Russian troops from Archangel, landed 'em in Scotland, and they 're rushing 'em through England to the front."

Whether Sir William had any knowledge of this spirited proceeding or not, Bobby had plenty. He 'd collected impressions on the journey.

Sir William was occupied in paying facetious tribute to Miss Greta for her manipulation of beds and arm-chairs.

"Eh? What?" he interrupted himself to say to a footman whom he discovered unexpectedly behind the barrier of the reading-desk. "Did n't you hear? Tea for these ladies."

"Beg pardon, Sir William, but there 's an inspector of police—"

"Inspector! What 's he want *now?"*

"He—a—well, sir, he 'd like to speak to you for a moment, sir."

Sir William rose rather testily and went out. He took the precaution to turn back to shut the door after the footman had followed him across the threshold.

"Well," said Miss Greta, brightly to Madge, "I am wondering whether you will like your room. You 'll find it next mine. You remember the plan I drew?"

"Oh, yes. I 'll go up after tea. Simply ravenous!"

Miss Greta bent toward the girl.

"We are n't fit to sit down to tea."

Wildfire turned to protest. She seemed to read in the soft face a resolution no stranger would have detected either there or in the words.

"I 'm going up, too, in a minute. I 'll come for you." Madge went quietly out.

Through the open window only the voices from the next room were audible, not the words. Lady McIntyre was all too aware of them.

Miss Greta joined Napier at the window.

"Pretty view, don't you think?" She, too, listened to those accents in the next room.

As the door opened, her eyelids fluttered, but she never looked round. The footman

was back again with an excuse instead of tea.

"It 's the range m'lady. It *seems* to 'ave gone hout. But the tea won't be long. And Sir William says, will Miss von Sworsenburg kindly step into the next room."

CHAPTER X

Miss von "Sworsenburg" had obliged with a cloudless face. It was Lady McIntyre who looked disturbed, even guilty. She took refuge in a work-bag, which she unhooked from the back of her chair. She jerked it open hurriedly on her knees and bent her head to rummage in the depths. Conversation between Napier and Nan languished. Both were listening to those voices in the next room.

The door opened abruptly, and in bustled Sir William, ruffling up the little hair he had left and looking the very picture of discomfort.

"Perfect dolt, that fella!" he threw over his shoulder to Miss Greta. She followed Sir William with an air of calmness, not to say detachment, that even she, past mistress in the art of conveying the finer shades of superiority, had never excelled.

"I left my gloves, I think," she said.

Sir William had gone to the bell and rung twice.

"That fella says she ought to go and register. Makes out he 'll get into trouble if she does n't go at once."

"Register, William? What nonsense! Why on earth should *she?"*

"Why? Oh, because the permit was informal and only for a given time. Silly idiots!"

"Well, well," his wife soothed him, "tell the creatures, if they 're in such a ridiculous hurry, she 'll motor over to-morrow."

"To-morrow won't do. He 's had orders. It 's got to be to-night." Sir William spoke in his most testy tone.

Nan had sprung up and gone to her friend. Napier, too, had come forward. He picked up the missing gloves.

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Greta, with her smile. But it was the look on Nan's face that now struck Napier—a look that haunted him afterward. If it had n't been absurd, he would have thought she was thanking him with all her soul; was *giving* him something; something of unbelievable sweetness, "just because I stooped to pick up that woman's gloves!"

It was all in a flash. The next moment Nan stood buttoning up the coat she had so lately unbuttoned, and saying, "If you really must, I 'm coming, too!" her eyes angry, her face ashamed. Miss von Schwarzenberg made no answer. Lady McIntyre was jerking out a succession of nervous questions that nobody took the trouble to notice.

"What we 're coming to, *I* don't know." Sir William fumed and strutted up and down.

"Yes, Sir William." The servant stood there.

"Where 's the *tea?"* Lady McIntyre in a sinking ship would have cried, "Where 's the lifeboat?" with much the same accent and look of desperation.

"It 's coming, m'lady. It 's on the way up."

"Did n't I tell you five minutes ago"—the footman was catching it on the other side now,—"you were to get the telephone for the car?"

"Yes, Sir William. It 's coming round now, Sir William."

"Come, then," Miss Greta said, as though Nan were the person desired by the police, "I 'm afraid I must carry you off."

"Oh, my dear!" Lady McIntyre rose with precipitation. The bag rolled to the ground, but she did n't notice. Her blue eyes were on Greta's face a second, and then turned beseechingly on her husband. "William,"—she hurried over to him,—"surely, William, *you*—"

"Mere red-tape, mere red-tape, my dear," he said to his wife, "though, if Lord Dacre was n't coming over at half-past six on official business, I 'd go with you," he said handsomely to Miss von Schwarzenberg. Miss von Schwarzenberg murmured that she would n't on any account have Sir William take trouble.

"'ERE 'S WHERE YOU GO.' HE POINTED DOWNWARD WITH A LARGE, BLUNT FINGER. NAPIER IN HIS EMBARRASSMENT LOOKED AWAY FROM MISS GRETA"

Lady McIntyre had jerked her head at Napier. But Napier seemed not to know his part in this scene. He stood silent, looking at the indignant face of Miss Greta's "little friend."

"It 's too dreadful to let you go without one of us!" Lady McIntyre wailed. "Shall *I* come, Greta dear?" And then, a good deal unstrung at the possibility of having her offer accepted: "N-not that I 'd be much good, I 'm afraid. I was never in a police station in my life."

"I don't imagine," said Miss Greta, with her fine mixture of tolerance and delicate contempt, "that any of us have been much in police stations."

Recollection of Lord Dacre had not brought entire repose to Sir William. He twisted round in the comfortable chair.

"What do you say, Gavan? You won't mind representing me in this little—" he paused as the butler passed between them with a tray. The footman at his heels announced the car.

"Oh, she *can't* go without tea!" Lady McIntyre cried. Then with extreme felicity she added, "Before they hang people they give them tea!"

Nan bit her lip, but Greta smiled.

"It does n't the least matter about tea, dear Lady McIntyre. And I 'd rather get to Newton Hackett before the po— the place shuts." The fraction of an instant her eye rested on the servants, and then she said, as she went toward the door, *"So* good of you, so *kind* to let me have the motor!"

Miss Greta had contrived, with an economy of means beyond all praise, to give the expedition an air of being devised for her special convenience.

Napier was, as Sir William put it, to "represent" him in this little matter. As the three were getting into the car, Madge leaned out of an upper window.

"Well, I *do* think, sending me up here to wait for you! Where are you going?"

"Newton Hackett, dearest. Back soon." Miss Greta waved her handkerchief.

In a long bare room a figure in uniform confronted them.

"Are you Inspector Adler?" Napier at once began.

Yes, the big fair man with a high color and heavy jaw was Inspector Adler.

"You were telephoned to, I believe?"

Yes, Inspector Smith had telephoned from Lamborough.

"Then you know all about this lady's errand." Napier stood aside for Miss Greta. The interrogation went speedily forward.

"Your surname is Sworsenberg?" the inspector asked.

"No; von Schwarzenberg."

He seemed not greatly to like having his pronunciation corrected.

"Will you spell it?"

She spelt it.

"Your Christian name?"

"Johanna Marguerite."

"Please spell them."

She obliged.

"Where were you born?"

"At Ehrenheim."

"Will you spell it?" And when she had done so, he looked at the word with suspicion. "Where is it?"

"In Hanover."

"In Germany, you mean."

"In Hanover, Germany."

"In Germany." He put down the word about which already such a host of new connotations had begun to cling.

Nan lifted her eyes from the register to the man's face. He was taking this business too seriously, with his "Germany, you mean," as if Greta had tried to pretend that Hanover was somewhere else.

"I 'm not English either," said Miss Ellis in an explanatory tone.

"No?" The inspector fixed her with his serious, blue eyes. "What are you?"

"American."

"Oh," he said and lost interest.

"Now, Miss-a-Sworsenburger, what is the date of your birth?"

If Miss Greta hesitated a second, it seemed to be from a natural disgust at hearing her name murdered.

"Born 1886, and the name is von Schwarzenberg." She must have been aware of the touch of hauteur in the tone of her correction, for instantly she changed

it. "You, too,"—she smiled at the burly inspector,—"you have a German name."

"*Me?*"

"Adler is one of the most com—usual names in Germany."

"My name 's not Ahdler; it 's Addler."

"That 's only the corruption," she said less cautiously than was her wont.

"Never 'eard in me life of a corrupt Addler. What 's your business over 'ere?"

"This lady," Napier intervened, "came into the family of Sir William and Lady McIntyre as a governess."

"She has become a valued personal friend," Miss Ellis put in stiffly. "Have n't you heard that by telephone? You have only to ring up Sir William himself—"

"We are not supposed to take our information by telephone. How long do you want to stay in this country?"

"She lives here, as I 've told you," said Napier, "in the family of—"

The interrogatory went on, Nan more and more furious, appealing silently to Napier from time to time; Miss Greta taking it all with a dignity that made even Napier feel he had never yet seen her to such advantage. The inspector, too, must in his way have felt that this foreigner who had accused him of being a German (*Him,* James Adler, for the love of God!) and had accused the Adlers of being corrupted, was somehow getting the best of the interview. He was already accustomed (and the war was as yet counted by weeks) to seeing the few Germans who had presented themselves to be registered adopt an attitude either humorous (accompanied by offers of cigars) or uneasy and tending toward the apologetic. Napier was sure that Adler lorded it a little even over people who knew how to treat an inspector properly.

"I don't see how you can stay here at all now they 've made this into a proscribed area," he said with a touch of pride at being inspector of a place so distinguished.

"Oh, so they have!" Miss Greta smiled. "I *ought* to have remembered when Sir William took the trouble to see about a special permit." She opened a bag and took out a paper.

Inspector Adler looked at it with suspicion. Just this kind of case evidently had n't come his way before.

"Maybe it 's reg'lar," he said cautiously as he handed the paper back. "Better take care of it. You 'll need it if you do stay and ever want permission to go outside the five-mile radius."

Miss Greta maintained a lofty silence.

"How does she get such a further permission?" said Napier.

"By applying to the proper authority," said Mr. Adler; "in this case to me." The inspector was dabbing some purple ink on a pad. "Now your finger-print, if you please."

Miss Greta drew back, scarlet.

"A German is what I am, not a criminal."

"'Ere 's where you go." He pointed downward with a large, blunt finger.

Napier in his embarrassment looked away from Miss Greta. His glance fell upon Nan. The girl's eyes had filled.

"It 's an outrage," she said in a choked voice. "*That* kind of identification is meant for rogues and murderers."

But Miss Greta had recovered herself.

"And *that* sort of person," she said, "of course must object very much. But, after all, why *should* people like us?"

Nan pressed close to Greta's side.

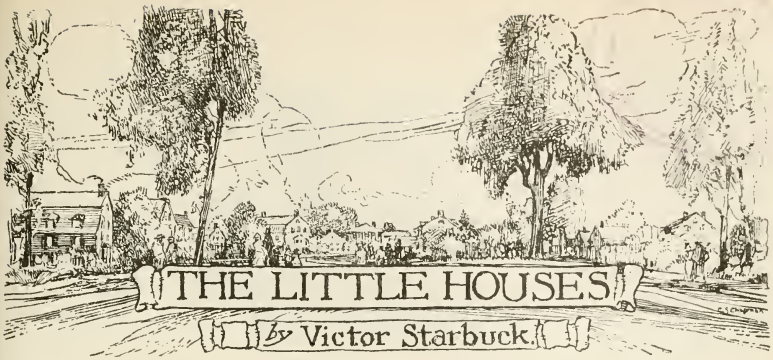
"Then you must finger-print me, too!" she said between pleading and command. "I 'm every bit as much an alien as this lady."

"Not if you 're an American. *She* 's an enemy alien."

"She 's *not* an enemy! You ought n't to say such things."

"Maybe you know what I ought to say better than the Gover'ment."

(To be continued)



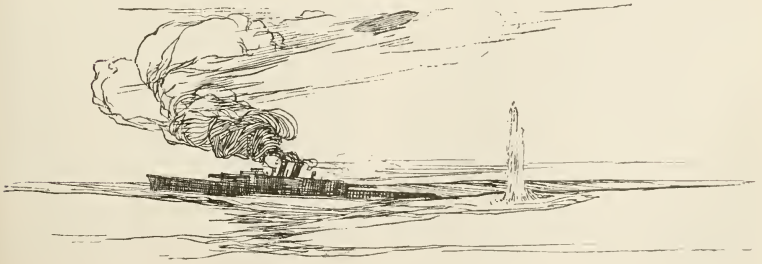
THE LITTLE HOUSES

by Victor Starbuck

WE have builded many things, fashioned many wonders,
Scythe and plow and saddletree and hunting-knife and spear;
We have wrought for beauty and for glory and for pleasure,
And have builded little houses for the women we love dear.
All along the highways there are little houses,
Pleasant in the sunlight, peaceful in the rain;
You may see the folk go forth early in the morning,
And at dusk returning home along the lane.

We have fashioned Zeppelins and bayonets and cannon,
Launched our dreadnoughts on the sea, a terror to the deep;
Yet be God our witness, we have also builded houses—
Little peaceful houses where the little children sleep.
Some are set in gardens, lawns and trees about them,
Some are crowded, wall to wall, along the city street;
But in town and country God has blessed the little houses
With the laughing eyes of women and with children's romping feet.

We have molded for ourselves telegraphs and tunnels,
Builded bridge and barrack-room, derrick, dock, and gun;
But for love of women we have builded little houses,
Pleasant in the shadows and peaceful in the sun.
All the wide world over there are little houses,
Silent in the starlight, shining in the dew;
There with children's laughter and the loving hearts of women
God, the mighty Builder, builds the world anew.



"SHE HAD SEEN THE FACE OF THE THROWER OF THE BOTTLE."

The Red Shadow

By L. FRANK TOOKER

Illustrations by E. W. Kemble

SIS' MAME, the old obi woman, came to her door and stood idly looking down the valley. It had suddenly grown dark, and the first breath of the night wind was stirring the tops of the trees. A squall had come up before sunset, and in Love-Lady Court the dripping leaves had driven Sis' Mame's neighbors indoors. A sharper gust blew down a shower of drops, and she saw a dark form at the head of the first flight of stairs that led out of the court move in closer to the trunk of the great tamarind-tree that stood there. She chuckled.

"Dar 's dat Cato erg'in," she muttered, "all togged out in his Sunday clothes, er-wantin' tow go er-co'tin' Sis' Lily May, an' dass n't. Dar he stands er-watchin' her do', but dass n't go in. Ah 'm goin' make him jump."

Moved by something of the impish mischief that colored all her actions, Sis' Mame stooped below the line of her fence, and, going softly, came up behind the man at the tree. He was peering out at the lighted doorway through which the slender form of Sis' Lily May could be seen moving about in the dimly lighted room. Once she turned to speak over her shoulder, and as her gay laugh floated out to them, Sis' Mame saw the shoulders of the watching man stir and she heard him sigh. Then he stooped to the ground.

There came to them then the answering laugh of a man, and they saw Peter Bohun, the young negro overseer of the Debevoise plantation, saunter across the room and put his arm lightly about the waist of the girl. As she laughingly strove to free herself, Sis' Mame heard a sob and saw Cato launch himself toward the door like a bolt released from a spring.

Sis' Mame scuttled back through her own gateway, and, turning at the door, saw Cato's upflung arm swing forward in a swift arch; she saw him melt away in the darkness as a shrill scream broke upon her ears. Softly closing her door, she lighted a candle, then hurried to her door again, opening it noisily.

The court was already alive with shadowy forms hurrying toward the house where Sis' Lily May crouched on the floor, sobbing wildly, with her apron over her head. Her mother, dazed, stood over her, wringing her hands. Peter Bohun knelt at the girl's side. Sis' Mame pushed through the gaping crowd and leaned over the girl as he said in a broken voice:

"What 's da matter, honey? Faw da Lawd's sake! what 's da matter?"

Sis' Mame caught at the girl's apron where it hung below her face, and held it up. It was red with blood.

"Dis yerry 's da matter," she cried—"blood is da matter. What yo' been up tow, Peter Bohun?"

"Me!" gasped Peter, and stared at the blood-stained apron. His face grew ashen.

"Yas, yo'," snapped Sis' Mame. Her foot struck something hard, and stooping, she picked up the neck and jagged half of a thick bottle, and the girl's mother began to scream.

"Yo' Rose, hesh up yo' noise!" commanded Sis' Mame.

She put the broken bottle in her pocket and snatched at the girl's hands. The apron fell. From a ringed cut about her chin and mouth the blood was streaming. Sis' Lily May turned wildly beseeching eyes up to the shocked faces about her.

"Oh, is ma face done sp'iled?" she cried. "Yen't nobody goin' tell me is it?"

She sprang to her feet and rushed to a cracked little mirror that hung on the wall, and with one agonized look dropped down to the floor again, hiding her face in her hands, and rocking back and forth in silent despair.

Sis' Mame took charge. She bound up the girl's wounds, and sternly began to question the girl's mother and Peter Bohun. They could tell her little.

"Lily May was er-laughin', an' den she screamed an' dropped down on da flo' lak yo' seen"— That was the whole story.

Sis' Mame questioned the neighbors, but learned nothing. They had come at the girl's cry. Sis' Mame nodded gravely.

"Dat 's lak me as two peas," she declared. "Ah was er-settin' by ma fire, er-broodin' on da worl' an' its sorrers, an' Ah hear dat gal yelp lak dat. Quare doin's some'ers. Quare doin's." She looked keenly about upon the huddle of dark, excited faces as she added significantly: "An' Ah 'm er-goin' make it ma business tow find out what dem doin's is, yas, seh, an' find 'em out in ma own way. Ah yen't er-goin' tow hab ma peace broke in no sich er way lak dis. Now, obbe yo' [all of you] scatter, an' scatter mighty quick."

It was not Sis' Mame's way to be direct; she came to her results by devious, occult methods. For a week she said nothing, then one morning all Love-Lady Court knew that she had at last had a sign. It was said that she had seen the face of the thrower of the bottle in the steam that rose from her brazier as she worked a hoodoo spell. It was known that the brazier had contained the bottle and a drop of Sis' Lily May's blood, but what "conjure" mixture it had also held Sis' Mame of course had not disclosed. She was eagerly asked the man's name.

"Who said it was er man?" she asked dryly. "Who said Ah seen er face? But dat spell is er-workin', an' dat pusson 's er-goin' tow come er-crawlin' tow ma foots in sorrer. An' obbe yo' 's goin' tow know, faw some day he 's er-goin' tow look down an' see his shader red on da groun'—red lak blood. In moonshine an' sunshine dar 'll it be. He 's er-goin' tow wear da mark o' sin."

Meanwhile no one saw Sis' Lily May's face. She had been a light-hearted girl, proud of her comeliness, but now, in her sick apprehension of defacing scars, she gave herself up to despair. She never went beyond her own door, and about the house she wore a thick, black veil. Though all her admirers made light of her fear, to all she gave the same answer:

"Obbe yo' wait. Mebby Ah won't nebber mah'y nobody. Ah sholy won't mah'y nobody what 'll be 'shamed o' me. Ah cyan't stand dat nohow. Obbe yo' wait twel Ah show ma face."

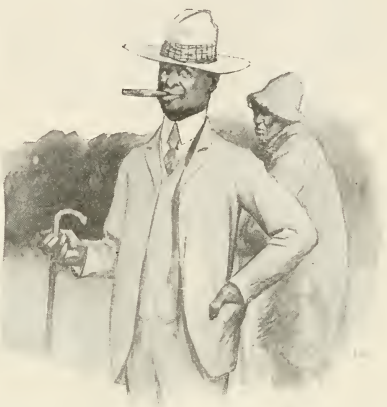
"What do Ah care faw dem marks?" Peter Bohun would protest. "Dem yen't yo', honey. It 's yo' Ah lub; an', what 's mo', Ah guess dat bottle was meant faw me; yas, seh. Yo' think Ah 'm goin' let yo' sacerfice yo'se'f faw me dat er-way? No, honey. We 'll go da same road hand in hand: yo' wear dem marks on yo' face, an' Ah 'll wear yo' on ma heart."

But Sis' Lily May, sittin' far from the candle-light, shook her veiled head.

"Yo' 'll see dem marks, but Ah won't see yo' heart," she replied. "How Ah know yo' heart yen't er-goin' tow change? No,

Ah got tow be *sure,* an' Ah *cyan't* be sure. O ma Lawd!" She broke into a sob and ran from the room.

Then one night Cato came down from his home far up on the slope of King Hill to visit her. He was a worker in the sugar-houses and lived alone. A small, shy man, he had never been known as a lover of Sis' Lily May, and only Sis' Mame had seen him creeping up the stairs night after night to gaze at the girl from afar. He bore a good reputation in the community, and he had a pleasant face, with the pleading, faithful eyes of a dog. As he entered the room with a hesitating, deferential step, and a disturbed look on his face, Sis' Lily May looked up with a touch of pleased surprise. He had viewed her beauty and gaiety unmoved, she thought, but now at the touch of disfiguring misfortune had sought her for herself alone. In his eyes she read both sympathy and love, with a sort of distressed humility. For the first time since her injury she felt at ease in the presence of a visitor.



"PETER BOHUN, THE YOUNG NEGRO OVERSEER OF THE DEBEVOISE PLANTATION"

"Sis' Lily May," he said as he took his seat on the far side of the room, "Ah 'm mighty sorry faw yo' sorrer. Seems lak Ah 'd lak tow take it on mase'f. Seems so."

"But yo' cyan't," she replied sadly; "an' Ah doan' know 's Ah wants anybody takin' ma troubles on hisse'f, an' yo' yen't no call tow take 'em."

"'T would be er joy," he answered in a low voice. "Ah done been see yo' lak a star faw many er long day; seems lak dat star 's done gone out now."

In a way the thought was Sis' Lily May's own; she, too, felt that she was like a star that had gone out. Her heart warmed to him with sympathy.

"Dat 's jes how Ah feel—lak Ah was dead," she said tremulously.

"Ah reckon dat pusson what hurt yo' wishes he was dead, too," he replied. "He nebber meant tow do dat, Ah know."

"Sis' Mame she says he 's er-goin' tow come er-crawlin' tow her foots, an' we-all 's goin' tow see him," she said eagerly, with a kind of childlike awe; but Ah doan' want tow see him—er man lak dat. Ah 'd be scairt stiff."

He looked up at her questioningly, a furrow of anxiety wrinkling his brow.

"How come Sis' Mame tow know dat?" he asked.

"She 's conjured him," she replied; "an' what 's mo', he 's goin' tow cas' er red shader, she says. He 's goin' tow wear da mark o' sin."

"Ah reckon he wears it now, in his heart," he replied. He tried to smile skeptically as he added, "Yo' cyant bliebe *all* Sis' Mame says."

But fear possessed his soul, and he pushed his chair back close to the wall and wondered whether his shadow showed in the dim candle-light of the room. He no longer cared to stay, but dared not move, and presently visitors began to arrive and held him, through fear of their sharp eyes, to his place. Silent, in misery, he waited.

The room was full of people when later in the evening Sis' Mame appeared at the door. She ducked her head and laughed.

"Any room faw a' ol' bag o' bones lak me?" she called gaily. She stepped heavily over the sill, and leaning against the wall, glanced toward Sis' Lily May's veiled face, "How yo' is, honey gal?" she asked tenderly. "Ah looked outen ma do' an' seen

obbe dese dolesome faces, an' says Ah tow mase'f, 'Am 'm er-goin' over dar an chirk dat gal up an' make her laugh. Her face 'll git sot in sorrer when it heals, with obbe dem sad mourners er-settin' roun'.' "

She sidled into the room with a funny little hitching step, humming a gay tune as she advanced; but as she neared the middle of the room, her tall, gaunt form suddenly stiffened into immobility, and her keen eyes glanced about her. "Sin 's done come in da do'," she said harshly—"sin 's done come in. Ah feel it in ma ol' bones, col' an' shibbery, lak er grabe."

A little tremor of nervous excitement ran through the crowded room, and the visitors glanced furtively at one another; but Sis' Lily May threw her apron over her veiled head and began to sob.

"O Sis' Mame, doan' let it come!" she wailed. "Seems lak Ah cyan't stan' it."

"Tow late now, chile," Sis' Mame snapped. "What 's come, is come, an' shettin' yo' eyes won't make it go."

She walked to the table, and, taking up two lighted candles that stood there, carried them to the front of the room and set them on a shelf by the open door. Then she walked back to the middle of the room.

In the deathlike stillness she stood rigid, like one in a trance. To the strained eyes of the watchers her face seemed gradually to take on all the aspects of death itself. Her eyes were open, but in their unblinking fixedness of gaze there was neither sight nor intelligence; her jaw had dropped; an ashen grayness overspread her face; its wrinkled ridges looked hard, like stone. For a long time she stood thus, and then slowly, almost imperceptibly, life seemed to flow back in a tiny trickle. Her arms twitched; now and then she moaned like one in pain; and presently her whole body was in motion—motion that seemed apart from volition, and which gradually increased until her frail form seemed the vehicle of unconscious frenzy.

Her eyes were blazing. now as she whirled rhythmically in a wild dance that kept time to a low-hummed accompaniment. The accompaniment grew louder, a clearly enunciated series of sounds that were yet unintelligible. Then suddenly she broke into a chanted song:

One man passed frough da needle's eye
(O sinner, doan' yo' see da do'?)
On da flo' see his shader lie
(Sinner, sinner, come no mo'!).

Shader o' blood an' heart o' sin
(O sinner, doan' yo' see da do'!),
Go frough da do' dat yo' come in
(Sinner, sinner, come no mo'!).

Still dancing, she pointed a finger at Peter Bohun, imperiously waving him out.

Scowling, he hesitated; but something about that grimly pointing finger and gaunt form, with all the traditional dread of Sis' Mame's mystical power, bore down his resistance, and rising slowly at last, he slunk away. His face showed both resentment and apprehension, but no one heeded: all eyes were turned toward his shadow as it darkened across the dirt floor. A sigh of relief ran through the company, and all eyes again turned toward Sis' Mame, for the shadow was not red.

She herself had not turned toward it, and still dancing, she now took up her chant again, and again at its close waved a man out. He went swaggeringly, and a hysterical giggle ran through the company. With swaying bodies and tapping feet, many were now keeping time to Sis' Mame's dance. Occasionally a deep-toned "Um-la! um-la!" made a halting accompaniment to her shrill, staccato song. With an upward fling of her arms, one woman sprang to her feet with a wild cry, and fell in a huddled heap to the floor, and lay there, sobbing. A few ran out, and stood together in a whispering group in the darkness outside the door.

Sis' Mame, wholly unheeding, went on with her song, which she now hurried through, rapidly emptying the room until one visitor alone remained. With his chair still pushed close against the wall, Cato sat with dull eyes of terror. Now and then his lips moved stiffly. As Sis' Mame began her song for the last time, he turned his beseeching eyes for a moment toward

Sis' Lily May, who had nervously risen from her chair.

She saw his look, and something of the friendly sympathy with which she had greeted him on his first coming now stirred in her heart anew at sight of his manifest agony. Furthermore, she had reached the breaking-point of endurance. With a quick dash she ran to the door, blew out the candles, and, turning, cried:

"Cato, yo' go! Faw da Lawd's sake, go! Ah cyan't stan' it no longer."

He rose hesitatingly and stumbled toward the door, where Sis' Lily May stood impatiently waiting. Sis' Mame, still chanting her song in the darkness behind him, had not moved.

"It doan' seem fair to go now, Sis' Lily May," he said falteringly. "Obbe dem friends o' yo's has had dar chance, an' if dat shader is dar, dar it is, an' seems lak I orter stay an' show it. Ah doan' want tow shirk no sorrer—faw yo' sake, chile."

She pushed him over the sill, crying:

"Faw da Lawd's sake, go!"

As he stumbled down the step and for an instant halted in doubtful distress, a derisive shout rose from the waiting crowd outside. The whole court had gathered before the house, now moved by superstition and fear to a mood of ugly resentment. Some one threw a stone that struck Cato on the shoulder, and he turned.

"Who done dat?" he called, but was answered by jeers, and the crowd, pushing forward, began to hustle him about. His terror now took on a new form—a fight for his life, and with the strength of frenzied fear he struck about him, trying to force his way through the press.

Beaten back under a rain of blows from all sides, he fell across the sill. As he sprang to his feet, Sis' Lily May leaped to his side, and threw out her arms.

"Yen't yo' 'shamed!" she screamed. "Yo' wan' tow kill him? Den kill me with him. He nebber done nuttin' tow me. Nebber."

In the momentary hesitation that Sis' Lily May's intercession caused, a man in front of the crowd struck a match. As the flame sputtered before Cato's face, he drew back, and a woman screamed:

"Da red shader! See! Dar on da house!"

With a chill clutch of terror at his heart, Cato turned to look over his shoulder as Sis' Lily May struck the match from the man's hand. As the sudden darkness fell, a groan rose from the throng.

Cato rightly interpreted the groan as the voice of avenging rage, and his heart turned to water. With a moan he darted along by the house and leaped down the steep embankment above which it was set. They heard him crash into the thick shrubbery below, and with a wild shout the men took up the pursuit, swarming down the wall and taking the stairs at the foot of the court.

They did not find him. Baffled and perplexed, they returned in straggling groups to the court, and again gathered before Sis' Lily May's house, now closed and dark. Against the door, inside, Sis' Lily May sat and listened. Through the crowd Sis' Mame sidled, gay and voluble.

"Mebby ol' man Satan cotched him," once she said, with a cackling laugh. "Seems lak dat red shader was ol' man Satan's tail."

"If Ah git ma hands on dat boy, dat tail won't twitch no mo'," a tall negro said grimly.

Sis' Mame had her own uses for Cato and the red shadow, and she strode up to the man and shook a finger in his face.

"Yo' Mark, yo' hear me now. Yo' let dat Cato erlone," she said warningly. "Yo' leab him tow sin. Sin an' sorrer 'll take care of *him*. An' yo' want tow git dat spell put on yo', does yo'? Yo' goin' tow if yo' doan't watch out. Yo' hear?" She brought her face close to his, and before the threatening gleam of her eyes the man's gaze wavered.

It was long after midnight, and the court had long since given itself over to sleep, when there came a low knock at Sis' Mame's door. She opened it almost at once. Cato stood there.

"Dat yo',. boy?" she said genially. "Come in. Come in. Seems lak Ah *knew* da spi'ts was er-wanderin' erbout; Ah could n't shet ma eyes."

He limped stiffly over the threshold, and

"CATO SAT WITH DULL EYES OF TERROR"

she looked at him sharply. Even in the gloom she marked his battered appearance.

"Ah done hurt ma laig when Ah jumped," he said, in answer to her questioning look.

"Obbe dem folks could n't cotch yo', if yo' did," she replied, with a chuckle. "Yo' must 'a' had wings."

"Ah hurt ma laig, so Ah clumb up er tree an' hid," he explained. She nodded.

"Ah knew," she said.

"Yo' mighty good not tow tell, Sis' Mame," he said gratefully. "An' now if yo' 'll let me stay in a corner somewhar tow-night, tow-marra night Ah 'll try tow stow away on er vessel an' leabe forever. Seems lak dat 's all dat 's lef' faw me."

"Whar yo' goin'?" she asked.

"Jes er-goin'," he said hopelessly. "Ah doan' know whar." He felt in his pocket and drew out a gold coin. As he held it out to her, she clutched it greedily. "Dat 's faw yo' goodness, Sis' Mame," he explained. "An' yo' go git ma chickens at ma house faw yo'se'f, an' tell Sis' Lily May she mus' hab da rest. Seems lak she orter hab 'em—faw da annoyance."

"Ah 'll tell her," she replied. She looked at him narrowly. "If yo' got shet of dat red shader, yo' would n't hab tow go. Ah could help yo' git shet of it."

He shook his head, and a look of patient suffering came to his eyes.

"Seems lak Ah orter wear it," he replied. "Seems so."

They said no more, and presently he crept away to a corner and lay down. He was restless through the night, but when Sis' Mame softly opened her door in the red light of dawn he was sleeping. She went out into the still hush of the coming day and walked to the gate. Doors were opening in the court, and men and women going forth to their labor. As they passed down to the stairs they glanced furtively at Sis' Mame and hurried on. The frenzy of the previous night was gone, and Sis' Mame knew that Cato was now safe from any harm at their hands. She spoke to none of them, but when Sis' Lily May came to her door, unveiled for the first time since her injury, she called gaily:

"Ma Lawd! chile, I done forgot how pretty yo' is, Ah yen't seen yo' face faw so long."

Sis' Lily May gave no sign that she had heard, but looked steadily up at the sky, across which round, rose-tinted trade-wind clouds drove. Sis' Mame sidled nearer

"Whar 's yo' manners, gal?" she said. "When er ol' 'ooman lak me speaks, cyan't yo' speak back?"

Sis' Lily May looked at her with scorn.

"Ol' 'ooman!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "Better say ol' trouble-breedeh. What faw yo' want tow set obbe dem folks on Cato faw? He nebber hurt me. He yen't dat kin'."

"What kin'?" snapped Sis' Mame. "Huh! gal, sin an' temper doan' belong tow no fambly: dey strike da unjus' *an'* da jus'. What faw yo' yen't got yo' veil?"

"Ah done bury ma pride in sorrer," Sis' Lily May replied. "Seems lak Ah orter flop down on ma knees an' ask dat Cato's forgiveness, makin' him all dat trouble when he yen't done nuttin' tow me."

"If yo' goin' tow flop on yo' knees tow him, yo' got tow flop mighty quick," Sis' Mame said, "faw he 's going' er-way."

"How yo' know?" demanded Sis' Lily May, turning sharply upon her.

Sis' Mame waved her hand backward.

"He jes tol' me," she explained.

Sis' Lily May brushed past her, and with a determined air strode across the road to Sis' Mame's house. Sis' Mame, watching her go, giggled in her hands.

"Ma Lawd!" she cackled to herself, "yo' never kin tell what er gal will do. Cyan't she make herse'f b'liebe jes what she wants tow bliebe? But she 's goin' bu'st his head wide open when she finds out what he done. Ma Lawd! she is so."

Cato, sitting on a stool, with his chin in his hands, looked up as Sis' Lily May darkened the door; then he stared in dumb misery. Sis' Lily May paused.

"Seems lak Ah made yo' er mighty lot o' trouble," she said pathetically. "Ah know yo' would n't hurt er fly, an' Ah let Sis' Mame stir—"

"Stop ri' dar, Sis' Lily May," he broke in. "Ah got tow ease ma heart. Ah allers knew Ah never had no chance with yo', so Ah jes stood back an' watched yo' lak a star. Dat was ernough faw me; Ah did n't 'spect no mo'. Dat night yo' got hurt Ah was by da big tamarind, er-hearin' yo' laugh an' er-drinkin' yo' in with ma eyes. An' den Ah hear dat Peter Bohun, an' dat made me mighty nervous-lak, gallivantin' man lak him hangin' roun' yo'. He yen't no sort er man faw yo', Sis' Lily May. An' den ma foot struck dat bottle, an' it seemed jes lak it was sent. Den Ah seen him put his arm roun' yo', an' Ah could n't stand it no longer, an' jes flung dat bottle at him. Seem lak Ah *had* tow. But, O ma Lawd; it hit yo'!"

For a moment he dropped his head in his hands, then, rising suddenly, faced her. She had neither moved nor spoken.

"An' now, Sis' Lily May," he said, "Ah 've got dat red shader, lak Sis' Mame said, an' Ah 'm goin' er-way. But if yo' say stay an' face it out, Ah 'll stay. Ah kinder lost ma nerve las' night, an' Ah ran."

"Yo' 'll do what Ah say?" she asked.

"Yas, 'm."

She laid her hand shyly on his.

"Den stay faw me," she said.

He looked up almost in fear.

"But it 's only me, Sis' Lily May, yo' know," he said brokenly—"li'l' sawed-off runt what hurt yo'."

"But it is yo', an' Ah lak yo' best of all," she said. "An' yo' 'll lak me best. faw when yo' see dem marks, an' know yo' done 'em, yo' 'll be so sorry yo' 'll lub me mo' faw 'em. But dem udder men 'll jes see marks, an' mebby bimeby dey won't see nuttin' else."

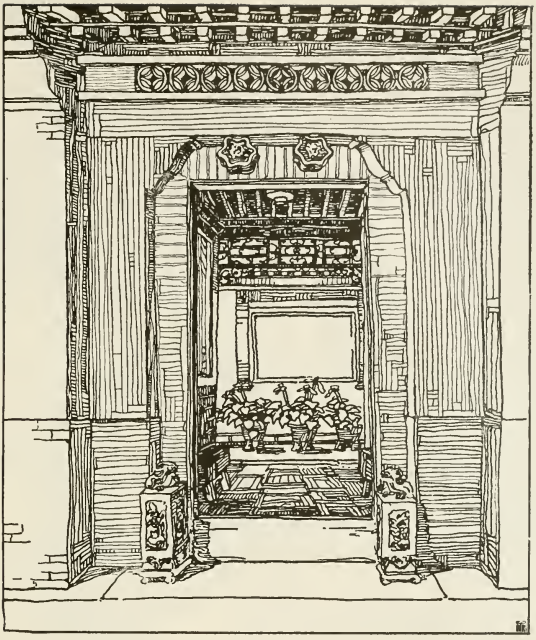
Half an hour later, Sis' Mame, talking with Sis' Lily May's mother, saw Cato come out of her house and limp toward the gate. Sis' Lily May called after him.

"How yo' goin' git erlong home lame lak dat?" she said anxiously.

"Wings o' joy, honey, jes wings o' joy," he called back, with a radiant face.

Sis' Mame stared, then dropped her giggling face into her hands.

"Ma Lawd!" she exclaimed, "yen't it jes lak Ah said? Yo' never kin tell what er gal will do."



FROM A CHINESE COURT

SIX POEMS

BY ELIZABETH JANE COATSWORTH

WITH DRAWINGS BY BENJY MORRISON

IN APRIL

THE WIND TANGLES AND KNOTS THE WILLOW'S SKEIN.
THE SMALL PEACH BEARS A LOAD ALL BLOSSOMY;
BUT PRESENTLY SHE LETS IT FALL AGAIN,
PETAL BY PETAL, FROM HER LISTLESS HANDS.

I SIT AND LISTEN TO THE BEATING WINGS
OF SWIFT SPRING DAYS FLYING FROM SOUTHERN LANDS.
BENEATH THE CRESTED EAVES THE WIND-BELLS PRAISE
HAWK DAYS, DOVE DAYS, AND DARTING SWALLOW DAYS.

A DESERTED COURTYARD

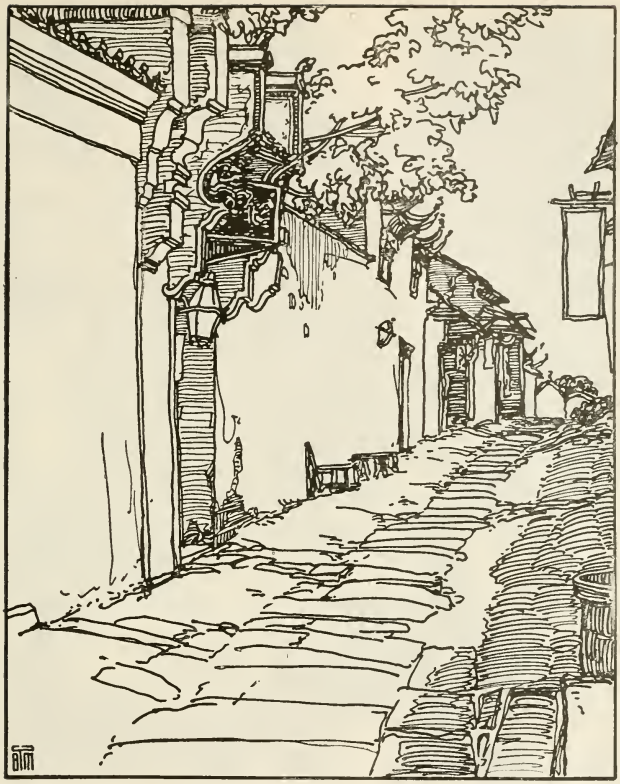
INTO THE ANCIENT COURTYARD ONLY COME
THE WIND TO SCATTER SWIRLS OF BLOSSOM PETALS
ABOUT THE OLD BRONZE PHOENIX, AND GREAT DAWS
TO BUILD UNTIDY NESTS IN THE EVERGREENS.

THE GATES ARE BOLTED. THESE ALONE COME NEAR,
UNLESS ONE COUNTS THE ANTIQUARIAN MOSS,
CREEPING TO TREASURE THE LAST FAINT IMPRINT
OF ROYAL FEET UPON THE WORN FLAGSTONES.

MANDARIN GARDEN

A DRAGON COILS ALONG THE PLASTERED WALL,
RAISING HIS HEAD TO LOOK DOWN IN THE POOL,
PRICKED BY THE STALKS OF LAST YEAR'S LOTUSES;
WORN ROCKS CONTRIVE A GROTTO, DEEP AND COOL,
O'ER WHICH A TINY PATH AMONG DWARF TREES
CLIMBS TO AN ELFIN HEIGHT TO VIEW THE EAVES.
IT RUSTLES DEEP WITH LONG-FORGOTTEN LEAVES.
BUT SPRING, IN JEALOUSY OF AUTUMN'S STORE,

THE CRUMBLING LEAVES HAS ALMOST COVERED O'ER
WITH RADIANT PETALS, SCATTERED BY THE BREEZE.
THINKING TO BURY ALL HER RIVAL'S WEALTH,
SHE QUITE FORGETS THAT THE OLD DRAGON SEES.



LONELINESS

THE CANDLE GAVE GOOD AUGURY LAST NIGHT.
ALL DAY I 'VE WAITED BY THE GARDEN GATE,
MY ARMS ABOUT THE CHILD, AND NOW IT 'S LATE.
NO CAVALCADE HAS RIDDEN INTO SIGHT.
NO FATE IS GOOD FOR ME SAVE HIS RETURN.
THE BABE IS A PLUM-GARLAND FOR HIS HEART;
IT CANNOT BE THE GODS' WISH WE SHOULD PART
TO-NIGHT AGAIN THE CANDLE I MUST BURN.

O EMPTY STREET, I DO NOT THINK YOU LEAD
TO THE DEAR LORD FOR WHOM MY POOR HEART GRIEVES.
THE SKY HAS WALLED YOU UP LIKE AN OLD TOMB,
AND IN THE DUSK THERE 'S DEW UPON MY SLEEVES.

BY THE CANAL

AT THE WALL-CORNER WHERE THE TILED ROOF THROWS
A SWEEPING, SWALLOW LINE AGAINST THE SKY,
THE PEACH-TREE GRANTS ITS LAST FAINT FLUSH OF ROSE;
THE ROOKS BACKWARD AND FORWARD FLY;
TWO HENS TAKE SHELTER WHERE THE MULBERRY GROWS;
THE RAIN SCUDS BY.

SPRING PRAYER

THE LITTLE GATE OPENS FROM THE DRAGON GARDEN
INTO THE SMOKY DARKNESS OF THE TEMPLE,
LIT BY THE RED WAX TAPER'S SWAYING FLAMES.
THE AIR IS HEAVY WITH THE INCENSE
BURNED HIGH BEFORE THE PAINTED IMAGE OF THE GODS.
IN THE BRONZE BRAZIER I, TOO, SHALL BURN MY OFFERING,
SILVER PAPER FOR THE SPIRITS OF THE FALLING PEACH-BLOSSOMS.

THE WAR

The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

(*In a series of brilliant sketches the author shows in this instalment the conditions existing in Europe at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, in* 1871. *The internal problems of England, Italy, Austria, and Russia, and the steady disintegration of the Turkish Sultan's dominions, are clearly portrayed. The rise of the new nations of Greece, Albania, Montenegro, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Rumania from the ruins of the great Turkish Empire, and the hopes, fears, and jealousies of the greater Continental powers, all form a vivid picture of the mess of misery into which Europe and the rest of the world were finally dragged in* 1914. *The student of modern history will find no better guide to the foolish policies and quarrels of the European powers during the last forty years than the following pages.*—THE EDITOR.)

III. THE NEIGHBORS OF THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE

HAVING conquered his main foes, Bismarck desired for the remainder of his career to preserve the public peace.[1] This, as already explained, was not so difficult a task as it became after his death. In 1871 almost all the great powers of Europe were winding up a series of experiments in the way of internal reforms or changes, and until the results of those changes were evident, none of them was very anxious to seek trouble by schemes against its neighbors. In the Balkans, to be sure, the extreme feebleness of the Turkish Empire and the oppression of the Christian populations therein by their Moslem masters were creating a problem which gave intense interest, especially to Russia, England, and Austria; but in the main international conditions after 1871 were fairly static.

To understand these conditions in Europe it is needful, therefore, to say something about these internal problems, because even if a story deals primarily with wars and diplomacy, the interior politics of a nation often react seriously upon its whole attitude toward a foreign question. Fear of an economic setback has kept many a country at peace when its hotheads have cried for war, and there is also ample room for the contention that finally, in 1914, the German ruling classes desired war, to a large extent because the pressure for liberal reforms, especially in favor of the hated socialists, was becoming so serious that it could not well be resisted unless all domestic questions were dropped from sight amid the uproar of a great international conflict.

By far the greatest power in Europe outside of Germany, and possibly including Germany, was Great Britain. Her army was small and sent no tremors

[1] Whether by exception he desired war with France in 1875 will be taken up elsewhere.

through the war department at Berlin, but Bismarck, though he disliked the English, never committed the folly of despising them. His relations with England, though sometimes cold, were always correct, and usually they were outwardly friendly. England, he realized, by her fleet could blockade any coast; by her wealth she could finance many poorer powers with large armies; and by her vast network of commercial and economic interests she could exert her influence all over the globe. Thus he saw she was a nation which it would be folly to provoke without the gravest possible cause.

England had possibly reached the zenith of her career in 1815, but she had hardly declined. No European power pretended to rival her navy, and it was long before there was serious rivalry to her merchant marine, her commerce, and her manufactures. In the sixties the American Civil War and the substitution of steel for wooden vessels had enabled her to escape from the competition of American shipping, which for a while had been becoming formidable. Her colonial empire did not cover so much of Africa as it does today; but she already held in her grasp India, Canada, Australia, and innumerable isles. Resting secure behind her "oaken walls" (now, with the change in ship-building, becoming no less formidable "walls of steel"), she had been able to keep clear of most of the rivalries and wars of the Continent. She entered into no permanent alliances. She threw her mighty influence usually on the side of peace, and always on the side of that party which was striving to preserve the status quo and to prevent the alteration of the "balance of power," in other words, the sudden uprising of some Continental empire which would overshadow all others and ultimately become a menace to England. Since Bismarck had put a happy stop to French schemes against Great Britain, and himself seemed quite content with the gains of 1871, England reciprocated his desire for friendly relations, although by no means indorsing all his deeds and methods.

In 1871, England most decidedly was not looking beyond herself, but was concerned with internal questions. Her constitution and institutions were entering upon a new period of growth and peaceful development. In 1867 she had adopted a new system of choosing members of Parliament, by which the vote was open not merely to the middle, but also to the great industrial working, classes. This change was bound to undermine the former control of English politics by the nobility and high-bred gentlemen, and to put the country gradually upon a democratic basis, with the king more than ever allowed "to reign, but not to govern." However, the management of English policy was still mainly in the hands of men with genealogies, who wore long black coats and who could quote university Latin. It was clear, nevertheless, that the old order was passing. In 1868, Mr. Gladstone became prime minister and remained in office until 1874. To him and to his fellow Liberals aggressive war or an ambitious foreign policy was one of the last things possible. They were not ultra-pacifists, but they were so intent upon a long program of internal reforms—for the benefits of the working classes, for the relief of the undoubted woes of Ireland, for the termination of some of the absurdities still retained by the established Church of England—that they restricted their foreign interests to a minimum.

Thanks to this detached position behind "the inviolate sea," Englishmen boasted that they had no need for the great conscript armies which all the Continental nations were adopting in imitation of Germany. The British Army was made up of professional soldiers. That Great Britain was a purely naval power, and could not be expected to make a formidable diversion in a European land war, was something regarded as almost axiomatic down to 1914, and this fact entered into all the calculations of Continental statesmen, much as they dreaded England's wealth and navy.

Until 1859, Italy had been only a mass of petty principalities and kingdoms, back-

ward, despot-ridden, poverty-stricken, and very unhappy. "Italy is merely a geographical expression," Metternich, the one-time prime minister of Austria, is said to have remarked. In 1859-61, however, thanks to the genius of Cavour, the great minister of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia-Piedmont, and to the intervention of the French armies of Napoleon III, Austrian influence had been largely destroyed in the peninsula, and the process of territorial unification had been completed by the winning of Venetia in 1866 and of Rome in 1870.

The domestic problems of this new great power are treated elsewhere. They were sore enough to give the statesmen of the reigning house of Savoy scope for all their energies without looking beyond their borders. Nevertheless, after the first years of reconstruction Italy began to discover that she had hopes and policies that took her beyond her boundaries of 1870. These ambitions were somewhat threefold:

I.—The problem of *Italia Irredenta* (Unredeemed Italy), which concerned the Italian-speaking lands at or near the head of the Adriatic.

II.—Across the Mediterranean, in northern Africa, France had already annexed Algeria and was making a fair beginning toward a vast colonial empire. Italians, however, were even then casting longing eyes on Tunis, directly opposite Sicily, and on Tripoli, which lay more to the east. In ancient days the Mediterranean had been an Italian lake. Might it not be so again?

III.—In addition to northern Africa, the Italians presently discovered an interest in a country nearer home. Directly across the Adriatic lay Albania, a misruled province of the crumbling Turkish Empire. If Italy held the ports of Albania, she would control the exits to the Adriatic, a position of enormous strategic advantage. So long as "Turkey in Europe" retained its grip on Albania, Italy did not stir, but her interest therein was long known. When, in 1912, during the first Balkan War, the Turk was obliged to turn Albania loose, the Italian interest therein was instantly manifest; and it was partly through fear lest Austria gain control of the Adriatic that Italy entered the Great War in 1915.

In 1871, however, the main concern of Italy was to keep herself together. Besides the clerical opposition, her leaders faced numerous agitators for a socialistic republic and gangs of downright revolutionists with hankerings for anarchy. The extreme poverty of the country made an ambitious foreign policy almost impossible, and German military critics sneered cynically at the alleged fighting qualities of the Italian Army. Nevertheless, for the sake of national prestige, Victor Emmanuel's ministers claimed for their country the honors and prerogatives of a great power, and her neighbors were compelled rather grudgingly to make room for her.

The old foe and present neighbor of Italy was the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, or more popularly Austria.[1]

Austria was not a nation; it was a conglomerate of peoples under the Hapsburg dynasty. Down to 1804 the rulers of the divergent "Austrian lands" had usually claimed leadership in the shadowy Holy Roman Empire, which was merely a loose confederation of the states of Germany. They had actually called themselves "Cæsars" and "Roman emperors," as if heirs of Charlemagne and Augustus. This absurdity had gone on for centuries. But the Holy Roman Empire, which long before its dissolution had become a pitiful pretence to greatness, had finally evaporated amid the cannon smoke of Napoleon I. The ruler of Vienna dropped the pretentious title and took the sounder one of Emperor of Austria, based on the ample lands he held in his own right.

To state all the countries over which the Hapsburg kaisers claimed personal lordship was a geographical exercise. Some of the lands had been gained by conquest, some by marriage treaties, and

[1]Austria will be ordinarily used hereafter as the convenient name for this Government, including that of Hungary.

some by recovery from the Turks of Christian territories where the infidels had destroyed the native dynasties.[1] Each district had its own institutions, nobility, privileges, and often its own special race and language. Even if loyal to the person of the emperor, the various nationalities hated nearly all their neighbors under the same ruler. It was this state of mutual antipathy which made some kind of central authority indispensable, lest the whole region dissolve in local wars and anarchy. This really kept the empire alive through many crises which almost destroyed it.

In 1870 the Austrian kaiser was Francis Joseph, who had begun to reign in 1849, and who died a very old man during the Great War (1916). In 1848 a revolution had racked the empire. The then ruler, Ferdinand, had been constrained to take solemn oath to respect the new constitution granted to Hungary. Soon, however, the reactionaries, getting the upper hand, wished to annul this charter. Ferdinand's oath stood in their way, and they persuaded the emperor to abdicate in favor of his nephew, Francis Joseph (1849) The new ruler was bound by no personal pledges, and therefore felt free to violate the constitution. War blazed up. The outraged Hungarians defended themselves valiantly, but the czar hastened to the support of his fellow-autocrat. The liberal movement, both in Austria proper and also in Hungary, had ended in the blood or exile of its champions. Francis Joseph thus began his reign with a broken promise and a victory over his own subjects.

This was not an auspicious beginning for a reign, and later events, in their turn, had not been fortunate. In 1859 this kaiser had been defeated by the French and by Sardinia-Piedmont and was forced to cede Milan to the Italians. In 1866, Bismarck had entangled him in war with Prussia and Italy. Austria, at least on the northern side, again had been roundly beaten. She had to make peace by surrendering Venetia to Victor Emmanuel, and even more humiliating was her promise to withdraw from all her old interests in Germany and to leave Bismarck free to organize first the North German Confederation and next the mighty German Empire. In 1871, Austria was by no means so large nor so formidable a power as she had seemed when Francis Joseph began his government. Nevertheless, he did not lose his throne. The political situation within his dominions was so complex, with so many cross currents and contending races and interests, that responsible men shuddered at the prospect of deposing their kaiser and launching forth on the waves of revolution. Each people within the empire desired a preferred position for itself, but most of them were willing to acknowledge Francis Joseph as their personal sovereign rather than experiment with an upstart local dynasty.

Omitting smaller races, like the Jews and Gipsies, at least nine considerable peoples jostled one another within the confines of the monarchy. In the west, centering around Vienna, were the Germans, who liked to consider themselves the ruling class for the entire dominion. In Bohemia were the Slavic Czechs; in Galicia (the Austrian share of dismembered Poland) were the equally Slavic Poles, while along the shores of the Adriatic and in the Tyrolese land, the "Trentino," the speech and race was Italian. However, within the dominions of the old "Crown of St. Stephen"—in other words, Hungary—the ruling folk, though not the majority of the whole population, were the lordly Magyars, who lived on cold terms with their Slavic neighbors, the Croatians, the Slovenes, Ruthenians, etc., and their Latin neighbors in the eastern districts, the Rumanians. Although the Germans and the Magyars, taken altogether, were in a minority when opposed to the various Slavs and Latins, nevertheless these two races were in a position of such advantage through long possession of the Government, superior wealth, social influence, and the like that they could ordinarily manage the entire empire, provided they were able to work together. Unfortunately, however, for the stability of the races, in 1848-49 the imperial Government had

[1] This was the main basis for Austrian claims to Hungary.

fallen out utterly with the Magyars, and this produced a schism in the empire, which spelled confusion. Therefore, after being beaten by France in 1859, Francis Joseph had tried to consolidate and popularize his régime by granting a constitution, with only limited popular rights, to be sure, which attempted to organize all the races into a single empire on a decidedly consolidated system. This was the "Constitution of 1860," modified in 1861.

The attempt broke down, partly because the new Government was not sufficiently liberal in its theories, but mainly because its success would have put the administration almost exclusively in the hands of the German element, which controlled the court, the army, and the capital. All the lesser races boiled with anger, but the Magyars most of all. They did not recognize Francis Joseph's right to make over their beloved native institutions, and their Diet refused to address him as "Emperor," but only as its "Most Gracious Lord." By 1865 it was evident that this scheme for a united Austrian monarchy was a failure. Then, in 1866, came the disastrous war with Prussia, and Francis Joseph was driven to still further concessions to mollify his subjects.

The Battle of Sadowa that year did more than deprive Austria of her right to meddle in strictly German affairs; it compelled her to become a semi-Eastern state. She had now been booted out of Italy and also from Germany. Her Hapsburg emperors of strictly German lineage no longer reckoned more than twenty per cent. of their subjects as of the same race as themselves. They had just lost nearly all their grip on Italy. They had no hope of expansion toward the west. If their monarchy was to have any future, it must be by expanding eastward, by cultivating its non-German elements, and by trying to vie with Russia as one of the preferred heirs of the moribund Turkish Empire. The obvious thing to do, therefore, was to make the powerful Magyars happy within the Hapsburg dominions, and the Vienna kaiser promptly made the needful concessions.

The emperor at this stage intrusted his policy mainly to the guidance of a former Saxon nobleman, Beust, who had entered Austrian service and who was able to take a fairly detached view of the claims of the contending races. Beust saw clearly that the only hope of preserving the monarchy was by uniting the two predominant races, the Germans and the Magyars, against the numerous lesser races, especially the Czechs, Poles, and Croats. In 1867 the empire was completely reorganized along certain main lines. These were preserved, despite much friction, down to 1914. The Hapsburg dominions were deliberately cut in twain, except for certain essential purposes. The sovereign took the title of *Emperor* of Austria when he was in Vienna, but the *King* of Hungary when he was in Budapest. Hungary, with Croatia, Slavonia, and Transylvania, was set off as a separate monarchy, with its internal institutions so arranged that the masterful Magyars were virtually sure to control its politics. Austria—that is, all the rest of the Hapsburg dominions extending in an irregular semicircle from Rumanian Bukowina on the east to the Italian lands on the southwest—was somewhat less surely dominated by the Germans centering around Vienna. Beust was quite frank in his attitude toward the various lesser peoples, remarking cynically to the new Hungarian ministry, "Do you take care of *your* barbarians; we will take care of ours."

Each of these states of the Dual Monarchy had its parliament, with ministries which were to a certain extent dependent upon the good-will of the majority of the deputies, and it also had its own complete internal autonomy. The coins of each country circulated in its neighbor, but the legends on one set were Hungarian, and on the other were Austrian. Foreign affairs, the army and navy, and certain finances connected with common expenses the two states shared together. When there was need for adjusting these problems, delegations from the two parliaments, equal in number, convened sep-

arately, and after exchanging opinions in writing, if they could not reach an agreement, met jointly not to debate, but only to vote. A bare majority of this united body settled the issue. In almost every respect the equality of the two realms seemed complete, but the Magyars showed their political skill and willingness to take advantage of Francis Joseph's need for harmonious action by driving a hard bargain financially. They took over only thirty per cent. of the old imperial public debt, although Hungary probably contained much more than that proportion of the whole wealth of the empire; and since 1867 it has often been complained that the Magyars exercised more than fifty per cent. of the influence in the Dual Monarchy, but bore less than one third of the economic burden.

In 1870 this experiment of a twin state was very young and defied classification by political theorists. Its bloody dissolution was frequently predicted. All the lesser peoples were more or less dissatisfied, and some were speedily working themselves into an ugly mood. If the Magyars could make equal terms with the Germans, why not the various branches of Slavs? But the lesser races, it was to develop, were too weak singly and too disunited collectively to make great headway. In Bohemia the agitation of the Czechs for a separate "kingdom" at Prague, just as there was now a "kingdom" at Budapest, became bitter and resulted in many riots, with the virtual exclusion of the German language from many quarters of the region. Like hopes and antipathies also arose in Croatia under the Magyar supremacy. But Francis Joseph proved a master-politician in playing one angry group against another and in fending off any actual rebellion. To keep the Czechs from getting allies, the German-Austrians, in their turn, made friends with the unfortunate Poles of Galicia. This fragment of the old Polish kingdom had nothing to expect in the way of independent existence unless Russia and Prussia should disgorge their Polish seizures. The Galicians, therefore, were quite willing to work happily with the Germans in exchange for fair local treatment. Within Hungary, also, the skill of the Magyar minority kept the non-Magyar majority completely divided. The Rumanians in Transylvania had nothing in common with the Slavs in Croatia except a certain dislike for their common masters, and a moderate amount of skill prevented them from *all* agitating too fiercely at the same time for official recognition of their native languages, a frequent point at issue, or for other special privileges. A clever juggling of elections usually made the Hungarian parliament consist largely of Magyars. The lesser peoples were noisily angry, but physically helpless.

Thus Austria's main problems in 1871 seemed to be strictly internal. What object in seeking new territories, when the old ones seemed worse compacted than those of any other power in Europe? But the Hapsburgs were an old and proud dynasty, with a long record of ambitious wars and acquisitions. If they resigned all hopes of expansion, were they not doomed to wither and perish? Besides, have not foreign broils and wars, assuming they bring glory, been a standard remedy with old-line statesmen for internal discontents? Likewise, it should be noticed that Francis Joseph's reign had so far not been very fortunate. He had lost his grip alike on Italy and Germany, although one of the favorite titles of the princes of his line had been "augmenter of the realm," and he could vindicate himself only by new annexations. Finally, it should be said, Austria, taken as a whole, lacked an adequate sea-coast. She was not so landlocked as Russia; she had, in fact, several good harbors on the Adriatic and an efficient navy, which had defeated the Italians in 1866. Nevertheless, the eyes of Vienna and Budapest statesmen turned greedily toward Saloniki, that great city on the Ægean which is the natural outlet for two thirds of the Balkan Peninsula, if they did not turn toward Constantinople itself. While Russia felt herself the predestined heir to the Turkish Empire, Austria was hardly less aware

of this same destiny. After 1866, with her losses in Italy and Germany, the location of all her hopes and aspirations was violently shifted toward the East, and down to 1914 her statesmen never ceased to look on the Balkan Peninsula as containing the lands which some day would recompense them for the losses of 1859 and 1866.

Russia, like England, was in Europe, but hardly of it. Napoleon had said, "Scratch a Russian, and find a Tatar"; and while this sweeping generalization

was possibly unfair, it was undoubtedly true that the Russians had far more in common with Asiatics than any of their Western neighbors.

Nearly two centuries had elapsed, in 1871, since Peter the Great (1682-1725) had begun the introduction of foreign customs and refinements into his utterly backward empire. It was nearly a century since the mightiest of his successors, Catharine the Great, had driven the Turks from the northern side of the Black Sea and begun to intrude Russian influence into the politics and policies of Western Europe. Russia was still an enigma, however, to her foreign contemporaries; and it is proper to say that she was also an enigma to herself. The czars claimed for their people full status as a civilized race and the right to participate in the general life of the world. Yet of their hundred million-odd subjects, only a very small percentage were in a position to enjoy that general civilization which Germans, French, Italians, Englishmen, and Americans seemed to possess in common. The reason for this, of course, was that Western ideas and manners had not grown up in Russia spontaneously; they had been imposed by authority from above. Peter the Great, by the sheer force of his personality and the ruthless use of the despotic powers of the czars, but with the direct sympathy of only a minute fraction of his subjects, had compelled the Russian boyars to indulge in such elementary refinements as trimming their outrageous beards and allowing their women to escape from a seclusion almost as strict as that of Turkish harems. He had also imposed on Russia a taxation system based on Western models, an army system organized somewhat after the principles of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, and a scheme of administrative ministries and government bureaus not unlike those of Louis XIV of France.

Late in the eighteenth century, at the court of Catharine the Great (1762-1796) could have been seen a company of fine ladies and gentlemen, talking French, dabbling in French philosophy, affecting the theories of French humanitarianism, and wearing Paris-cut garments. The administration, army, and the life of the Russian upper classes had by this time received a distinct veneer of the glittering culture which characterized the old régime just before 1789 and the French Revolution. But these philosophizing lords and ladies did little that was effective in lifting the level of the doltish peasantry under them. The serfs in the innumerable villages still dragged out life in hovels and kennels, tilled the soil in dense ignorance of all wise systems of agriculture, and groveled before the local orthodox priest and his dirty icons. At the empress's court it was entirely agreed that the serfs *ought* to be freed, but no one could hit on a proper method of doing it. There were no really large cities in the empire save only St. Petersburg[1] and Moscow, and consequently there was little of that intellectual progress which comes from an active, urban life. Industries and commerce were backward. The empire lacked harbors save on the Black Sea, where the exits were controlled by the Turks, and on the Baltic and White seas, where the ice halted navigation for six months each year.

Between 1800 and 1871 there had been considerable change for the better. Alexander I, who reigned in Napoleon's time and who saw that conqueror slink back from Moscow, had been a man of liberal and fertile ideas until the fear of revolution had driven him into reaction. He had executed sundry reforms which promised a better day. Above all, various young Russian officers had begun dreaming dreams of a free constitution along Franco-British lines. Had their schemes succeeded, the result would have been chaos, for no Christian country was then less prepared for parliamentary institutions than Russia.

Nicholas I, who was now czar (1825-55), a man devoted to Old Russian ideals and an extreme conservative, spent his

[1] Since the term Petrograd was ordained only in 1914, it has seemed best in an historical work to keep the old-style spelling.

whole life painfully and conscientiously combating new ideas and preserving the unlimited power of his monarchy. Censorship, secret police, the spy system, arbitrary arrest, sudden exiling to Siberia—all were never before or since quite what they became under this implacable emperor. He believed that he was summoned by God to defend Holy Russia against Western corruption, misrule, and infidelity. For a generation this grim despot terrorized his land and cast his malignant influence over Europe; but in 1855 he died during the disastrous Crimean War, which had grievously shaken his prestige.

His son, Alexander II (1855-81), was a far more humane and intelligent man. Despite all his father's efforts, liberal ideas, secret propaganda, smuggled books, surreptitiously published pamphlets, and the penetrations of Westernism through the universities had not been really prevented. Russia was becoming caught in world movements, and the new czar for a while drifted with the current. The proportion of really educated persons in his empire was still pitifully small, but these "intelligentzias," or, as their native critics sometimes called them, the "Westerners," were now numerous enough to have a real influence upon the state. The first fruit of their efforts was the abolition of serfdom. Nearly all the peasantry had been serfs, bound to the soil and with about the legal rights of dogs, as against often brutal and extortionate masters. Many of the nobles had, of course, treated their human cattle with fair liberality, but the system had long been recognized as outrageous. On February 19, 1861, by an imperial ukase, serfdom was abolished in the czar's dominions. Nominally, the masses of Russia became freemen and were entitled to a share in their communal affairs. They were given in full ownership a part of the lands they had once held from their masters, but if they wished the entire farm they had once cultivated as serfs, a compensation was due the nobleman, and the state made loans to the peasantry to help them discharge this expense.

The reform was a great and noble one. Its ultimate results proved incalculable, but the immediate consequences were disappointing. The peasants often could not understand why they should pay anything for lands their fathers had tilled, and they often found their new freedom of little practical use, provided their old masters had been of the humane class. Very many of the nobles, in turn, with their estates destroyed or compromised, faced bankruptcy. Peasants quit the lands and began to drift to towns. There, presently, they began to engage in crude industries. All this, of course, upset society and commerce, and produced general discontent. The first results of the reform were therefore disquieting.

After 1861 the liberals had expected the czar to give them a constitution. Alexander II did not have the courage or imagination to risk this decisive step, and an insurrection, ill organized and soon suppressed, in his Polish provinces in 1863 diverted his energies. As a sop to rising sentiment he established zemstvos, local assemblies in the districts, and higher zemstvos for the provinces, to act upon "matters connected with the economic interests and needs of the people." The method of electing deputies to these bodies put the main influence in the hands of the nobles and city folks, although the peasants had a form of representation. Some reforms were also made in the courts so as to grant juries in criminal cases and to give other precautions for justice to all classes. These innovations did not satisfy the rising demands of the liberals, but they were all that Alexander II could be induced to concede, and soon after 1871 there intruded foreign problems to complicate the home situation.

In 1871, Russia already presented the situation which she still presented in 1914—an enormous empire without a single, good, ice-free port save only Odessa, which in its turn could be locked up at the will of the sultan, controlling the straits at Constantinople.

The right of a great nation to reasonable access to the sea would seem, at least

according to abstract ethics, to be a fundamental one, and the denial of this right proved a menace to the peace of the world. Ever since Peter the Great's time (about 1700) Russia had been consciously reaching forth for an outlet upon the open ocean. She had gained in the interval great blocks of territory in Europe and Asia—Finland, the bulk of Poland, and wide reaches of mountain, prairie, and desert in Turkestan, the heart of Asia. She also had a grasp upon coasts along the Pacific, but again only on ice-bound waters—the gloomy isle of Sakhalin, the Sea of Okhotsk, and Bering Sea. All these did not solve her problem. During the next generation a large part of the history of the world was to turn on the efforts of Russia to break through the ring of land or ice about her *somewhere,* and thus enter on the just inheritance of every great nation. In at least three directions the Russians made a conscious effort.

I.—The czar's followers reached forth their hands across Turkestan and dreamed of reaching the Indian Ocean by absorbing Afghanistan, expelling the English from India, and conquering the weak dominions of the Shah of Persia. Here, of course, the chances of friction or a great war with England was considerable.

I.—The czar's followers reached forth on the Pacific, just north of China. In 1871 this was only a vague project. The trans-Siberian railway was only a vision. The distances seemed enormous. But the military task seemed far easier than that against India. China appeared to be a helpless jellyfish. Japan was barely emerging from isolation. Early in the twentieth century this idea of Russian domination along the Japan and Yellow seas, and embracing at least Korea, Manchuria, and northern China, was to come close enough to reality to awaken the grave concern of the entire world. This scheme, however, was blasted by the rise of Japan as a great military power and the disastrous Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5; but between 1871 and the later date the eyes of Russians were fixed on the far East to an astonishing extent.

III.—The Russians, finally and preferably, were seeking to gain a warm-water port by obtaining access to the Mediterranean after the violent death of the Turkish Empire. The two preceding projects had been desperate expedients, but this third aspiration became part of an enduring national policy. The Russians traced their religion and, very largely, their civilization to the "Christian Empire of Constantinople" (Byzantium), destroyed by the Turks in 1453. To expel the Ottomans from their usurped dominions seemed to orthodox Muscovites not merely a national advantage, but almost a religious crusade. The Turks had been thrust out of their old holdings north of the Black Sea. Thanks mostly to Russian valor, their grip on the Christian peoples of the Balkans had been already seriously shaken. In 1853, Russia had declared war on Turkey, with the obvious intention of putting the "sick man of Europe" out of his long misery. But England and France had declared war on behalf of the sultan. Austria had seemed ready to join them. Russia had been defeated in the Crimean War. She had lost prestige and even some territory. Very galling to her pride had been the proviso in the Treaty of Paris (1856) that she was not to keep warships on the Black Sea. In 1870, however, a sharp turn ended this handicap. The czar had been friendly to Prussia, and Bismarck understood how to reward the "benevolent neutrality" that had warned back Austria from becoming an ally of France. He certainly approved in advance the action of Prince Gortschakoff, Alexander's prime minister, when, in October, 1870, the latter sent to all the European powers a note stating that Russia intended to resume her "sovereign rights" upon the Black Sea, because "of infringements to which most European transactions have been latterly exposed, and in the face of which it would be difficult to maintain that the written law . . . retains the moral validity which it may have possessed at other times."

England was furious at this stroke,

which seemed to destroy most of the fruits of the Crimean War. Lord Granville spoke angrily about this "arbitrary repudiation of a solemn engagement." Count Beust of Austria was "painfully affected" and could not "conceal his extreme astonishment." But no war followed. Prussia had France by the throat. Austria dared not fight without an ally. England was wrathful, but she was not willing to kindle a world-war without a greater interest at stake. Russia was therefore permitted to come to a solemn conference convened at London in December, where the interested powers agreed that she should be allowed to abrogate the obnoxious clauses of the Treaty of Paris. Thus in *form* the treaty had been merely revised, not broken; though in fact all the world knew that the czar had first broken the treaty, and then had asked permission to do so. It was another application of Bismarckian methods, if not a direct act of that master-statesman.

By 1871, therefore, it was clear enough that Russia was looking again toward Constantinople. Here was her best outlet upon the ocean, her greatest reward for a mighty national effort.

IV. THE OTTOMAN TURKS AND THEIR BALKAN SUBJECTS

Within five years after the close of the Franco-Prussian War the peace of Europe was menaced again. This time it was by a recrudescence of the miseries and misdoings of the Ottoman Turks and of their subjects. Writing in 1875, a distinguished English diplomat, who knew the Eastern problem well, summed up the case thus: "That Turkey is weak, fanatical, and misgoverned no one can honestly deny. . . . The chief powers of Christendom have all more or less an interest in the fortunes of an empire which from being systematically aggressive has become a tottering and untoward neighbor."[1] These words would probably have been true twenty years before they were written, and they continued to be true forty years after they were written. The great war of 1914 had many causes, but one of the most obvious was that the liquidation of the Turkish Empire was by no means complete. It was still in existence, and even lands emancipated from its tyranny had by no means "found themselves" either as to their appropriate boundaries or as to their relations to their own people or their neighbors. In no case was the old-style diplomacy of which Bismarck was the chief exponent (although in this case he had only limited responsibility) more bankrupt in its results than in its long attempts to deal with the Eastern Question. All Christian Europe was united in the belief that the Turks were bloody interlopers upon the Continent, and despite the undoubted fighting ability of the sultan's armies, any one of the great powers could have conquered his entire empire, had the invader been sure of no interference from Christian rivals. But over the fate of the Ottoman dominions innumerable diplomats brooded long, yet produced nothing but national jealousies, internal intrigues, costly and indecisive wars, and a new lease of life for the Moslem offender.

In truth, it might have been pleaded that the complete disposition of the Turkish Empire would have taxed the skill of a heaven-sent disposing angel. The Ottoman Turks, an Asiatic race of Finnish and Tatar connection, had entered Europe about 1353, and in 1453 they had taken Constantinople. For the next two centuries they had dominated not merely the Balkan Peninsula, but had even lorded it over the greater part of Hungary. A Turkish pasha ruled in Budapest during most of the seventeenth century. In 1683 only by a mighty effort had the forces of the "Padishah" been flung back from Vienna; but after that the strength of the Ottomans had waned rapidly before Austria and Russia. Long before Napoleon's day it had been recognized that either one of these powers probably could make the Turkish Empire its spoil, provided it were permitted to throw all of its strength into the contest. But the moment the weak-

[1] Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

ness of the sultans became visible, that moment saw a veritable apple of discord cast before the clamorous "heirs" of the declining rulers of Constantinople. Napoleon himself had a keen ambition to make the Turkish territories part of his ever-swelling French Empire, and one of the reasons he broke with Czar Alexander I and started on his disastrous Moscow campaign in 1812 was because he was unwilling to give the czar a free hand in overrunning Turkey in the interests of Russia.

The Congress of Vienna (1815), which wound up the affairs of Europe after the fall of Napoleon, left the lands of the sultans virtually intact and gave their decrepit Government a new chance to reform and repair itself. But the opportunity was poorly used. If it is hard for a Westerner to alter the ways of Orientals; it is still harder for Orientals to alter their own ways. Misrule increased, instead of diminishing. In 1853, Czar Nicholas I stated the case bluntly to the English ambassador, Sir Hamilton Seymour. "Turkey," he asserted, "is in a critical state . . . the country seems falling to pieces . . . we have on our hands a sick man, a very sick man; it will be, I tell you frankly, a great misfortune if one of these days he should slip away from us before all necessary arrangements are made." The czar, therefore, advanced schemes for carving up the real estate of the "sick man" for the joint benefit of Russia and Great Britain. England, however, did not accede kindly to suggestions that the downfall of the Turkish Empire should be taken for granted. Her statesmen saw visions of Cossack regiments forcing their way nearer the great highroads to India. France, with important interests in the Levant, also took umbrage, and Napoleon III, who had just gained power, needed a victorious war to increase his prestige. The Crimean War (1853-6) followed, with England and France aiding Turkey against Russia, who claimed to be fighting as the champion of civilization and to save the Christian people under the sultan from grievous oppression. Russia was defeated and obliged to postpone her schemes, but the war brought little save glory to the victors. It was a wholly avoidable war and could have been shunned by a little conciliatoriness on *either* side. The Treaty of Paris (1856) deliberately gave the Turks another lease of life, and the great contracting powers solemnly "guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire." Within twenty years, however, even many Englishmen were ready to admit that the Crimean War, with all its storied valor and suffering, had been, if not a crime, at least a great blunder. "The only perfectly useless modern war that has been waged," wrote Sir Robert Morier in 1870, and about 1890 Lord Salisbury, then prime minister, declared bluntly that "England put her money on the wrong horse."

Without wasting time on this question, it is fair to say that if England and France had frankly accepted the czar's suggestion in 1853 and had made arrangements for the deliberate dismemberment of Turkey, they would have given the last blow to an empire that had forfeited any ordinary claim to existence and would have surely avoided at least four later wars, as well as the extension of the Great War of 1914 to the East. Indeed, if the Ottoman Question had been wisely handled earlier, Armageddon for Europe and America could never have come upon the world in exactly the manner that it did.

But Turkey was spared in 1856, and if her rulers had been capable men, they would have accepted the respite and made honest use of it. Yet only a great sultan could have redeemed Turkey. The governing class labored under two handicaps, both so serious that the problem was virtually hopeless. (1) They were Turks; and the Turkish race, although able to produce admirable fighters and even generals, has never been able to produce civil administrators of decent ability. Turkish civil rulers had been so scarce, even in the days of their widest empire, that many of the non-military posts had been filled by supple, clever Greeks or Armenians, who, if willing to become Mohammedans, were often able to rise to be grand viziers

and stand on the footsteps of the throne. (II) They were Mohammedans, and this meant that they were tied hand and foot by the rigid law and tradition of the prophet, whose precepts were possibly suitable for Arabian desert tribes, but became grotesque for a modern civilized empire. Any attempt at reform was met by the passive resistance of all the *ulemas* (the religious-legal class), by denunciation of "heresy," and by downright rebellion.[1] The mandate of Mohammed to his followers to fight against Christians and Jews until they paid tribute and submitted themselves as inferiors made it virtually impossible for the sultans to place their Moslem and non-Moslem subjects really upon terms of equality. The official religion of Turkey was therefore an almost impenetrable barrier to any real attempt to sweep away the standard abuses of medieval Oriental despotism.

There had been, indeed, some perfunctory and well-meant efforts by the sultans to remedy the worst abuses. In 1856 a solemn document, the once famous "Hatti-Humayoun," had promised a long string of paper reforms, especially to the Christian subjects of the empire. They were to have complete personal and religious liberty, equality before the law, eligibility to public office, equality in taxation, etc. But this went the way of countless other equally solemn documents. Virtually nothing came of it. In the provinces the pashas and the *begs* continued to decree justice at their own sweet will, a mere sweep of the hand often being sufficient sign for the executioner.

In 1861, Sultan Abdul-Medjid had drunk himself into the grave, and Abdul-Aziz reigned in his stead. Things were then so bad in Syria that the British ministry warned the sultan that they could not prevent "the signal punishment of a government which would permit such atrocities [as in Syria] to continue." In later years came further warnings, but they were all flung to the winds. Abdul-Aziz was not personally so bloodthirsty as many Eastern tyrants, but he was weak, irresponsible, and extravagant. To satisfy the demands of hordes of luxurious women and eunuchs who swarmed in his harem, the treasury was sucked dry, public works were neglected, and even well-intentioned pashas were obliged to squeeze extra taxes out of their luckless provinces. As for the administration of justice under this régime, the case was pithily summed up in the report of a British consul. "I do not hesitate to say that of all cases of justice, whether between Mussulmans solely, or Turks and Christians, ninety out of one hundred are settled by bribery alone." In a word, the Turkish Empire was not merely an Oriental despotism; it was *a peculiarly abominable and degenerate type of Oriental despotism,* and it showed no signs of becoming better.

To expect that in these circumstances Austrians would forget their longings for expansion toward Saloniki and the Ægean, and still more that Russians would put aside old hopes for a warm-water port and the straits of Constantinople, was something contrary to human nature. The weakness of the Turkish Empire became more evident day by day, and the striving of the Christian races in the Balkan Peninsula to escape from an intolerable yoke supplied to Czar Alexander II a pretext—perhaps it would be fairer to say a very justifiable reason—for intervening in the affairs of Turkey.

It is an axiom of history that serious wars usually spring from one of two sovereign causes: the ambitions of strong empires or the internal miseries of weak ones. When the two cases are simultaneous, the powder and the match almost invariably come together. It was so in 1877-78.

The Balkan Peninsula is the dumping-ground for more races than any other similar region on the planet. This is probably because it forms the bridge connecting Europe with Asia, and also because it was the first block of land into which emi-

[1] An American resident in Constantinople in 1875 relates that even as late as that date good Mohammedan Turks would not take the small ferry-steamers across the Bosporus, but left them to "Christian *giaours*." The reason was that "if the Prophet had intended true believers to use steam-boats, he would have mentioned them in the Koran"! The orthodox Turks therefore crossed slowly and painfully in hired rowboats.

grant tribes could turn south when in early barbaric times they rolled across the steppes of Russia, headed toward that blue, open water and the delightful warm countries beside it whereof they had heard by rumor. The Danube River and the Balkan Mountains are formidable barriers, but they are not unsurmountable by an enterprising horde of barbarians. By 1871, of course, the period of migrations had long ceased. For better or worse there were at least six different races in the peninsula—Turks, Greeks, Albanians, South-Slavs (usually divided into Bosnians and Serbians), Bulgarians, and Rumanians. One cannot understand the mazes of that devil's dance called the Eastern Question without knowing a little of the characteristics, annals, and ambitions of each of these six races.

The Turks, of course, were the ruling race. Outside of Constantinople they were decidedly a minority all over the peninsula, although stronger in certain districts than others, with special strength in Thrace. Little need be said of them, because the sultan's government then extended clear to the Danube, with formal suzerainty over Rumania to the north. In discussing the fate of the Turkish Empire we necessarily discuss the Turks. They were, of course, all Mohammedans, such a thing as a Christian Turk being virtually an impossibility.

The Greeks, occupying old Hellas, the coasts of the Ægean, and having sizable colonies in Constantinople and in various Asiatic cities, claimed to be the descendants of the heroes of the Trojan War and of the Battle of Marathon. Down to 1453 they had undoubtedly been the predominant race in the Levant, and after the fall of Constantinople the Turks had found them useful in helping to govern other conquered Christian races. The Greeks had never been quite so oppressed as the other miserable 'rayahs,' the non-Moslem subjects of the sultans. Virtually all the Christians of the Balkans belonged to the Orthodox Church, which did not acknowledge the supremacy of the pope, and until well into the nineteenth century the Greeks had controlled that church, supplying the supreme "patriarch of Constantinople" and otherwise lording it over their fellow-believers. The Greeks were a supple, clever race, who usually circumvented their Turkish tyrants by a liberal use of smoothness and sharp wits, and they won remarkable success in commerce and seafaring enterprise. Their enemies charged them with many slippery vices. The answer was that only by devious means was it possible to escape from infidel oppression.

In 1871, however, only a part of the Greeks were still under Turkish tyranny. Since the taking of Constantinople and the fall of the old Christian empire centered there, the race had long seemed sunk in helpless lethargy. The old Greek language had long become so corrupted with Italian, Slavic, and Albanian words that it appeared a mere jargon, compared with the tongue of Plato. The very race, it was alleged, had intermarried so freely with all the other Levantine folk, and especially with the Slavs and Albanians, as to make any claim to classical ancestry absurd. But about the time the French Revolution came to stir the souls and imaginations of all Europe there was an awakening of the old national Greek spirit. The language was purified and gradually brought back closer to ancient models. Merchants and travelers who had visited Western lands kindled an extreme discontent against Turkish despotism. French and Russian agents and agitators from time to time stirred up similar feelings and excited hopes of foreign intervention, in order to create trouble for the sultan among his own subjects. In 1821 this feeling had blown into flame. The Greek War for Independence began. It was an inchoate, desperate struggle. The Greeks were without organized armies, and their fleets were mostly armed merchantmen; but all their mountains swarmed with *klephts* ("brigands" to-day, "heroes of freedom" to-morrow), admirable for conducting guerilla warfare, and their daring seamen of the Ægean, with their corsair barks and fire-ships, spread

terror among the sultan's armadas. The Greeks, too, received much unofficial sympathy from Europe, "Phil-hellenes," classical scholars who hailed the revival of the old glories of Greece, sent them money and cannon, as well as good-will. Lord Byron, the most distinguished poet of his day, went to Greece, joined the insurgents, and died trying to aid them. The great powers, fearful of anything which would disturb the peace of the world, had at first given the insurgents scanty official sympathy, but gradually public opinion forced France, England, and Russia to act. In 1827, after horrible massacres by the Turks had outraged Europe, the fleets of these three powers annihilated a Turkish armada in the harbor of Navarino. In 1829, following a land war between Turkey and Russia, the sultan was compelled to acknowledge the independence of his revolted subject, and the new Kingdom of Greece was born.

This kingdom was for long very small, disorderly, and unhappy. For fear of disintegrating Turkey, the powers had given it only narrow boundaries, virtually nothing north of the famous Pass of Thermopylæ and only a small part of the numerous Ægean islands. Fully half of the Greek-speaking peoples were still under the Ottoman yoke. But even within the new kingdom there was for long only one spasm of disorder after another. A Levantine people, crushed down by centuries of despotism, but naturally quick, liberal, and democratic in its genius, was now painfully trying to learn how to govern itself. In 1833 the great powers sent out as king Otto, a son of the King of Bavaria. He was a well-intentioned, but heavy and tactless man who was forced by an uprising in 1843 to grant a constitution to his subjects. Even thus, however, he did not become popular enough to keep his throne after another insurrection in 1862. He was compelled to abdicate, and the Greek National Assembly offered the crown to Prince Alfred, second son of Queen Victoria. England, however, dared not offend Russia by appearing to make this great extension of her influence in the Levant. The proffer was politely declined. An undignified canvassing of all the eligible cadets of royal houses and other highnesses and serenities in Europe followed, until at last a son of the King of Denmark was proclaimed George I in 1863. He was destined to reign till 1913.

King George had a thankless task and often undutiful subjects. The resources of his little kingdom were scanty, but his turbulent people were full of constant visions of recovering the districts still enslaved by the Turks, or even of restoring the Christian Empire of Constantinople. Frequent threats and coercion by the great powers seemed necessary to keep the Greeks from flying into wars with Turkey, and so destroying the general "tranquillity of the East." The Greeks themselves were entirely democratic, without an aristocracy, and so treated their king with almost an American lack of ceremony. At Athens one ministry would succeed another in the hot personal strife of fierce parties and factions. Only very gradually did the nation come to understand that before it could make a good case for wider boundaries and an honored place among the earth's peoples it must develop its peaceful industries, pay its debts, and substitute law and order for picturesque lawlessness. In 1863 the Greeks had, indeed, been given the Ionian Isles (Corfu, Zante, etc.) off their western coast by Great Britain, which had found their "protection" somewhat expensive and unprofitable, but the Greek kingdom was still one great hothouse for unsatisfied national aspirations.

The Albanians require far less attention than the Greeks. They were a very old race, quite as old as their Greek neighbors who dwelt to the south of them. Their ancestors had been the Illyrians of Greco-Roman times, brave, hardy barbarians who had kept their speech and native customs, little spoiled by the "civilization" about them, all through the ages. The Albanians had resisted the Turks valiantly, but at last had partly succumbed. A large fraction of the nation

had become Mohammedan, although very many remained stanchly Christian.[1]

The Turks had embodied Albania nominally into their empire, but the authority of the sultan was never taken seriously along its jagged hills and valleys. The Albanians were brave soldiers and supplied the padishahs with admirable regiments and generals. When, however, taxes were proposed for them, all the mountains blazed up in rebellion. No region of Europe was so uncivilized and backward as that which lay directly across the Adriatic from southern Italy. Travelers found it almost equal to a voyage to Africa to try penetrating the Albanian hinterland. As a nation, Albania was too barbarous and too divided religiously to have general aspirations. All it asked was to be let alone by the Turkish fiscal oppressors and to be ignored by all modern "improvements." Tribal government was the order of the day. In 1871 nobody gave Albania serious consideration, or believed that in her aspirations lay a European problem.

This statement could hardly be made of the Albanians' northern neighbors, the Serbs. A more proper name for this race would have been South Slavs. In the nineteenth century this region was split into three rather distinct fragments, Serbia proper, Montenegro, and Bosnia. These all dated from a migration of a branch of the great Slavic race into the Balkan Peninsula in the sixth and seventh centuries A. D. The history of this settlement had been sufficiently troubled. The Slavic invaders had been sometimes subject to, sometimes at bitter war with, the Christian emperors of Constantinople. The people had become for the most part Orthodox Christians. In the fourteenth century, under a great king, Stephen Duchan, they had seemed on the point of actually taking Constantinople and of becoming lords of the entire Balkan region. But these days of power were brief. Speedily the Turks came, and in 1389 the famous battle of Kosova saw the end of the independence of Serbia proper. Bosnia, a separate principality, held out after a fashion until the fifteenth century, when it also went the way of slavery. But in the rugged hills along the Adriatic the Slavs of the "Black Mountain," Montenegro, had kept the Turks at bay. In their few bleak mountain-pockets these valorous hillsmen, almost alone in southeastern Europe, flung back the Ottomans. They were never really conquered, but continued under their independent and very militant prince-bishops until in the nineteenth century the sultans gave up the impossible task of trying to subdue them. Then they gradually assumed the status of an independent power, the smallest in Europe, except, of course, such pocket-handkerchief states as Liechtenstein, Andorra, San Marino, and Monaco.

Montenegro contained in its narrow limits only a small fraction of the South Slavs. In Bosnia and the companion district of Herzegovina the bulk of the nobility had apostatized and become Moslem, although the peasantry remained Christian. These Bosnian nobles became notorious alike for their oppression of their interiors, and also for the scant obedience they rendered their nominal lord, the sultan. The *pashalik* of Bosnia had, therefore, one of the most turbulent, misruled provinces in the whole afflicted empire. The Slavs of Serbia proper, however, had remained on the whole stanchly Christian. Turkish oppression destroyed the native nobility, and thus society was brought down to a common level and became strictly democratic. Life was very primitive in the Serbian country. The natives were nearly all farmers or graziers, or very frequently were raisers of swine; and to be a successful pig-merchant was a kind of token of respectability. The Turks had left the village life of the Serbs fairly intact, and the nation had continued sound at heart, if very unsophisticated. Between 1804 and 1817 there had been revolts against the oppressor, which had termi-

[1] These Christians are divided between Catholics and Orthodox, between whom there is a painful lack of charity. The religious issue in Albania is therefore not two-sided, but three-sided, to the great affliction of the country.

nated in a partial success. A principality of Serbia came into being, which, thanks to Russian intervention, was officially recognized by the sultan in 1830 as an autonomous state, although in theory subject to Constantinople, and with Turkish garrisons still in certain fortresses. In 1867, after many clashes between Serb and Ottoman, these garrisons were withdrawn, and Serbia was independent in about all but name.

This Serbian principality was even weaker and more distracted than the kingdom of Greece. There were no traditions of civil liberty or of fixed institutions. Belgrade, the capital, was only a small, ill built, and very muddy city situated in the extreme north of the country, and there were no other towns of size. Orderly government was handicapped by the existence of two rival "princely" houses, sprung from two leaders in the struggle for independence. The Karageorgevic dynasty had supplied Prince Alexander I, who reigned from 1842 to 1859, being then tumultuously deposed by a popular uprising and chased into exile. In his stead reigned Milosh of the Obrenovic line, who held power only until 1860. He was a very old man, and on his death his son Michael succeeded him. The new prince was a person of considerable moderation and ability, and he induced the European powers to aid him in expelling the Turkish garrisons. But he was unable to reconcile himself to large factions of his unruly subjects, both those who adhered to the rival house and those who entertained an utterly premature vision of an expanded Serbia spreading over the whole of the Balkan Peninsula, of course at the expense of the Turks. Michael thus became unpopular, and the Balkan countries, like Central American republics, had developed abrupt and ungenteel political methods. In 1868, as Michael walked in the palace park at Belgrade with his betrothed wife and her mother, three men rushed from the shrubbery and fired several shots. Michael fell dead, as did the older woman. There was not the least doubt that these assassins (who were later caught and executed) were the tools of more influential persons, probably the exiled Karageorgevics. The plot, however, was really a failure. Michael's friends kept their hold on the Government, and Milan I, his cousin and the next heir, was seated as prince. As a stop-gap to popular discontent, Milan proclaimed a constitution in 1869, which, however, retained great powers for the crown.

In 1871, Serbia was a small, weak country, decidedly in the making. The great powers hardly took seriously her brave claims, based on her one-time boundaries in the fourteenth century, to a large share of the Balkans. She looked to Russia, the "great brother" of all the Slavs, as her friend and protector. Yet economically, thanks to her absolutely backward agricultural and industrial state and the absence of any seaport for her commerce, she was almost a satrapy of Austria. In Bosnia a great number of kindred Slavs were still under the heel of Turkish oppression, and the Serbs naturally dreamed of the day when they could unite their entire people under one flag; but the statesmen at Vienna smiled at these high expectations.

Across the mountains in the eastern Balkans dwelt a race essentially different from the Serbians—the Bulgars. In no other part of their European empire had the Turks laid a heavier hand or crushed out native liberties more completely. The Bulgars were not Slavs. They were originally a Finnish-Turanian-Tatar race, with a distant kinship to the Turks themselves. They had entered the Balkan Peninsula in the seventh and eighth centuries and had founded what had been for the nonce a pretentious kingdom. Their religion and type of culture had come from Greeks of Constantinople, but contact with the Slavs had modified their language so that it seemed almost like a regular Slavic tongue. Along with so many other races, they had been conquered by the Turks and reduced to the status of mere peasants, at the same time absorbing so much Slavic blood as to change largely

the original condition of their race. They were without any types of native aristocracy, and even the control of their Orthodox Church had been grasped by the Greeks, whom the Turks regularly sustained as the most useful branch of their Christian subjects. So completely did the identity of the Bulgarian nation seem lost that foreign travelers in the region spoke of them as a kind of Greeks, and down to about the time of the Crimean War any Bulgar lucky enough to claim wealth and education was likely to describe himself as a "Greek." Then in the nineteenth century Bulgarian nationality, like many other half-extinguished nationalities, reasserted itself. Russian diplomacy came to realize the value of encouraging a people who might well pass as Slavs and who could possibly be kindled to appeal to the czar to protect them against Islam. A considerable movement for Bulgarian schools and the use of the native tongue in churches began, and in 1860 the Bulgarian Christians announced that they would recognize the authority of the patriarch of Constantinople no longer. The sultan possibly had not enjoyed this assertion. The patriarch had been his convenient tool.[1] But in 1870 Russian pressure had compelled him to set up an "exarch" in Bulgaria, to rule the local Christians. This gave the awakening nation a center and an official rallying-point. The next step might be toward secular, as well as religious, independence. Nevertheless, in 1871 Europe hardly realized that there was a Bulgarian nation, much less a Bulgarian problem. The mountains in the eastern Balkans were still Turkish *pashaliks,* and no outsider bothered about them. Then suddenly, as by the wave of a magician's wand, in 1876 the name of Bulgaria was to be on every man's lips.

One other Balkan population had been under Ottoman lordship. North of the Danube lay what had long been called the Principalities; that is, Wallachia and Moldavia. In 1859, decidedly against the judgment of the great powers, the people of these districts had insisted on uniting themselves into the single principality of Rumania. The Rumanians had a very ancient and honorable history. About A. D. 104 the Roman emperor Trajan had conquered the region (old Dacia) and filled it with Latinized settlers. About A. D. 270, at the advance of the barbarians, the Roman Government had evacuated the country, and seemingly it lapsed back to the uncouth Goths, Huns, Avars, and other despoilers of the dying empire. But the Latin-speaking settlers had not retired with the legions. In the Carpathian mountain valleys, in the great plains between the Pruth and the Danube, they had lived on, maintaining a speech which, on the whole, was closer to the tongue of old Rome than any other in Europe.[2] The great invasion and the passage of conquering races did not seem to destroy them. They have a native proverb which time has made good: "The Rumanian never dies." When modern history dawned, the two principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, together with considerable overflow into lands presently absorbed by Russia and Austria, were found to contain a race that traced its speech and traditions back to imperial Rome, however much the blood of the first settlers may have been diluted by later infusions.

The Turks had overrun the country, but they had never completely conquered it. The natives kept their local institutions, including a decidedly influential nobility and the right to have Christian *hospodars* to rule each principality. After 1815, thanks to increasing Russian intervention and pressure, the suzerainty of the sultan became little more than a name, but both Austria and Russia watched the Rumanians with a jealous eye, with a view to absorption the moment the general European situation favored the respective ambitions of Vienna or St. Petersburg.

But during the nineteenth century the

[1] There is a possibility, however, that at this time the patriarchs were getting out of hand, and the sultans were not wholly averse to a convenient Bulgarian make-weight.

[2] A good Latin student can derive much profit and amusement by reading a Bucharest newspaper, just as a Greek student can derive the same by reading a periodical from modern Athens.

Rumanians also awoke to full race consciousness. In 1859 they succeeded in uniting their two principalities under a single government, and the general condition of the world was too precarious then for Austria and Russia to intervene. From 1859 to 1866 the new consolidation principality was ruled by Prince Alexander Cousa, a native nobleman of good abilities. He founded universities and schools, broke up the unnecessary number of monasteries which had absorbed an absurd proportion of the land, and, greatest stroke of all, abolished serfdom among the peasantry. But Cousa's methods were those of the familiar "strong man," who rides down all opposition by setting aside paper constitutions. He made numerous enemies. In 1866 a bloodless revolution deposed and banished him.

In 1866 the Rumanians offered their throne to Prince Carol of a side branch of the Hohenzollern family, who was also, however, connected through his mother with the dynasty of Napoleon. Austria and Russia were not enthusiastic over seeing a Hohenzollern reigning at Bukharest, but Bismarck saw the chance to put a friend of Prussia in the Balkans and urged the young prince to accept. "Even if you fail," said the great minister, "you will always remember with pleasure an adventure which can never be a reproach to you." Through fear of being halted by Austria, the prince traveled down the Danube disguised as a second-class passenger, until at Turnu-Severin, on Rumanian soil, he left the boat and was greeted by his future prime minister. Austria fumed and might have taken action, but her great war with Prussia was about to break out and she soon had more grievous troubles. The other powers declined to intervene, and the sultan, the prince's nominal suzerain, confirmed the new ruler. Thus Prince Carol kept his throne.

In 1871, Rumania, therefore, was a country much more completely "made" than Greece, Serbia, and, of course, Bulgaria. She had a rich agricultural territory, great landowners, and, a far more doubtful asset, hordes of poverty-stricken peasantry. She had laws and institutions of fairly long standing and a reasonably well-organized army, but her problems were still many. She had not a mile of railway and very few good roads. Bukharest was a pitiful pretense for a capital, and the prince on his arrival "could scarcely believe that a one-storied building, looking out upon a dirty square, was the 'palace.' "

There were many wealthy Jews in Rumania. Their relations with their Christian neighbors were deplorable. The latter accused the Jews of taking gross financial advantage of the ignorant peasantry, and retaliated by frequent riots, rabblings, and burning of synagogues as well as by denying the Jews the rights of citizenship. The great boyars were likewise charged with extreme oppression of the petty farmers. It was inevitable, too, that the finances of the principality were also in the usual Balkan tangle.

Prince Carol, however, in the early seventies was already showing himself a capable and tactful administrator. The native parliaments were becoming less turbulent and more responsible. The economic condition of the country was gradually improving. When, in 1877, the great storm broke over the Balkan Peninsula, Rumania was better prepared than any other of the minor countries to play an honorable part.

Such, then, were the principal actors in the new drama about to begin in the Near East. One great power of Europe, curiously enough, seemed without interest in the Balkan problems. Bismarck considered that Germany had tasks nearer home in strengthening her new federal empire. That German policy should ever seem to resolve around the sultan's palace was a thing that apparently never entered the head of the cool, practical, and eminently conservative founder of the Hohenzollerns' empire.

To Light a Cigarette

By JOHN LOWREY SIMPSON

IT was only a few paltry ticks on the dinner side of midnight when I turned my solitary course into the Place Stéphany. The United States had already severed relations with Germany, and war was a matter of being there when the telegram arrived. But people do not cease existing because war is about to be declared. One eats, talks, does a number of things the enumeration of which would merely clutter the paragraph. And finally one, perhaps, goes home. That, for me, meant crossing the Place Stéphany.

"A good time for a smoke," I hazarded. I believe I should have welcomed a casual response of some sort. "Yes, of course, you have a cold. Smoking all the time," or, "First-rate idea that; have a smoke." The Avenue Louise swept away into the darkness as though in majestic determination to quit forthwith both the place Stéphany and me and to make off somewhere far beyond the patter of men's footsteps. From a slant angle the Chaussée de Charleroi stared at me, not blandly, as might a stranger, but with that conscientious air of reproach assumed only by one's more virtuous friends. The Chaussée de Charleroi was my way; that fact warmed me with no joy. The street's very uphilliness seemed to me indelicate, too conspicuous, somehow insulting, as though it had been lying there all evening just to have a chance to thrust its whole length at me as soon as I poked my head around the corner, saying to itself: "Well, here you are again. I thought it was almost time."

I harkened a flicker for some comment or encouragement as to my smoking. None, nothing. The Avenue Louise arrested time and dangled a frozen moment, the interminable gesture of some one rising in haste and leaving disdainfully. The Chaussée de Charleroi maintained its silence and its indecent tilt, and stared out of its vacancy.

So I simply put a cigarette into my mouth and reached for a match.

I had no match. One never has a match. I am convinced that madhouses are swarming with men who have lacked matches. And with that I began casting about in earnest for some wayfarer of the midnight who might be kind enough to light my cigarette.

Sure enough, I spied him. At first he was nothing but a splotch in the tissue of the gloom. He was "somebody" meandering from the neighborhood of the upper boulevards, a mere focusing of the darkness, except that he moved. I hastened lest he should merge again into the thick intangibility of things, and with a few steps I had established him beyond dispute. A man of about medium height, one would say, dressed for dinner probably, with a well-cut black overcoat and a stiff hat. He was advancing with indifferent success, lurching into little stray ventures on each hand. My heart leaped. He would surely have a match. He was drunk.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur, but do you happen to have a match?"

The stranger contemplated me at length as though deliberating whether to parley on the subject. Of a sudden he beamed cordially, and began fumbling in and about various pockets.

Well, yes, he had a match. That is to say, he had four. Four left. Always difficult to keep matches, was n't it? So he would just profit by the occasion to light a cigarette himself. I would permit him? Because he had only four left. Delighted to be of assistance to me. But

I would n't mind him lighting a cigarette at the same time? Because he had only four matches, and—

He interrupted himself by producing a good-sized box stuffed tight and rounded out with many matches. Then ensued a silence, blurred silence, fraught with confusion, until the conversation began recovering itself in murmurs of "Extraordinary! really extraordinary!"

The stranger squared off and gazed at his matches with the air of a strong man that grapples with mystery. I was candidly at a loss; my tongue waggled witlessly.

"Of course," I mumbled; "of course." "Of course" what, nobody knows. But I saw that he was ashamed of having cut a foolish figure. Poor old chap, he was trying to decipher his matches, and they were dropping on the sidewalk so fast it made the thing difficult. I respected his embarrassment, and I hoped fervently he would pick his way out. So it was good to hear him break at last into jubilant chortles and begin discoursing again with volume and display.

Why, of course, he had lots of matches. No end of them, in fact. But it was the cigarettes. Yes, certainly, a question of cigarettes. Of cigarettes he had precisely *four*. See?

Out came the cigarette-case, and, to be sure, there reposed, by verified count, drunk or sober, four cigarettes. So it was all right, and each of us lighted one of my cigarettes with one of his matches, and if there is any better introduction than that, what might it be?

We braced our homeward path together straight up the Chaussée de Charleroi. A long swirl of mist wound around and up and down the houses and about us. We trudged on sturdily, or at least there were two bobbing glints of red ash and a clatter of leather on stone.

My companion was a trifle worried, however, because he had to turn to the right at the Place Paul Janssen, and it was so infernally dark. Dinner had lasted a long time, and perhaps he *had* taken a glass too much. I assured him that I was convinced of the contrary; but in any event I passed by the Place Paul Janssen. I knew his street. He could count on me.

In the meantime I was squirming with a misgiving or two under my own waistcoat. It was that eternally tiresome question of the language. He would certainly detect my accent, and an accent in Belgium at that time meant usually one sole thing, a German. One always had his first uneasy few moments with a strange Belgian until one revealed his American identity.

"Is it always so cold here in the winter?" I asked. "I don't know the country very well. You see, I 'm not a Belgian; I 'm an American."

"Really?" protested the stranger. "Why, that 's interesting. I 'm not a Belgian either. I 'm a German."

In the hinterland of my soul I cursed my brains because I had none. Why had I given myself away? Of course the fool spoke French like a native. I could n't have known. All the same, I had said I was an American. And he was a German! Well, the show was about to begin. The old story: recriminations, munitions to the Allies, Germany's century of friendship for America, Wilson's perfidy, America the silly dupe of English hypocrisy, munitions to the Allies, America coming into the war to support the British attempt to starve the German people. Oh, I groaned in anticipated anguish. I knew it all so well. Oh, had I to be bored again when I was tired and it was midnight?

But my companion was talking; I quelled the cat-calls of my silent chorus to give him heed.

"Without your American shells in the first year of the war the Allies—" No? No, that was n't what he was saying. What was it?

He was saying that he knew something of America. He had never been there, no, but he had a brother—a brother who lived at Chicago. Always been his hope to go; at least for a visit. Thought surely to make the trip after the war. But now! Well, with the United States coming in

all that would be changed. Of course. That put the shirt on the other sleeve, or the sleeve on the other arm, he meant. No, the—anyway, all that would be changed. Decidedly.

By the way, was this new twist of events going to drag the thing out or shorten it? What did I think? That, after all, was the real question, he thought. The people were not up to very much more. They 'd stood enough.

"Yes," I agreed, "especially this winter, on account of the awful cold."

"Is n't it a fact?" continued the German. And coal! Why, the entire coal question was fantastic, absurd. One hundred and fifty francs the ton. Nothing to do but to watch it grow worse till the very end of the war. Ugh! All prices gallivanting! Well-to-do people becoming poor; poor folk— My God!

Yes, I knew all about that, too. I knew the vitality of the population was sinking, jogging downward, day by day. And they died in their beds during the worst three weeks of the frost—died in their beds of undernourishment and the cold. I told him that.

"Ah, yes, that 's the worst," he said and sighed. "That 's it. All terrible. Frightful mess. Frightful mess," he repeated. That seemed to be the lesson he had learned. But in Germany, too, it was bad, he said. From worse to worst; not enough food; the people wretched and unhappy; rumors of revolution even, though he thought that was n't likely. Of course everything was organized and prices fixed, which worked well, except that it made what food remained disappear, just as in Belgium when they fixed prices. Same thing. "Only," he added sagaciously, "in Germany—Germany, too, that is to say—the farmers sell by fraud. Same thing; by fraud, you know, just as here. Clever old dogs, farmers. Trust them!"

Our cigarette-stubs were burning our fingers, so we snapped them into the nothingness of the street and lighted afresh.

Suddenly he said:

"But you? You 'll have to leave if war comes? The authorities, I mean, they 'll force you?"

"Yes, I shall leave."

"And you like Belgium?"

"Very much." I did not realize then just how much I liked it.

"Well, there it is. A shame," stammered my German, who had had a glass too much. "That is a shame," he chanted aimlessly. "Ah, what a rotten mess! What a rotten mess!"

"Monsieur," I ventured, "here is the Place Paul Janssen. Your turning is to the right and down."

He thanked me gravely and profoundly. I assured him it was nothing. I thanked him for the match. We wished each other good fortune. He hiccoughed slightly and lurched half a footstep. I raised my hat, and he lifted his. We bowed.

"Good night, Monsieur."

"Good night, Monsieur."

The Chaussée de Charleroi became long and chill and silent after he had disappeared. A lonely street-lamp at the corner picked out a few crooked scraps of house-front, stray shocks of yellow light against the somber depth on the right and the somber depth on the left.

He was a German. We had broken with Germany. Perhaps war had already been declared; one could not know. So he was possibly at that moment the enemy of my country, an object of hatred, my foe. I did not care.

He was a chap who had doubtless taken a glass too much. We had met in the Place Stéphany under the curl of the night and the creep of the mist. He had given me a match, and I had shown him his street. Between decent fellows and smokers in the Chaussée de Charleroi at midnight these matters of wars and hates do not exist.

Zionism and the World Peace

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "The New Map of Europe," etc.

Photographed by Gardner Hazen

THREE years of Young Turk rule accomplished what a century of European diplomatic effort, resulting several times in wars, tried desperately to prevent. The Ottoman Empire has been rapidly dissolving. The last footholds in Africa were lost by the Italian occupation of Tripoli (1911) and the proclamation of a British protectorate over Egypt (1914). The European provinces, except Thrace, were liberated by the Balkan States (1912). In the present war Mesopotamia and Palestine have been conquered by the British, and Arabia has cast off the Turkish yoke.

At the beginning of the eleventh year of "the Constitution," while the Turks enjoyed illusory successes through reoccupying Armenia and penetrating into the Caucasus, by a series of brilliant military operations General Allenby's army passed into Syria, after annihilating two Turkish armies and capturing their artillery and means of transport.

It is too early to prophesy or speculate about the kind of peace Germany and Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria will be able to make with their enemies, but the handwriting on the wall for Turkey can already be read. The portions of the Ottoman Empire inhabited in majority by non-Turkish elements are in the hands of the Entente, and will not again be placed under the Turkish Sultan's rule. We are definitely pledged to redeem Russia's broken promises and revise the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk in such a way that the Armenians will be freed. The civilized world will not tolerate another Treaty of Vienna, Paris, or Berlin. The futile and disastrous results of old-fashioned diplomacy, which sacrificed races subject to the Turks for what was deemed the general good of Europe, have been demonstrated. This time near-Eastern questions must be met squarely and solved fairly.

The problems are exceedingly complicated. Their solution is dangerous as well as difficult, or delicate, as the diplomats put

it. It is not too much to say, however, that unless every one of the great powers brings to the solution of near-Eastern questions a sense of justice and a spirit of self-abnegation, unrest leading to anarchy, and bloodshed leading to new wars, will loom immediately upon the whole Mediterranean horizon.

Of the belligerent powers, the United States alone has no ax to grind, no special interests to advance, no treaties and secret agreements to uphold in the near East. Our position is unique. Our right to make our voice heard is unquestioned. We have become the decisive military factor in the war. Inevitably we shall be an equally decisive diplomatic factor in the peace. We are fighting without desire for self-aggrandizement, solely "to make the world a decent place to live in," and it is our duty, as well as our interest, to see to it that our sacrifices of blood and treasure are not to be in vain.

No problems of peace are more vital than those of the near East, and none more illustrative of the broad principles upon which alone a new world can be constructed. Among the near-Eastern problems, the establishment of a Zionist state in Palestine has not been allowed to remain until the end of the war for discussion and settlement. It is open to us for study and judgment now.

On November 2, 1917, in a letter to Lord Rothschild, immediate publication of which was authorized, Foreign Secretary Balfour made the following "declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations" on the part of the British cabinet:

> His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

The declaration is guarded and non-committal. In fact, the reservation concerning "the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communites in Palestine" keeps the declaration in line with the ideals for which the nations banded against Germany are fighting. If the British Government's "sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations" does not mean prejudice either to civil or to religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, no harm or peril can possibly come of it. As opposed to 100,000 in the Jewish communities, there are 630,000 in the non-Jewish communities, of whom 550,000 form a solid Arabic-speaking Moslem block, in racial and religious sympathy with the neighboring Arabs of Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Egypt. The Jews could therefore never become a menace here.

But the Zionists have not interpreted the declaration of the British Government according to its clear wording. From the day of its publication they have looked upon the letter of Mr. Balfour to Lord Rothschild as official British sanction to the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine by means of wholesale immigration and buying up of the land. They consider it as a recognition of Jewish nationality in the sense of separate political and civil status for the Jew from the international point of view. The Zionist interpretation of "sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations" is faithfully expressed in the first editorial comment of the London "Jewish Chronicle," which said:

> In place of being a wanderer in every clime, there is to be a home for the Jew in his ancient land. The day of his exile is to be ended. . . . The invitation to us is to enter into the family of nations of the Earth, endowed with the franchise of Nationhood, to become emancipated, not as individuals or sectionally, but as a whole people.

"Unser leute" ("our people") is not the jargon translation of *"B'nai B'rith"* ("sons of the covenant"), and yet to thoughtful and earnest Jews, not necessarily to devout Jews alone, the first expression is synonymous with the second. It requires neither

rabbinical education nor religious conviction for the Jew to think of "the race apart" as "the chosen race." Instinct born of tradition and fostered by social conditions too unfortunately alike throughout the world has kept alive the phenomenon of consciousness of separate race through religion, felt by Jews alone among all the elements that have formed the American nation, and felt more strongly than in America by the Jews of occidental and central Europe.

In eastern Europe, where more than half the Jews in the world live, the feeling can hardly be called a phenomenon. For there race and religion are inextricably bound up together in determining a man's national and political status. The fact that in the Ottoman Empire and throughout the Mohammedan world a man derives his nationality from his religion will make the settlement of near-Eastern questions peculiarly perilous when we come to the peace conference even without Zionism to deal with.

Add Jewish aspirations, if loyally backed by newspaper and financial interests throughout the world, to indigenous Arab, Syrian, Egyptian, and Armenian aspirations, and we have a hopeless conflict of interests and ideals.

Some Jewish friends tell me that, aside from the question of taste, it is hardly to the point for a Christian to write on Zionism, since he can have no conception of what Zionism means to the Jew. Other Jewish friends have been urging me for a year to write for publication what I have said in private conversation about the danger to the world from the erection of a Zionist state in Palestine. When the idea of a Zionist state in Palestine is broached, I have found opinions strongly pro and strongly contra among American Jews, mostly pro among British Jews, and mostly contra among French Jews. Prominent Jews in the intellectual and business and commercial world, whose names and statements appear in Zionist publications in favor of the Zionist interpretation of the Balfour letter, have assured me privately that they view the whole movement with the gravest misgivings, and that they openly sponsor the project simply because at the present moment no Jew can without injury to himself throw cold water on Zionism. An American Jew who has had unusual opportunities for studying the political and social and economic problems of the Ottoman Empire, and who was a recent visitor to the Palestine colonies, said to me:

"A Jewish state in Palestine is a chimera outside the realm of practical politics; so don't waste your time fighting windmills."

This keen and competent observer may be right about the chimera. But the attempt, the effort to establish a Jewish state in Palestine, has certainly entered "the realm of practical politics," and events of the year 1918 have proved that the British cabinet has an understanding with the Zionist leaders which most assuredly goes far beyond the declaration of November 2, 1917.

By those who were watching closely the military and political situation in the near East, and who knew that Dr. Weizmann had secured the ear of Mr. Balfour, the diplomatic move at the end of 1917 was not unexpected. Nor have subsequent events in Palestine been unexpected. Sudden "sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations" could have been born only of the knowledge that General Allenby was ready to capture Jerusalem, and that Dr. Weizmann, in return for Jewish support, was equally ready to enlist Zionism officially in the task of making Palestine virtually a British protectorate. Thus were Egypt and the Suez Canal to be covered. Thus was the Sherif of Mecca, recognized as "King of the Hedjaz" by the Entente powers, to be checked in his alarming ambition to refound a strong Arabic Empire on the ruins of the former Ottoman Empire.

The British have fought gloriously in France for over four years. Seven hundred thousand of the soldiers who came to defend France from every part of the world where the British flag waves have been buried in France. Comradeship in arms, sealed by blood, has destroyed the traditional antagonism that had been kept

alive through centuries by economic and colonial rivalry. One of the blessings of this war, and one of the solid guaranties of peace as well, would be a permanent friendship between the people of Great Britain and the people of France. Do the British realize that the policy pursued by their Government is a danger to Franco-British friendship? Certainly not; for they are ignorant of what is going on in Palestine, and, even if they knew, would not see the danger. For they do not appreciate how the French feel about Palestine and Syria. Do the Jews who enthusiastically support Zionism understand the nature of the compact made by Weizmann with the consent of Sokalof? I am sure they do not. I was talking the other day to an American rabbi who is one of the most virile and zealous younger leaders of the Zionist movement, an idealist through and through. He seemed not to have studied near Eastern history since the Diaspora. He did not know that a small band of British imperialists, not content with determining to replace international by British control of the Suez Canal, have planned, through using Zionism to prevent condominium with France and other nations in Palestine, to establish an all-rail British route from Haifa to Bassorah.

France was the pioneer among European nations in Egypt. Her sons established the cultural and economic foundations of present-day Egypt. France dug the Suez Canal. France signed in 1535 the first treaty with the Sublime Porte to safeguard the lives and property of Christians in Turkey. For almost four centuries the protection of Ottoman Christians and of the holy places has been a precious prerogative of French foreign policy. Witness the treaties of 1569, 1581, 1604, 1673, 1740, and 1802. How easy it was, during the nineteenth century, to work up public opinion in France to fever heat over the question of France's unique position in Palestine and Syria is illustrated by the difficulties with England over Mehemet Ali in the reign of Louis Philippe; the Crimean War, into which France entered primarily to prevent Russia from replacing her at Jerusalem; the expedition of 1860 to Damascus; Waddington's insistence at the Congress of Berlin that the clause, "les droits de la France sont expressément réservés," be added to the British draft of paragraph 7 of Article 62; and, when Italy tried to ignore the French protectorate in the Ottoman Empire, the appeal of France to the Vatican in 1880 which led to the encyclical *Aspora rerum conditio*. Only a few years before the outbreak of the present war France's guardianship of the Holy Land was recognized by Italy in the agreements of July 23, 1906, and January 13, 1907. In relation to the Jews also, France was the first nation to take measures for their protection and education in Palestine. France established the Mikweh Israel Agricultural School in 1870, subsidized the work of the Alliance Israelite Universelle at Jerusalem, assured by treaty the right of protecting North African Jews who had emigrated to Palestine, and has participated in the appointment of the Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem.

When the British army entered Damascus, the French fleet sailed into Beirut harbor. If Asiatic Turkey is to be apportioned to the victors, whatever *modus vivendi* may be arranged for the time being, it is certain that Palestine must fall eventually under the protectorate of the power that controls Syria or the power that controls Egypt. Which power will get Palestine? Dr. Weizmann has already given the answer of the International Zionist Commission in his memorable speech at Jerusalem last April. He stated categorically that "Zionists do not believe in the internationalization of Palestine or in any form of dual or multiple political control over Palestine, whose integrity must be protected by one just and fairly responsible guardian." The "one just and fairly responsible guardian," in Dr. Weizmann's opinion, was already there; for, when speaking these words, he turned to General Sir Edmund Allenby. The Grand Rabbi of France stated a few months ago that there are only a hundred thousand Zionists in the world outside of America, that most

of the Zionists in France are of Russian or Rumanian origin, and that Jews of French birth, if interested at all in Zionism, were interested only out of sympathy with those who wanted to go to Palestine to escape persecution. "Zionism is not a pious desideratum on our part. What French Jews are interested in is liberty and equality in this country for all religions." But as a Frenchman and not as a Jew, the Grand Rabbi and all other prominent French Jews are exceedingly anxious that Zionism be not used to deprive France of her traditional past and her legitimate future place in the near East. And French Jews fear that Zionism may thus revive anti-Semitism in France. French Catholics and French imperialists are determined that Palestine shall not be British. French socialists, sensing future trouble, have repeatedly declared for territorial and political disinterestedness of *both* nations in Palestine.

In approaching the great problem of the world peace that we hope our sacrifices will assure, we must face facts. When President Wilson made his speech of September 27, 1918, at the opening of the Fourth Liberty Loan, he said that this had become a war of peoples, and that statesmen could no longer hope to make a peace that would be an "arrangement or compromise or adjustment of interests," and warned the leaders of the governments with which we are associated that "unity of purpose and of counsel are as imperatively necessary in this war as was unity of command on the battle-field; and with perfect unity of purpose and counsel will come assurance of complete victory. *It can be had in no other way.*" This "unity of purpose and of counsel" is sadly lacking between France and Great Britain at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. As long as Dr. Weizmann's words above quoted, "Zionists do not believe in any form of dual or multiple political control over Palestine," represent Zionist opinion, and Zionists look to Great Britain to establish and guarantee a Jewish state in Palestine, the Entente powers cannot arrive at "unity of purpose and of counsel."

But Zionist aspirations not only as interpreted and carried out by the present leaders of the Zionist movement, but also in their very nature and essence,—it is best to be frank about it,—present other dangers to the world peace than friction between France and Great Britain. In enumerating these dangers, I trust my readers will remember that I am not recording second-hand impressions and arguments. What I write here is the result of personal contact with the problems discussed.

First and foremost (for it affects the Jews themselves), *the attempt to create a Jewish state in Palestine would give birth to an alarming anti-Semitic movement throughout the Moslem world, resulting in boycotts and pogroms.*

The conception of a nation as a *millet* (religious community) is ingrained in Moslem races, and influences also races which have been subjected to or which have lived in intimate contact with Moslem civilization. In countries where Mohammedans have the political ascendency non-Moslem millets are simply tolerated. They have no legal rights. Their security of life and property is based upon the granting of an *aman* (a safe-conduct) which is not permanent. It may be withdrawn at any moment. As long as non-Moslem *millets* do not aspire to political control, or even to political equality, the non-Moslems are safe. For centuries Christians and Jews lived in perfect security in the Ottoman Empire and in other Mohammedan states. Massacres of Christians have occurred because of the withdrawal of the *aman*. So long as the Christians were content with their lot and did not try to become politically masters or equals through their own efforts or through demanding protection or aid from outside states, the *aman* was not withdrawn. I know that this statement will be indignantly denied by some, but it is made after years of study and observation. Starting with the massacre of the Greeks in Chios at the outbreak of the Greek rebellion nearly a hundred years ago, and examining the circumstances in which each big massacre has

taken place, we find that the underlying cause in every case is the refusal of Moslems to tolerate non-Moslem political rule or to grant equality to *raias* (non-Moslem subjects). I have lived in the Ottoman Empire, have traveled everywhere in perfect security, and know how it feels to have the *aman* suddenly withdrawn; for I was in the courtyard of the Adana government building when the massacre of 1909 broke out.

Massacres are not due to religious antipathy. Moslems do not declare the *djihad* (holy war) simply to kill non-Moslems. It is their way of preventing the assertion of independence on the part of non-Moslems among them. Greeks and other Christians have not been harmed when Armenians were being killed. Armenians have not been harmed when Greeks were being killed. The Jews who had to emigrate from Spain several centuries ago were received hospitably by the Turks. There never has been a pogrom. And yet, in the Koran, the denunciation of Christians cannot be compared with the denunciation of Jews. Religiously speaking, Moslems bear far more hatred to Jews than to Christians. It is always legally right for Moslems to kill non-Moslems. Only the *aman* stands between the non-Moslem and death. The Jews have enjoyed security in the Ottoman Empire and in Persia because there never has been up to now a reason to withdraw the *aman*.

Palestine contains two of the four holy places of orthodox Islam. Jerusalem is second only to Mecca. An attempt to turn the Mosque of Omar back into the Temple of Solomon would be more foolish and dangerous than to reconsecrate St. Sophia. Zionists answer that Zionism does not mean the restoration of Jewry in Jerusalem, and that those who point out the inevitable conflict with Islam have not grasped the significance of the Zionist movement. But if Zionism is mystical and spiritual, why Palestine at all? And if it is the practical, the material return to Zion, no previously announced good intentions are going to prevail against human nature. We have already had proof of this. Following in the trail of Sir Edmund Allenby's victorious army, the Zionist delegation first established their headquarters at Tel Aviv, near Jaffa. But within a few months branch headquarters (the adjective and noun together form a paradox) were opened in Jerusalem, and Dr. Weizmann declared, "We return to this sacred country which our forefathers heroically defended to link up the glorious traditions of the past with the future."

In vain did Dr. Weizmann continue by stating that "this development will not, and must not, be detrimental to any of the great communities established in the country; on the contrary, it will be to their advantage." In vain did he express deep sympathy for and profound interest "in the struggle for freedom which the ancient Arab race is now waging against Turkey," and his belief that the scattered Arab forces are being cemented with the sympathies of the Entente and the freedom-loving powers. The mufti and other Moslem notables withdrew from the table. And ever since Dr. Weizmann's speech there has been a constant cry of protest from Arabs, Christian as well as Moslem. So unanimous has been the protest that the French Government censor allowed to be printed in the Arab newspaper of Paris, "Al Moustaqbal," (number of August 30, 1918), a letter of a Palestinian Arab, written from Jerusalem on May 26, which, in violent terms, states that Moslems will never allow Jews to control Palestine. The sentiments of this letter are identical with those repeatedly expressed in "Al Kibla," official journal of the King of the Hedjaz, formerly Sherif of Mecca, whose aid has been decisive to the British in the Palestinian and Mesopotamian campaigns.

Dr. Weizmann made strenuous efforts, supported by the British administration, to conciliate the Moslems and Christians of the Holy Land. Out of a great number invited, only three Arabs consented to talk with him. Despite his concessions, use of Arabic as official language, civil and administrative equality, prohibition of buying lands or flocks, limitation of Zionist agriculture to uncultivated government

lands at Beersheba and Khan-Younes against the deposit of their value in money in an agricultural bank for the amelioration of the lot of the Arabic fellahin, he was told flatly no Judeo-Arabic agreement was possible *except between the element already settled in Palestine.*

Under the influence of the dazzling victories of the autumn of 1918, the Internationalist Zionist Commission is probably able to report a "working agreement," which will be cited to prove the groundlessness of my statements and my fears. Resignation is the cardinal virtue of Islam, we are assured. But we must not be deceived by appearances. History proves the Mohammedan acceptance of the inevitable, cheerful and definite acceptance. But history proves also the unwisdom—no; more, the impossibility—of changing the political and social nature of a Mohammedan country by forced European immigration. Colonists, products of another civilization, backed in agricultural and commercial competition with indigenous elements by large grants of money and protected by diplomacy behind which stood armies and battle-ships, have failed to take root or have been massacred. Zionists should study the failure of France in Tunis, the pitiful shipwreck of Italian ambitions in Tripoli, and the disastrous results of Greek attempts to increase colonization along the Sea of Marmora and the Ægean coast of Asia Minor. The resignation of Mohammedans is an article of faith; but their inability to accept political domination in their own country of non-Moslem elements is also an article of faith. Oil does not mix with water. It is a sad mistake to attribute the comparative failure of earlier Zionist attempts at colonization in Palestine to the corruption of the Turkish rule. Arabs are far more Mohammedan than are Turks. Their fanaticism is more to be feared.

If the peace conference decides to restore the Jews to Palestine, immigration into and development of the country can be assured only by the presence of a considerable army for an indefinite period. Not only the half million Moslems living in Palestine, but the millions in surrounding countries, will have to be cowed into submission by the constant show and the occasional use of force.

But how can we reconcile such a policy in Palestine with the principles for the *world-wide* maintenance of which we have announced that we are fighting? Is the peace conference to give with one hand and take away with the other? We have made the issues of this conflict the triumph of right over force and the liberation of small nations from the yoke of the foreigner. Each race is to be consulted in regard to its own destinies. If we consult the Palestinian Arabs, Christian as well as Moslem, we shall find them *unanimous* in their desire, their determination, not to have Zionism foisted upon them. They comprise over eighty per cent. of the population of Palestine. Even in the Jewish minority there is a strong anti-Zionist element, for Jewry is no more united than are Christendom and Islam. The Sephardim, who understand the spirit of the Orient better than Occidental and Northern Jews and who are in large majority among the indigenous Palestine Jews, do not sympathize with the Zionist program.

We are fighting to break down racial and national barriers throughout the world. Americans hope that this war is going to bring together every element of the American nation in a common brotherhood. Native-born and immigrant, white and black, Protestant and Catholic and Jew, Aryan and Semite and Indian, have one allegiance—to the Government of the United States, for which all alike are shedding their blood on the battle-fields of France. This sacrifice is demanded by a Government which does not make citizenship depend upon race or religion or color. The same responsibilities are exacted of all, the same privileges are extended to all.

Grand Rabbi Levy of France struck the nail on the head when he said: "Zionism is not a pious desideratum on our part. What French Jews are interested in is liberty and equality in *this* country for all religions." The great majority of American-born Jews certainly have the same opinion. Not nationhood in an artificially created

Zion, but complete, unrestricted partnership in the political, economic, and social life of the United States of America must be their goal. And do not American Jews realize the glorious change, which can be made permanent if they act wisely, that has come over the situation of the Jew in Europe since 1914? When I was a boy, living in the Jewish quarter of Philadelphia, Herzl, founder of Zionism, was worshiped by the immigrants from Poland and Russia because he proclaimed a gospel of emancipation. The immigrants soon realized that the emancipation had come with American citizenship, and lost their fervor for the ideal of return to the Holy Land. As I write, I think of Russian and Polish Zionists, whom I knew well in the old days, and whom I have met again after a lapse of years. One of them, an officer in the American Expeditionary Force, laughed heartily when I told him the story of Lord Rothschild, who said he was for Zionism if he could be ambassador of the new state at London. "My sentiments! My sentiments exactly!" he exclaimed. This war is bringing a complete change of the status of Jews in eastern and southeastern Europe. Who, then, will feel the need of returning to Zion?

If some Jews of Europe and America, however, follow the will-o'-the-wisp of Zionism, and insist in the peace conference upon their separate nationality, they may succeed in losing for themselves and for all others of their religion what they have to-day the golden opportunity of gaining. Anti-Semitism need not be reawakened in Russia; but the Russian peasants are susceptible to be worked upon by fanatics if told that the Jews have seized the Holy Land, which means more to Russians than to any other Christian people. Jews have been enfranchised in Rumania, but Rumanians will reconsider the decision if the concession is spurned by continued wholesale emigration of the Jewish element. The Polish question, most difficult of all, will become more delicate if the Jews maintain a state within a state by looking to Zion. French Jews are living to-day in the millennium. Who cannot foresee the change in French public opinion toward them if Zionism plays the game of another power? And are German and Austrian Jews going to be called upon to take sides with the enemies of the nations to which they owe allegiance?

Through the courtesy of the British Foreign Office I have received a collection of books, pamphlets, and periodicals on the Zionist question, which contain the case for Zionism in Palestine in the most complete and strongest form. Since the Balfour declaration, when Zionism entered practical international politics, I have met Zionists as much as possible. Newspaper accounts of Zionist conventions and meetings and discussions of the Zionist movement have been coming to my desk for the last year. Neither in the spoken nor written word, I am sorry to say, is there an inclination to take into consideration what President Wilson pleads for in his speech at the opening of the Fourth Liberty Loan:

> The impartial justice meted out must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned. No special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis or any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all. . . . Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?

The Jewish advocates of introducing hundreds of thousands of Jews into Palestine, immigrants backed by outside diplomatic and financial support and going for the purpose of setting up a theocratic government for the Jewish *nation,* forget or ignore the fact that Palestine is already inhabited by a nation which has possessed the land for over a thousand years—a nation homogeneous in race as well as in religion, a nation with traditions more firmly centered, because of contact and ownership, with the *harams* of Jerusalem and Hebron than their own, a nation whose highly perfected language was preferred to

Hebrew as a medium by the great Jewish writers, Saadia, Maimonides, and, for his prose, Jehuda ben Halévy. The Gentile advocates of restoring Palestine to the Jews either have never investigated the proposition from the point of view of the inhabitants of the country or are actuated by the principle of political expediency severely denounced by President Wilson.

At the time of the Dardanelles Expedition, Syrian physicians, educated in the American and French colleges of Beirut, when they learned the terrible need of medical care for British soldiers, volunteered their services. They received no answer. An Entente diplomat took up the case with the British authorities, and urged that Syrians be used. "We do not want niggers looking after our men," was the answer. I should not tell this story, for the truth of which I can vouch, were it not that here may lie the reef which will wreck the ship of a durable peace. Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Arabs, Syrians, and Egyptians are not "niggers," and the sooner we wake up to this truth the better for the Anglo-Saxon race. They are getting our education and our ideas. Given equal chance, their instincts are as gentlemanly as ours, their code of honor as high, and their intelligence as great. We can no longer get away with the "my man" and "here there" and "boy" fashion of addressing them. In the near East, as in the far East, arrogance, insolence, indifference to the political *and social* rights of "natives" *in their own countries* will have to go the way of ante-bellum diplomacy. If we do not change radically our attitude toward *all* Asiatic races, the present war is nothing to what is coming, and in the twentieth century, too.

Assuming that Syrians and Arabs are "niggers," according to our principles in this war their rights are as sacred as ours. Dr. Weizmann assures them that their rights will be safeguarded. But they do not want this assurance from Dr. Weizmann, from the British Government, from the Entente nations, from the peace conference. They want to safeguard their own rights, freely and unhampered, like every other nation. They challenge the authority of the British cabinet to dispose of Palestine. Palestine is theirs. They live in the country. They own the country. They have been indispensable in the military operation of freeing it from the Turks. They have been recognized as belligerents. No reasonable man can deny the justice of the unanimous demand of Moslem and Christian Palestinians of Arab race and language, who are over eighty per cent. of the present population, that the Zionist scheme be envisaged in regard to Palestine, as we should look at it if our own countries were concerned. Can the peace conference say *ex cathedra:* "We have decided to sanction Zionist aspirations. You Palestinian Arabs must allow an indefinite number of Jews to come into your country, settle there, and participate in the government. If you do not do so willingly, we shall occupy Palestine with a military force, and treat you as rebels, as disturbers of the world's peace"?

We have an illustration as to what Mr. Balfour thinks about Zionist immigration *when it is a question of Britishers who would be affected.* Mr. Chamberlain, foreign secretary in the Balfour cabinet, conceived the idea of opening eastern Africa to the Zionists. A commission was sent out from London in 1904 to study the question. The protest against the immigration of "Galician and other undesirable eastern and southeastern European Jews" on the part of a few hundred British colonists in an enormous country they had not yet themselves been able to cultivate, or even explore, prevented the commission from offering to the Zionists the only lands in the colony practicable for white settlement. Premier Balfour admitted the justice of their opposition when he saw that force would have to be used to make them yield, and the Zionist congress at Basel was offered inland, equatorial, undeveloped Uganda instead! Now that a similar protest against Zionist immigration comes from 630,000 Moslem and Christian inhabitants of a very small country, is the case different?

The argument of the Zionists that there

is room for them, too, in Palestine is absurd. The world has never admitted such an argument to justify forcible immigration. It smacks of Prussianism pure and simple. The indigenous population of Palestine is not stationary, and will increase without immigration under better political, hygienic and economic conditions. Who can deny the right—a right everywhere jealously guarded—of a race to wish to keep intact the soil and potential wealth of its own country for its own future generations? On the ground that there is room for others, the peace conference could with equal reason and justice insist upon the opening up of Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and our own Pacific States to Asiatic immigration. But we Anglo-Saxons will have none of it. Are we going to force an Asiatic race to admit European immigrants against its will? Is this the meting out of "impartial justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but equal rights"?

The Zionists fall back upon their acceptance of the clause in the Balfour declaration, that "nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." Zionism, they say, does not mean oppression of or conflict with the other communities. If conflict arises, it will be the fault of others, and help will be asked from Dr. Weizmann's "one just and fairly responsible guardian" to defend the immigrants. But how can the setting up of the Jewish "national home" in Palestine fail to affect the civil and religious rights of the present inhabitants of the land? What other result can it possibly have than to rob the Palestinian Arabs of their hope to evolve into a modern, self-governing state? The spirit of the twentieth century is unalterably opposed to government by communities constituted on theocratic principles. The evolution of self-governing democracies has been possible only through unification and secularization. Utah is an illustration. Doing away with polygamy was simply the rallying cry in the inevitable conflict with Mormonism. In Zionist congresses delegates have frequently advocated making the United States "the promised land." But the answer always was that the ideals of Zionism could not be realized under the American system of civil government. Mr. Lloyd George is now an enthusiastic advocate of Zionism—for Palestine. But years ago, when he was lawyer for the organization at the time of the eastern African proposal, he told his clients frankly that they would have to change their scheme of governing Zion if Zion was to be established in a British colony.

When the whole world is moving toward democracy, shall we compel the Arabs of Palestine to live under a polity emancipation from which is the cornerstone of our own liberties? The Zionist answers that the Arabs already live under that polity, and that precisely because there is no question of asking the inhabitants of the country to change existing institutions, Palestine is the ideal country for the erection of "the national home." But the answer reveals a dangerous ignorance of existing institutions in Palestine. Commentators on the Koran have invariably represented the theocratic system of government as a *Mohammedan* theocracy. It *is* not against the law to tolerate non-Mohammedan *millets* as long as the Christian and Jewish sects do not aspire to political domination or do not interpret their autonomy as a right instead of as a free, and temporary, gift. In the Ottoman Empire prerogatives of the *millets,* like the capitulations governing foreigners, originated in the inadaptibility of Mohammedan law to meet the needs of non-Moslems. The concessions were not wrung from the Turk by force. They were granted freely to avoid bother.

By establishing in the near East a non-Mohammedan theocracy, on a present footing of equality and with the prospect of some day becoming the master, we should not only bring Judaism into conflict with Islam. We should be sanctioning the perpetuation of the very system of government that needs to be changed if the peoples of the near East are to participate in our durable peace. Our goal is the libera-

tion of all races and the doing away with foreign control and exploitation of weaker peoples. To attain that goal we must endeavor to show Mohammedan nations the path of political evolution we ourselves have followed, and help them along that path. We must uphold in the near East the antithesis of Zionist conceptions and ideals. Religion does not decide one's nationality. The state is a secular institution, created and supported by the people, serving and served by the people. "The people" comprise all who live within the limits of the state; they enjoy equal political rights; and these rights are not dependent upon and have no connection whatever with religious belief. A religious community, governed by rules and traditions of its own, and not subject to the common laws made by all the people and applying to all alike, is inimical to the development of democracy. Occidental Europe and the United States have found out this truth. We cannot establish Zionism in Palestine after a war that has been fought "to make the world safe for democracy."

When the Zionist movement arose and took root in Jewry, the whole world sympathized with the reasons for it given by Herzl. The political emancipation of the Jew in Russian and Austrian Poland, in Russia and in Rumania, has been a plank in the platform of world-wide democracy. The Jews had a right to attempt to emancipate their downtrodden brethren in their own way, and to use the age-old aspiration of Israel to revive hope and faith; but the most prominent of Zionists were careful to explain that the "return to Zion" did not mean return to Jerusalem in the material sense of the word. It was a mystical idea, like "Jerusalem the Golden" to Christians. The proof of this is in the fact that Zionist congresses have discussed seriously setting up Zion in other places than Palestine. Even recently one of Dr. Weizmann's most ardent supporters said to me:

"Can I make you see that the possession of Jerusalem means nothing to Zionists? Zionism's aim is to revivify the religious faith of Jewry, which our dispersion in the modern world threatens to extinguish. It is, from Alpha to Omega, a spiritual movement."

Why, then, does Zionism emphasize now the temporal aspect? Why Palestine? Why a distinct nationhood for the Jew? To preserve the Ghetto for those whose religion cannot thrive outside the Ghetto, are we going to risk putting the millions of Jews who live happily and usefully in their several countries back into the Ghetto? Is it possible to recreate with success anachronistic political and religious conditions? Men have fought wars to turn back the hands of the clock. The wars have not prevented the progress of mankind. And how often has peace been disturbed because men failed to comprehend the universal Zion for all creeds in the words of a Palestinian Jew, who said, "My kingdom is not of this world!"

"Intelligence"

By DEAN IVAN LAMB, Sergeant *R.F.C.*

THE old saying about variety being the spice of life was never so truly borne out as in the daily flying life of Squadron Umpty's pilots there on the river S——. Every day brings something different. That is, unless it rains, which it seems to do almost every time there 's a big movement of the lines. I 've been sent up even in a rain-storm, but that was an exceptional case. Every sunny, clear day, however, one can count on a new adventure. The fact that it may be the last matters not. As the hours and days pass, and one finds oneself still alive and kicking, one continually asks oneself, "Well, what 's to come next?"

I thought I had run the whole gamut of war-time flying, but I was to learn that I was still a neophyte when it came to demanding the bizarre and the unusual.

The thing began when I was ordered over the lines on a long reconnaissance. I had been on many reconnaissances before, but I had never received such queer orders. My instructions for this flight were especially to note a suitable place for making a night landing near the river S——. I was to make such notes as would enable one to find the spot in the darkness. As I remember them, my notes read:

Large open space about one mile square directly south of bend of the river. This ground looks very smooth from an elevation of one thousand feet. A thin fringe of trees separates it from the river; only two small farm-houses are within a distance from which a motor would be audible; a straight, white road runs parallel with, and one mile from, the river. The nearest military camp seems to consist of two or three battalions of infantry under canvas at the village of B——, five miles north of the field.

I turned these notes in to the major, wondering what the deuce was to come next. Then one afternoon a few days later this urbane C. O. asked me if I felt that I could make a landing there at night in order to drop an officer from the Intelligence Department. Of course I answered yes. I felt it would be very easy, and so expressed myself. But when he smiled, and told me all right, that I was to attempt it that night, I began to think of all the things that might happen when making a landing at night, on strange land, with an unwelcome passenger. It would not have been so bad had the field been marked, like our own aërodrome, with bright flares; but in Hunland, in the wee sma' hours of the morning, dropping down from a great height to meet the Lord only knew what—well, I did n't relish the job nearly as much as my overzealous reply to the major might have indicated. But "orders is orders," and, as the French say, *"C'est la guerre."*

I determined that if anything happened it would n't be the fault of the machine. I went over the boat about a dozen times. Every turnbuckle, every inch of wire, every valve, spring, and spark-plug on the engine, got the "third degree" of overhauling. Then I made a bundle of a change of linen, my shaving-kit, and some three hundred cigarettes. This was in case I "crashed" in landing and was taken prisoner.

At midnight the flares were placed on the aërodrome, and the machine was rolled out of the hangar. I tried the engine, and found that she ran as sweetly as though she knew something was up and was going to do her best to see me safely through. Then I switched off, and impatiently awaited my mysterious passenger. He appeared out of the darkness with the major

about 12:30. He was muffled to the eyes with flying-helmet and wore a long flying-coat. He had with him a small bundle, which he carried with him when he climbed in and took the front seat.

The major instructed me to mount to 12,000 feet and volplane down over the lines as far as possible; then to mount again until I reached 8000, always heading toward the bend in the river. I was then to throttle down and glide to the field with the motor shut off, in order to avoid attracting unwelcome attention.

It was a beautiful starlit night. There was no moon. A thin gauze of cumulous clouds at about 5000 feet could be easily avoided. We got away all right, and soon left the tiny pin-points of the landing-flares far below us. No "Archies" bothered us. Evidently they failed to hear the roar of the motor. It sounded strangely loud to me in that night air. But the machine never flew better. It 's strange how a motor seems to operate much better at night. I 've noticed it in driving racing-cars on quiet roads. Whether it 's imagination or not I don't know; but, at any rate, I 'm sure that my machine was doing better than she ever did before. I felt easy until I saw the bend of the river, a great quicksilver curve painted on the dark shadow of the earth. Here I throttled down the motor. I was trying to picture to my mind just how the field was laid out. The thought that I did not know the exact elevation of the field reminded me that I could not depend on the aneroid for judging my altitude above the ground. For a moment I felt a bit panicky, but the feeling soon passed, and I quickly made up my mind what I would have to do.

I decided that I would have to "pancake" the last thousand feet; that is, by working my controls try to let the bus down flat, in order to do away with the long gliding angle and the necessary gradual "run" in alighting. The ground always seems farther away than it really is in flying at night. It is very easy, therefore, to wreck the machine in making the landing, and I did n't want to be caught with a wrecked machine and a disguised spy behind the Hun's lines at that hour of the night.

I did n't make a very good landing. We hit the ground with an awful bump, or so it seemed to me; but luck was right with us, and no damage was done. The old girl ran along about fifty feet and stopped. Not a word was spoken. My passenger alighted with his little bundle, removed his flying-coat and helmet, and then I saw that he was dressed as a staff-officer of the Prussian Guard. Meanwhile I was busy using my eyes. Every shadow assumed queer proportions as I watched. But my passenger was as unconcerned as though leaving his wraps at the check-room of a hotel. He placed his flying-kit in the front seat, then whispered to me to wait half an hour before leaving, silently shook hands, and walked quietly away into the darkness. I watched him go until he was swallowed up by the shadows. Then my real nervousness began. Somehow I did n't mind the adventure so much so long as there were two of us. But the lonesomeness of it, the helplessness of my position, if anybody was to rush out of the darkness at me, almost drove me wild. I took out my watch. The ticking of it sounded like the beating of my heart. I gulped down the rising fear, while gooseflesh sent queer little quivers up and down my spine. My imagination conjured up strange forms all over the field. I felt a thousand pairs of eyes staring at me from out the fringe of trees along the banks of the river and in the shadows of the fences. The minutes went by so slowly that I felt my watch was playing me tricks. I began to perspire freely in my warm flying-clothes. A little stream trickled down from under my helmet. I was surprised to find beads of perspiration on my forehead. I did n't dare move to get a handkerchief; I just stood there like a stone image. I had the insane idea that if I did this I could n't be noticed. The fact is, my machine was as clearly outlined in that field as though the sun were going down behind it. At least I thought that.

It lacked five minutes of the half-hour when I opened the throttle and whirled

the propeller to suck in a rich mixture of "gas." Then, almost closing the throttle, I tried to swing the propeller to start the motor. She refused to start. I tried time after time without a single explosion. The water ran down my face and inside my clothes in tiny rivulets. I began to approach that stage where I wanted to scream out and let the worst happen; anything would have been better than that agonizing suspense. I was rapidly becoming exhausted when I suddenly remembered that the switch was off. I stifled a hysteric giggle and quickly rectified the error. Then I turned the switch to "on"; the motor started at the first swing with a roar that sounded like a million seventy-fives. "Now it comes," thought I, expecting a burst of machine-gun fire from all sides.

To cap the climax, my machine began to do a few stunts on her own hook. The minute the propeller got going, the old girl began to roll across the field at a brisk rate. Fortunately, the action of the propeller caused her to turn by herself. I was just able to catch her and throttle down before she came to the edge of the field. I clambered in, out of breath, opened up the throttle, and let the old motor roar its head off. My trouble now was to "zoom" over the fringe of trees and fences. There was a heartbreaking moment when I thought that I was going to be "hung up" on a tall tree-top, but the gallant old girl rose to the occasion, and the leaves seemed just to graze my wheels. I heaved a stupendous sigh of relief.

Half an hour later I crossed the lines, and this time Fritz paid his respects, sending up a few "Archies," followed by a snake-like rocket, or "flaming onion," as we call them. I didn't care how close they came to me, so relieved was I to get out of that fateful territory. Far below me I left the star-shell-lighted avenue of no-man's-land and pointed the machine downward for the warm, welcoming glow of the aërodrome flares. I don't believe anything ever looked so good to me as the smiling faces that popped out at me when the machine rolled along in front of the hangar. I came strangely near to weeping for the sheer joy of it. A pleasantry or two, a silent hand-shake, and I had seen the machine safely into the hangar, and then to bed.

At various times during the next few days I wondered what had become of my mysterious passenger. There is something tragic in the life of spies of the Intelligence Department. They get little or no credit for their work. They live a life of perpetual danger. The penalty of capture is death—a stone wall and a firing-squad. "Flying," thought I, "is child's play alongside the game those fellows play." And it is. They are the bravest of the brave.

Five days later I was ordered to get ready to go over that night after my friend. I call him my friend because I should have liked to be able to know him as a friend; but it was never to be. He will always remain in my memory as a queer, silent Britisher, muffled in flying-clothes and surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery and romance. I was told that my passenger would signal me, after I had arrived above the field, using a small pocket flash-lamp. I was to be at the place at two in the morning. The same tactics in landing were to be followed.

This time I did not feel so nervous. My passenger would be able to twirl the propeller, and I had learned that the field was at the same elevation as the aërodrome. This would make a big difference in landing.

I left the aërodrome about one. Again the "Archies" were conspicuous by their absence. As I arrived above the field I caught the signal, "——— ——— ——— ——— — ———," meaning O. K. in the Morse code. So I planed down, and made a perfect landing. My friend was alongside almost before the machine had stopped rolling. Quickly he donned the flying-clothes that I had brought, climbed into the front seat, and we started off. I had not even stopped the motor. I thought at the time how simple this job was, and felt inclined to cut off the engine and invent

some sort of a hair-raising stunt to get me a nice furlough to rest my "shattered nerves." But discretion is the better part of a good many more things than valor, so we proceeded to leave that spot as fast as we could.

Exactly two hours later we landed. I should have liked to talk with my passenger, but of course that was out of the question. However, I did learn the next morning that this spy had obtained information of more value than the lives of an army corps. So it was worth while, after all.

I was fortunate in being able to meet him face to face in the daylight. A week later I saw him for the first time in the sun, this time in his proper British uniform. I must say that he looked very much like a German even in that dress. But he had sheer nerve written all over his countenance. If he knew me, he did n't show it. I was cautioned by the major not to breathe a word of our trips to a living soul, and I did n't. This is the first time it has been mentioned. It is safe to do so now because we can never use that field again, nor will my friend ever sail over the lines in my car on such an errand. For him has come the inevitable.

Just when I had begun to think that my night landings in enemy's territory were a thing of the past, I was again "copped out." It seemed strange to me that I was elected "it" for these nasty night ventures. Perhaps they figured they would n't miss me so much as they would the other pilots in case I "went West"; possibly they thought I was so lucky that nothing would be likely to happen to me. I 'll confess that I used to think myself the luckiest fellow in the squadron.

This time my mysterious passenger appeared dressed as a farm laborer. His chin was covered with a rough seven-day beard. He wore the coarse wooden shoes of the peasant class. We went up as on previous flights, following the same instructions; only this time I am afraid I was a bit more careless than on the previous trips. I misjudged the wind, and had to open up the throttle while about a thousand feet above the ground in order to get into the landing-place. It made a fierce racket, and I expected to be fired upon. However, we landed without mishap, and unobserved, so far as I could learn.

Immediately after we came to a standstill, my passenger slid out of the machine and made for the fringe of trees. There I lost sight of him. I wished I had been a little more sentimental and said a "Good Luck!" or something of the sort. But one thinks of those things too late, and under the conditions there is n't a second to waste.

After waiting the usual half-hour I started up with virtually no difficulty. This time I did n't fool myself with the switch, nor did I let the old girl travel away from me. We sailed up above the trees like a giant night-hawk. As I "zoomed" up over the tree-tops I caught the flashes of many guns, and heard the faint reports of rifles above the noise of the motor. The *zip, zip* of the unwelcome messengers tearing through the planes caused me to duck unconsciously; but we soon outdistanced the small-arms fire, and then I got it hot and heavy from the "Archies." They did n't make good work of it. In fact, I rather enjoyed the pyrotechnical display. There 's something impressively fascinating about watching the sudden stabs of purplish flame in the dark. It is hard to convince oneself that they mean sudden death under certain conditions. I even looked over the side and tried to locate the anti-aircraft-gun flashes. It is much easier to locate gun positions on the ground at night than at any other time. Frequently the wily Hun won't fire at machines in the darkness, especially when they are directly overhead, or so placed that the pilot or observer can detect the pin-point-like flashes from above.

I was worried about my friend. The rifle-shots indicated that troops must have been near by when we landed. The sound of the motor evidently attracted their attention. The nearest German camp was

at least five miles away. I wondered whether these were on special duty at that spot, whether they were new-comers, or whether the camp had been moved, unknown to me. I was still puzzled over the occurrence when I landed at the aërodrome. I reported the matter to the major, who looked a bit worried.

"Too bad," he said. "I hope they 've not nabbed the beggar."

I dreamed of peasants lurking in the shadows, and dodging gray-clad Huns, all night.

Two days later I was ordered to go over to bring him back. My instructions were to land regardless of whether I received signals or not. Also, I was to wait for him until daylight. It seems that a great deal depended upon the information he was expected to get.

"Dean Ivan, here 's where you get yours; here 's where your little old luck kisses you good-by," I said to myself as I prepared for the trip. I did n't feel a bit well over this expedition. Some grim foreboding haunted me. "There 's something wrong; there 's something wrong," kept humming through my head.

Owing to the trouble encountered on my last trip, the major decided that a gunner should accompany me. This meant a little consolation in a way; but at the same time it meant that on the return trip I should have two in the front seat. Not only that, but the machine would be greatly overloaded, and she would not be so easy to handle in an emergency. My gunner was n't exactly jubilant over the occasion. I agreed to share my cigarettes with him in case we were caught, which cheered him up a bit.

The start was auspicious. The "Archie" fire was off duty for the night. We got over the rendezvous according to schedule, but I could detect no flash signal. I circled around for fifteen minutes at a good altitude, but not a sign of a flash. In vain we searched. There was nothing to do but to drop silently down and trust to Providence. I felt exactly as though I were diving into a lion's den. My inner consciousness told me that we should never see our passenger. The fact that we were not fired on was a grim omen rather than a lucky one, thought I. They 're just waiting to nab me, machine and all. The night was painfully quiet. The squawk of a bird near by sent cold chills up my spine. Neither of us left the machine, as our only hope lay in standing by, ready for instant action.

My watch showed me that we had to wait about two hours for daylight. Those two hours seemed like two million. Every shadow was a Hun, every noise was a stealthy enemy creeping upon us. Both of us had bad attacks of "nerves." Again, as upon the occasion of my initial trip, the perspiration poured off me. At one time my gunner nearly choked to death trying to stifle a sneeze. I had an insane, hysterical desire to shriek with laughter at his convulsions. As the first faint pallor appeared in the east our anxiety increased. A dozen times I was on the point of whispering, "Let 's go." Each time I felt that it would be cowardly to fail our friend. He might be delayed; something might have happened to keep him. Just another five minutes, I told myself.

We waited until it was light enough to see the wire on the fences; our faces, behind our goggles, were clearly visible to each other. It was folly to delay longer. I had just made up my mind to get away when I thought I saw a movement in the fringe of foliage at the edge of the field. I hurriedly whispered instructions to the gunner. He was swinging the propeller when I saw several men running toward us from the other end of the field. "It 's all up with us," thought I, but, as every man will do, I decided I was n't caught until I was caught.

So as not to excite the gunner, who had not seen the oncoming Huns, I said quietly, "Try it on 'contact.' " He replied, "Contact." As I put the switch on, he whirled the propeller. My heart was in my mouth as I wondered if she would get her gas. But Dame Fortune was looking down on us; the machine started on the first turn. Then I pointed to the Huns, who were coming on the run. I never

saw a man get into a machine quicker than did that gunner. I myself worked fast.

As he climbed in I opened the throttle and headed directly toward the running Germans and directly into the slight wind. Most of them stopped and worked at their rifles. It was extraordinary the speed with which they opened fire on us. As we rose from the ground the air seemed full of bullets. We were so close that the under-carriage bowled several of them over. I could hear their shouts and cries above the noise of the motor and the guns. The very boldness of the manœuver took some of them by surprise. I remember seeing one burly fellow staring at us with open mouth. Then they dropped away from us rapidly, while we both snuggled down in the body of the bus in the mistaken idea that it meant protection.

My gunner swung around the gun and opened up on them. He told me later it was a treat to see them scurry for shelter just like gray rabbits. Then the sky suddenly filled with the puffs of "Archie" fire, and for a few minutes we were extremely busy. They were evidently feeling out of sorts about something. They peppered away at us with machine-guns and "Archies," and threw in a few rockets for good measure.

We shall never know what happened to the man we were to pick up. Whatever happened, he was a brave chap. It made me sick to have to report him absent, but there was nothing else to do. His name is unknown save to the inner circle, but his work has become known to many because through the information he secured it was possible to make a later advance on the Western front.

That ended my job as a ferry-boat for spies. We never went back. The Germans would watch that field for days, and our officers knew that there would n't have been the remotest chance of picking up our man, let alone of coming back alive ourselves.

Russia: a Dissolving View

By LOTHROP STODDARD

THE present condition of Russia can be summed up in one word: dissolution. It is the most sudden and profound dissolution in all recorded history, a breakdown not merely of government, but of the whole social fabric. In a single year a mighty empire, the product of centuries of historic evolution, inhabited by 175 millions of people and occupying one sixth of the entire land surface of the globe, has disappeared into thin air, leaving behind nothing but a welter of anarchy. This is something unprecedented. Beside it the French Revolution pales into relative insignificance.

Yet we should err in dwelling exclusively upon the Russian Revolution's destructive side. It is the passing of the outworn in order to make room for fresh forms of life. This principle certainly applies in Russia, for amid the ruins of the old order we can already discern the vigorous upshoots of the new. Precisely what the new order will be like we, of course, do not yet know. After a forest fire there springs up between the blackened stumps a riot of new growth. Much of this is weed and brush destined to ultimate extinction beneath the shade of the new forest. The one thing certain is that a new forest will one day shadow the fire-swept soil. Let us, then, emulating the woodsman, survey the revolution-scarred Russian land, striving to discern what the new growth may be.

Our survey will embrace many points of interest, for the situation is a complicated one. To begin with, the Roman-

off Empire was emphatically not a racial or cultural unit. The genuine Russians formed less than half the total population, the balance being made up of many alien peoples, retaining their ancestral languages, cultures, and faiths. Accordingly, no sooner was the czar's yoke lifted, than all these suppressed peoples asserted their long-denied claims to self-expression and free development. Such was the basis of the separatist movements in Finland, Poland, the Ukraine, and other regions.

But this is by no means the whole story. The Russian Revolution was a social even more than a political upheaval, and with the coming of the Bolsheviki to power it assumed the form of embittered class-war.

Thus the present situation in Russia is compounded of two basic factors: the one, the self-assertion of the non-Russian peoples for free development either by guaranteed autonomy or by independence; the other, the general struggle between the poorer classes and the richer and more artistocratic elements. This two-fold, intersecting situation has produced the most varied results, depending in the given cases upon the relative strength of nationalistic or class considerations. Since conditions vary greatly within the different portions of the former Russian Empire, only a regional survey of the empire can yield practical results.

The logical beginning of our survey is naturally the Russians themselves; and here we almost everywhere find class interests prevailing over nationalistic considerations. The Russian, to be sure, does not lack patriotism, but this feeling has with him never attained that clear-cut precision possessed by citizens of Western nations, and to-day it seems temporarily in abeyance. On the other hand, a bad economic system had long estranged the various classes of the population; so it was inevitable that the Revolution would assume a distinctly social complexion and would thereby engender a class-struggle of the most thoroughgoing nature.

And in this struggle, so far as Russia proper is concerned, the disinherited classes have almost everywhere been easy victors. In fact, given the social structure of Russia under the empire, it could not well have been otherwise. At one end of the social scale stood a small class of landed proprietors and officials; at the other end an enormous mass of poverty-stricken peasants and town proletarians, with virtually no middle classes to bridge the gulf between. As soon as the supporting pillar of czardom was knocked away, the whole social edifice fell in ruins, the relatively small upper class being quite unable to protect itself against the needy majority. It is true that the extreme leveling doctrines of the Bolsheviki, menacing as they do not only wealthy persons, but all those possessing any property whatsoever, is rapidly driving the thriftier peasants and town artisans into an alliance with the persecuted upper and middle classes; but so strong is the grip and so ruthless the terroristic methods of Russia's present proletarian dictators that as yet this alliance has produced no tangible results.

The only Russian-inhabited regions where real opposition has been offered to the Bolshevik régime are the Cossack territories and Siberia, and the reason for this opposition becomes clear when we discover that in both these regions the old economic order satisfied a majority of the population.

The Cossack territories, both in south-eastern European Russia and in Siberia, were originally frontier military colonies, and the czars consistently favored the Cossacks, regarding them as the Romanoffs' trustiest soldiers. It was clear that the surest way to bind the Cossacks firmly to the throne was by generous grants of land. Accordingly, so extensive were the Cossack land-grants that the average allotment to the individual Cossack family was from four to eight times that of the ordinary peasant family of European Russia. Before the Revolution the Cossacks thus stood out as a privileged caste

with valuable vested interests. Indeed, the Cossacks themselves were not sufficiently numerous to till all the soil at their disposal; so much of the land was rented out to ordinary Russian peasants. At the outbreak of the Revolution these peasants settled in the Cossack territories were almost as numerous as the Cossack caste, but enjoyed none of the Cossack privileges and occupied a very inferior economic position. In these circumstances it was inevitable that the ferment of the Revolution should stir this peasant element to demand the abolition of Cossack privileges and a redistribution of the land, while, conversely, it was equally inevitable that the leveling doctrines of the Petrograd radicals would alarm the Cossacks and tend to prejudice them against the Revolution. This is the reason for the counter-revolutionary Cossack risings of Korniloff and Kaledin. The quick failure of these risings is likewise explained by the presence in the Cossack home-land of a radical peasant element, which prevented the Cossacks from exerting their full strength against the Bolshevik government troops. At this writing the Cossack territories seem to be a prey to an obscure struggle between Cossacks and Bolsheviki, but the Cossacks must always be reckoned with as an important military factor in any future conservative combination against the latter.

As to Siberia, its economic structure rendered it less predisposed than was European Russia to a leveling social revolution. In this vast, thinly populated region, stretching from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, a land question obviously could not occur, while the country's industrial backwardness precluded the existence of exploited proletarian masses like those of Moscow and Petrograd. Of course, among the exiles from European Russia and the poorest classes in the Siberian towns many radicals of Bolshevik tendencies were to be found, but these formed a relatively small element in the total population. In fact, the great desire of the Siberians was not so much the abolition of economic and social grievances as the improvement of their political status. Like all virgin lands, Siberia had breathed into its sons the spirit of freedom, and the outlook of the Siberian colonist had always been something quite different from the apathetic fatalism of the Old Russian muzhik. This mental attitude of the Siberians is well expressed by a Siberian popular phrase describing the country as "The Land of the Unhumiliated."

Unfortunately, these liberal aspirations were anathema to the old régime, which kept Siberia in as strict subservience to the Petrograd bureaucracy as any other part of the empire. Accordingly, when czarism fell in March, 1917, the first reaction of Siberia to the new situation was a demand for full local self-government in a liberalized federal Russia, and the subsequent triumph of the Bolsheviki awakened little enthusiasm in the mass of the Siberian people. The Bolshevik masters of Petrograd, however, were not disposed to let Siberia alone. In the first place, here, as elsewhere, they resolutely supported their adherents even against a local moderate majority, acting on the Bolshevik principle of effecting the immediate, general triumph of the social revolution and the unlimited domination of the revolutionary proletariat. In the second place, the secessionist movement in the Ukraine, of which more anon, left Siberia the one great source of food-stuffs for the feeding of the hungry masses of Petrograd and Moscow, the citadels of the Bolshevik movement. As a matter of fact, through its control of the Trans-siberian Railroad, the Bolshevik government has been able to transport sufficient revolutionary troops to keep Siberia under its authority; but the country is not Bolshevik in spirit, and Semenoff's rising, together with the successes of the Czecho-Slovaks, shows Siberia, like the Cossack territories, a potential center of reaction against Bolshevik rule.

So much for the situation of the Russian-inhabited portions of the former Russian Empire. We must now examine

conditions in the non-Russian regions. The empire of the czars, being largely a work of conquest, inclosed broad frontier belts inhabited by peoples differing widely from the true Russians in race, speech, culture, and creed. In examining conditions in the former Russian Empire, therefore, the basic fact to be remembered is that in the Russian-inhabited regions economic and social questions are of primary significance, whereas in the non-Russian regions such questions, however important, are complicated by nationalistic considerations. Russia was like a prison-house wherein many peoples were subjected to a tyrannous persecution in the effort to crush them into that "true Russian" mold which was the ideal of the bureaucrats of Petrograd. Accordingly, no sooner was czarism overthrown than all these oppressed peoples threw off their chains and rose clamoring for a free future either as independent states or as self-governing units in a loosely knit Russian confederation. But at the same time the increasing radicalism of the Revolution began to quicken the aspirations of the poorer classes in the non-Russian as well as in the Russian regions, thus tending to blur nationalistic lines and to substitute class cleavages. The result has been a constant shifting of the balance between these two primary factors, as will be readily seen from a consideration of recent events.

Our survey had best begin with Finland, the northermost of the belt of Russian-annexed peoples lying between old Russia and central Europe. Swedish in culture, Protestant in religion, and with a thoroughly Western outlook, Finland was absolutely non-Russian in character and had been deeply embittered by harsh Russification under the czar's régime. When the empire collapsed, therefore, the Finns naturally took advantage of the situation to proclaim, first, complete autonomy and, later, formal independence. Up to this point all Finns were in agreement, but the leaven of the Russian Revolution had been working in Finland, and thenceforth a struggle between the classes began. The economic and social structure in Finland was far sounder than that of Russia, and of itself did not seem to invite a violent social upheaval. But here as elsewhere the Bolshevik rulers of Petrograd backed the radical working-men of the towns, and they, with the assistance of the large Russian garrisons quartered in Finland, attempted to put through the social revolution. This was the so-called "Red Guard" government of Finland that established itself in Helsingfors and other parts of Finland adjacent to the Russian border.

However, the conservative elements in Finland were too powerful to permit this ultra-radical régime long to endure. Unlike Russia, Finland possessed not only a landed aristocracy, but a large middle class and a population of sturdy yeoman farmers as well. All these elements, threatened with destruction by the Bolsheviki, banded together for resistance and formed a "White Guard" government, which immediately gained control of central Finland. The Red Guards of Helsingfors called on their Bolshevik brethren at Petrograd, but the White Guards countered by summoning German aid, and under their able leader, General Mannerheim, undertook the conquest of the Red Guard south. The struggle was a ferocious class-war, with wholesale atrocities and vast destruction of property. In the end the Red Guards were rooted out, and White Guard rule was established over all Finland. This means that, for the present at least, Finland is under a conservative régime. It also means that the attempt to establish the social revolution there has entirely failed. The unfortunate feature of the Finnish situation was that by the whole course of events the White Guard government was dependent upon Germany, and had given unequivocal proof of its dependence by the conclusion of a treaty with Germany providing for the closest Finno-German relations. Germany then began busily fanning the propaganda for a Finnish kingdom with a German prince seated upon the new throne.

Just south of Finland lie the Baltic Provinces, Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland. Like Finland, the Baltic Provinces are thoroughly non-Russian in character, being Germanic in culture, Protestant in religion, and with a western European point of view. The social structure, however, differs from that of Finland. Most of the land has for centuries been in the hands of German barons who have earned the hatred of the native Esth and Lett peasantry. This made the Baltic Provinces fertile ground for the seeds of Bolshevik propaganda, and the social revolution would unquestionably have been quickly established had not German armies overrun the country and reëstablished the German barons in their lands and former political authority. Until November last the Baltic Provinces were under German rule, with a strongly conservative régime in control and revolutionary tendencies sternly repressed.

South of the Baltic Provinces lies Lithuania, a land inhabited by a people akin to the Baltic Province Letts, but with a history closely entwined with that of Poland, which gave Lithuania its special form of western European culture and its strong Roman Catholicism. Lithuania is an agricultural country, with few large towns and little industrial life. The soil is mainly owned by Polish landlords, who, together with the Polonized middle classes of the towns, desire the political union of Lithuania and Poland as in medieval times. On the other hand, the last half-century has witnessed a nationalistic awakening among the peasantry, aiming at a separate Lithuanian state. This political dispute has naturally deepened existing class cleavages, and Lithuania would have been susceptible to the social revolution but for the fact that the country has been under German military occupation ever since the summer of 1915.

The same holds true of Russian Poland, lying just to the south. The fact that for nearly two years previous to the Russian upheaval both Poland and Lithuania were under German military rule has kept both countries rather "out of" the Russian Revolution. The German rulers held a tight rein and permitted no Bolshevik propaganda. No one can definitely say what would have happened if the Germans had not secured control, and we are thrown back largely on conjecture, always a risky matter. The utmost we can say is that in Poland, while on the one hand we have an unusually strong nationalistic sentiment binding together all classes of the population except the Jews in a common aspiration for a revived, independent Poland, on the other hand we have an unhealthy economic system of great landed estates, landless peasants, and exploited town proletariat, incentives to class warfare. That the Polish upper and middle classes fear the possibility of the social revolution is evident from their recent political change of front. Down to 1917 they were essentially anti-German, but the social cataclysm in Russia has given them a bad fright, while the Germans have cleverly angled for their support by posing as the arch-champions of order and private property. The result was that the Polish classes seemed increasingly inclined to abate some of their nationalistic pretensions in return for German aid in keeping the Polish masses immune from the infection of the Bolshevik movement. How the German surrender and revolution will affect this situation it is impossible to say. The present Polish situation is highly unstable and is capable of a variety of sudden modifications.

Continuing our southward survey, we next come to the lands collectively known as the Ukraine, a vast region, including most of southern Russia to the Black Sea and extending eastward as far as the River Don. The Ukrainians (also known as "Little Russians") are closely related to the true or "Great" Russians in blood and speech, the difference between the two stocks being about as great as those between Germans and Dutch. Had the czars treated the Little Russians with tactful consideration, it is virtually certain that they would to-day desire nothing better than close political union with their

Great Russian cousins to the north. Unfortunately, generations of Russification have so embittered the Ukrainians that they feel that the sole method of safeguarding their racial and cultural life lies either in a very wide autonomy or in absolute independence.

The fall of czardom in March, 1917, gave the Ukrainians an opportunity of which they were not slow to take advantage. An Ukrainian provisional government known as the Rada seated itself in the city of Kieff and received the support of the Ukrainian population throughout southern Russia. Economic questions were, to be sure, much in evidence from the first. The social structure of the Ukraine was almost identical with that of northern Russia, and the land-hunger of the Ukrainian peasants cried out insistently for the distribution of the great landed estates. But class quarrels were temporarily adjourned under the necessity of presenting a united front to the Great Russian North. Most Great Russians refused to consider a political separation of the Ukraine, regarding such a step as fatal to the continued existence of Russia as a first-class power. Not only is the Ukraine the richest portion of European Russia; it is also the gateway to Russia's chief commercial outlet, the Black Sea. The Great Russians looked at Ukrainian separatism precisely as our fathers did at the Southern Confederacy. For this reason neither the bourgeois government of Miliukoff nor the moderate socialist government of Kerensky would acknowledge the claims of the Ukrainian Rada, adopting instead a temporizing policy until an opportunity should present itself for reëstablishing Great Russian authority over the Ukrainian South.

The overthrow of the Kerensky government by the Bolsheviki at the close of 1917 produced an immediate change in the Ukrainian situation. The new Bolshevik rulers of Russia cared nothing for the historic rights of the Russian state. In fact, the Bolsheviki condemned the very concept of the national state, its ideal —the confederation of soviets—being a political nebula composed of innumerable small autonomous proletarian bodies cooperating for only the most elementary civic necessities. But the new Bolshevik government was no more inclined than its predecessors to recognize the Ukrainian Rada, because it hated the Rada as a bourgeois organization that prevented the establishment of the social revolution in southern Russia. Accordingly, the Bolshevik government did everything possible to stir up class war in the Ukraine, and its efforts were crowned with considerable success. The Rada had already made notable concessions to the Ukrainian masses, but the spectacle of the social revolution in full swing just to the northward rendered these concessions insufficient longer to satisfy the Ukrainian peasants and town proletariat. The Bolshevik government despatched troops to southern Russia to aid the local malcontents, and fierce fighting broke out at many points.

Faced by the menace of the social revolution, the Ukrainian Rada countered precisely as did the White Guard government of Finland. In other words, it called in the Germans. A peace-treaty was signed between the Ukrainian Republic and the Teutonic empires, Austro-German armies entered the Ukraine to restore order, and the Ukraine fell to a considerable extent under German military control. The dependence of the Ukrainian upper classes upon the Germans came about because class antagonisms had almost wiped out the former nationalistic solidarity, so that the withdrawal of German aid may soon result in the speedy overthrow of the upper-class Rada by a Bolshevik régime akin to that of Petrograd.

Continuing our survey, and turning eastward along the Black Sea coast, we pass by the Cossack territories of the Don region, already discussed, and approach the giant Caucasus mountain wall. Beyond that snowy rampart lies the province of Transcaucasia, the scene of perhaps the most complicated problem now vexing

the territories of the former Russian Empire. Transcaucasia, as befits a borderland between Europe and Asia, is the home of a bewildering variety of races and creeds. The main dividing-line, however, is that running between the Christian and Mohammedan populations. The chief Christian races are the Georgians and the Armenians, the former, a fine, chivalric people settled in Transcaucasia since the earliest times, the latter, mostly immigrants from the Armenian homeland lying just south of Transcaucasia in Turkish territory. The Mohammedan element in Transcaucasia consists of the large Tatar population settled in eastern Transcaucasia along the Caspian Sea, to-together with certain mountain tribes that have settled in the Caucasus range itself.

During the imperial régime all the races of Transcaucasia suffered under a common oppression, the Russian Government doing its best to Russify the native populations. This roused the special resentment of the Georgians and Armenians, both peoples with a keen national self-consciousness and a long cultural past. In these circumstances the fall of czardom produced the same effect in Transcaucasia as in other parts of the empire: the various races promptly asserted themselves and formed a provisional government to safeguard their interests. At first Christians and Mohammedans worked together, but harmony presently gave place to discord. The increasing weakness of Russia roused the Tatars to hope for union with Turkey and the subjection of all Transcaucasia to Moslem domination. As for the Moslem mountaineers of the Caucasus, they were not so much affected by Pan-Islamic zeal as were the Tatars. Accordingly they took up a middle ground, proclaiming the "Independent Daghestan Republic" and flocking very much by themselves. This left the Georgians and Armenians virtually the sole supporters of the Transcaucasian provisional government.

At this point the new Bolshevik rulers of Petrograd injected a fresh complication by attempting to put through the social revolution in Transcaucasia, and when they discovered that the Transcaucasians were more interested in nationalistic than in social questions, they ordered the Russian armies quartered in Transcaucasia to revolutionize the country. The Russian soldiery, now degenerated into mere undisciplined mobs, began a carnival of disorder; but the Transcaucasian provisional government, which had by this time raised considerable military forces, rounded up the Russians and sent them home.

The Bolshevik rulers of Petrograd, however, had another disagreeable surprise in store. By the series of peace-treaties signed with the Central powers at Brest-Litovsk, the Bolsheviki ceded to Turkey extensive districts in Transcaucasia inhabited by Armenians and Georgians. Both these peoples refused to submit to the treaty stipulations, and fighting soon began between the provisional government and the Turkish forces sent to occupy the disputed territories. A struggle began, with the Georgians and Armenians apparently putting up a stiff fight; but their situation is precarious, caught as they are between the Turkish invaders at the front and the pro-Turkish Tatars in their rear.

This ends our survey of present conditions in the former Russian Empire. Several minor situations have been omitted for lack of space, but the broad outlines have all been sketched in. The picture is certainly a bewildering and somber one, shifting with kaleidoscopic rapidity and big with momentous possibilities. The one thing certain is that any attempt at dogmatic prophecy would be worse than futile.

"For the Duration of the War"

By H. G. MOULTON

"HE has enlisted for the duration of the war," to return at its conclusion, and take up once more the threads of life as he had left them at the call of Mars. There is hope in these very words, "duration of the war." The thought of the happy return to normal living at the conclusion of peace lends courage to the departing soldier; to those who must remain behind it makes existence bearable. But when one contemplates the ultimate industrial consequences of such a war as the present, the end of the conflict appears to promise almost as much of pathos as of happiness. Unless a constructive program of peace preparedness is shortly developed in this country, the termination of the war will bring in its train a series of human tragedies less terrible, perhaps, but even more pathetic than those which the war itself has ushered in.

Three main factors contribute to render demobilization at the conclusion of peace quite as intricate and quite as baffling a problem as the mobilization of our resources for the waging of effective warfare. The first is the world nature of the conflict, the second is the intensity of the struggle on the economic side, and the third is the highly specialized character of modern industrial society.

So long as there are important commercial nations not engaged in the struggle, and so long as trade relations remain open to the belligerents, a war does not seriously disarrange the industrial life of a nation. There is of course much speeding up of industry in war lines, women and children replace in appreciable numbers the men who have been drawn into the military establishment, and there are some dislocations of trade and industry; but the fundamental processes of the world of business and the broad alinements of industry are usually but little affected. Ordinary wars are in a considerable degree waged by means of borrowed weapons; that is, imported supplies and materials: no wholesale shifting of labor and capital is required. Indeed, the industrial motto for ordinary wars might well be, "Produce such war supplies as can be conveniently produced, and borrow the rest; disarrange normal business as little as possible." But the present World War requires each group of belligerents to produce, substantially speaking, all the supplies and materials that they hope to employ in the struggle, for the reason that there is no important neutral world remaining from whom war supplies may be borrowed. As a consequence of this, wholesale dislocations of the industrial organization are unavoidable.

In the second place this war has never been approached in intensity. It has aptly been called a war which involves all the resources of each belligerent, a war in which ultimate defeat will result from national attrition. Precisely what is involved in a process of attrition is not always appreciated. To many people it would seem to indicate merely the exhausting of an existing stock of material resources. The materials required for war are, however, being continually replenished by new production, so that rather than a fund of war materials, we have a flow the size of which is determined in part by the quantity of natural resources from which they are drawn, but more by the proportion of the industrial energy—the labor power and the machine power—of a nation that is devoted to their production. The Central empires, having eliminated virtually all non-essential lines of production, have been able to produce war supplies in sufficient quan-

tities to carry the fighting to the enemy more or less continuously on every front of their far-flung battle-lines. It is probable that at the beginning of the recent great drive in the West the Germans had a vastly greater accumulation of supplies than at any previous period of the war. Attrition means, where industrial mobilization has been carried to the very foundations of national life, only a weakening of some link in the great chain of military establishment, submarine or ship construction, munitions manufacture, and food production. It is easily possible, therefore, where opposing sides are of relatively equal strength, that material exhaustion would never occur, that the flow of materials might be kept up unceasingly, with the consequent eventuation of a stalemate. In such circumstances only a weakening of spiritual morale could cause the defeat of either group.

Germany has set the pace in this war in the elimination of non-essential industries, and the Allies have had to follow suit in order to avoid destruction. With the Central powers directing a certain portion of their energy to the battle-lines, a certain portion to the construction of submarines, a certain portion to the creation of materials and supplies, and the remainder to the production of food and other prime necessities of life, no alternative was left the Allies but to eliminate in similar fashion non-essential lines of industry, to the end that both the military establishment and the industrial organization back of the lines might be made as powerful as possible. The records show that England delayed for two years before resorting to a thoroughgoing readjustment of productive power, and at the conclusion of one year of war the United States is just beginning to understand what it means when we say that modern wars require the utilization of all the resources of each belligerent. If the war goes on two or three years more, the United States will find that its productive energy is being almost exclusively devoted to the creation of war supplies, together with the indispensable necessities of life. It is now the conviction of the Allied governments and of close students of the question that we cannot hope to win unless the vast resources of this country are organized with an eye single to military victory. This means that a very considerable percentage of the things that are now being purchased must be eliminated, and that the machine power and the labor power devoted thereto must be transferred to the creation of the things that count in the struggle.

This diversion of energy from non-essential lines of activity to war enterprises is accompanied by an enormous destruction of capital goods. A war such as this does not cost money, as is sometimes supposed; it costs materials, factories, equipment, and physical instruments of production generally. What I mean to convey is that there is not a destruction of money and credit instruments, but rather a destruction of wealth in the form of raw materials and capital goods. The capital equipment of society is being reduced by the war in various ways. First, there are the "unseen losses" arising from the elimination of new construction during the period of the war. In every belligerent nation virtually all the funds ordinarily devoted to new capital formation are now devoted to war enterprises. This means that new houses, new factories, new workshops, new stores and warehouses, new public works, new machinery and equipment generally, cannot be undertaken except where essential to the successful prosecution of the war. These new forms of capital that would have been created in the absence of war would reach a value in each of the great industrial nations of several billion dollars annually. At the conclusion of peace some of the construction that is being undertaken as a means of war preparation will of course be adapted to long-run peace requirements, but most of it will be non-essential for the purposes of peace. Second, the war means a discontinuance of operations in many lines of industry, with a consequent deterioration

of the idle plant and equipment. Third, even where production is not eliminated in the less-essential lines, the plant and equipment often rapidly deteriorate because the priority system does not permit the making of ordinary repairs and improvements. Fourth, in many cases where plants have been rehabilitated and turned to war production, the terrific strain to which they are being subjected will fit them, at the close of the war, for little except the industrial scrap-heap. And even where they have not been prematurely worn out, the cost of rehabilitation for essential peace production will prove tantamount in many cases to new construction. At the conclusion of the war, therefore, we shall find that the capital equipment of society is actually less than it was at the beginning of the war, and that it is tremendously less than it would have been in the absence of war.

The world nature of the conflict, therefore, taken in conjunction with this unrivaled intensity of competition on the economic side, means that at the end of the war the productive equipment which the people of the world employ in wresting the means of livelihood from reluctant natural resources will have been enormously reduced.

The third factor that will render the problem of demobilization difficult is the highly specialized character of modern industrial society. At the time of the Civil War in the United States and the Franco-Prussian War in Europe the industrial world was far less complex and specialized than it is at the present time. The Civil War occurred before the corporation had come to be the dominant form of business organization. It occurred before the era of large-scale production. It occurred before the age of consolidation and integration in industry. In fact, the Civil War is the period of demarcation between the era of individual and partnership business operations and corporate organizations, between small-scale business and gigantic-scale enterprise. Large-scale corporate enterprise has carried with it the development of highly specialized auxiliary trades and professions. Serious readjustments at any point in this highly specialized and interrelated industrial system causes a multitude of dislocations in related lines of activity. As a result, when a war such as this is long continued in any nation, the whole industrial organization is largely thrown out of gear.

Moreover, at the time of the Civil War we possessed a great undeveloped West. In those days we could still talk of the "illimitable" expanse of virgin territory and the "inexhaustible" supplies of natural resources. Returning soldiers, therefore, found ample opportunity for employment and livelihood in the development of homes of their own in the interior of the country. But now the last frontier has gone forever. The Franco-Prussian War, the other great war of modern times, occurred before the period of the industrial revolution in Germany. The Germany of 1870 was largely agricultural, and machine industry had not been extensively developed in any part of the empire; but during the interval of forty-four years from the Franco-Prussian War to the present conflict this old Germany has been completely transformed. Large-scale machine production has been organized on a corporate basis, and highly specialized industrial processes have been developed, as in England and the United States. France was also largely agricultural; and even to this day France does not present a case of the most highly developed machine industry. But the economic organization of the twentieth century in countries such as England, Germany, and the United States is predominantly industrial, and hence most complex and sensitive to shocks and readjustments.

WHAT problems will arise at the conclusion of peace as a result of the complete dislocation of the highly complex mechanism which is characteristic of modern industrial nations? At the conclusion of the Boer War, utterly insignificant in comparison with the present struggle, sol-

diers returned from South Africa to walk the country roads of England in vain search of opportunity for work and livelihood. Shall we have a similar situation, only many times more severe, when our troops return from France?

It has been estimated that something like two thirds of the people of Europe are now engaged in work different from that in which they were engaged before the war. Whether this estimate is precise or not no one knows, but it is probably a conservative estimate that something like thirty per cent. of the working people of each country will find that at the end of the war the occupations in which they had been engaged have become non-essential for the business of peace. If a durable peace is concluded, not only will millions of workers who are now in the trenches be returned to civil life, but millions more who are engaged in the production of war munitions and supplies will find that the demand for such products has largely ceased. To provide employment for these men we must have industrial readjustment backward, a re-rehabilitation for peace. This task will in many respects present even greater difficulties than the problem of mobilization for war.

Before the war Mr. Smith had been employed in the manufacture of musical instruments. At the conclusion of peace he returns to find that his former employers have gone out of business, that the plant in which he worked has for three years been devoted exclusively to the manufacture of special types of war supplies. As the present managers are not interested in the musical instrument business, Smith must seek employment elsewhere. Mr. Jones had worked for a manufacturer of jewelry. He finds that while his erstwhile employer remains in control of the establishment in which he had formerly worked, for two years the establishment has been making periscopes and lenses. Jones makes application for a position, but he is regretfully informed that it will take several years to bring the jewelry business back to the condition in which it was before the war, and that the present laboring force is sufficient to produce all the jewelry that will be demanded in the near future. Mr. Brown had worked before he entered the army for a manufacturer of ornamental iron. This factory had been one of the many which had since early in the war devoted themselves exclusively to the production of munitions. The selling organization that had been built up over a period of years had entirely disintegrated during the course of the war, and the company was confronted at the conclusion of peace with the task of building up a business again from the very foundation. Not all of the employees who had been with the company in its prosperous days could be given immediate employment, and Brown was among the unfortunates.

Even in lines of production where the war has not entirely disrupted the industry the problem of rehabilitation is almost as serious. The modern business manager looks to the market, to the demand for his products, as a guide to his future production. If his sales the year before the war were five hundred thousand units and they have been reduced during the war to one hundred thousand units, he must ask himself what will be the probable demand for the first year after the cessation of hostilities. It would be a rash business manager indeed who would proceed on the assumption that in the given circumstances the demand for his product would be anything like what it was in the pre-war period. The typical business manager, I believe, would conclude that the demand might increase to two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand units the first year, in which event it is obvious that he could not profitably give employment to the same working force that he had before the war.

The war has rudely shattered the international trade relations of the world, and at the conclusion of peace it would be impossible, unless preparations are made in advance, to regain at once the severed markets. It must be borne in mind in this connection that the warring nations themselves are in large measure the mar-

kets for one another, and that as a result the international disruptions of industry in each country have reciprocal consequences. In similar fashion domestic business relations become largely shattered in consequence of the dislocations of industry. Ordinary trade channels are disarranged, and business relationships that had been gradually developed in normal times are disrupted. Modern business depends largely upon established connections, which will assure an adequate supply of raw materials or stocks of goods and an adequate market for the sale of goods. That business is most profitable which can develop the largest measure of assured control over the factors incident to its organization. Now, a protracted war such as the present breaks down these organized connections. At the conclusion of peace, therefore, the obtaining of an adequate supply of basic raw materials will in many lines be attended by great uncertainty, and erstwhile markets for finished product, except in staple lines, will have to be developed anew. It goes without saying that recuperation must be relatively slow and uncertain.

In connection with the foregoing illustrations the reader must bear in mind that we are speaking not of what would happen in this country if peace were declared now, for the United States has not yet become fully mobilized for war. We are speaking of the condition of affairs that already obtains in most of the countries of Europe and of the condition of affairs that will obtain in this country if the war continues for several years. It should be borne in mind also that we have not been endeavoring to make an exhaustive study of the situation; we have merely been suggesting a few of the problems of industrial readjustment and the nature of the task which will confront us at the end of the war.

The inference from the foregoing is that the close of the war may well be followed by business stagnation. The argument has no doubt been in the mind of the reader, however, that in consequence of the great destruction of capital during the war there will be an enormous demand for labor after the war to be used in the reconstruction of industry. There is a prevailing opinion, in fact, that for several years after the conclusion of peace there will be a great release of pent-up industrial energy that will mean a period of booming times and great prosperity. The danger of depression and unemployment would appear, therefore, not as a problem immediately following the war, but after a few years, when reconstruction has been completed.

Now, there is no more dangerous fallacy than the notion that a need for the rebuilding of the capital equipment of the nation is a certain guaranty that it will be promptly undertaken. As business is at present organized, individual gain is the incentive or motive force to industrial activity. Since the prospect of gain is linked with sales quite as much as with cost of production, the business manager must look to the demand side of his problem; he must be sure that the demand for his produce will be adequate to warrant the additional output that is contemplated. This applies not merely to the production of goods by existing establishments; it applies equally to the building of new factories, machinery, etc. What reason have we to expect that business managers, speaking generally, will find an effective demand for the produce not only of existing factories, but also of the additional factories which are in contemplation after the war? The demand for produce comes from the purchasing power of the people. If this purchasing power has been reduced as a result of the war, it is obvious that the effective demand for a rapid rebuilding of industrial establishments will be wanting. It must not be forgotten that the question that the business manager asks is always, Will it pay?

In facing the question whether the purchasing power of society will have been reduced as a result of the war, it is only necessary to refer to the preceding analysis showing the enormous destruction of capital goods that has taken place. The costs of war are always of a material sort,

and an enormous reduction in the capital equipment and the producing power of society inevitably carries with it a reduction of the purchasing power of society en masse. To argue that society as a whole will have as large a purchasing power at the conclusion of peace as before the war would be to argue that the diversion of the industrial energy of the world for a long period of years to the work of destruction rather than to the work of construction does not involve any social consequences.

The notion that the war will be followed by a rapid business revival reflects the fact that former wars have often been succeeded by periods of great industrial activity. As indicated earlier in this paper, however, the present war is essentially different from such wars as the Franco-Prussian War and our own Civil War. The history of the South after 1865, nevertheless, gives us a different story. The Civil War, so far as the South was concerned, was like the present in that importations of war materials were inconsiderable owing to the effective blockade maintained by the Northern fleet; and that in consequence the materials for fighting had to be almost exclusively produced by the Confederate States themselves. The end of the war showed the Confederacy industrially paralyzed, and despite the fact that the Southern States were not organized on a highly specialized and complex industrial basis, and notwithstanding the fact that there was only a sparse population spread over a large agricultural area, it was many years before the South recuperated from the effects of the war.

Is there, then, no escape from a period of unemployment and of industrial depression in the years which follow the war? If the system of private enterprise conducted for profit results in a retarded industrial recuperation; if the dislocations of industry and business relationship, coupled with the reduction of purchasing power on the part of the masses of society, lead business men to hesitate and delay reconstruction through fear that it will not pay, we shall find ourselves enmeshed in an industrial dilemma, a tremendous need for industrial reconstruction on the one hand, and a lack of effective incentive thereto on the other.

It would appear that if we are to avoid a period of industrial stagnation and of great industrial unrest and agitation after the war, some other incentive than that of private pecuniary profit must be resorted to for the reconstruction of industry. We have seen that the risks that private industry must take are so heavy as to prove a serious deterrent. Some means must be found whereby the Government will act as an underwriter of risks incident to rehabilitation for peace. There are various ways in which the Government might act as the directing agency in reconstruction. The Government might give employment directly to laborers by putting them to work in the construction of public works, railroads, factories, what not. The war is developing a precedent for governmental activities which might well be used, at least for a time after the conclusion of peace, in an endeavor to minimize the dislocation attending demobilization. Or the Government might guarantee reasonable profits to business men who will build factories for peace purposes, just as they have guaranteed during the war reasonable profits to those who will undertake the production of war supplies. This is not the place to discuss in any detail the merits of these or other proposals that might be made. The purpose here is merely to direct attention to the possibility, if not necessity, of supplanting at least in considerable measure during the period of reconstruction the private profit method by a method of social control.

In the preceding pages we have been considering only one phase of the problem of reconstruction after the war, and even with this phase the aim has not been to present conclusions of a positive nature, but merely to suggest what seems to the writer a not improbable state of industry at the conclusion of peace, and to raise the question as to the need of a national policy

of reconstruction. Possibly the tentative analysis of the industrial situation that has been made is faulty. But whether it is or not, it would appear that the problems of industrial rehabilitation must be given the most thoroughgoing study if we are to minimize the difficulties and evils attending demobilization.

The problem of replacing destroyed capital, moreover, is only one of the innumerable new problems that the war will have ushered in. Among these problems, to mention only a few, are the following: the position of women in industry, the training and placing of disabled soldiers, wage standards, hours of work, restriction of output, arbitration of labor disputes, copartnership, profit-sharing, social insurance, scientific management in relation to labor, the great problem of industrial relations, industrial education, technical training for managerial positions as well as for the vastly extended field of governmental activities, training and experimentation in research work, the development of a constructive foreign trade policy and the elimination of needless duplication and waste both in production and marketing. The list might be indefinitely extended. The solution of these problems will require the development of a trained body of men who will come to their tasks with an appreciation of the complex nature of the modern industrial world and who at the same time will endeavor to work out their problems with a view to promoting national, as distinguished from sectional, group, or individual interests.

Thus far the United States has given scarcely a thought to the problems of reconstruction. This is in part due to a certain timidity lest any mention of "after the war" be construed as a species of pro-Germanism. But we may as well accept the fact that the war is to terminate sometime, just as all wars have eventually ended, and we may as well face the issue that unless the United States begins now to develop a program for demobilization, the close of the struggle will find us unable to cope successfully with the delicate problems of transition from war to peace as the outbreak of the war found us ill prepared for the responsibilities of war.

It is significant to note that England, Germany, and France have not been letting the grass grow under their feet, even though bearing the enormous strain of the war itself; they are laying now the corner-stones for the economic structure of the future. In England alone a large number of volumes and literally scores of articles and pamphlets have appeared in the last two years dealing with problems of reconstruction in their manifold aspects. The Government itself very early in the war looked ahead to the task of reconstruction and appointed a reconstruction committee to devote itself to a study of the problems of the future.

One can excuse the shortsightedness of the American nation in not having given any advance thought to the problems involved in mobilizing the nation's resources for war, because it was not generally believed that war was inevitable, and because preparation in advance could easily have been politically misconstrued. But there can now be no excuse if the United States does not at once prepare to meet the problems of demobilization and reconstruction; every one knows that eventually peace is inevitable.

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
. . . . . .
Lord God of Hosts; be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

AND A LONG WAY OFF HE SAW FAIRYLAND

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Decorations by Paul W. Furstenberg

I lived once with fairies,
(And I know they 're *true* fairies!)
One lifts laughing eyes
In a way I most admire.
Truth goes by contraries,
For you don't know they 're fairies
Till there is n't any firelight,
Nor song beside the fire.

One fairy 's small to hold,
And her hair is fairy gold.
One 's a feminine fairy
With unusual address.
One fairy 's just Jim.
You just look and love him,
With his nonsense and his laugh
And his sturdy steadfastness.

And the fairy queen I knew
Has eyes that are blue,
Has moods that are decided,
And courage that denies
It is ever brave at all.
She mends them when they fall;
She tends the little fairies
In absurd, delightful wise.

They bring her thoughts like birds
And very funny words
And mountainous decisions
And things to make you cry.
But, after all, it 's airy
In the house of a fairy,
With a face like that to sob to
And those arms close by.

I lived once with a fairy.
I was wild and contrary.
I 'm *still* wild and contrary.
But her heart 's a heart for two.
She sees rooms of starry graces,
Kind firelight on our faces,
And a watch on sleeping fairies,
And the fairy home come true.
Once again, with gentle evening
And the dreaming trees, come true.

GENERAL

Searchers in the Twilight

By BASIL KING

IT was a type-written letter, with a businesslike Red Cross heading, but out of it fell a rose. The contrast was odd, and when I came to read, I saw it was significant.

A flower from your son's grave is not much to send you, dear Mrs. Speldhurst, but I thought you would like to have it.

A Red Cross woman was writing from France to another woman in Minnesota. Dated from one of those little French towns that as yet we do not dare to name, the letter gave the pitiably meager details which summed up all there was to tell. The boy was dead, but he had died nobly. That much was certain. It had taken the searchers of the Red Cross Bureau of Communication some little time to collect and verify the facts concerning his death; but now all that would be known was known, and the mother could be told.

On a certain day, at a certain hour, Lieutenant Edward Lincoln Speldhurst was in a dugout with several others of his company when a gas alarm was given. Going to the door to investigate, he was struck in the throat by a piece of shell and instantly killed. He fell back into the arms of Private Peter Ford, whose testimony was appended:

I was with Lieutenant Speldhurst in the dugout on the night when he was killed. He heard something and thought there was a gas attack, and started to go out to make a test. I followed him. When he opened the door, a big piece of shrapnel struck him under the chin. He fell back, and I caught him. I think he was dead already. He was tall, slim, light-complexioned, and weighed about a hundred and forty pounds. All of us fellows liked him, and when we saw him dead we could n't believe it. Some of the men cried. He was about twenty-seven years of age, but acted younger. He was always buying things for his men and handing out smokes.

The burial was in an open field about a mile from the village that could not be named. The letter went on:

The situation of the little graveyard where your boy is lying is lovely—on the gentle slope of a hill, a little pine wood at the back, looking out over rolling fields toward the Marne. It is very peaceful, far from the main road, but lovingly cared for by the villagers. The graves are marked by a plain wooden cross on which each man's name and military designation are painted, and on which the Graves Registration Service of our army has affixed a metal tag in case the paint wears off. The French military authorities take good care of the cemetery, keeping the paths neat and the earth smooth. The graves are planted with grass and flowers. A flower from your son's grave is not much to send you, dear Mrs. Speldhurst, but I thought you would like to have it.

Then came a brief account of the funeral, which was held the next day. No American or English chaplain being near, the curé of the village had said prayers at the grave, and given a brief, but beautiful, address in French, expressing the gratitude all France felt toward heroic lads like this who had come over sea and land to help to

bring freedom to the world. French *Poilus* and English Tommies who were in the neighborhood had asked the privilege of lowering the coffin into the grave, and when this was done, they had repeated the Lord's Prayer each in his own language. The American and English boys had then sung "Abide with me," after which came taps.

Going on to give the number of the grave, so that it might the more easily be recognized after the war, together with the information that photographs taken of the spot would shortly be forwarded, the letter closed with those expressions of sympathy which the grieving heart never finds formal or superfluous.

One of the simplest documents to pass through the hands of the Red Cross Bureau of Communication, this will serve to illustrate the methods of a department of Red Cross work which probably does more than anything outside the direct sphere of religion to comfort those who mourn. When a man is wounded or killed or is missing or a prisoner, the War Department can scarcely do more than communicate the bare fact to his family. While it makes every effort to convey this information accurately and humanely, there are whole lines of inquiry which relatives are eager to follow up, but for which army headquarters has no time. The facts in such cases are as a rule so obscure and uncertain that to trace them is a veritable searching in the twilight. If a man falls in the midnight darkness of no-man's-land or in a raid on an enemy trench or comes down in a blazing airplane, even those who are near him can tell little of what happened. It is all over so quickly that they hardly know what they have seen. Untrained as observers and inexact as witnesses, their evidence is often conflicting despite well-meant efforts to tell nothing but the truth. To gather this evidence and sift it is a task calling for energy, resource, and patience, if people who have sent their sons to war are not to be left to face weeks and months of suspense and possibly a lifetime of ignorance. Moreover, America is so far from the seat of conflict that no person, however great his influence, can penetrate the mystery that in nine cases out of ten surrounds the fate of one dear to him unless there is some agency on the spot. The men who return scatter so widely, so much more widely than in England or France, that even when they have facts to communicate to the bereaved, it is difficult for those concerned to get into touch.

Soon after the entry of the United States into the war, therefore, it became necessary to form a bureau of communication between the wounded, the killed, the missing, the captured, and their friends. By the autumn of 1917, however, it began to be evident that the relief of the prisoner was a vast undertaking in itself. That which began as one bureau had on this account shortly become two, one for communication and the other for relief, separate, but working together.

The duties of the Bureau of Prisoners' Relief are comparatively simple. When a man has been definitely reported as a prisoner, his family is notified that further correspondence concerning him will be carried on through a bureau which concerns itself with the supplying of prisoners, both American and Allied, with food and clothing, which takes charge of correspondence, and forwards mail and money.

The American Red Cross maintains a warehouse at Bern, Switzerland, administered by the central committee for American prisoners. This warehouse is stocked with food and clothing by the American Red Cross and by the Quartermaster-General's Department of the United States Army. It also contains stores of clothing supplied by the United States Navy.

To each American prisoner is sent one twenty-pound parcel of food a week. Tobacco is also furnished, and clothing whenever needed. These parcels, except for a negligible percentage, are acknowledged by the prisoners, a card for the purpose being inclosed with each package of food. The food supplied consists in the main of such non-perishable articles as corned beef, bread, biscuits, pork and beans, sugar, cocoa, coffee, oleomargarin, fat backs, rice, dried fruit, evaporated milk, and jam.

Cigarettes go into virtually all the packages, while such extras as hard candy, eating chocolate, soap, and salt are added occasionally. The bureau has also done much in forwarding similar relief to Serbian prisoners in Austrian camps.

It does not tax the imagination to picture the stages of "bucking up" through which imprisoned boys must pass on receiving this kindly aid. There are points of view from which the mere food and clothing, essential as they are, become secondary. The homesickness of a land in which everything is alien is a trial to the young at the best of times; when it is also a land in which every one is hostile and many, so we are given to understand, are cruel,—to use no more emphatic terms than these,—this sense of being remembered and cared for inspires a moral courage far greater in its stimulus than the supplying of any material need. It is the outward and visible sign to them that the unseen flag is still flying overhead, and that, far away as they are, their country is following them up. It is possible that sufficient emphasis has not been laid on this aspect of the case. It is not enough that a prisoner should be clothed and fed; above all things his spirit must be kept from being broken. From British and Canadian sources we have learned during the last four years that many and many a man owes this preservation of his inward pluck to the coming of the weekly parcel. Letters failed very often, but this kindly messenger hardly ever failed, bringing to each lonely fellow in this bitterest of all exiles the assurance that friends both known and unknown kept him in their hearts.

I have not said that this work for prisoners is less important than that among the killed, wounded, and missing, but that it is simpler. There are certain things to be done, and when done on a vast scale, they can be reduced to a routine.

With those who come more directly into the casualty list, however, each case is a problem in itself. It has to be followed up separately as if it were the only case. Its incidents are different from those of every other case. Just as in a parade or march past the ten thousand soldiers look so much alike that it seems as if they must all have been run in the same mold from birth, though we know that each has his life-story different from every other life-story in the world, so with those who fall on the battle-field. No one goes down in just the same way as any other. Two men may go over the top at the same moment, and at the same moment a machine-gun may get them both; and yet neither tragedy will resemble the other in those details which loving relatives long to hear about. To collect such details; to have them as accurate as possible; to comfort those whose young men will never come back; to sustain during long periods of suspense those whose boys are missing; to keep the friends of the wounded informed of hospital, progress, and eventualities; to put careless young men in touch with their homes, is in the main the purpose with which the Bureau of Communication was established.

Of these objects the last named is of course the easiest. A sample case will illustrate the steps that are taken to assure parents and give boys a necessary hint.

Mrs. Hall wrote from Chicago to the Bureau of Communication in Washington, stating that her son had not written home for three months, and that she feared something must have befallen him. The bureau sent her at once a printed card informing her that her inquiry has been received and her son's name placed on file. It was then ascertained from the War Department that the address given was correct, and that no casualty had been reported. This information having been passed on to Mrs. Hall, further inquiries were made through the American Red Cross in Paris, with the result that the boy was located, was found to be in excellent health and spirits, suffering from no worse affliction than carelessness. The mother's mind was thus set at rest, while the boy received a kindly admonition as to his duties in the matter of home correspondence.

Relatively simple, too, are those cases of wounding where a man has been carried by his comrades to their own hospital, and is treated in regular course. Every-

thing then can be known of him, and in due time communicated to his family. It is the question of due time that is often trying to those at home, who are eagerly waiting for news. Here a few things should be well understood by the public.

If a telegram from the War Department states that a man has been "slightly wounded," there is no cause for alarm. The phrase means exactly what it says. A slightly wounded man may be in the hospital for some time, or he may be discharged in a few days; but in either case his wound is not one that will endanger his life or permanently incapacitate him unless there should be some unexpected development. "Seriously wounded" means also what it says. The case is grave, of course; but statistics show that, with the marvelous progress of medicine and surgery since the beginning of the war, only a small minority of seriously wounded men die as the result of their wounds. The most dangerous period is the first two or three days. By the time the family hear that the man is wounded these critical days are generally over. Since the information is not that he has died, the phrase "seriously wounded" is almost tantamount to "on the mend."

As to the best method of getting further news, a simple case may once more be the best illustration.

Mr. Henry Grately of Los Angeles had received a telegram from the War Department regretting to inform him that his boy, Henry Grately, Jr., was seriously wounded. A frantic telegram to the War Department asked for all details. To this no answer was forthcoming, for the reason that the War Department did not know them. More telegrams followed, with unsatisfactory replies or no replies at all, until Mr. Grately became aware that in Washington there existed a Bureau of Communication, and addressed himself there.

An inquiry was immediately cabled to Paris, where it was turned over to a searcher in the hospitals. As it happened, this particular searcher had already talked with Henry Grately, Jr., and so was able to report. He could tell how the wound had been incurred, how the patient was progressing, and, after talking with the surgeon, could make a guess at the probable time of convalescence. Within a week, therefore, after Mr. Grately had received his first telegram from the War Department he had the comfort of knowing approximately where his son was lying and how he was getting on, with the assurance that he would in all human probability one day welcome him home again.

The Bureau of Communication cannot, unhappily, always send such good news. The kind of thing that happens when a man has been killed outright has been shown in the instance of Lieutenant Speldhurst, with which this paper began. When a mother receives word that her son has been killed in action, the information is final, but she longs for some knowledge of his death. How did it happen? Did he suffer? Did he have any time to leave a message? She writes to the Bureau of Communication, and again an inquiry is sent on to Paris.

There the searchers in the hospitals are given the name of the boy, of his company, of his regiment, and the date when he was killed. They get in touch with men who were in the same action, who knew him, who can tell what happened not only when he was killed, but before and after that event. Their reports are sent to Washington and embodied in a sympathetic letter to the mother. Sometimes much can be told that will bring comfort to the bereaved. Often—very often, alas!—little of a personal nature will ever be known; but a mother can at least be given an account of the engagement, with the experiences of other men who took part in it, leaving her with the knowledge that her boy fell fighting in a noble cause.

If a man dies in hospital from his wounds or if he dies of illness contracted in the course of his duty, his family can certainly be informed of his last hours through reports gathered by the searchers from doctors, nurses, and other patients in his ward. Overworked doctors and nurses know how much such information means to a family

across the seas, and take pains to preserve it, often stealing hours from their brief rest to write to the addresses that have been left with them. But there are many times when they have no rest, brief or otherwise, and it is then that the Bureau of Communication comes on the scene to make sure that no stricken family shall go without the word that means so much. No detail, however slight, is left unrecorded, for it is often the slighter details that make the picture, and in the letters of gratitude they receive those who labor with such devotion find more than their reward.

There are, however, many cases in which the inquiry is far more complex. Hardest of all for a family to bear is the news that a boy is "missing in action." It may mean anything: that he was killed, that he was severely wounded, that identification was for the time impossible, that he was taken prisoner.

When a man is reported missing, the Red Cross does not wait for an inquiry to come from the family. The Bureau of Communication immediately writes to the next of kin to tell him or her what steps are being taken, and the Paris office is set to work. The name, the regiment, and the company of the missing man are sent to all the searchers in the hospitals, since there may be survivors of the engagement almost anywhere. The searchers inquire of others who were in the same fight as to what may have happened. They ask the survivors if they knew the lad, if they saw him in the engagement, and if they have either personal or hearsay knowledge as to what became of him. Their evidence, no matter how conflicting, is sent first to Paris, and thence to Washington. While the Bureau of Communication issues successive bulletins to the anxious family, it warns them that impressions received on a field of battle are sure to be confused and unreliable.

As an example of the gradual decline of hope the difficult case of Lieutenant George Dibble Sydney may be taken as an illustration.

He was reported as missing early in May, 1918. The first facts gleaned of him were from a chum. He wrote:

On the evening of May 3 Lieutenant Sydney went out with a scouting party, as he had been doing nearly every evening. They were to go to a certain place and meet another party from another direction. They ran into two Germans and surrounded them, but the circle must have been too big, for the Germans escaped. Then Lieutenant Sydney took Lieutenant Bracknell and Sergeant Milch and went forward, though it was exceeding his orders. Lieutenant Bracknell went to the left, and Sergeant Milch to the right, and Lieutenant Sydney toward a shell-crater. The two *Boches* who had escaped must have been hiding in it, for, as he looked down, they shot. They caught him right in the chest. As he threw out his arms he called out, "Beat it!" and fell over. As the *Boches* were pretty close there, we could never get out again to look for his body.

But neither was the body seen when airmen flew over the spot, a fact which encouraged the family at home not to relinquish the last hope. When all efforts on the Franco-American side of the line had produced no more than variations on the account given by the boy's chum, the father wrote:

All the news I have been receiving points to the fact that my son was killed instantly; but we still have hopes that he might have been wounded and taken prisoner.

As the hope was not only a natural, but a wholly legitimate, one, the inquiry was pushed by the Bureau of Communication through the International Red Cross at Geneva into Germany, till it reached the German Red Cross. Some three weeks later the answer came from Germany to Switzerland:

Received telegram German Headquarters. Regret unable to furnish any information concerning Lieutenant George Dibble Sydney.

Nevertheless, the investigation was pursued patiently, unremittingly, through weary weeks, but with no further result.

Though lists of prisoners' names, easily enough authenticated, came out of Germany, this particular name was never on them. The inference at last was the only one that could be drawn from such a silence. Gradually the family was forced to the conviction that the boy was lying in an unnamed, unknown grave, within or near the crater on the edge of which he fell. But the point of the illustration lies in the fact that since every hint had been followed up and carried to the last extreme, the sorrowing relatives had at least the consolation of knowing that nothing which could relieve their anxiety had been left undone, and that neither money nor love was spared.

The former employer of an Irish-American boy killed on the Cambrai front wrote to the Bureau of Communication not long ago:

I want to thank you for the time and trouble you have taken in this particular instance. I assure you it has meant a great deal to Denis and Ellen Murphy, his parents, to know that somebody in Washington really cared about the boy's fate and sympathized with themselves. While they are, of course, terribly broken up over their loss, your very kind letter has done much to comfort them. As time goes on there will come a deeper realization of the meaning of what has happened, and their sense of pride in the sacrifice they and their son have made will soften personal grief. On my own part I deeply appreciate the trouble you have taken to keep me posted.

It will be evident then that the Bureau of Communication has it in its power to do many kindly, helpful little things quite out of the beat of laconic, dehumanized officialdom.

As soon as a man is reported missing, an inquiry is started in Germany through the International Red Cross at Geneva. The American Red Cross in Paris takes this step as automatically as it sends the names of missing men to searchers in the hospitals. Lists of American prisoners in Germany are eventually given out by the German Government, and these are sent by the Spanish ambassador in Berlin to the American minister at Bern. Through the assistance of the International Red Cross in Switzerland, coöperating with the German Red Cross, the American Red Cross is often able to secure these men's names some days and infrequently some weeks in advance of the official lists, to the great relief of natural anxiety. Moreover, when prisoners reach permanent camps, the Prisoners' Help Committee is permitted to send a post-card to the American Red Cross Committee in Bern, so that supplies of food and other necessaries may be forwarded without delay. As soon as names reach either the International Red Cross at Geneva or the American Red Cross at Bern, they are cabled to Washington, whence all information is communicated as rapidly as possible to waiting relatives.

It will be obvious, however, that there must be cases in which the line of communication cannot be established as easily and promptly as this. An aviator, for instance, flies over the German lines, is lost to view, and does not return. What has become of him? No disappearance is more baffling than that presented here.

In the early part of Foch's great offensive in July, 1918, Frank Allen came down in a blazing aëroplane behind the German lines. The following telegram was received by the Bureau of Communication from the Red Cross abroad:

Allen was leading a formation of twelve American airplanes. They sighted ten enemy planes. Allen attacked the leader. Two machines immediately followed the enemy leader, attacked Allen, and brought him down in flames. This happened in region northeast of Fismes. Believed killed instantly, but the body has not been found.

This information being imparted to the family, the machinery usual in such cases was set to work. It was, however, to so little purpose that a short time later it became necessary to write:

I would not say exactly that the cables

from Paris imply doubt as to his death, but of course they have no knowledge as to whether or not he was alive when his machine came to earth. That is what they are trying to investigate. While it may seem to an eye-witness utterly impossible that a man should still be alive after falling from such a distance, still, miraculous escapes do occur, and I hope it will be so with your son.

And yet so cold was this comfort and so little in accord with reports afterward received that a week later the father again wrote:

Since the date of receiving the first news we have been buoyed up by the hope that he was a prisoner in Germany. The final cable from your Paris office seems to shatter this hope completely. Aviation experience, where the aëroplane has been brought down in flames, seems to afford very little hope of his having come through safely except by miracle. My wife and I are setting our minds on the worst aspect of the case, as we scarcely dare hope again. Our son has served his country nobly and well, with an eagerness and fineness that has filled us with great pride.

Nevertheless, so long as nothing definite had been learned of the lad's fate, there was still some room for hope. The bureau wrote:

It is the custom of the Allied and German air-service to drop notes over the lines advising the enemy of the fate of aviators who have disappeared. This was true in the case of Quentin Roosevelt, Morris Cassard, and numerous other men. Germany informs us by these notes very soon after the men disappear, telling us of their funerals and the location of their graves. Your boy has been missing some time now, and apparently no word has come from Germany in this way, so I am hoping that perhaps he was badly wounded and that there is a chance of his recovery. This may be an entirely wrong viewpoint, but it cannot do any harm to keep on hoping until we learn something definite.

And at the end of six weeks something definite was learned. A cablegram was received by the bureau in Washington that the young man was alive. Later it was learned that he was in hospital in Germany and that, though he had lost an arm, there was and is every chance of his recovery and return. A member of the bureau wrote:

No cablegram ever reached this office that gave us more delight, because, to be perfectly frank, we had almost given up hope. We understand too, that Bern has been notified, which means that our office there is already sending the special invalid ration which we get as quickly as possible to every prisoner who is wounded and in a hospital.

But it would be wearisome to multiply instances of the beauty of a work of which the scope must now be apparent. What is, however, most important for the American public to know and grasp and understand is the fact that no boy's individuality is lost among the thousands or the millions who are going over. Care not less vigilant than that of his own home watches over him at all times. The country never forgets the sacrifice he is making on her behalf or the service he is rendering her. It is largely because this organized solicitude is something new in history that we are slow to believe in its existence. It is on so vast a scale that even those who take part in it have no mental measure sufficient to gage a charity so immense. But the fact is there, that we may send two millions of our beloved boys to the wars, and not one of them, in health or sickness, in safety or danger, in life or death, will be forgotten or overlooked. To many of us, indeed, it is a consolation more than sentimental just to know that in a world where horror has made her borders so wide, love has made hers wider.

Our Battery

By WILLIAM H. SHELTON

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

WHEN the great war came there were still a few of the old residents left in our village. Once a year the Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of Western New York journeyed from Buffalo to hold service in the church. The topmost spire had been blown off by the wind, and the belfry stairs were rickety and unused. The vaulted ceiling was stained with leakage from the roof, and, almost as high overhead, tin pans were hung under the joints of the stovepipes that extended over the side aisles to the wall above the chancel.

It was the one service of the year. The congressman's pew was empty, and there were weather stains on the green-baize covering of the kneeling-desk in the center. The gentleman farmer no longer deposited his hat and his riding-whip in the pew behind him to make room for his four oval-faced daughters with long curls, some of whom had been taken away by marriage. The little god of Love had been busy with his darts in other quarters, and had carried off the two young ladies from the choir who wore rings on their thumbs, and their devout father, who formerly read the service and helped the neighbors in pig-killing time, had been laid low by a dart of another sort. John Pierpont sat in his accustomed place, although the wheezy old organ was no longer pumped, and Mr. Swan faced such music as there was. The sentimental schoolma'am, having become a famous novelist, had, in the production of books, lost sight of her checked-apron boys, while those prancing horses had grown into young manhood. The four pairs of brothers were each twenty and eighteen, and the ninth member of the class was as old as the oldest. In the early years I had regarded him with a mixture of envy and admiration not unmingled with tears, because his sisters, who wore rings on their thumbs, mended the small holes in his black trousers with round patches sewed on with white thread, while the knees of my Kentucky jeans wore a square patch extending from seam to seam.

As an infant class we stood by each other in joy or in trouble. On one occasion my brother and I, in company with the two nephews of the historian, had helped ourselves to raspberries in one of the village gardens and had been reported for so doing. After my brother and I had had our whipping, we four held a conference in a cherry-tree and, at the suggestion of the other offenders, we scrambled down and stated to Grandfather Wilson that we alone were guilty of stealing the raspberries and that his grandsons had only looked on.

What days of innocence those checked-apron days were! Dressed in my apron, my face and hands having been washed and my hair combed, I was sent to the store with a basket of eggs to be exchanged for sugar. Just before reaching the village I sat down on a hillside to rest or for the pure pleasure of being idle. I had always heard that, if an egg shook, it was bad, and I had had some experience in gathering hen's eggs from old nests, so I tried the first egg, and when I found that it distinctly shook, I threw it as far as I could down the hill. When the last egg had been tested and been disposed of in the same way, I returned with the empty basket, expecting only praise for my discernment.

Having already stated that at the beginning of the great war the checked-apron boys had arrived at years of discretion, we will pass over the intervening years as a period irrelevant. For my part there had been schools and high schools and academies, with a college course in view, and farm work,—for we were living on my maternal grandfather's farm several miles from our village,—and aspirations literary, with Dickens for a model, and aspirations artistic, for which the cows posed with other members of the family, and six months in a law office, and an unsuccessful digression into the State of Ohio to sell trees, ending in discouragement and homesickness, and then the war.

Our village had read and pondered on "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Close by, to the south, were two handsome white farmhouses where dwelt the militant spirit of abolition in the person of two brothers, whose broad acres on the Honeoye flats were dotted with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. These brothers were known to the abolitionists of Boston, and once upon a time William Lloyd Garrison had dropped off our stage to visit the brothers in their libraries, and Fred Douglass had been a guest, and afterward had found a wife in the daughter of one of the two houses.

Our village had a decided opinion about the war, and when the ladies who had played battledore and shuttlecock, wanted to do their bit in a Red Cross way, they selected the little red cannon-house as the scene of their activity. The yellow gun-carriage, with its double trail, was wheeled out upon the grass, its brass gun actually pointing south, with the round iron balls hard by in the portable chest, to make way for tables and chairs. Here at fixed intervals the ladies met to make havelocks and pick lint. For the first they brought good cotton drilling, and for the soft lint they scraped the oldest sheets and pillow-cases of fine linen from their grandmothers' wedding-chests.

Our village had Thurlow Weed's Albany "Journal" twice a week, and read with pride of the great army of "three-months men" lying "quiet on the Potomac," and then "On to Richmond," and confidently expected to read of the arrival of the Northern Army in that city in about a week after it started, if the walking was good. So all was going well until one July night when our house was in bed, with wide-open windows, and a neighbor coming from the post-office told us, as he passed along the road, of the defeat at Bull Run.

If the night had been hot before, it was stifling now; the frogs in the brook honked with a dismal regularity, undisturbed by the appalling news, while the peacocks, at roost in the apple-trees, awakened by the passing neighbor, set up a screaming protest. The world had gone wrong. We went about our work next day with a dull sense that something had to be done, and that something was something insistently personal in those days, as it is now in the awful shadow of the World War.

I was not much of a fighter. There had been a time, after the new schoolhouse was built, that I was egged into a fight nearly every recess with a red-headed boy; but the difference lasted only until my nose bled, which was soon. I had no ambition to be a soldier of fortune, like *D'Artagnan* or *Aramis,* or indeed to be a soldier at all, but I lacked the courage to stay at home. I had a certain taste for adventure and a desire to see more of the world—a desire which had been growing since the days of my childish wondering what lay beyond the purple hills that surrounded our village.

Soon after the news came from Bull Run I secured a musket and a copy of "Hardee's Infantry Tactics," and began drilling myself by stealth in the woodhouse-chamber. Having started life as a prancing horse, I should have preferred cavalry to infantry, but the choice was made for me by a recruiting sergeant of artillery, and in October I joined our battery at Elmira, New York.

The sergeant who recruited me was not a sergeant at all, but he hoped to be, and I was one of the stepping-stones by which

he desired to mount to that rank. He had only one eye, but he kept that one on me, and when we got to the camp at Elmira he presented me to Captain John and Lieutenant Gilbert. There was present another fierce-looking lieutenant, who had a big red beard, but he resigned his commission so soon that it is not necessary to introduce him by name in the family of our battery.

My presentation was not at all a social function, although I was neatly attired after the fashion of our village, but I was delivered as one more recruit to be credited to the score of my captor. I was innocent-looking enough, with a little down on my lip and on the sides of my chin, which seemed to amuse the fierce-looking lieutenant; but I was pleasantly received by Captain John, who was very prompt and soldier-like in his manner, and had me entered on the muster-roll as follows: "Eyes, blue; hair, brown; complexion, light; height, five feet, eleven inches; born at our village; age, 21 years; occupation, student."

This was to identify me in case of desertion, and, as a further precaution, I was turned over to the quartermaster-sergeant to be securely imprisoned in a uniform. Mike Hayes, the quartermaster-sergeant, had one on, and he looked to me very red from the top of his head to the soles of his short boots, which were red from exposure to the weather. His red hair was cropped short, his red beard was stubby, and his face was thickly covered with red freckles, which had struck in and had run together under the skin, and he chewed tobacco in a very free way, so that his mouth was sometimes red. His hands and arms were freckled, like his face, and the worsted braid on his collar, the chevrons on his arms, and the broad stripes on his trousers were the vermilion of the artillery. Mike was a good soldier and a good friend, and he will not mind my description of him when he remembers that I was the sole occupant of the only carriage at his funeral thirty years ago.

There were two other lieutenants, Lieutenant Charles, a handsome blond, who entertained the "Herald" correspondents, and "G. B.," who was a correspondent himself, and so signed his letters to the Rochester "Union." On any fine day after drill "G. B." might be seen sitting on a bale of hay, busily magnifying the heroic deeds of the men of Battery L, which was the letter of our battery. After I had been secured in my uniform, of which the trousers were too short and the jacket too large, so that the standing collar, with its red braid and brass buttons, rose above my ears and met my telescope cap, I was marched to supper in a long shed built of pine boards, with the slivers on, like my woolen shirt. I had been armed by the quartermaster with a navy revolver in a heavy holster, which pulled down my belt on the left side. I had on short boots and spurs, and when we were seated at table, the crossed guns and brass letters and figures on the opposite row of caps reminded me of the tin insurance plates over the doors in our

village. The supper of cold beef on a tin plate, with a cube of white bread and a tin cup of coffee, was very good, but did not appeal to me at that time.

Soon after my arrival at Elmira, the company was ordered to Albany. The

passenger-cars at that time were plain affairs, with a stove at each end and a ceiling of blue-and-white cloth, which had been upholstered with buttons of the same material, but was now riddled with holes made by the bayonets of the three-months men going South.

At Albany we were getting sensibly nearer to the front, and the men grew serious, accordingly. Many took to reading their Bibles, and there were two boys in an upper bunk who got religion more rapidly than the others; but it was temporary. One of them was afterward distinguished for his profanity, and the other deserted.

From Albany we advanced to New York by a night hike on a river-boat that carried cheese on the lower deck. I mention this fact because, as a company, we were fond of cheese, and I may add that I ran the guard at Albany because I thought I should like the theater.

The City Hall Park in New York was inclosed by an iron fence much higher than one's head, and the Broadway sidewalk was lined with booths selling patriotic envelops and writing-paper. We were bivouacked for the day, under guard, in the lower angle of the park, where the post-office now stands. What I had seen of New York in marching from the boat and what I now saw through the iron fence, impressed me with the insignificance of our village, and looking down on me, as I wondered, was Barnum's Museum, which I had read about in Æsop's Fables, with all the animals grouped in ovals between the windows —the wolf that ate the lamb, the fox and the stork and the lovesick lion. Could I bear it? Despite a guard on the inside and a policeman on the outside, I went over the iron fence and disappeared in the moral show.

The next thing that has impressed itself on my memory (and the reader of this history should be thankful for what I have forgotten, and appreciate the pictures that prove their importance by rising out of the mists of fifty years) was a group of soldiers on guard in front of a muddy tent below the long bridge where we crossed the bay at Havre de Grace, and next the tandems of great roan horses that drew the cars through the city of Baltimore, and then the hardness of the floor in the Washington railway station, and the neighboring streets, lined with great blocks of granite below the unfinished dome of the Capitol, which revealed themselves in the morning.

The next night we slept in Sibley tents, on mattresses, with our feet to the stove in the center, which was conical, like the tent. It was December now, and in the morning one astonished checked-apron boy, who had been raised in association with a wash-bowl and a dry towel, broke the ice in a cart-rut to wash for breakfast.

In this camp, east of the Capitol, we spent the winter, getting our guns and horses and learning how to use them. Our regiment was made up of twelve batteries, which, with one or two exceptions, were six-gun batteries, having one hundred and fifty-six men and one hundred and ten horses. The batteries were known by the names of their captains. Mink's battery was encamped on our right, and the captain of that name, who had been captain on a canal-boat aforetime, did not get religion until after the war. He was a picturesque figure that winter, mounted on his horse, with drawn saber, to drill a gun-squad, leaping his steed back and forth across the gun trail and volleying oaths at the numbers—number three for not thumbing the vent, or number one for turning the sponge with his knuckles down.

It is fortunate for the reader that the same process of elimination that during fifty years has blotted from my memory trivial events has left only a limited number of familiar faces in the family of our battery. We boys occupied twelve Sibley tents in a row, the last of which was illuminated at night for a prayer-meeting conducted by Corporal Lanyard, for the men were getting deadly in earnest. The corporal was a brother of the sergeant who had recruited me, and a third brother, with auburn hair, was a poet, who fell gallantly serving his gun in the garden of the Henry House at Bull Run.

It was not a life of hardship. If the snow occasionally blew in through the flap of the tent it was a rare invasion. In the long evenings the little conical stove in the center of the tent glowed with a generous warmth. Each boy's pillow was his knapsack, which contained every convenience and comfort that his home folks could think of, and he sat on his bed and sewed on a button or read a novel by the light of a candle set in the shank of a bayonet, and fell asleep in his blankets to the soft notes of the bugles sounding taps, and to the drowsy echoes of the same call in the far-away camps, ending in the camp of dreams.

As soon as we got our horses, six of us were made sergeants and mounted on very good saddle-horses. Lieutenant Gilbert rode a beautiful black mare with two white feet, which she picked out of the dust as if they were clothed in silk stockings, while "G. B." rode a brown horse with lop ears, and always seemed to be

pushing old Jack on the reins, with an inquiring look on his face. When we went out to drill, Captain John was followed over the field by two buglers, one of whom, Martin, carried an arithmetic in his nose-bag along with his curry-comb, and never missed an opportunity to improve his mind. The smallest and most conspicuous soldier in the field was Ikey, the guidon, whose gray pony scampered from one flank of the battery to the other as the guide changed, Ikey bumping in the saddle like a round ball, while his flag snapped in the wind.

We loved the dash and swing of the field drill with the mounted battery, the drivers leaning forward in their saddles, the cannoneers bumping on the chests, and the sponge-buckets rattling on their chains as the teams passed and repassed one another, bringing the guns into line out of a cloud of dust, with Captain John and his two buglers trotting around to the rear for the next evolution. After firing a round of blank-cartridges, the battery would limber up and dash through its own smoke in pursuit of an imaginary enemy. We had five rounds of canister in each chest, with which we expected to do great execution if the other fellows would come near enough to give us a chance.

When we could get a furlough we went into Washington and had our pictures taken, with all our side-arms on, and then dragged our sabers over the pavements and ate steamed oysters at Harvey's. One day I had the honor to ride as mounted orderly behind the colonel into Washington, but I felt rather humiliated as I sat holding his horse in front of the old yellow brick army building.

We were summoned to roll-call at seven o'clock every morning by the bugles, and the names were called by the first sergeant, Billy Bowers, who repeatedly stated that if he should lose a leg or an arm in battle, he would go back to Rochester and peddle peanuts. The average age in the company was nineteen, which was above the average age in the volunteer army. Tony, the blacksmith, who was past thirty, kept company with his forge, virtually ostracized because of his antiquity. There was one cannoneer, who had been with Walker in Nicaragua, whose lower teeth looked like a horse's teeth, and were said to have been worn off biting cartridges. Before we left Washington two contraband Johns from Maryland joined our military family. Hard-headed John assumed the care of the officers' horses, and John Henry Gowens Augustus, a handsome yellow boy, attached himself to G. B.

In the early spring our battery was ordered to Baltimore, where we occupied a mansion with extensive grounds. The mansion was on a high bank overhanging a newly excavated street, and was large enough to house all the men without toppling over. The officers pitched their tents on the grounds. There was a new stable for the horses, with great double doors at each end. Grooming the officers' horses was not exercise enough to work off the animal energy of Hard-headed John, who used to retire down the stable to a proper distance and then, lowering his woolly head after the manner of a horned sheep, charge on one of the great doors with such force that the door flew around to the wall and John recoiled from the impact like a gun that had been discharged.

The mounted battery was drilled every day on a field called Spring Gardens. On one occasion we crossed the city to Druid Hill Park, which caused all the window-shutters to close themselves at our approach. One day we were officially ordered to see a soldier hanged at Fort McHenry. General Dix was visible in a cocked hat, and the unpleasant affair was at such a distance across a wide plain that it was like seeing a picture of the execution next day.

From Baltimore we were ordered to Harper's Ferry, where we arrived on Monday, May 6, 1862, a few days after Stonewall Jackson had driven General Banks's little army (including one of the checked-apron boys from our village) out of the Shenandoah Valley into Maryland.

We disembarked our battery from the train near the ruins of the old gun-shops where John Brown had made his last stand, and tramped up behind the guns through the steep and picturesque streets of the old town and out to a commanding hill called Bolivar Heights, where our guns were planted for the first time to confront a possible enemy. Whether Stonewall Jackson had retired up the valley or still lay within striking distance of our front, we had no means of knowing. We knew him to be likely to appear from the most unexpected quarter at the most inopportune time, and that his attack, if he came at all, would be inconveniently vigorous. Our little army consisted of two brigades of raw infantry, two batteries, and the First Maryland Cavalry. General Saxton commanded the first brigade and General Cooper the second, General Saxton having command over all. The second battery was Crounce's, of our regiment, and the

Eighth New York Cavalry, not yet mounted, served with us as infantry.

When the line of battle had been established, our guns on Bolivar Heights ranged over a wooded valley, the edge of every thing, as a drowning man is said to do, and I distinctly remember that I thought the news that I slept in my spurs would cause a sensation in our village.

On the following morning the right sec-

the forest, or, rather, the tangle of slashed timber, coming up to within a hundred yards of the muzzles of our three-inch rifles. Out of the mysterious depths of the woods, in our excited inexperience, we momentarily expected the enemy. As night fell, and the myriad stars of a summer night studded the sky over our first bivouac in the field, the awful seriousness of the situation subdued our spirits and jaundiced our imaginations. The gun-squads kept close to their positions for duty; the horses were kept in harness; conversation was carried on in subdued whispers. We strained our ears for every sound in the wood in front of us. Some of the boys insisted that the shooting-stars were fire-balloons. If the stars were not actually in the service of Stonewall Jackson, a wholesome dread of him pervaded the air we breathed. If we slept that night, our sleep must have been a disturbed and fitful slumber, girded as we were with our side-arms and booted and spurred for any emergency. During that dreadful night of suspense I thought of

tion of our battery was ordered on a reconnoissance in the direction of Winchester, supported by the One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania Infantry and four companies of the First Maryland Cavalry. About noon an order came for the left section of the battery, of which my gun was one half, to reënforce the right. I seemed hardly to touch my horse's back as we rattled out on the road to the booming of the guns in the neighborhood of Charlestown, until we began to meet here and there a wounded man coming back, and finally a cavalry horse with frightfully lacerated and bleeding flanks. By this time my ardor began to cool, and when, soon after, we met the expedition coming back flushed with victory, having burned a printing-office, I was glad to return to camp.

The nearest water was the Shenandoah River, and to this the horses, heated from the dusty march, were sent in small detachments. Sergeant Demott was wrought up to a high state of excitement, and as we rode down the hill together he gave

me a glowing account of the brilliant action in which he had taken part. His long arms were beating the air, and his eyes sparkled with animation. As we passed each house he had to shout the news to the women on the porch; in fact, he could not contain himself in the presence of any possible human being with whom to exchange congratulations.

Arrived at the river, we rode into the shallow water and dropped the reins on our horses' necks. At a little distance up the stream were two officers of the cavalry also watering their horses. Poor Demott no sooner saw them than, drawing up his schoolmaster figure and waving his cap in the air, he cried, "Gentlemen, the Maryland Cavalry behaved nobly." The officers looked in astonishment at the sergeant's enthusiastic breach of discipline, and at the same moment, while his hat was swinging in the air, his horse lay down to roll in the cool water, and Sergeant Demott stood in his shoes over the half-submerged animal.

On the evening of the day following the reconnoissance to Charlestown there was another alarm of an impending attack. The pickets were heard shooting in the woods, and the batteries opened fire at nothing, which was continued until about nine o'clock, when the three generals, with their mounted staffs, appeared on the hill and ordered the troops to cease firing. The infantry lay down on their arms, and the artillery went to bed with their spurs on; so that there was no inconvenience in dressing at one o'clock when the order came to retreat to a more secure position on Maryland Heights.

It was daybreak when our battery arrived at the river, and sunrise by the time we began the passage of the railroad bridge. The men drew the carriages over by hand, the wheels tracking on the board inside the iron rails. Along the middle of the track was a narrow footpath of inch boards, and upon this more than a hundred horses were led across in single file. A strange procession the battery formed passing the Potomac on this narrow causeway, the bridge itself, with its lacework of timbers silhouetted against the Maryland mountain, and creeping along its crest the long line of horses, treading gingerly on the thin boards and nervously glancing at the tumbling water below; the rays of the sun, just rising above the purple shoulder of Loudon Mountain, glinting on the brasses of the harness, sparkling on the surface of the river, warming the shreds of fog hanging along the crests of the mountains like tattered gray blankets put out to dry, and

lighting the upturned faces of the negroes and teamsters massed about the approach to the bridge. Then the heavy carriages, tugged and pushed by the blue-coated artillerymen, followed one another at regular intervals, with strings of mules and the white-hooded baggage-wagons, until our family and belongings were on the Maryland shore. The last to cross was Martin, the bugler, who had found time to improve his mind in the first flush of daylight.

This bridge had been several times burned, and the bed of the river was filled with wrecked engines and charred timber. Norton Burton, the most absent-minded man in the battery, with his knapsack on his back, managed to fall through between the planking and at the same time to select a spot of open water between the tangles of twisted iron and charred timbers to receive him safely in its embrace. Dripping, but otherwise unharmed, he floundered ashore, the hero of the crossing. A few months afterward the same man, when the battery was for the first time hotly engaged, and when the howling and shrieking of the shells tried the courage of the stoutest hearts, stood manfully at his post, crying, meanwhile, with excitement like a child.

With such experience our battery took the field under General Siegel, and joined the Army of the Potomac at the Second Battle of Bull Run. It took part in all the battles of that army until the surrender of General Lee. The battery monument stands on an advanced position of the first day's fighting at Gettysburg, and across the Baltimore turnpike from the picturesque Cemetery Gate are the horseshoe breastworks occupied by our guns on the second day, now overgrown, but nearly as high as when we shoveled them up.

Captain John was Major John and chief of artillery of the Army of Tennessee under General Hooker in the Lookout Mountain campaign. He is now General John, and a year ago, at the age of eighty-eight, traded his city home for a stock-farm and is learning to be a farmer. Captain Gilbert commanded the battery from Antietam to the Wilderness. He was wounded at Gettysburg, which led to his retirement. Major G. B. commanded the battery, on old Jack, from the Rappahannock to the Appomattox, and is still a young man in the service of the City of New York. Lieutenant Charles became a brigadier-general in command of the militia of the State of South Carolina and spent his fortune in projecting a canal across the peninsula of Florida. Lieutenant Demott lost his life in the Wilderness campaign. Bugler Martin, who carried his arithmetic in his horse's nose-bag, is cashier of the bank in his home town. Ikey is in neckties, and I am here.

Last Wishes

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Not mine alone and never wholly mine
Can your heart be:
I share you with a jealous world,
With children, stars, a tree.
And with what generous recompense
They turn to you!
You give them love; they give you love,
And tributes, too.

You seem to cling to me, but they alone
Will hold you fast.
Each look you give them is as long
As though it were your last.
Such love should be my living monument;
Let others see
In your unconquerable delight
How you delighted me.

FIG. 36. ANTOINE THOMAS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, BY CHARLES N. COCHIN, HESELTINE COLLECTION

(Black and red chalk)

Photograph by William E. Gray, London

The Heseltine Collection

IV—French School

By SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

THE French school was perhaps most strongly represented of all schools in the Heseltine collection. To begin chronologically at the beginning, though the acquisition was made somewhat late in his career as a collector, Mr. Heseltine had the good fortune to acquire one drawing of almost unique importance, in the shape of a vigorous male portrait head in silver point, identified by an original inscription as that of a papal legate from Rome to the French king, and bearing all the characters of a fifteenth-century master by whom no other drawing was certainly known to exist—Jehan Fouquet. Half a dozen portrait-paintings, two enamels, and some of the most celebrated illuminated manuscripts in the world—especially the magnificent series at Chantilly cut from the "Hours" of Etienne Chevalier—give this noble and austere French master of the days of Charles VII and Charles VIII his title to an equal renown with that of the greatest names of his age in the Low Countries or even in Italy, where he was well known and held in high repute. Mr. Heseltine's drawing aroused great interest at the exhibition of French "primitives" in Paris, and has been several times reproduced. I therefore forbear to give it here, and pass to the next century, the sixteenth, for a specimen of early French portrait draftsmanship.

In this age, the age of Francis I and

his sons and successors, the abundance of material is only too great. Drawn and painted portraits were a fashion, nay, a rage, in the court circles of the Valois kings, and their multiplication took place at a prodigious rate. The usual procedure was this: the original artist, whether the elder or the younger Clouet, or Corneille de Lyon, or, in the next generation, François Quesnel, or one of the clan of the Du Moustiers; for, in any given case, it is largely guesswork among the various names that have been handed down to us—the original artist made a drawing from life of his sitter's head and bust, and this drawing served a double purpose. First, if a painted portrait was required, as a guide for that; and next, as a model in two chalks, black and red; the method of handling was adapted from that of Holbein.

The Clouets and the best of their French contemporaries had a keen sense of physiognomy, and handled their chalks in a sound and workmanlike style; but they were far from really rivaling Holbein in masterly penetration of vision or in his combination of unmatched subtlety with bald, reserved strength. Many hundreds of drawings of this school still exist, the greatest single collection being the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris. A very important series, formerly the property of the earls of Carlisle, is in the Musée Conde at Chantilly; Mr. Salting left a fine set of thirty-two drawings to the

Photograph by William E. Gray, London

FIG. 30. THE "REPOSE IN EGYPT," BY CLAUDE GELLÉE, HESELTINE COLLECTION
(Pen and bister wash)

to be copied and recopied in drawings by pupils. These copies were destined to serve either as gifts, as we give photographs to-day, or in their turn as guides and models for still more paintings, according to the demand. The drawings, both original and copies, were always done

British Museum; and many others are scattered in public and private cabinets. Mr. Heseltine's collection was not rich in them. In all collections the class of pupils' copies predominates, true originals being relatively few and, to the trained eye, instantly distinguishable. I choose,

to illustrate the genre, a remarkably fine specimen, not hitherto reproduced (Fig. 28), which came singly into the British Museum, having once belonged to Francis Lord Godolphin, a minor statesman of the age of Queen Anne and the earlier Georges. The name of the famous court painter Jehan Clouet, or that of his son François, is generically given at a venture to nearly all the earlier drawings of this class. No drawing of the time (about 1530) seems to have a better right to be attributed to the older master; none expresses character more easily and firmly. Note, for instance, the fine modeling of the mouth, tightly closed, yet humorous and human with its ripe under lip, the mingled look of kindness and astuteness, the slight, but sure and expressive, lines suggesting the forms of shoulder and bust. The portrait would have a double interest by reason of the sitter, if I am right in identifying her as Margaret of France, the favorite sister of Francis I, wife of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, stanch and wary protector of Protestants, and the gay, satiric, most unprudish author of the "Heptameron." The standard portraits of that famous lady show her more advanced in years; but the shape of head, form and setting of eyes, proportions of nose and chin (the nose almost like her brother's for length), width and close compression of the smiling mouth, and general character appear to me clearly identical in this younger and in the other and older portraits.

Passing to the next century, the seventeenth, we shall dwell only on Claude Gellée, the great landscape-painter from French Lorraine who made Rome long his home. I have said previously that only one other landscape-painter ever was Rembrandt's equal in the power of expressing, through the medium of pen outline and sepia wash, the sense of spatial recession, the structure of the flowing or broken planes of the earth's surface, the vitality and density, the feathering and swaying, of massed and ruffled leafage,

Photograph by William E. Gray, London

FIG. 37. EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST, WITH THE BACKGROUND ADDED LATER, BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A., HESELTINE COLLECTION (Black chalk)

the intimate harmony between country buildings and their surroundings, the mystery and gradation of the aërial envelop, and the suggestive and imaginative relations of these things to one another and to the human spirit. The one other painter was Claude. No two names or achievements might seem on a first consideration more strongly contrasted than theirs: Rembrandt, in his pictures, ever loving to deal with the losing battle of straggling light and broken color against the powers of mystery and encroaching shadow, Claude bathing his clear world of classic scenery and association in the flood of azure or golden daylight; Rembrandt the poet-painter of Northern ruggedness and gloom, Claude of Southern luminousness and grace. The contrast is, in truth, obvious between the scenes and the atmosphere which were severally their inspiration. But deeper than any such contrast is the affinity between their modes of vision and handling in the drawings in which they set down their intimate notes and impressions of nature.

The harmonious forms of hill and valley and ilex-grove, plain and coast-line and promontory, in the neighborhood of Rome could not help composing themselves under Claude's hand into designs of a very different aspect from the farm-studded and dike-intersected levels about Amsterdam; but in the sweep and certainty and decisive accent of the pen, in the frank power and fullness and fine gradation of the wash, in the instinct what to choose and what to reject, what accentuate and what half suggest, there is a very real spiritual kindred between the two. Claude, moreover, loved these special tools and their exercise not less than Rembrandt did, and has left drawings not less numerous. One large and celebrated group of such drawings, indeed, the "Liber Veritatis" at Chatsworth, consists not of studies from nature or of impressions or compositions in their first stage, but of notes, for purposes of record and identification, made from pictures after they were painted.

Photograph by Donald Macbeth

FIG. 33. STUDY FOR A GROUP IN THE PICTURE OF "THE VOYAGE TO CYTHERA," BY ANTOINE WATTEAU

(Red chalk)

Of the multitude of Claude's other drawings that have been preserved (the British Museum alone has more than three hundred), some are perfectly frank and direct notes from unmodified nature; others are preliminary studies and sketches for particular paintings and etchings; and still others are finished landscape compositions drawn for their own sake. In all three kinds we find drawings signed and dated, and evidence of the store the painter set by them.

Photograph by Donald Macbeth, London

FIG. 31. STUDY OF A GIRL SEATED IN PROFILE, BY ANTOINE WATTEAU, BRITISH MUSEUM
(Black and red chalk)

Mr. Heseltine has been one of the keenest appreciators and most fortunate collectors of Claude's drawings. I give two examples from his portfolio. One (Fig. 29) is a direct and literal view taken on the Tiber bank, looking toward Mount Soracte, with no artifice of design or of composition except in the throwing

up of the figures against the light of the river surface; the other (Fig. 30) a composition of splendid imaginative and technical power for a "Repose in Egypt," the

Photograph by Donald Macbeth, London
FIG. 28. PORTRAIT BY JEHAN CLOUET. JUDGED BY THE AUTHOR AS A PORTRAIT OF MARGARET OF FRANCE, BRITISH MUSEUM
(Black and red chalk)

figures of the Holy Family and their angel visitant flung in with more energy, and the whole design of trees and pool, hills and clouds, more wild, writhing, and menacing than is usual with this serene master.

Both drawings and pictures by Claude still abound in England. But turning to the French art of a hundred years later, we find that the multitudinous idyllic, familiar, fanciful or frivolous work of the eighteenth century had been little prized or sought for by the earlier English collectors. Watteau, indeed the leader and genius-in-chief of the new school, which, at the decline of the periwigged and pompous age of Louis XIV, came dancing and masquerading in with its exquisite daintily triumphant paces and graces—Watteau must count in some degree as an exception. His vogue began in England in his lifetime, with less enthusiasm, indeed, than among a special circle of admirers in France; but it never was totally eclipsed in England, as it came to be in France. It is well known how the genius of French art, which had turned upon itself sharply at the beginning of the eighteenth century, turned round yet again, and more completely, before its close. The brilliant anacreontic levities and frivolities which streamed from the pencils of many cunning hands in the days of the regency and of Louis XV, the visions of an ideal world of silken dalliance and amorous whisperings among embowered glades and thickets, screening furtive images of faun and nymph and satyr; the portrayals of a life that aspired to be one long light opera or sentimental picnic; the vivid, gay, veracious scenes of reality intermingled inextricably with the mythologic flutter of butterfly Loves and hovering shapes of fantasy, were in their turn despised and rejected, huddled out of sight and trampled under foot, by the France of the Revolution and the First Empire. Even Watteau, the short-lived, hectic, wayward great master who had with entrancing power opened the new era, and whose example dominated to the end—even Watteau fell so low in esteem in the third generation that the students of the Beaux Arts, it is recorded, used to pelt the masterpiece of his art, "The Voyage to Cythera," with bread pellets in sign of derision.

In the half-century from the dawn of the Revolution till near the fall of the restored Bourbon monarchy all the artis-

tic energies of France were thrown into a forced classical revival, which strove, generally in vain, to combine something of Greek purity with the posed and stilted, would-be heroic austerity that was held to befit the heirs and imitators of republican Rome. Even when this neo-classic tyranny had been shattered by the revolt of the Romantics, about 1830, the vitally native, gay, original, neither classically nor yet romantically inspired art of 1710-1780 had still to lie neglected and wait for another generation before returning into favor. This return took place during and after the Second Empire. The chief agent in effecting it, apart from the natural ebb and flow of taste, was the enthusiasm of those two ardent connnoisseurs and persuasive critics, the brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. Fashioning for their purpose a literary style of amazing preciosity and resource, inexhaustible in play of verbal color, and matching by its restless, flickering, and shimmering volatility of movement the works they set out to expound and praise, the Goncourts wrote the lives and eulogies of the masters of that long-neglected age, and led an eager fashion for the collection of their drawings among amateurs like-minded with themselves.

One such amateur was found in England in the person of Mr. Heseltine; not, indeed, that his natural taste required the stimulus of either literary exhortation or other people's example. In course of time his collection of French eighteenth-century drawings became one of the best existing in private hands, whether in England or abroad. He had no fewer than twenty examples by Watteau, all of the best, several of them derived from the famous collection formed by the Rev. J. B. James, a great Watteau amateur of early Victorian days. Virtually all the lighter and better artists of the French eighteenth-century school also found place in his collection: Fragonard, who adapted the melting outlines and vaporous, roseate blandness of decadent Italian church-painting to a thousand French motives, amorous, pastoral, domestic, keeping a vigilant watch of the forms and facts of nature through and under all his fantasies; the whole brilliant group of painter-engravers and vignettists, Gabriel and Augustin St. Aubin, Charles N. Cochin, J. B. Moreau, men who com-

Photograph by William E. Gray, London

FIG. 34. SKETCH OF A WOMAN, BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER, HESELTINE COLLECTION
(Red chalk)

FIG. 29. VIEW FROM THE BANK OF THE TIBER. BY CLAUDE GELLÉE (CLAUDE LORRAIN). HESELTINE COLLECTION
(Pen and bister wash)

bined, especially the first three, an inexhaustible facility in dainty emblematic and decorative invention with the keenest perception and most adroit interpretative touch for the daily life about them.

I give three examples of Watteau recently acquired for the British Museum, one from Lord Churchill (Fig. 31), the other two with the rest of the Salting collection (Fig. 32, 33). The first is an admirable example of the master's latest work, done, as I should guess, from an English model; perhaps, judging by the somewhat unrefined type and bony workwoman's hands, a servant or landlady's daughter in the lodgings where he lived at Greenwich for a few months of the last fevered and suffering year of his life. The second, with the studies of a single girl's head, as if she were looking at herself in a mirror, belongs to his central time, and is a typical example of perhaps the most numerous class of his drawings. The third is a definite study from life for the action of two figures in his most famous picture, "The Voyage to Cythera," now one of the glories of the Louvre. "Look at that picture [I quote from a forty-year-old little essay of my own]—how it glows with laughing color and harmony. An enchanted lake, the sunny peaks and terraces of an enchanted island, a world of misty golden light and blue transparent shadow. A toy ship, manned at poop and prow by a naked Adonis of a mariner; the pilgrims of Love leaving their summer pastime, wending in pairs from the slope of the hither shore to go aboard, and bending each to each in tender colloquy; left one pouting, unbreeched Cupid sitting on his bow and arrow on the knoll from which they move, following the invitation of a rosy aërial cloud of others, incarnate prettinesses who flit and gambol between lake and sky above the ship. The pairs coo and whisper; one lady seems to bridle in coy refusal of the offer of her swain to lift her on board, another inquires with trepidation the dangers of the voyage, others merely prattle as they walk, one near us holds out her hands to be raised from the grassy seat she has not left [this is the group studied in our Fig. 33], another has not made up her mind to go, and listens to the kneeling entreaty of an enamored companion."

Airy and evanescent as is the construc-

tion of a dream-picture such as this, it is nevertheless founded, like all great or good art, on a solid rock—the rock of stern discipline of hand and patient observation of nature. The drawings of Watteau would furnish full proof of this, even if we had not the express testimony of his contemporaries. Inspired in youth by the example of Rubens in such red-and-black chalk drawings as our Fig. 16[1], Watteau, in the course of study, carried to its ultimate perfection the expressive use of those materials. His fingers learned to convey to his pencil the very throb and tingle and speaking accent of life in his sitters. He knows, as no one else knows, how to make the black chalk express the depth and meaning of an eye or the delicate mutiny of a straying lock of hair, and the red chalk tell of the coursing of the blood through a semitransparent ear or nostril or finger-tip.

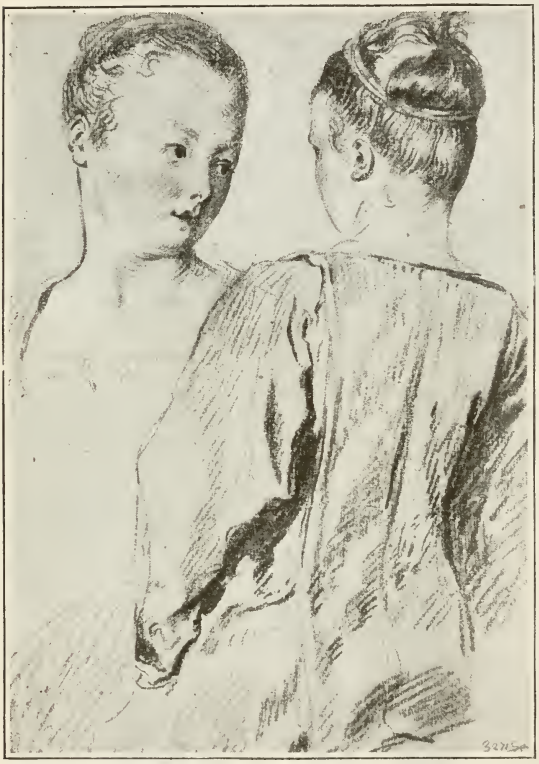
His drawings contain, besides many notes and studies not otherwise used, the whole material and foundation for his pictures. Sometimes it is a sheet on which he has struck off half a dozen different turns and attitudes of a single head, each time more brilliantly than the last, in the energetic determination to capture the precise air and expression that he wants. Sometimes it is a saucy child in a saucier hat, who covers a whole sheet repeated in full face or in profile; sometimes a negro boy, the strong, abrupt planes of his face modeled, and the blood under his opaque swarthiness indicated with marvelous power; often a girl's head of his favorite type, stout, firm-fleshed, brilliant with health and animation, round-cheeked and round-chinned, the nose a little turned up, a little air of effrontery conveyed in the drawing of lips and eyelashes. Sometimes we have a miniature full-length of a comic actor, the character pursued in every crease of the dress and down to the fingers' ends; sometimes a woman in the act of gaily dressing or undressing, not displeased at the consciousness of a spectator; often a group of violin players, the nervous tension of their wrists and fingers expressed with inimitable truth and accent.

Leaving Watteau, the few drawings from the Heseltine collection with which I am able to illustrate the minor masters of the mid-eighteenth century in France shall be chosen to exemplify not its early mythologic or roguishly voluptuous phases, not any of its manifold versatilities and daintinesses of minor decorative invention, or its sparkling, multitudinous scenes of aristocratic or popular festival, or its numberless gay illustrations of romance, or its portrayals of Parisian groups and characters caught in the bustle and agitation of their outdoor life; but rather its dealing with another phase of French existence, a quieter home phase, which was always there and which served as a solid human groundwork under all the rest—the phase of plain, every-day bourgeois life and likeness, set down in all simplicity as they were. Thus, for Boucher, instead of any of the hundred alluring dimpled nudes studied from his favorite Irish model, Miss Murphy (*Gallice* "la Morfil"), or of any marquise who smiles and flirts her fan above the spread of her shimmering satin skirts and ingenious fur bellows, or of any decorative fantasy in

FIG. 35. STUDY OF TWO LADIES SEATED, BY GABRIEL DE ST. AUBIN, HESELTINE COLLECTION
(Red chalk)

[1] See THE CENTURY for November.

the Chinese taste, or opera landscape designed to serve as a setting for amorous, artificial pastoral—instead of any of these, here is a plain red-chalk study (Fig. 34) of a lady standing, extending her hands



Photograph by Donald Macbeth, London

FIG. 32. STUDY OF A GIRL'S HEAD, WITH A REFLECTION IN A MIRROR, BY ANTOINE WATTEAU
(Red and black chalk)

in a perfectly natural attitude, with nothing seductive or operatic or mythological about her. For Gabriel de St. Aubin we shall not turn to any of his crowded scenes of festal animation and costume, but take this natural and reposeful subject of two ladies seated, in conversation, one with a fan and the other with her work, in a comfortable interior before the fire (Fig. 35). Cochin will be represented not by any of his endlessly graceful and inventive little ornamental and emblematic decorations, but by the plain, strong, masterly medallion portrait, in Italian chalk and crayons, of one of the most grave and estimable of his contemporaries, M. Antoine Thomas of the French Academy (Fig. 36). There was no one like Cochin for fantastic, dainty devices in the way of borders and settings of portraits, invitation-cards, trade advertisements, and every conceivable sort of printed bill or missive; but here he has framed his portrait in a style that suits the subject, as grave and simple as can well be.

ENGLISH SCHOOL

I should be unwilling to close this survey without a glance at least in the direction of the English school. Mr. Heseltine has been as keen a collector of this school as of any other, and especially of the works of the best black-and-white artists among his contemporaries. Of the earlier British masters Gainsborough is the fittest to be represented in this place, inasmuch as of our great eighteenth-century painters it was he who came nearest to the French in vivacity of expression and in sparkling rendering of laces and satins and female frippery in general. The combination of this specialty with the courtly inherited tradition of Vandyke, and with his native sense of grace and character, gives a special flavor to Gainsborough's work in feminine portraiture.

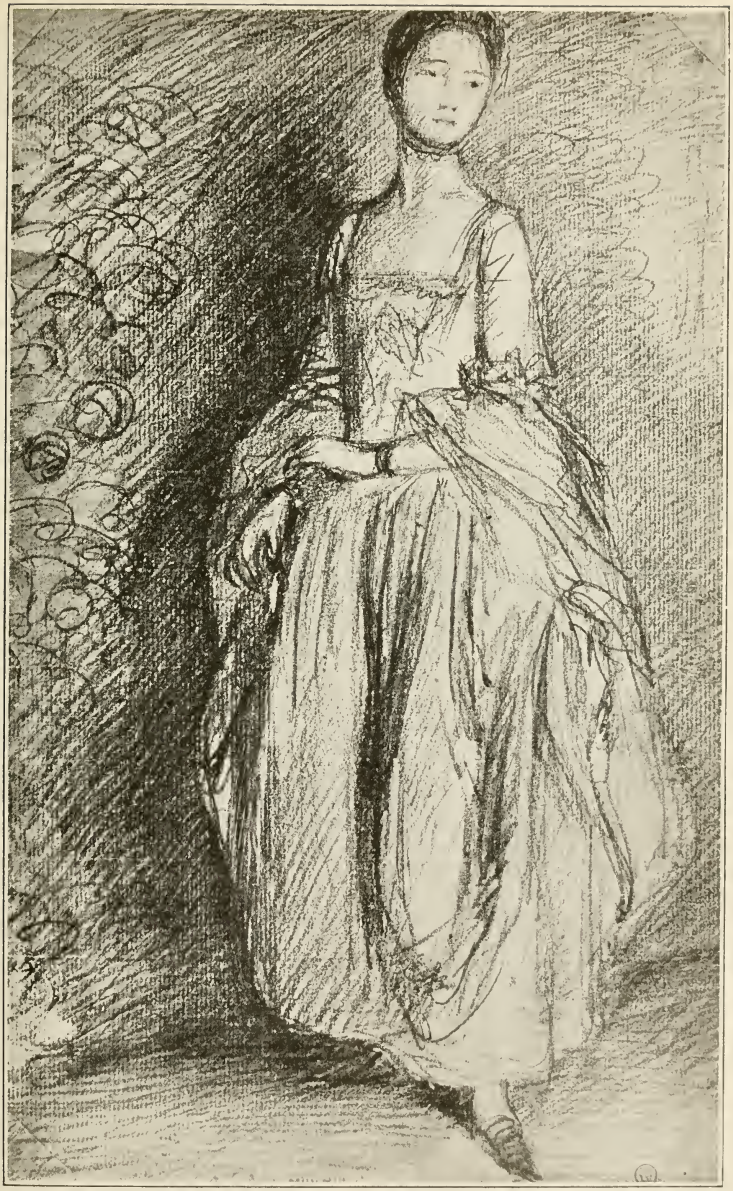


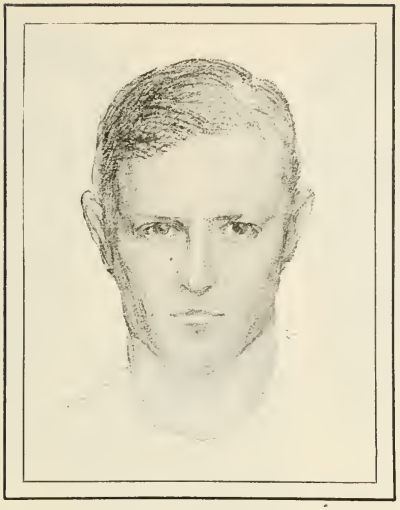
FIG. 38. STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT OF A LADY, BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A.,
HESELTINE COLLECTION
(Black chalk)

It is possible that the quality came to him from the direct contact with French example.

Hubert Gravelot, one of the most dexterous and accomplished of the French draftsmen-engravers and vignettists, spent twenty-odd years of his working life in London, from about 1725 to 1745, and during one or two of those years Gainsborough, then a youth of almost sixteen, was his pupil. Besides his tiny, exquisitely adroit and graceful compositions for book vignettes, Gravelot was accustomed to make larger drawings, in black chalk touched with white, on gray or brown paper, of ladies and gentlemen in their ordinary clothes and actions; and it is the influence of these especially that we seem to trace in Gainsborough's later work. His early paintings, done in the Ipswich time from 1745-60, are, as a rule, stiffly posed and tightly painted; it was only in the Bath period that he acquired his ripe measure of grace and vivacity with the brush. But his drawings are at no time without those qualities. Take, for instance (Fig. 37) the very early portrait of himself seated on a bank, sketching. It is to be noted of this drawing that Gainsborough kept it by him, and in later life cut out the figure and pasted it on a new sheet, on which he drew the woodland background as we now see it. All his life he was one of the most industrious and facile of draftsmen alike of figure and landscape and of both together, using black chalk on bluish-gray paper, often touched with white, or black chalk on ordinary paper, or occasionally colored pastels, or mixing, in landscape work, a wash of suggestive tint with chalk, or occasionally pen, outlines. There is a peculiar charm in some of the drawings done by the last-named method in pale blond or golden keys, with a thin varnish passed over them for their protection.

In figure drawing Gainsborough, like all the Englishmen of his time, lacked thoroughness of training. For precision in the definition of bodily form and suggestion of its living, interesting, shifting contours in space he is not within a hundred miles of Watteau, or, indeed, of any of the minor Frenchmen of the time. He has left, I think, no drawings from the nude; the "Musidora" of the National Gallery shows how superficially he had to work in attempting to paint it on anything like the scale of life. But in sketches and studies from the draped figure he catches with great and rapid adroitness the note or pose or movement or character which he seeks, whether in fixing the first idea of a fashionable portrait, or in some rustic motive of a milkmaid getting over a stile, or a boy tending cattle or taking shelter from a storm. Many drawings by him in both these kinds are extant; of his landscape drawings the number is much larger still. His method in landscape sketching is extremely swift and in a sense extremely conventional. But, then, his conventions have merit of being his own and perfectly adapted to express his personal feeling and instincts in the presence of nature. He seizes on the elements he wants, whether in detail or combination: groups of trees, stiles, and hedgerows; the twisting of a path between its banks, the opening of a glade between elm-boles, the span of a foot-bridge over a stream, a bank with sheep, a yard with pigs, a watering-place with cows and horses nosing one another, with the sweeping mass and roundness of meeting trees overhead, the downward winding of a lane toward a tufted valley inclosed by peaky hills in the distance. He seizes on such things as these, and his pencil scouts over the paper in their representation.

Not a few of the drawings of Gainsborough, especially his landscapes, were reproduced in his own day, a few in soft-ground etchings by himself, many more by John Lane and other hands. Our limits forbid the reproduction of any of the genre landscape class; but I give from the Heseltine collection, besides the self-portrait already referred to, a very frank and spirited, sincere and unflattered study for the standing portrait of a lady, which may serve as a specimen of that whole class of his work (Fig. 38).



LIEUTENANT X— OF THE FLYING CORPS, NOW AT THE FRONT

Types of the New American Army

By ALON BEMENT

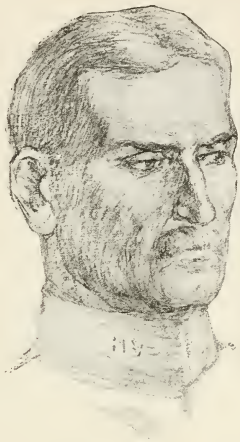
Drawings by the author

IN our new National Army there has been very little time for a type to appear in each service. In a highly specialized service like that of the Aviation Corps, where the candidate is chosen for well-defined characteristics, and at the same time subjected to the most rigorous physical examination known to military history, the type will necessarily be established in the beginning. They are the eyes of the army, Argus-like among the clouds. They are not only drawn from the best blood of the land, but by choice of their unique spirit undertake the most hazardous of war adventures, and pass in almost uninterrupted procession to sacrifice, not grimly or even solemnly, but joyously, like the winged creatures they live among. Coupled with this is a marvelously courageous and sportsmanlike bearing, which engenders chivalry even in the breasts of their opponents.

The particular flier given in the illustration, Lieutenant X—, is a university graduate of real intellectual attainments, who under normal conditions would have been engaged in archæological explorations. Strange readjustment!

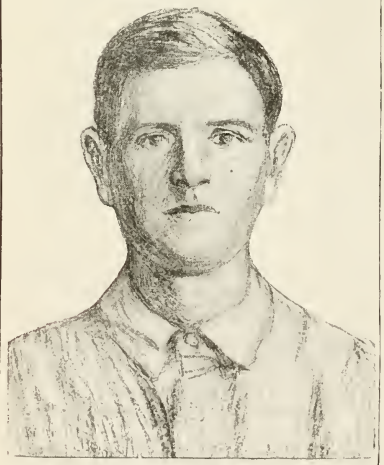
In the infantry, which is the rank and file from which all the services are drawn, there are no very early marks of identification of type. The young soldier is drawn from too many kinds of employment to be at first anything more than a civilian in khaki; just a great number of sturdy human beings of a given age in uniform. However, it does not take long to turn them into soldiers, and soon from out the horde a type begins to emerge.

Those most actively engaged in the training of the new army are the non-commissioned officers of the old. They are men who by virtue of their own ability have risen from the ranks. They are men who have fought death, disease, and im-



A CAVALRY OFFICER IN THE REGULAR ARMY

AN INFANTRY SERGEANT IN THE REGULAR ARMY



AN INFANTRYMAN IN THE NEW ARMY

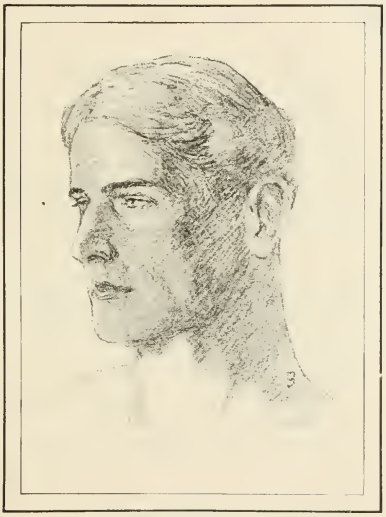
A COAST ARTILLERYMAN IN THE NEW ARMY

AMERICAN ARMY TYPES

morality at the four corners of the earth and have won. They are real soldiers and are where they are because they are fit in every sense of the word. Among them the mark of their particular service is very evident. They become the elder brothers to the new army.

The recruits live in very close touch with the non-com. officer. All day they drill, march, or work under his eyes. At night they sleep in the same barracks, and even during rest-period an officer is always present. From these officers the recruit learns to be a soldier, and as the mutual understanding and liking increase, the recruit grows more in earnest, he comes very naturally to imitate the example constantly before him. All things being equal, the one most like the sergeant is the most successful imitator, and directly the recruit in a less degree thus becomes a model for the less proficient. Multiplication of these influences soon brings out certain likenesses of movement and posture, and finally similarity of expression, and in the natural course of events a type emerges.

To the surprise of many, the new army man has turned out to be bigger than the old. This is particularly true of the artillery, where weight is one of the requirements. An artilleryman must be a mechanician, or at least must have the mechanical instinct. It takes steady nerve to adjust the delicate attachments of the modern big guns to accurate fire in action. In comparing him with the infantry, he is larger of bone, heavier of feature, with probably a stronger face, but a less alert expression.



A CAVALRYMAN IN THE NEW ARMY

The cavalryman is still lighter in weight than the infantryman. His requirements include all those of the latter, besides he must be an excellent horseman. It is the one service in which the old frontier type still exists. The lean, hard-featured, blue-eyed cow-puncher has not entirely disappeared from the earth, and you will find him as bow-legged and wiry as of old in Uncle Sam's cavalry. Though his hair is cut shorter, he combs it in the same way that he always did—down in front and slicked up at the sides. While little has been heard of him in this war, he is there, ready, and when the time comes, he will live up to the reputation of his class, won on many a battle-field.

A Ballade of Fair Ladies

By S. FOSTER DAMON

Illustrations
by
Thelma Cudlipp

"O Mr. Puffer, if you please,
A glass of water—pray be quick!
This has not put me at my ease;
I really feel a little sick."
Such was the natural rhetoric
That once came with a pallid plaint;
Now they forget that old-time trick.
Where is the girl that used to faint?

To-day all females brave the breeze
In sweaters, while they learn to kick
The foot-ball or to climb tall trees.
If you are too unchivalric,
They promptly hit you with a brick;
Nor do they show the least constraint
To use the hat-pin's mortal prick.
Where is the girl that used to faint?

Alas! there are no more of these!
Alas! for the bashful benedick
Who feels his tender bosom freeze
When he a heroine must pick
From novels—some seductive chick,
Some sweet, sweet slum-girl who says "ain't,"
Some Russian queen of arsenic!
Where is the girl that used to faint?

ENVOI

(Last night I was impolitic;
I kissed a female on her paint.
She acted like a lunatic!
Where is the girl that used to faint?)

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK

Collection of Sir William Van Horne

Mrs. Glengowan and her little daughter

By Sir Henry Raeburn

(Timothy Cole's Wood-engravings of Masterpieces)

THE CENTURY

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FICTION

"The Worm"

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME
(Mrs. Forbes Dennis)

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

MISS ONORIA STRICKLAND lived in a semi-detached villa and had no nonsense about her. Many women repose through life upon lesser attributes; they may have a handsome profile, a gift for putting on their clothes, a skilful tongue, or a kind heart. Miss Strickland found rest in none of these minor alleviations of the spirit; she took her stand triumphantly upon her direct common sense.

No one could beat her there. "What," she would ask herself as she came to any crisis in her life or in the lives of her neighbors, "is the most sensible thing to do?" And when she had answered this question, she did it; or in cases where an action of her own was not indicated, she ordered it to be done by others.

She had lived at Little Ticklington for forty-five years, and all this time she had had her eyes open and said whatever came into her head, under the impression that she was expressing a peculiarly pure form of truth.

Her friends depended upon her and feared her. When they did n't want to depend upon her, they got out of her way.

Miss Strickland was continually discovering the deceitfulness of human nature, but she never laid her finger upon its cause. She did not realize that the only way to keep on good terms with an aggressive personality is by the constant practice of evasion.

Miss Onoria Strickland was an exemplary citizen. She had earned her own living with talent and success from the age of twenty-one, and she had been a masterful, but helpful, daughter to her aged parents. They became aged a little prematurely under this assistance, and died within a year of each other.

Onoria had never felt lonely during the lifetime of her parents. She left home at nine o'clock every morning, and returned at five o'clock in the afternoon, except on Saturday, when she came back to lunch.

No one could have had a fuller life; she managed her parents, did the household accounts, worked in the garden, or took Prendergast for a walk. Prendergast was a pug-dog of a self-centered and exacting nature. He had been given to Mr. and Mrs. Strickland by an old friend of that name, and though Onoria had protested against the use of a surname for a pet dog as unsuitable and even ridiculous, her father and mother had querulously insisted that they wanted to call the pug "Prendergast" as a last tribute to their deceased

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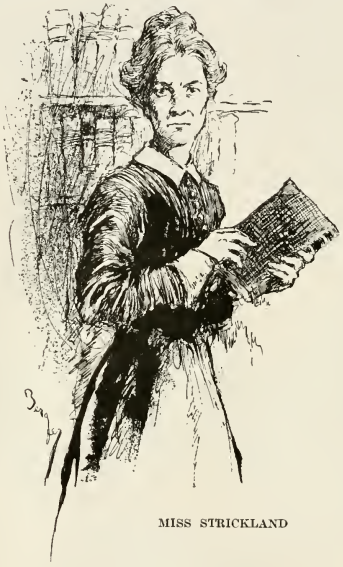
friend; and as they were at this time feeble, and it was bad for them to insist, Onoria had wisely let her protest drop.

After her parents' death Prendergast became the pivot upon which the household turned. Onoria was not sensible about Prendergast; she adored him. He was the one licensed folly of her ordered life.

It must not be supposed that romance had passed Onoria by. It had fallen at her feet early in life, and when she discovered how much nonsense it had about it, she had kicked it ruthlessly away.

No one will ever know why Peter Gubbins worshiped Miss Strickland. He was a gentle, inoffensive youth, with a weak chin and bottle-necked shoulders; his strongest tastes were for magazines and barley sugar, and though he was easily convinced that he was unsuitable, he continued to worship Onoria in a melancholy, but resigned, manner for twenty years.



MISS STRICKLAND

Peter Gubbins was her next-door neighbor, and in time a certain element of relief mingled with his melancholy.

He had a large tabby-cat called Samson of which he was inordinately proud. Samson did not so much return, as passively accept, his master's nervous devotion. He was inconsiderate about sleeping in a basket,—inflexible arrangements, when they were not his own, galled him,—and though he knew his name perfectly, he had never been known to answer to it unless he had reason to believe that fish was at the other end. Peter Gubbins was very fond of all small and reasonably gentle animals, and often took Prendergast for a walk if Miss Strickland had n't time.

Peter Gubbins had a private income and wrote occasional articles and poems for magazines. The articles dealt with sweet-peas, on which he was an expert, and Roman Catholicism, on which he was not; but by dint of studying the works of ex-nuns and ex-monks he had arrived at some very startling theories upon the Roman Catholic religion suitable for very low-church magazines. The poems were on certain aspects of nature that have unfortunately occurred to other persons in search of poetic subjects; still, they were occasionally published, and Mr. Gubbins signed them "Sirius." As he often wrote about stars, and always referred to them as "bright," his signature could not have been more appropriate. Obviously "Peter Gubbins" applauding the universe would not do.

He never showed the poems to Onoria, but they shared the articles on Rome, and sometimes Onoria liked them, though she felt them to be too milk-and-watery to do real justice to the subject. It was inconsistent of Onoria to have such a decided bias against Rome, for she was very fond of law and order and considered authority final. She said, "This settles it," about a dozen times a day, and no pope has ever made more ex-cathedra proclamations in the twenty-four hours.

Mr. Gubbins was by no means Onoria's greatest man friend; she merely saw the most of him. Men liked Onoria, and Onoria liked men. Women she despised. Men sought Onoria to tell her what they felt for other women, talked politics with her, and took a monstrous and secret pleasure in hearing her abuse her own sex; but

with the exception of Mr. Gubbins, they did not propose to share their lives with Onoria; they preferred the weaker sisters whom Onoria had relentlessly dissected for their special delectation.

At the high school Onoria taught nothing but girls. She taught them music and singing with bitterness and with boredom for over twenty years, and she taught them exceedingly well. There is an excellent poem which asserts that "He who only rules by terror does a grievous wrong," and there is no doubt a good deal to be said for this theory. All Onoria's pupils would have agreed to it with rapture; still, one does not go down the path of least resistance often if one finds lions in the way. Even girls have the sense to make unusual efforts to avoid unusual inconveniences, and Miss Strickland's temper, when roused, was an unusual inconvenience. She said everything that came into her head against the girl who had failed her, and then, with the sting of a lifelong prejudice behind her, everything against the sex which had evolved her.

Onoria firmly believed that all girls were deceitful, lazy, and vain, and that the only way to deal with them was by repeated castigations of the spirit.

The level of Onoria's pupils was high, and as she did not believe in hidden depths, she never had to regret that she had failed to plumb them.

"I know exactly what each of my girls can do," she was fond of saying. What she did not know was what the girls could have done if they had n't been hers.

"I have never made a friend out of a pupil yet, thank the Lord," she would end up by saying to her men friends, who spent Sunday afternons in hearing Onoria undermine the position of women, "and what is more, I never will." The men shook their heads in delighted admiration; they knew they could not say as much for themselves, but they believed in Onoria's security.

Elsie Andrews was exactly the kind of child Miss Strickland disliked most. Nobody really liked Elsie very much, because it is difficult to like a girl who constantly squirms. At school she went by the name of "the worm." The young have an unconscious preference for success or the materials for success, and no one could have imagined a success being made of Elsie.

She had long, greasy, dark hair, which fell perfectly straight down her back, and was the color of a wet haystack. Her eyes were small and rather weak, her chin receded, and her complexion was a pale-fawn color.

She came into a room as if she were holding herself together with difficulty, and was unpleasantly aware of having broken the ten commandments. If she had really broken them, there would have been some sense in it; but she never broke anything except the points of her pencils.

Miss Strickland did not notice her except to tell her to sit up or to get out of the way. It came as a shock to the whole school, therefore, when it learned that Elsie had petitioned to be allowed to take music lessons from Miss Strickland instead of from the less accomplished, but much milder, teacher provided for the younger girls. It was like asking to be led into a lion's den without having evinced the slightest aptitude for being a Daniel. It was supposed that Miss Strickland would make short work of her, and that after the first or second music lesson Elsie's whitened bones would be left outside the music-room door.

Miss Strickland herself, staring at the small, bowed figure on the music-stool, felt as a rosarian might feel if asked to entertain the most noxious of the caterpillars.

Here was a true type of feminine nature, a prevaricating, vacillating, cowardly little girl, and a vain one, too, or how would she have dared to claim the best teacher in the school for presumably the worst pupil? She so exemplified everything that Miss Strickland felt women in general were, without any of the attractions which in the eyes of the undiscriminating outweigh these disadvantages, that Miss Strickland felt a certain kindliness rise in her—the kindliness of a prophet who sees his worst prognostications blossom into disastrous facts.

"May I ask what you think you know about music?" she shot out at the child with a twist of her determined chin.

This was Miss Strickland's usual preliminary to a campaign of slaughter, and all new pupils, even if she had a kindly feeling toward them, had to be slaughtered first.

Elsie choked, looked helplessly at her limp little fingers, and stammered:

"Nothing, please."

Miss Strickland did not appear in the least mollified by this collapse of confidence.

"Under the circumstances," she replied, with the easy smartness of a licensed bully, "can you tell me why the teacher for the younger girls was not considered sufficiently good for you?"

There was a breathless silence before Elsie, with an astonishing spasm of courage, answered:

"I should n't have learned anything from her, please."

MR. GUBBINS

"'Could n't' is no doubt what you mean," said Miss Strickland with genial irony. "And 'could n't' will be no doubt the result of trying to learn from me. Not even the cleverest teacher can make a good job with a bad tool. You are a very inefficient little girl. You don't know how to sit on a music-stool or how to hold your hands. Your back is a disgrace, and your fingers are all thumbs. Let 's hear you play something. What have you got here, rubbish? Oh, I see, worse than rubbish—the usual sonata by that poor Mozart. Mercifully, he is dead!

"Play it, and as I am not dead, pray do not make it any louder than is strictly necessary. Keep your feet off the pedals. Pupils who don't know how to play their notes have an idea that they can fall back on the loud pedal to drown their incompetence. That is not the proper use of pedals. They were never put into a piano to reinforce blunders."

Elsie dropped the sonata on the floor, and, in picking it up, overturned the music-stool.

Miss Strickland longed to slap her. Like all highly strung musical organizations, she loathed a sudden noise.

"Clumsy little animal!" she said under her breath.

Elsie heard her, and turned a dull crimson. She arranged the sonata with trembling fingers, and started off solemnly upon its well-known track.

Every note she played was a mistake. She altered pace, she ignored rythm. She tried for expression when the notes escaped her. She wallowed desperately on through the thickening disapproval of Miss Strickland's portentous silence.

Elsie knew exactly what the sonata sounded like to Miss Strickland; she had the vision of the disciple into the mind of the master. She knew she was inflicting torture upon her ideal human being, but still she inflicted it, having grasped that obedience is better than sacrifice, even the sacrifice of the feelings of the one you are bound to obey. Blandina before the maddened cow in the Colosseum could not have shown a more desperate courage.

At the end Miss Strickland said:

"You cannot like music; it is impossible. What on earth persuaded you to suggest that I should teach you?"

For a long while Elsie said nothing; she seemed engrossed in folding up the sonata. Then she lifted her rather weak eyes to Miss Strickland's face. She had no color at all; her very lips were white.

"Because I liked you," she stammered. "I wanted you to speak to me even if you were angry."

Miss Strickland was not an expert in Biblical language, but there was a quotation which attacked her mind at that moment and which stuck in her memory for years afterward: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." She was the first to look away.

If there was one thing Miss Strickland had always set her face against, it was school-girl devotions. If she had any reason for supposing that any particular girl was guilty of such a sentiment toward herself, she crushed it ruthlessly within the hour of its conception.

But there was something in Elsie's eyes which was different from anything she had seen in the eyes of other girls. It would not be an easy act for a strong swimmer to deprive a drowning man of his straw. As far as life was concerned, Miss Strickland was a strong swimmer, and Elsie was a drowning man; her hopeless, helpless eyes said it. She had this one desire, this one strange, pitiful claim upon the universe, and having made it, she was prepared to drown. She said no more. She did not cry; she sat and trembled on her music-stool, looking dumbly at Miss Strickland's face.

Miss Strickland hesitated; she had always worked on a principle before: girls below a certain standard were Miss Saunder's pupils; girls above it were hers. It is not easy to break a principle at one's own expense. Then she said with conscious dryness:

"Well, we must see what we can do with you." She had not taken away the straw. The small figure beside her gave a long sigh of relief.

"You quite understand," continued Miss Strickland, with her usual firmness, "that I make no promises. If you work very hard and improve, I will try to keep you; but it will require all the work you have in you. Now I am going to tell you not *all* the things that were wrong in your playing,—that would be impossible in the short time that is left to us,—but I shall point out a few of them that I shall expect you to overcome before the next lesson.

"As you play the sonata all wrong, I should suggest your never touching it again and starting to learn properly something you have never seen before. Are you listening to me attentively?"

Elsie nodded. She tried to listen attentively, but she was hearing, instead of Miss Strickland's words, the music of the spheres. The sons of God were shouting together in a newly created world and absorbed her attention.

Her heart's desire had been granted to Elsie. She was not going to be abandoned by the one being on earth whom she truly loved. It is unfortunate to have to confess at this point that Elsie had both parents living.

Her father was a genial tradesman of the higher class of tradesmen; he did not serve in his own shop, and liked to romp with his children when he came home from business. Mrs. Andrews was a flighty, pretentious little woman who had overlaid the maternal instinct by a desire to get on in the world. She would have liked a pretty little girl to show off to her neighbors, but she preferred boys. She had two of them, and she had brought them up to tease and tyrannize over their small sister. They did this without imagination, and not intending to be cruel, until they were old enough for school, when they ignored her. There were little things she could do for them in the holidays, and if she did them all right, she could live in peace.

It was a great relief to Elsie Andrews when nobody at home paid any attention to her, but it could not quite fill the whole horizon of youth. Miss Strickland filled the rest of it. Elsie believed in her as the wisest, most beautiful, and grandest of earthly beings. She sometimes wondered

if Queen Victoria had ever been like her. Not in some ways, for Elsie hugged it to her heart as a golden, but guilty, secret that her goddess was "advanced." Elsie would not have revealed it under torture, but she had seen Miss Strickland smoke a cigarette behind the shrubbery in the school garden. Probably Queen Victoria had not done this; she had lacked that final Napoleonic touch of audacity.

Miss Strickland's cigarette was the nearest thing to an adventure that Elsie had ever known. It took the place in her imagination of

Perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn.

She never passed a tobacco shop without a thrill of memory, and she saw far down the vista of the years a kindred moment for herself. Miss Strickland's light-blue eyes and trim, erect figure—the rest of her appearance was not very impressive—was the way Elsie supposed Venus had arisen from the sea. The blue serge coat and skirt that invariably accompanied Miss Strickland no doubt adhered to her later.

Miss Strickland was as beautiful as Venus, as grand as Queen Victoria, as wise as Minerva. As far as Elsie was concerned, wisdom would die with Miss Strickland. When Onoria said, "That 's settled," Elsie would rather have disputed the last trump.

It had taken two years of dumb and invisible worship before Elsie had dared to make this final bid for the notice of her goddess. She knew it was final. If Miss Strickland had turned her away, she would have sunk like a stone to the bottom of her despair. She would never have attempted to move again. Life would have gone on all round her, but she would not have lived. She was living now.

"Well," said Miss Strickland, "you 've had over your hour, and I think I 've told you enough to go on with. You have n't talent, but don't let that discourage you. I never believe in little girls with talent; work produces ability up to a certain point. There is no such thing as a woman genius, and never will be."

Elsie looked at her in surprise.

"But you," she murmured, "surely you are a genius?"

"Nonsense!" said Miss Strickland, flushing half with annoyance and half with a feeling that was not annoyance. "I am nothing of the kind. I am merely a very hard-working person with the natural advantages of a good ear and light fingers."

Elsie could not believe this and she looked as if she could not believe it, but she said nothing.

"Now run along," said Miss Strickland, briskly, but not unkindly. You cannot be unkind to a person who will not believe that you are not a genius.

Elsie went out of the music-room with her head held up and her eyes sparkling.

Miss Strickland did not immediately ring the bell to summon her next pupil. She felt unaccountably stirred.

"A very ordinary little girl," she said to herself, reassuringly, "a *most* ordinary little girl. Still, I will see if something can't be done with her. The poor child has been shamefully neglected; by some woman, no doubt. Women are the most destructive force in existence, or, I should rather say, weakness. Force is creative and appertains to man. Women are destructive because they have no force; they destroy by the conscious exercise of their weakness."

Then Miss Strickland rang the bell. She felt more natural after this little fling at her old enemy, and she had succeeded in hiding from herself why she had given way to Elsie, who should most certainly have been returned to Miss Saunders.

Even a very dull person may achieve his aim if he has only one aim and devotes his entire attention to it.

Elsie's aim in life was to please Miss Strickland. She thought of nothing else by day and she dreamed of nothing else by night.

All the other teachers, and the objects of their efforts, slipped past her. She saw them vaguely as trees walking, and bumped into them from time to time with some severity. She was considered the dunce of the school.

The cream of her concentration was her work for the piano. She practised as the devotee prays. She did not think any more of the actual process than the devotee thinks of his prayers. It is the Deity which is the object of the devotee, and it was Miss Strickland who stood for Elsie beyond the five-finger exercises and chromatic scales, even as the vision of Beatrice leaned toward Dante out of paradise.

Miss Strickland was amazed at the child's progress; she was the more amazed because she had seen from the first, with an instinct virtually unerring, that she was not dealing with talent. She still believed that it was not talent. It was something that baffled Miss Strickland, an ardor of obedience, a stake-like adherence to her least words, which produced odd blunders and sudden advances and finally a higher level of achievement than that of any other pupil in the school.

For two years the intercourse between Miss Strickland and Elsie was limited to forty minutes twice a week in the music-room. Elsie accepted Miss Strickland's temper as the earth accepts the ministrations of climate. Sun and shower, heat and cold, were part, no doubt, of a divine plan, and so was the sharpness or the mildness of Miss Strickland's nerves. Of course Elsie liked them to be mild, but when they were sharp, they seemed like the magnetic lightnings of the universe.

ELSIE

Miss Strickland had never had a pupil whom she could hurt more. She was often unscrupulous in the use of her power, but the absoluteness of it in Elsie's case stayed her hand. Elsie had no defense against her, and she would have used none if she had had it. One day Miss Strickland announced:

"There is to be a concert at the end of the term, Elsie. You have improved so much lately that I have told Miss Bretherton that you will play at it.

"Oh, if you please, Miss Strickland, I can't!" she stammered. "I could n't, not before people. I 'm too—I 'm too afraid."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Strickland, firmly. "I am the best judge of whether you can play or not, and I have decided that you can. It is absurd to be afraid of people who know very little about music and have come prepared to be easily pleased. You are not afraid to play before me, and I don't come prepared to be pleased and do know a good deal about music." She considered that this settled it.

Elsie, if she could have explained, would have said: "That 's what I 'm afraid of—not pleasing you. It 's you that will care about the people." But it was out of the question to make a statement of this kind to Miss Strickland, even if it had occurred to Elsie that it was the truth, and things seldom occurred to Elsie as the truth until after the thing feared had happened.

Now she merely repeated in an agony:

"Oh, please don't make me play! I shall break down. I know I shall break down. It would terrify me to disappoint you."

To which Miss Strickland replied:

"Don't be idiotic. I have decided upon Mendelssohn."

The school at Little Ticklington gave particularly good concerts. Besides the parents, the mayor sometimes appeared, with several town councilors, the vicar, who was an archdeacon, and various people in the neighborhood who thought education ought to be encouraged and that their presence at school concerts encouraged it.

Miss Strickland sat at the back of the hall, so that she could hear if the songs carried. She had prepared all the girls carefully, and Miss Saunders, who lived in the school, would supervise them on the platform.

Miss Strickland had not seen Elsie for three days. At her last lesson she had played the Mendelssohn uncommonly well, but she had annoyed Miss Strickland by opening and shutting her mouth like a fish. Miss Strickland had told her so, and Elsie had then shut her mouth and kept it shut; but Miss Strickland had still been annoyed. She was aware of something in the child that was not consenting to her will, and this was very unusual.

Children must play at concerts. Elsie was now fourteen; she was a big girl, and the Mendelssohn was very easy. Miss Strickland told herself these reassuring facts several times before the curtain swung vacillatingly back for the first girl to perform. "Besides," Miss Strickland hastily informed herself, "I take no special interest in Elsie."

The first girl performed as first girls generally do. She was chosen for her hardihood, and she had a little overestimated it. Still she banged pleasantly away, and while she was too nervous to remember any of the finer shades of Miss Strickland's careful teaching, she played no wrong notes, and covered up the weakness of her execution with that merciful solvent of piano-forte puzzles, the loud pedal down.

Miss Strickland mentally provided for this young criminal a castigation of the direct kind short of direct profanity. Only men, who deserve it, may have the relief of an entire language to devote to wrath. Miss Strickland had to rely upon the fervency of her emotion. Then she listened to a bad recitation with the grim patience of a teacher who is not involved in the subject.

After this there were several excellent and charming songs with choruses. Miss Strickland had taught them to the school, and in one case had written the song herself. They went with a vim, and gave her a certain amount of very slight pleasure. Then Elsie appeared.

She was dressed in a heavy white muslin dress that revealed her thick ankles and pitilessly broad-toed shoes.

It was the wrong kind of muslin, trimmed with tawdry embroidery, and girt about the untamed breadth of her waist by a harsh blue sash. Her hair lay lankly down her back, evading where it could the ministrations of a similarly harsh blue ribbon.

Elsie moved heavily, and stared at the audience with the eyes of a sleep-walker.

Miss Strickland had particularly told Elsie to keep her mouth shut, her head up, and her chin in. The results of these attempts upon the figure are usually beneficial to young performers, but nothing could do much for Elsie's figure; it remained thick and uncertain, with a tendency to bulge in the wrong places.

When she saw Elsie, Miss Strickland felt an unusual pang of depression, followed by a much more usual one of rage.

Elsie sat down clumsily on the music-stool. It was lower than she had expected it to be. Miss Sanders, the young music teacher, adjusted the Mendelssohn.

It was "The Venetian Boat-Song," and is considered the easiest and lightest of concert pieces.

Elsie played the first two bars faultlessly. Miss Strickland was about to breathe a sigh of relief when, to her horror, the girl stopped abruptly and took her hands off the piano. Then she played the first two bars over again, and stopped again.

There was a long silence in the hall, a breathless, inconvenient silence, and then Elsie turned slowly on her music-stool away from the piano and faced the audience. She looked like a person delivering herself into the hands of Indians for torture. She faced the people with her hands in her lap, and her eyes fixed not so much appealingly as hopelessly upon the audience.

She did not cry; it was the expression of an immovable despair. She neither stirred nor spoke; she only looked straight in front of her, as if she saw the end of hope.

Miss Strickland felt as if the child's gaze fixed itself upon her heart. Before she had time to move, Miss Sanders had stepped forward at a sign from Miss Bretherton and led Elsie away. It was obviously impossible for any one who looked like that to play "The Venetian Boat-Song."

Miss Sanders, who wanted Elsie to enjoy her tea afterward, led her to the back row of little girls. Elsie went with her passively, and sank into her seat like a thing frozen.

Miss Strickland had once watched a baby rabbit holding itself together to look like a leaf; its fear had fixed it into the landscape. Elsie looked like that. She did not move for half an hour; she was as anxious as the baby rabbit to escape all observation.

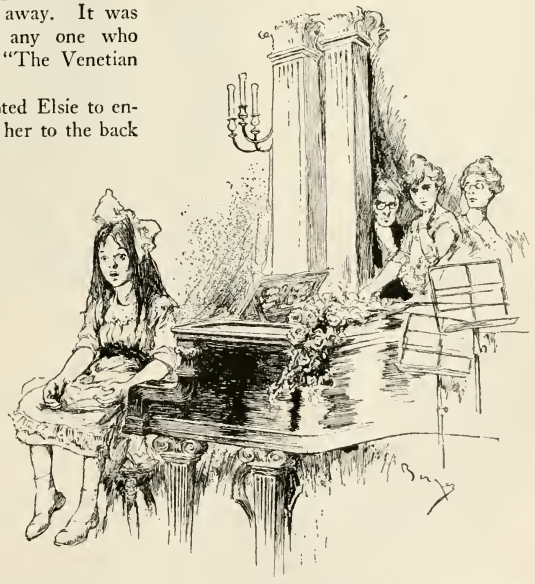
A group of charmingly dressed girls came on to the stage and danced. There were no more hitches. Everything was beautifully done, and when it was over, Elsie asked if she might go and rest. She said she had a headache.

Miss Sanders, who was sympathetic and did n't know what else to say, agreed readily. The other girls stared at Elsie, but no one was cruel enough or kind enough to say anything to her. They all felt that she was interesting to talk about, but uncomfortable to talk to, and they left her alone.

Miss Strickland decided to do the same. She took her tea on the lawn and ate some particularly good strawberries without enjoying them.

Then she went to look for Elsie. There were very few places where Elsie had any right to be. She was n't in the empty school-room, or in a small anteroom used by the teachers before they went into their classes. She was in the dressing-room, behind a curtain, lying on the boots and shoes.

It was only by the faintest of creaks that her presence was disclosed to Miss Strickland. She lay there in a crumpled heap of muslin and anguish, sobbing as if her heart would break.



"SHE ONLY LOOKED STRAIGHT IN FRONT OF HER AS IF SHE SAW THE END OF HOPE"

It was very pitiful to see her. Miss Strickland knelt down by Elsie's side and

tried to speak; but, to her surprise, she found it difficult. She said, "My dear child," twice over. The first time her voice actually shook; then she recovered herself.

"Stop groveling among those boots!" she exclaimed sharply. This was better. Elsie sat up, and made an enormous effort to control herself; but the sobs had got possession of her, and shook her down among the boots again. Miss Strickland frowned.

"It 's all my fault," she found herself saying. "I ought not to have made you play, and you really must n't be so distressed about it. People often make mistakes. One can retrieve them. I dare say," she went on mercifully, but without accuracy—"I dare say I 've broken down myself before now, but I should n't give way about it. I know that it was not carelessness on your part. On the contrary, you were trying too hard."

"Oh," gasped Elsie, "don't you hate me? You must, I know you must! You see I can't—I 'm no good. I never was any good, and I never shall be. I 'm like that!"

Miss Strickland was shocked. She disliked over-confidence, — over-confident people always do,—but this child's formidable hopelessness was worse than any over-confidence. She was behaving as if there were a flaw in the universe, and in Miss Strickland's universe there had never been a flaw. She had disliked many occurrences, but she had felt equal to them, whether she disliked them or not. She did not feel equal to what was happening now. After a long moment of silence she said:

"LYING ON THE BOOTS AND SHOES"

"My dear, you must n't be silly. If you were n't some good, you would n't be here."

Elsie replied:

"But I know I 'm not, and I don't want to be here. I 'd rather be dead."

"That 's sillier still," Miss Strickland answered doubtfully, "and it 's also wrong."

"What does it matter if it 's wrong or not—if you hate me?" sobbed Elsie. "Nothing matters to me except that."

Miss Strickland stared at her uncomfortably. She still did not know what

action was the most sensible to take. An instinct told her what to do, but she was not used to instincts, and felt flurried by having one. Her instinct told her to take the child in her arms. She compromised with it, and kissed Elsie a little reluctantly on the cheek.

"I don't hate you at all, child," she said kindly. "You 're a very good, painstaking little girl."

Then Miss Strickland arrived at the nearest she was ever likely to get to a miracle.

She saw a plain little girl, made plainer by a convulsive fit of crying, turn perfectly beautiful. It was like watching a black and wind-swept country yielding to the sun. Across Elsie's face light spread—the light of a great gratitude, a preposterous faith, an overwhelming love.

Her eyes met Miss Strickland's, and held hers almost against her will.

"Then," the child said slowly, "I 'm glad I broke down."

It was the truth, and Miss Strickland, with her love of truth, should have recognized it; but she had already recognized a great deal more than it was at all comfortable to recognize. She really could n't go on recognizing things which were so far from sensible, whether they were true or not.

"Well, don't let us have any more nonsense," she said briskly. "Wipe your eyes, and brush, as far as you can, the dust off your frock. You really should not have lain down on boots and shoes; it was most unsuitable. You 'd better come and see Miss Bretherton. She has been asking about you on the lawn, and she 's no more angry with you than I am."

"Please may I go home?" Elsie pleaded. "I 'm quite happy now; only I don't want to see any one else. You see, nobody else matters."

Miss Strickland hesitated. Head mistresses always matter. Still, she had pressed the point about Elsie's playing, and it has proved a mistake. Onoria made a point of learning from her mistakes when she saw them. Perhaps it was better to waive the point. The child looked dreadful. She could make excuses for her to Miss Bretherton, and excuses are tidier and more malleable than tear-stained little girls.

"Very well," Miss Strickland said at last, "you may go home if you want to." But there was something in Elsie's eyes that still held hers.

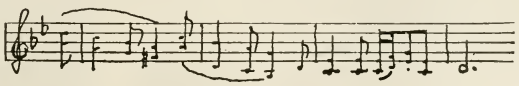
"If I might," whispered Elsie, bravely, "play you 'The Venetian Boat-Song' before I go."

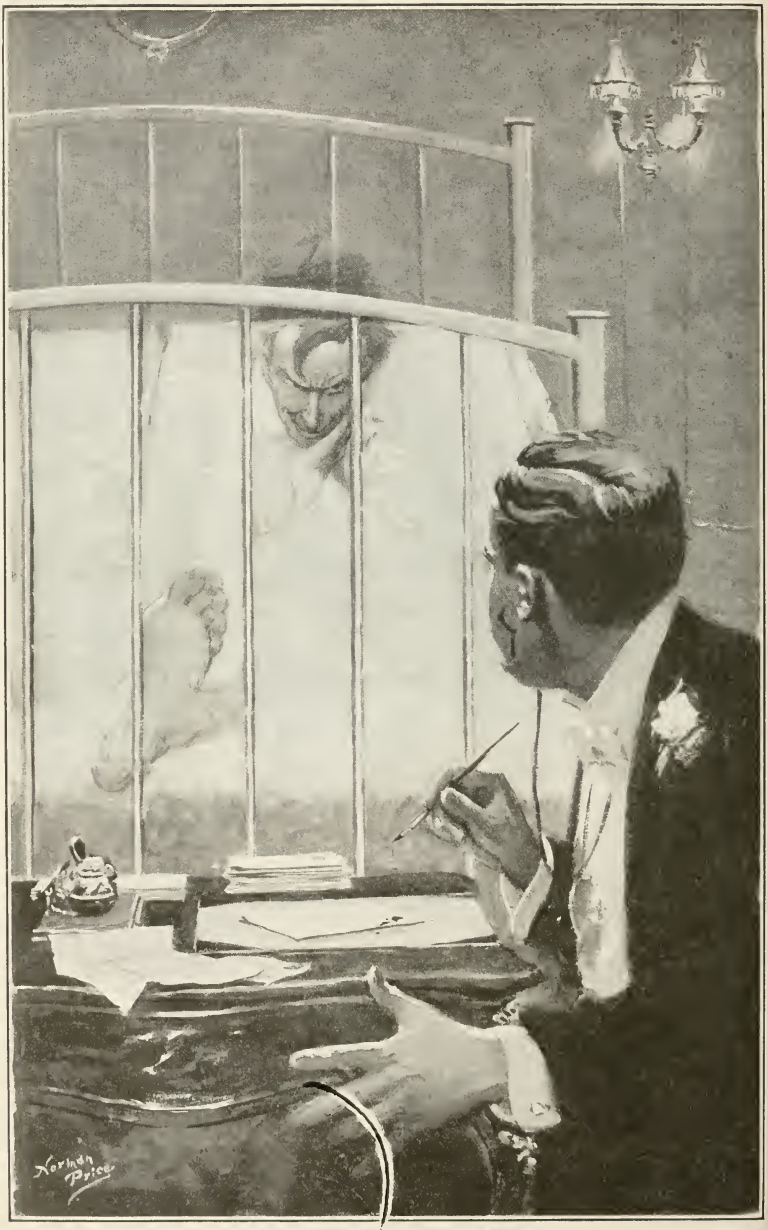
Miss Strickland nodded. She led the way into a small practice-room, out of reach of the festivities on the lawn. Then she sat down on a hard cane chair and listened to the "Venetian Boat-Song" for perhaps the five hundredth time. It did not sound at all familiar to her.

Elsie played it as Miss Strickland had never heard it played before. For the only time in her life music was captured by Elsie's faithful, clumsy little fingers. She played it dreamily, tenderly, with ardor and grace, as Mendelssohn himself, who had the heart of a child, might have played it. There was a little silence after the last notes sounded.

"That," Elsie explained as she turned around slowly on her music-stool, "was the way I had meant to play it."

(To be concluded)





"IT WAS WORSE, IT WAS MALIGN, THIS GRIN"

Hilary Maltby

By MAX BEERBOHM

Illustrations by Norman Price

PEOPLE still go on comparing Thackeray and Dickens, quite cheerfully. But the fashion of comparing Maltby and Braxton went out so long ago as 1795. No, I am wrong. But anything that happened in the bland old days before the War does seem to be a hundred more years ago than actually it is. The year I mean is the one in whose spring-time we all went bicycling (O thrill!) in Battersea Park, and ladies wore sleeves that billowed enormously out from their shoulders, and Lord Rosebery was Prime Minister.

In that Park, in that spring-time, in that sea of sleeves, there was almost as much talk about the respective merits of Braxton and Maltby as there was about those of Rudge and Humber. For the benefit of my younger readers, and perhaps—so feeble is human memory—for the benefit of their elders too, let me state that Rudge and Humber were rival makers of bicycles, that Hilary Maltby was the author of "Ariel in Mayfair," and Stephen Braxton of "A Faun on the Cotswolds."

"Which do you think is *really* the best—'Ariel' or 'A Faun'?" Ladies were always asking one that. "Oh, well, you know, the two are so different. It 's really very hard to compare them." One was always giving that answer. One was not very brilliant perhaps.

The vogue of the two novels lasted throughout the summer. As both were "firstlings," and Great Britain had therefore nothing else of Braxton's or Maltby's to fall back on, the horizon was much scanned for what Maltby, and what Braxton, would give us next. In the autumn Braxton gave us his secondling. It was an instantaneous failure. No more was he compared with Maltby. In the spring of '96 came Maltby's secondling. Its failure was instantaneous. Maltby might once more have been compared with Braxton. But Braxton was now forgotten. So was Maltby.

This was not kind. This was not just. Maltby's first novel, and Braxton's, had brought delight into many thousands of homes. People should have paused to say of Braxton, "Perhaps his third novel will be better than his second," and to say as much for Maltby. I blame people for having given no sign of wanting a third from either; and I blame them with the more zest because neither "A Faun on the Cotswolds" nor "Ariel in Mayfair" was a merely popular book: each, I maintain, was a good book. I don't go so far as to say that the one had "more of natural magic, more of British woodland glamour, more of the sheer joy of living in it than anything since 'As You Like It'," though Higsby went so far as this in *The Daily Chronicle;* nor can I allow the claim made for the other by Grigsby in *The Globe* that "for pungency of satire there has been nothing like it since Swift laid down his pen, and for sheer sweetness and tenderness of feeling—*ex forti dulcedo*—nothing to be mentioned in the same breath with it since the lute fell from the tired hand of Theocritus." These were foolish exaggerations. But one must not condemn a thing because it has been over-praised. Maltby's "Ariel" was a delicate, brilliant work; and Braxton's "Faun," crude though it was in many ways, had yet a genuine power and beauty. This is not a mere impression remembered from early youth. It is the reasoned and seasoned judgment of middle age. Both books have been out of print for many years; but I

secured a second-hand copy of each not long ago, and found them well worth reading again.

From the time of Nathaniel Hawthorne to the outbreak of the War, current literature did not suffer from any lack of fauns. But when Braxton's first book appeared fauns had still an air of novelty about them. We had not yet tired of them and their hoofs and their slanting eyes and their way of coming suddenly out of woods to wean quiet English villages from respectability. We did tire later. But Braxton's faun, even now, seems to me an admirable specimen of his class—wild and weird, earthy, goat-like, almost convincing. And I find myself convinced altogether by Braxton's rustics. I admit that I do not know much about rustics, except from novels. But I plead that the little I do know about them by personal observation does not confirm much of what the many novelists have taught me. I plead also that Braxton may well have been right about the rustics of Gloucestershire because he was (as so many interviewers recorded of him in his brief heyday) the son of a yeoman farmer at Far Oakridge, and his boyhood had been divided between that village and the Grammar School at Stroud. Not long ago I spent some weeks in that neighbourhood, and came across several villagers who might, I assure you, have stepped straight out of Braxton's pages. For that matter, Braxton himself, whom I met often in the spring of '95, might have stepped out of his own pages.

I am guilty of having wished he would step back into them. He was a very surly fellow, very rugged and gruff. He was the antithesis of pleasant little Maltby. I used to think that perhaps he would have been less unamiable if success had come to him earlier. He was thirty years old when his book was published, and had had a very hard time since coming to London at the age of sixteen. Little Maltby was a year older, and so had waited a year longer; but then, he had waited under a comfortable roof at Twickenham, emerging into the metropolis for no grimmer purpose than to sit and watch the fashionable riders and walkers in Rotten Row, and then going home to write a little or to play lawn-tennis with the young ladies of Twickenham. He had been the only child of his parents (neither of whom, alas, survived to take pleasure in their darling's sudden fame). He had now migrated from Twickenham and taken rooms in Bury Street. Had he ever shared with Braxton the bread of adversity—but no, I think he would in any case have been pleasant. And conversely I cannot imagine that Braxton would in any case have been so.

No one seeing the two rivals together, no one meeting them at Mr. Hookworth's famous luncheon-parties in the Authors' Club, or at Mrs. Foster-Dugdale's not less famous tea-parties in Sussex Gardens, would have supposed off-hand that the pair had a single point in common. Dapper little Maltby—blond, bland, diminutive Maltby, with his monocle and his gardenia; big black Braxton, with his lanky hair and his square blue jaw and his square sallow forehead. Canary and crow. Maltby had a perpetual chirrup of amusing small-talk. Braxton was usually silent, but very well worth listening to whenever he did croak. He had distinction, I admit it; the distinction of one who steadfastly refuses to adapt himself to surroundings. He stood out. He awed Mr. Hookworth. Ladies were always asking one another, rather intently, what they thought of him. One could imagine that old Mr. Foster-Dugdale, had he come home from the City to attend the tea-parties, might have regarded him as one from whom Mrs. Foster-Dugdale should be shielded. But the casual observer of Braxton and Maltby at Mrs. Foster-Dugdale's or elsewhere was wrong in supposing that the two were totally unlike. He overlooked one single and obvious point. This was that he had met them both at Mrs. Foster-Dugdale's or elsewhere. Wherever they were invited, there certainly, there punctually, they would be. They were both of them gluttons for the fruits and signs of their success.

Interviewers and photographers had as

little reason as had hostesses to complain of two men so earnestly and assiduously "on the make" as Maltby and Braxton. Maltby, for all his sparkle, was earnest; Braxton, for all his arrogance, assiduous.

"A Faun on the Cotswolds" had no more eager eulogist than the author of "Ariel in Mayfair." When any one praised his work, Maltby would lightly disparage it in comparison with Braxton's—"Ah, if I could write like *that!*" Maltby won golden opinions in this way. Braxton, on the other hand, would let slip no opportunity for sneering at Maltby's work—"gimcrack," as he called it. This was not good for Maltby. Different men, different methods.

"The Rape of the Lock" was "gimcrack," if you care to call it so; but it was a delicate, brilliant work; and so, I repeat, was Maltby's "Ariel." Absurd to compare Maltby with Pope? I am not so sure. I have read "Ariel," but have never read "The Rape of the Lock." Braxton's opprobrious term for "Ariel" may not, however, have been due to jealousy alone. Braxton had imagination, and his rival did not soar above fancy. But the point is that Maltby's fancifulness went far and well. In telling how Ariel re-embodied himself from thin air, leased a small house in Chesterfield Street, was presented at a Levée, played the part of good fairy in a matter of true love not running smooth, and worked all manner of amusing changes among the aristocracy before he vanished again, Maltby showed a very pretty range of ingenuity. In one respect, his work was a more surprising achievement than Braxton's. For whereas Braxton had been born and bred among his rustics, Maltby knew his aristocrats only through Thackeray, through the photographs and paragraphs in the newspapers, and through passionate excursions to Rotten Row. Yet I found his aristocrats as convincing as Braxton's rustics. It is true that I may have been convinced wrongly. That is a point which I could settle only by experience. I shift my ground, claiming for Maltby's aristocrats just this: that they pleased me very much.

Aristocrats, when they are presented solely through a novelist's sense of beauty, do not satisfy us. They may be as beautiful as all that, but, for the fear of thinking ourselves snobbish, we won't believe it. We do believe it, however, and revel in it, when the novelist saves his face and ours by a pervading irony in the treatment of what he loves. The irony must, mark you, be pervading and obvious. Disraeli's great ladies and lords won't do, for his irony was but latent in his homage, and thus the reader feels himself called on to worship and in duty bound to scoff. All 's well, though, when the homage is latent in the irony. Thackeray, inviting us to laugh and frown over the follies of Mayfair, enables us to reel with him in a secret orgy of veneration for those fools.

Maltby, too, in his measure, enabled us to reel thus. That is mainly why, before the end of April, his publisher was in a position to state that "the Seventh Large Impression of 'Ariel in Mayfair' is almost exhausted." Let it be put to our credit, however, that at the same moment Braxton's publisher had "the honour to inform the public that an Eighth Large Impression of 'A Faun on the Cotswolds' is in instant preparation."

Indeed, it seemed impossible for either author to outvie the other in success and glory. Week in, week out, you saw cancelled either's every momentary advantage. A neck-and-neck race. As thus:—Maltby appears as a Celebrity At Home in *The World* (Tuesday). Ha! No, *Vanity Fair* (Wednesday) has a perfect presentment of Braxton by "Spy." Neck-and-neck! No, *Vanity Fair* says "the subject of next week's cartoon will be Mr. Hilary Maltby." Maltby wins! No, next week Braxton 's in *The World.*

Throughout May I kept, as it were, my eyes glued to my field-glasses. On the first Monday in June I saw that which drew from me a hoarse ejaculation.

Let me explain that always on Monday mornings at this time of year, when I opened my daily paper, I looked with respectful interest to see what bevy of the great world had been entertained since

Saturday at Keeb Hall. The list was always august and inspiring. Statecraft and Diplomacy were well threaded there with mere Lineage and mere Beauty, with Royalty sometimes, with mere Wealth never, with privileged Genius now and then. A noble composition always. It was said that the Duke of Hertfordshire cared for nothing but his collection of birds' eggs, and that the collections of guests at Keeb were formed entirely by his young Duchess. It was said that he had climbed trees in every corner of every continent. The Duchess' hobby was easier. She sat aloft and beckoned desirable specimens up.

The list published on that first Monday in June began ordinarily enough, began with the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and the Portuguese Minister. Then came the Duke and Duchess of Mull, followed by four lesser Peers (two of them Proconsuls, however) with their Peeresses, three Peers without their Peeresses, four Peeresses without their Peers, and a dozen bearers of courtesy-titles with or without their wives or husbands. The rear was brought up by "Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and Mr. Hilary Maltby."

Youth tends to look at the darker side of things. I confess that my first thought was for Braxton.

I forgave and forgot his faults of manner. Youth is generous. It does not criticize a strong man stricken.

And anon, so habituated was I to the parity of these two strivers, I conceived that there might be some mistake. Daily newspapers are printed in a hurry. Might not "Henry Chaplin" be a typographical error for "Stephen Braxton"? I went out and bought another newspaper. But Mr. Chaplin's name was in that too.

"Patience!" I said to myself. "Braxton crouches only to spring. He will be at Keeb Hall on Saturday next."

My mind was free now to dwell with pleasure on Maltby's great achievement. I thought of writing to congratulate him, but feared this might be in bad taste. I did, however, write asking him to lunch with me. He did not answer my letter. I was, therefore, all the more sorry, next Monday, at not finding "and Mr. Stephen Braxton" in Keeb's week-end catalogue.

A few days later I met Mr. Hookworth. He mentioned that Stephen Braxton had left town. "He has taken," said Hookworth, "a delightful bungalow on the east coast. "He has gone there to *work*." He added that he had a great liking for Braxton—"a man utterly unspoilt." I inferred that he, too, had written to Maltby and received no answer.

That butterfly did not, however, appear to be hovering from flower to flower in the parterres of rank and fashion. In the daily lists of guests at dinners, receptions, dances, balls, the name of Maltby figured never. Maltby had not caught on.

Presently I heard that he, too, had left town. I gathered that he had gone quite early in June—quite soon after Keeb. Nobody seemed to know where he was. My own theory was that he had taken a delightful bungalow on the *west* coast, to balance Braxton. Anyhow, the parity of the two strivers was now somewhat reestablished.

In point of fact, the disparity had been less than I supposed. While Maltby was at Keeb, there Braxton was also—in a sense. . . . It was a strange story. I did not hear it at the time. Nobody did. I heard it seventeen years later. I heard it in Lucca.

Little Lucca I found so enchanting that, though I had only a day or two to spare, I stayed there a whole month. I formed the habit of walking, every morning, round that high-pitched path which girdles Lucca, that wide and tree-shaded path from which one looks down over the city wall at the fertile plains beneath Lucca. There were never many people there; but the few who did come came daily, so that I grew to like seeing them and took a mild personal interest in them.

One of them was an old lady in a wheeled chair. She was not less than seventy years old, and might or might not have once been beautiful. Her chair was slowly propelled by an Italian woman.

She herself was obviously Italian. Not so, however, the little gentleman who walked assiduously beside her. Him I guessed to be English. He was a very stout little gentleman, with gleaming spectacles and a full blond beard, and he seemed to radiate cheerfulness. I thought at first that he might be the old lady's resident physician; but no, there was something subtly un-professional about him: I became sure that his constancy was gratuitous, and his radiance real. And one day, I know not how, there dawned on me a suspicion that he was—who?—some one I had known—some writer—what 's his name—something with an M—Maltby—Hilary Maltby of the long-ago!

At sight of him on the morrow this suspicion hardened almost to certainty. I wished I could meet him alone and ask him if I were not right, and what he had been doing all these years, and why he had left England. He was always with the old lady. It was only on my last day in Lucca that my chance came.

I had just lunched, and was seated on a comfortable bench outside my hotel, with a cup of coffee on the table before me, gazing across the faded old sunny piazza and wondering what to do with my last afternoon. It was then that I espied yonder the back of the putative Maltby. I hastened forth to him. He was buying some pink roses, a great bunch of them, from a market-woman under an umbrella. He looked very blank, he flushed greatly, when I ventured to accost him. He admitted that his name was Hilary Maltby. I told him my own name, and by degrees he remembered me. He apologized for his confusion. He explained that he had not talked English, had not talked to an Englishman, "for—oh, hundreds of years." He said that he had, in the course of his long residence in Lucca, seen two or three people whom he had known in England, but that none of them had recognized him. He accepted (but as though he were embarking on the oddest adventure in the world) my invitation that he should come and sit down and take coffee with me. He laughed with pleasure and surprise at finding that he could still speak his native tongue quite fluently and idiomatically. "I know absolutely nothing," he said, "about England nowadays—except from stray references to it in the 'Corriere della Sera';" nor did he show the faintest desire that I should enlighten him. "England," he mused, "—how it all comes back to me!"

"But not you to it?"

"Ah, no indeed," he said gravely, looking at the roses which he had laid carefully on the marble table. "I am the happiest of men."

He sipped his coffee, and stared out across the piazza, out beyond it into the past.

"I am the happiest of men," he repeated. I plied him with the spur of silence.

"And I owe it all to having once yielded to a bad impulse. Absurd, the threads our destinies hang on!" He sat lost in retrospection.

"Come," I said, "show me what thread *your* destiny hung on."

"Oh, any number of threads. If on a certain evening in the May of '95 the Duchess of Hertfordshire had had a bad cold; or if she had decided that it *would n't* be rather interesting to go on to that party —that Annual Soirée, I think it was—of the Inkwomen's Club; or again—to go a step further back—if she had n't ever written that one little poem, and if it *had n't* been printed in *The Gentlewoman,* and if the Inkwomen's committee had n't instantly and unanimously elected her an Honorary Vice-President because of that one little poem; or if—well, if a million-and-one utterly irrelevant things had n't happened, don't-you-know, I should n't be here. . . . I might be *there,*" he smiled, with a vague gesture indicating England.

"Suppose," he went on, "I had n't been invited to that Annual Soirée; or suppose that other fellow,—"

"Braxton?" I suggested. I had remembered Braxton at the moment of recognizing Maltby.

"Suppose *he* had n't been asked. . . . But of course we both were. It happened that I was the first to be presented to the

Duchess. . . . It was a great moment. I hoped I should keep my head. She wore a tiara. I had often seen women in tiaras, at the Opera. But I had never talked to a woman in a tiara. Tiaras were symbols to me. Eyes are just a human feature. I fixed mine on the Duchess's. I kept my head by not looking at hers. I behaved as one human being to another. She seemed very intelligent. We got on very well. Presently she asked whether I should think her *very* bold if she said how *perfectly* divine she thought my book. I said something about doing my best, and asked with animation whether she had read 'A Faun on the Cotswold.' She had. She said it was *too* wonderful, she said it was *too* great. If she had n't been a Duchess, I might have thought her slightly hysterical. Her innate good-sense quickly reasserted itself. She used her great power. With a wave of her magic wand she turned into a fact the glittering possibility that had haunted me. She asked me down to Keeb.

"She seemed very pleased that I would come. Was I, by any chance, free on Saturday week? She hoped there would be some amusing people to meet me. Could I come by the 3.30? It was only an hour-and-a-half from Victoria. On Saturday there were always compartments reserved for people coming to Keeb by the 3.30. She hoped I would bring my bicycle with me. She hoped I would n't find it very dull. She hoped I would n't forget to come. She said how lovely it must be to spend one's life among clever people. She supposed I knew everybody here to-night. She asked me to tell her who everybody was. She asked who was the tall, dark man, over there. I told her it was Stephen Braxton. She said they had promised to introduce her to him. She added that he looked rather wonderful. 'Oh, he is, very,' I assured her. She turned to me with a sudden appeal: *'Do* you think, if I took my courage in both hands and asked him, he 'd care to come to Keeb?'

"I hesitated. It would be easy to say that Satan answered *for* me; easy but untrue; it was I that babbled: 'Well—as a matter of fact—since you ask me—if I were you really I think you 'd better not. He 's very odd in some ways. He has an extraordinary hatred of sleeping out of London. He has the real Gloucestershire *love* of London. At the same time, he 's very shy; and if you asked him he would n't very well know how to refuse. I think it would be *kinder* not to ask him.'

"At that moment, Mrs. Wilpham—the President—loomed up to us, bringing Braxton. He bore himself well. Rough dignity with a touch of mellowness. I daresay you never saw him smile. He smiled gravely down at the Duchess, while she talked in her pretty little quick humble way. He made a great impression.

"What I had done was not merely base: it was very dangerous. I was in terror that she might rally him on his devotion to London. I did n't dare to move away. I was immensely relieved when at length she said she must be going.

"Braxton seemed loth to relax his grip on her hand at parting. I feared she would n't escape without uttering that invitation. But all was well. . . . In saying good night to me, she added in a murmur, 'Don't forget Keeb—Saturday week—the 3.30.' Merely an exquisite murmur. But Braxton heard it. I knew, by the diabolical look he gave me, that Braxton heard it. . . . If he had n't, I should n't be here.

"Was I a prey to remorse? Well, in the days between that Soirée and that Saturday, remorse often claimed me, but rapture would n't give me up. Arcady, Olympus, the right people, at last! I had n't realized how good my book was—not till it got me this guerdon; not till I got it this huge advertisement. I foresaw how pleased my publisher would be. In some great houses, I knew, it was possible to stay without any one knowing you had been there. But the Duchess of Hertfordshire hid her light under no bushel. Exclusive she was, but not of publicity. Next to Windsor Castle, Keeb Hall was the most advertised house in all England.

"Meanwhile, I had plenty to do. I rather thought of engaging a valet, but decided that this was n't necessary. On

the other hand, I felt a need for three new summer suits, and a new evening suit, and some new white waistcoats. Also a smoking suit. And had any man ever stayed at Keeb without a dressing-case? Hitherto I had been content with a pair of wooden brushes, and so forth. I was afraid these would appal the footman who unpacked my things. I ordered, for his sake, a large dressing-case, with my initials engraved throughout it. It looked compromisingly new when it came to me from the shop. I had to kick it industriously, and throw it about and scratch it, so as to avert possible suspicion. The tailor did not send my things home till the Friday evening. I had to sit up late, wearing the new suits in rotation.

"Next day, at Victoria, I saw strolling on the platform many people, male and female, who looked as if they were going to Keeb—tall, cool, ornate people who had n't packed their own things and had reached Victoria in broughams. I was ornate, but not tall nor cool. My porter was rather off-hand in his manner as he wheeled my things along to the 3.30. I asked severely if there were any compartments reserved for people going to stay with the Duke of Hertfordshire. This worked an instant change in him. Having set me in one of those shrines, he seemed almost loth to accept a tip. A snob, I am afraid.

"A selection of the tall, the cool, the ornate, the intimately acquainted with one another, soon filled the compartment. There I was, and I think they felt they ought to try to bring me into the conversation. As they were all talking about a cotillion of the previous night, I should n't have been able to shine. I gazed out of the window with middle-class aloofness. Presently the talk drifted on to the topic of bicycles. But by this time it was too late for me to come in.

"I gazed at the squalid outskirts of London as they flew by. I doubted, as I listened to my fellow-passengers, whether I should be able to shine at Keeb. I rather wished I were going to spend the week-end at one of those little houses with backgardens beneath the railway-line. I was filled with fears.

"For shame! thought I. Was I nobody? Was the author of 'Ariel in Mayfair' nobody?

"I reminded myself how glad Braxton would be if he knew of my faint-heartedness. I thought of Braxton sitting, at this moment, in his room in Clifford's Inn and glowering with envy of his hated rival in the 3.30. And after all, how enviable I was! My spirits rose. I would acquit myself well . . .

"I much admired the scene at the little railway station where we alighted. It was like a fête champêtre. I knew from the talk of my fellow-passengers that some people had been going down by an earlier train, and that others were coming by a later. But the 3.30 had brought a full score of us. Us! That was the final touch of beauty.

"Outside there were two broughams, a landau, dog-carts, a phaeton, a wagonnette, I know not what. But almost everybody, it seemed, was going to bicycle. Lady Rodfitten said *she* was going to bicycle. Year after year I had seen that famous Countess driving in the Park. I had been told at third hand that she had a masculine intellect and could make and unmake Ministries. She was nearly sixty now, a trifle dyed and stout and weather-beaten, but still tremendously handsome, and hard as nails. One would not have said she had grown older, but merely that she belonged now to a rather later period of the Roman Empire. I had never dreamed of a time when one roof would shelter Lady Rodfitten and me. Somehow, she struck my imagination more than any of those others —more than Count Deym, more than Mr. Balfour, more than the lovely Lady Thisbe Crowborough.

"I might have had a ducal vehicle all to myself, and should have liked that; but it seemed more correct that I should use my bicycle. On the other hand, I did n't want to ride with all these people—a stranger in their midst. I lingered around the luggage till they were off, and then followed at a long distance.

"HER HANDSOME EYES

"The sun had gone behind clouds. But I rode slowly, so as to be sure not to arrive hot. I passed, not without a thrill, through the massive open gates into the Duke's park. A massive man with a cockade saluted me—hearteningly—from the door of the lodge. The park seemed endless. I came, at length, to a very long straight avenue of elms that were almost blatantly immemorial. At the end of it was—well, I felt like a gnat going to stay in a public building.

"If there had been turn-stiles—IN and OUT—and a shilling to pay, I should have felt easier as I passed into that hall—that Palladio-Gargantuan hall. Someone—some butler or groom-of-the-chamber—murmured that her Grace was in the garden. I passed out through the great opposite doorway on to a wide spectacular terrace with lawns beyond. Tea was on the nearest of these lawns. In the central group of people—some standing, others sitting—I espied the Duchess. She sat pouring out tea, a deft and animated little figure. I advanced firmly down the steps from the terrace, feeling that all would be well so soon as I had reported myself to the Duchess.

"But I had a staggering surprise on my way to her. I espied in one of the smaller groups—whom d' you think? Braxton.

"I had no time to wonder how he had got there—time merely to grasp the black fact that he *was* there.

"The Duchess seemed really pleased to see me. She said it was *too* splendid of me to come. 'You know Mr. Maltby?' she asked Lady Rodfitten, who exclaimed 'Not Mr. Hilary Maltby?' with a vigorous grace that was overwhelming. Lady Rodfitten declared she was the greatest of my admirers; and I could well believe that in whatever she did she excelled all competitors. On the other hand, I found it hard to believe she was afraid of me. Yet I had her word for it that she was.

"Her womanly charm gave place now

RESTED ON THE SPLASHES"

to her masculine grip. She eulogized me in the language of a seasoned reviewer on the staff of a long-established journal—wordy, perhaps, but sound. I revered and loved her. I wished I could give her my undivided attention. But, whilst I sat there, tea-cup in hand, between her and the Duchess, part of my brain was fearfully concerned with that glimpse I had had of Braxton. It did n't so much matter that he was here to halve my triumph. But suppose he knew what I had told the Duchess! And suppose he had—no, surely if he *had* shown me up in all my meanness she would n't have received me so very cordially. I wondered where she could have met him since that evening of the Ink-women. I heard Lady Rodfitten concluding her review of 'Ariel' with two or three sentences that might have been framed specially to give the publisher an easy 'quote.' And then I heard myself asking mechanically whether she had read 'A Faun On the Cotswolds.' The Duchess heard me too. She turned from talking to other people and said 'I did like Mr. Braxton so *very* much.'

" 'Yes,' I threw out with a sickly smile, 'I 'm so glad you asked him to come.'

" 'But I did n't ask him. I did n't *dare*.'

" 'But—but—surely he would n't be—be *here* if—' We stared at each other blankly. 'Here?' she echoed, glancing at the scattered little groups of people on the lawn. I glanced too. I was much embarrassed. I explained that I had seen Braxton 'standing just over there' when I arrived, and had supposed he was one of the people who came by the earlier train. 'Well,' she said with a slighlty irritated laugh, 'you must have mistaken some one else for him.' She dropped the subject, talked to other people, and presently moved away.

"Surely, thought I, she did n't suspect me of trying to make fun of her? On the other hand, surely she had n't conspired with Braxton to make a fool of *me*? And

yet, how could Braxton be here without an invitation, and without her knowledge? My brain whirled. One thing only was clear. I could *not* have mistaken anybody for Braxton. There Braxton had stood—Stephen Braxton, in that old pepper-and-salt suit of his, with his red tie all askew, and without a hat—his hair hanging over his forehead. All this I had seen sharp and clean-cut. There he had stood, just beside one of the women who travelled down in the same compartment as I; a very pretty woman in a pale blue dress; a tall woman—but I had noticed how small she looked beside Braxton. This woman was now walking to and fro, yonder, with M. de Soveral. I had seen Braxton beside her as clearly as I now saw M. de Soveral.

"Lady Rodfitten was talking about India to a recent Viceroy. She seemed to have as firm a grip of India as of 'Ariel.' I sat forgotten. I wanted to arise and wander off—in a vague search for Braxton. But I feared this might look as if I were angry at being ignored. Presently Lady Rodfitten herself arose, to have what she called her 'annual look round.' She bade me come too, and strode off between me and the recent Viceroy, noting improvements that had been made in the grounds, suggesting improvements that might be made, indicating improvements that *must* be made. She was great on landscape-gardening. The recent Viceroy was less great on it, but great enough. I don't say I walked forgotten: the eminent woman constantly asked my opinion; but my opinion, though of course it always coincided with hers, sounded quite worthless, somehow. I longed to shine. I could only bother about Braxton.

"Lady Rodfitten's voice sounded overstrong for the stillness of evening. The shadows lengthened. My spirits sank lower and lower, with the sun. I was a naturally cheerful person, but always, towards sunset, I had a vague sense of melancholy: I seemed always to have grown weaker; morbid misgivings would come to me. On this particular evening there was one such misgiving that crept in and out of me again and again . . . a very horrible misgiving as to the *nature* of what I had seen.

"Well, dressing for dinner is a great tonic. Especially if one shaves. My spirits rose as I lathered my face. I smiled to my reflection in the mirror. The afterglow of the sun came through the window behind the dressing-table, but I had switched on all the lights. My new silver-topped bottles and things made a fine array. Tonight *I* was going to shine, too. I felt I might yet be the life and soul of the party. Anyway, my new evening suit was without a fault. And this new razor was perfect. Having shaved 'down,' I lathered myself again and proceeded to shave 'up.' It was then that I uttered a sharp sound and swung round on my heel.

"No one was there. Yet this I knew: Stephen Braxton had just looked over my shoulder. I had seen the reflection of his face beside mine—craned forward to the mirror. I had met his eyes.

"He had been with me. This I knew.

"I turned to look again at that mirror. One of my cheeks was all covered with blood. I stanched it with a towel. Three long cuts where the razor had slipped and skipped. I plunged the towel into cold water and held it to my cheek. The bleeding went on—alarmingly. I rang the bell. No one came. I vowed I would n't bleed to death for Braxton. I rang again. At last a very tall powdered footman appeared —more reproachful-looking than sympathetic, as though I had n't ordered that dressing-case specially on his behalf! He said he thought the housekeeper would have some sticking-plaster. He was very sorry he was needed downstairs, but he would tell the housekeeper. I continued to dab and to curse. The blood flowed less. I showed great spirit. I vowed Braxton should not prevent me from going down to dinner.

"But—a pretty sight I was when I did go down. Pale but determined, with three long strips of black sticking-plaster forming a sort of Z on my left cheek. Mr. Hilary Maltby at Keeb. Literature's Ambassador.

"I don't know how late I was. Dinner was in full swing. Some servant piloted me to my place. I sat down unobserved. The woman on either side of me was talking to her other neighbour. I was near the Duchess' end of the table. Soup was served to me—that dark-red soup that you pour cream into—Bortsch. I felt it would steady me. I raised the first spoonful to my lips, and—my hand gave a sudden jerk.

"I was aware of two separate horrors—a horror that had been, a horror that was. Braxton had vanished. Not for more than an instant had he stood scowling at me from behind the opposite diners. Not for more than the fraction of an instant. But he had left his mark on me. I gazed down with a frozen stare at my shirtfront, at my white waistcoat, both dark with Bortsch. I rubbed them with a napkin. I made them worse.

"I looked at my glass of champagne. I raised it carefully and drained it at one draught. It nerved me. But behind that shirtfront was a broken heart.

"The woman on my left was Lady Thisbe Crowborough. I don't know who was the woman on my right. She was the first to turn and see me. I thought it best to say something about my shirtfront at once. I said it to her sideways, without showing my left cheek. Her handsome eyes rested on the splashes. She said, after a moment's thought, that they looked 'rather gay.' She said she thought the eternal black and white of men's evening clothes was 'so very dreary.' She did her best. . . Lady Thisbe Crowborough did her best, too, I suppose; but breeding is n't proof against all possible shocks: she visibly started at sight of me and my Z. I explained that I had cut myself shaving. I said, with an attempt at lightness, that shy men ought always to cut themselves shaving: it made such a good conversational opening. 'But surely,' she said after a pause, 'you don't cut yourself on purpose?' She was an abysmal fool. I did n't think so at the time. She was Lady Thisbe Crowborough. This fact hallowed her. That we did n't get on at all well was a misfortune for which I blamed only myself and my repulsive appearance and—the unforgettable horror that distracted me. Nor did I blame Lady Thisbe for turning rather soon to the man on her other side.

"The woman on my right was talking to the man on *her* other side; so that I was left a prey to secret memory and dread. I was n't wondering, was n't attempting to explain; I was merely remembering—and dreading. And—how odd one is!—on the top-layer of my consciousness I hated to be seen talking to no one. Mr. Maltby at Keeb. I caught the Duchess' eye once or twice, and she nodded encouragingly, as who should say 'You do look rather awful, and you do seem rather out of it, but I don't for a moment regret having asked you to come.' Presently I had another chance of talking. I heard myself talk. My feverish anxiety to please rather touched *me*. But I noticed that the eyes of my listener wandered. And yet I was sorry when the ladies went away. I had a sense of greater exposure. Men who had n't seen me saw me now. The Duke, as he came round to the Duchess' end of the table, must have wondered who I was; but he shyly offered me his hand as he passed, and said it was so good of me to come. I had thought of slipping away to put on another shirt and waistcoat, but had decided that this would make me the more ridiculous. I sat drinking port—poison to me after champagne, but a lulling poison—and listened to noblemen with unstained shirtfronts talking about the Australian cricket match . . .

"Is Rubicon Bézique still played in England? There was a mania for it at that time. The floor of Keeb's Palladio-Gargantuan hall was dotted with innumerable little tables. I did n't know how to play. My hostess told me I must 'come and amuse the dear old Duke and Duchess of Mull,' and led me to a remote sofa on which an old gentleman had just sat down beside an old lady. They looked at me with a dim kind interest. My hostess had set me and left me on a small gilt chair in front of them. She had conveyed to them loudly—one of them was very deaf—

that I was 'the famous writer.' It was a long time before they understood that I was not a political writer. The Duke asked me, after a troubled pause, whether I had known 'old Mr. Abraham Hayward.' The Duchess said I was too young to have known Mr. Hayward, and asked if I knew her 'clever friend Mr. Mallock.' I said I had just been reading Mr. Mallock's new novel. I heard myself shouting a confused *précis* of the plot. The place where we were sitting was near the foot of the great marble staircase. I said how beautiful the staircase was. The Duchess of Mull said she had never cared very much for that staircase. The Duke, after a pause, said he had 'often heard old Mr. Abraham Hayward hold a whole dinner table.' There were long and frequent pauses—between which I heard myself talking loudly, frantically, sinking lower and lower in the esteem of my small audience. I felt like a man drowning under the eyes of an elderly couple who sit on the bank regretting that they can offer no assistance. Presently the Duke looked at his watch and said to the Duchess that it was time to be thinking of bed.'

"They rose, as it were from the bank, and left me, so to speak, under water. I watched them as they passed slowly out of sight up the marble staircase which I had mispraised. I turned and surveyed the brilliant, silent scene presented by the card-players.

"I wondered what old Mr. Abraham Hayward would have done in my place. Would he have just darted in among those tables and 'held' them? I presumed that he would not have stolen silently away, quickly and cravenly away, up the marble staircase—as *I* did.

"I don't know which was the greater—the relief or the humiliation of finding myself in my bedroom. Perhaps the humiliation was the greater. There, on a chair, was my grand new smoking-suit, laid out for me—what a mockery! Once I had foreseen myself wearing it in the smoking-room at a late hour—the centre of a group of eminent men entranced by the brilliancy of my conversation. And now—! I was nothing but a small, dull, soup-stained, sticking-plastered, nerve-racked recluse. Nerves, yes. I assured myself that I had not seen—what I had seemed to see. All very odd, of course, and very unpleasant, but easily explained. Nerves. Excitement of coming to Keeb too much for me. A good night's rest: that was all I needed. Tomorrow I should laugh at myself.

"I wondered that I was n't tired physically. I felt no desire to go to bed . . . none while it was still possible for me to go. The little writing-table at the foot of my bed seemed to invite me. I had brought with me in my portmanteau a sheaf of letters, letters that I had purposely left unanswered in order that I might answer them on KEEB HALL note-paper. These the footman had laid neatly beside the blotting-pad on that little writing-table at the foot of the bed. I regretted that the note-paper stacked there had no ducal coronet on it. What matter? The address sufficed. If I had n't yet made a good impression on the people who were staying here, I could at any rate make one on the people who were n't. I sat down. I set to work. I wrote a prodigious number of fluent and graceful notes.

"Some of these were to strangers who wanted my autograph. I was always delighted to send my autograph, and never perfunctory in the manner of sending it . . . 'Dear Madam,' I remember writing to somebody that night, 'Were it not that you make your request for it so charmingly, I should hesitate to send you that which rarity alone can render valuable.—Yours truly, Hilary Maltby.' I remember reading this over and wondering whether the word 'render' looked rather commercial. It was in the act of wondering thus that I raised my eyes from the note-paper and saw, through the bars of the brass bedstead, the naked sole of a large human foot —saw beyond it the calf of a great leg; a night-shirt; and the face of Stephen Braxton. I did not move.

"I thought of making a dash for the door, dashing out into the corridor, shouting at the top of my voice for help. I sat quite still.

"What kept me to my chair was the fear that if I tried to reach the door Braxton would spring off the bed to intercept me. If I sat quite still perhaps he would n't move. I felt that if he moved I should collapse utterly.

"I watched him, and he watched me. He lay there with his body half-raised, one elbow propped on the pillow, his jaw sunk on his breast; and from under his black brows he watched me steadily.

"No question of mere nerves now. That hope was gone. No mere optical delusion, this abiding presence. Here Braxton was. He and I were together in the bright, silent room. How long would he be content to watch me?

"Eleven nights ago he had given me one horrible look. It was this look that I had to meet, in infinite prolongation, now, not daring to shift my eyes. He lay as motionless as I sat. I did not hear him breathing but I knew, by the rise and fall of his chest under his night-shirt, that he was breathing heavily. Suddenly I started to my feet. For he had moved. He had raised one hand slowly. He was stroking his chin. And as he did so, and as he watched me, his mouth gradually slackened to a grin. It was worse, it was more malign, this grin, than the scowl that remained with it; and its immediate effect on me was an impulse that was as hard to resist as it was hateful. The window was open. It was nearer to me than the door. I could have reached it in time . . .

"Well, I live to tell the tale. I stood my ground. And there dawned on me now a new fact in regard to my companion. I had all the while been conscious of something abnormal in his attitude—a lack of ease in his gross possessiveness. I saw now the reason for this effect. The pillow on which his elbow rested was still uniformly puffed and convex; like a pillow untouched. His elbow rested but on the very surface of it, not changing the shape of it at all. His body made not the least furrow along the bed . . . He had no weight.

"DOWN I CAME ON PALMS AND KNEES"

"I knew that if I leaned forward and thrust my hand between those brass rails, to clutch his foot, I should clutch —nothing. He was n't tangible. He was realistic. He was n't real. He was opaque. He was n't solid.

"Odd as it may seem to you, these certainties took the edge off my horror. During that walk with Lady Rodfitten, I had been appalled by the doubt that haunted me. But now the very confirmation of that doubt gave me a sort of courage: I could cope better with anything to-night than with actual Braxton. And the measure of the strange relief I felt is that I sat down again on my chair.

"More than once there came to me a wild hope that the thing might be an optical delusion, after all. Then would I shut my eyes tightly, shaking my head sharply; but, when I looked again, there the presence was, of course. It—he—not actual Braxton but, roughly speaking, Braxton—had come to stay. I was conscious of intense fatigue, taut and alert though every particle of me was; so that I became, in the course of that ghastly night, conscious of a great envy also. For some time before the dawn came in through

the window, Braxton's eyes had been closed; little by little now his head drooped sideways, then fell on his forearm and rested there. He was asleep.

"Cut off from sleep, I had a great longing for smoke. I had cigarettes on me, I had matches on me. But I did n't dare to strike a match. The sound might have woken Braxton up. In slumber he was less terrible, though perhaps more odious. I wasn't so much afraid now as indignant. 'It 's intolerable,' I sat saying to myself, 'utterly intolerable!'

"I had to bear it, nevertheless. I was aware that I had, in some degree, brought it on myself. If I had n't interfered and lied, actual Braxton would have been here at Keeb, and I at this moment sleeping soundly. But this was no excuse for Braxton. Braxton did n't know what I had done. He was merely envious of me. And —wanly I puzzled it out in the dawn—by very force of the envy, hatred, and malice in him he had projected hither into my presence this simulacrum of himself. I had known that he would be thinking of me. I had known that the thought of me at Keeb Hall would be of the last bitterness to his most sacred feelings. But—I had reckoned without the passionate force and intensity of the man's nature.

"If by this same strength and intensity he had merely projected himself as an invisible guest under the Duchess' roof—if his feat had been wholly, as perhaps it was in part, a feat of mere wistfulness and longing—then I should have felt really sorry for him; my conscience would have soundly rated me in his behalf. But no; if the wretched creature *had* been invisible to me, I should n't have thought of Braxton at all—except with gladness that he was n't here. That he was visible to me, and to me alone, was n't any sign of proper remorse within me. It was the measure of his incredible ill-will.

"Well, it seemed to me that he was avenged—with a vengeance. There I sat, hot-browed from sleeplessness, cold in the feet, stiff in the legs, cowed and indignant all through—sat there in the broadening daylight, and in that new evening suit of mine with the Braxtonized shirtfront and waistcoat that by day were more than ever loathsome. Literature's Ambassador at Keeb . . . I rose gingerly from my chair, and caught sight of my face, of my Braxtonized cheek, in the mirror. I heard the twittering of birds in distant trees. I saw through my window the elaborate landscape of the Duke's grounds, all soft in the grey bloom of early morning. I think I was nearer to tears than I had ever been since I was a child. But the weakness passed. I turned towards the personage on my bed and, summoning all such power as was in me, *willed* him to be gone. My effort was not without result—an inadequate result. Braxton turned in his sleep.

"I resumed my seat, and . . . and . . . sat up staring and blinking at a very tall man with red hair. 'I must have fallen asleep,' I said. 'Yessir,' he replied, and his toneless voice touched in me one or two springs of memory: I was at Keeb; this was the footman who looked after me. But —why was n't I in bed? Had I—no, surely it had been no nightmare. Surely I had *seen* Braxton on that white bed.

"The footman was impassively putting away my smoking-suit. I was too dazed to wonder what he thought of me. Nor did I attempt to stifle a cry when, a moment later, turning in my chair, I beheld Braxton leaning moodily against the mantelpiece. 'Are you unwellsir?' asked the footman. 'No,' I said faintly, 'I 'm quite well.'—'Yessir. Will you wear the blue suit or the grey?'—'The grey.'—'Yessir.'—It seemed almost incredible that *he* did n't see Braxton; *he* did n't appear to me one whit more solid than the night-shirted brute who stood against the mantelpiece and watched him lay out my things—'Shall I let your bath-water run nowsir?'—'Please, yes.'—'Your bathroom 's the third door to the leftsir.'—He went out with my bath-towel and sponge, leaving me alone with Braxton.

"I rose to my feet, mustering once more all the strength that was in me. Hoping against hope, with set teeth and clenched hands, I faced him, thrust forth my will at him, with everything but words com-

manded him to vanish—to cease to be.

"Suddenly, utterly, he vanished. And you can imagine the truly exquisite sense of triumph that thrilled me and continued to thrill me till I went into the bathroom and found him in my bath.

"Quivering with rage, I returned to my bedroom. 'Intolerable,' I heard myself repeating like a parrot that knew no other word. A bath was just what I had needed. Could I have lain for a long time basking in very hot water, and then have sponged myself with cold water, I should have emerged calm and brave; comparatively so, at any rate. I should have looked less ghastly, and have had less of a headache, and something of an appetite, when I went down to breakfast. Also, I should n't have been the very first guest to appear on the scene. There were five or six round tables, instead of last night's long table. At the further end of the room the butler and two other servants were lighting the little lamps under the hot dishes. I did n't like to make myself ridiculous by running away. On the other hand, was it right for me to begin breakfast all by myself at one of these round tables? I supposed it was. But I dreaded to be found eating, alone in that vast room, by the first down-comer. I sat dallying with dry toast and watching the door. It occurred to me that Braxton might occur at any moment. Should I be able to ignore him?

"Some man and wife—a very handsome couple—were the first to appear. They nodded and said 'good morning' when they noticed me on their way to the hot dishes. I rose—uncomfortably, guiltily—and sat down again. I rose again when the wife drifted to my table, followed by the husband with two steaming plates. She asked me if it was n't a heavenly morning, and I replied with nervous enthusiasm that it was. She then ate kedgeree in silence. 'You just finishing, what?' the husband asked, looking at my plate. 'Oh, no—no—only just beginning,' I assured him, and helped myself to butter. He then ate kedgeree in silence. He looked like some splendid bull, and she like some splendid cow, grazing. I envied them their eupeptic calm. I surmised that ten thousand Braxtons would not have prevented *them* from sleeping soundly by night and grazing steadily by day. Perhaps their stolidity infected me a little. Or perhaps what braced me was the great quantity of strong tea that I consumed. Anyhow I had begun to feel that if Braxton came in now I should n't blench nor falter.

"Well, I was n't put to the test. Plenty of people drifted in, but Braxton was n't one of them. Lady Rodfitten—no, she did n't drift, she marched, in; and presently, at an adjacent table, she was drawing a comparison, in clarion tones, between Jean and Edouard de Reszke. It seemed to me that her own voice had much in common with Edouard's. Even more was it akin to a military band. I found myself beating time to it with my foot. Decidedly, my spirits had risen. I was in a mood to face and outface anything. When I rose from the table and made my way to the door, I walked with something of a swing—to the tune of Lady Rodfitten.

"My buoyancy did n't last long, though. There was no swing at all in my walk when presently I passed out on to the spectacular terrace. I had seen my enemy again, and had beaten a furious retreat. No doubt I should see him yet again soon—here, perhaps, on this terrace. Two of the guests were bicycling slowly up and down the long paven expanse, both of them smiling with pride in the new, delicious form of locomotion. There was a great array of bicycles propped neatly along the balustrade. I recognized my own among them. I wondered whether Braxton had projected from Clifford's Inn an image of his own bicycle. He may have done so; but I 've no evidence that he did. I myself was bicycling when next I saw him; but he, I remember, was on foot.

"This was a few minutes later. I was bicycling with dear Lady Rodfitten. She seemed really to like me. She had come out and accosted me heartily on the terrace, asking me, because of my sticking-plaster, with whom I had fought a duel since yesterday. I did not tell her with whom, and she had already branched off

on the subject of duelling in general. She regretted the extinction of duelling in England, and gave cogent reasons for her regret. Then she asked me what my next book was to be. I confided that I was writing a sort of sequel—'Ariel Returns to Mayfair.' She shook her head, said with her usual soundness that sequels were very dangerous things, and asked me to tell her 'briefly' the lines along which I was working. I did so. She pointed out two or three weak points in my scheme. She said she could judge better if I would let her see my manuscript. She asked me to come and lunch with her next Friday at Rodfitten House and bring my manuscript with me. Need I say that I walked on air?

"'And now,' she said strenuously, 'let us take a turn on our bicycles.' By this time there were a dozen riders on the terrace, all of them smiling with pride and rapture. The terrace ran round two sides of the house, and before we came to the end of it these words had provisionally marshalled themselves in my mind:

TO
ELEANOR
COUNTESS OF RODFITTEN
THIS BOOK
WHICH OWES ALL TO HER WISE COUNSEL
AND UNWEARYING SUPERVISION
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
BY HER FRIEND
THE AUTHOR

"Smiled to masonically by the passing bicyclists, and smiling masonically to them in return, I felt that the rest of my visit would be smooth, if only—

"'Let 's go a little faster. Let 's race!' said Lady Rodfitten; and we did so. I was on the side nearer to the balustrade, and it was on that side that Braxton suddenly appeared from nowhere, solid-looking as a rock, his arms akimbo, less than two yards ahead of me, so that I swerved involuntarily, sharply, striking broadside the front wheel of Lady Rodfitten and collapsing with her, and with a crash of machinery, to the ground.

"I was n't hurt. She had broken my fall. I wished I was dead. She was furious. She sat speechless with fury. A crowd had quickly collected—just as in the case of a street accident. She accused me now to the crowd. She said I had done it on purpose. She said such terrible things of me that I think the crowd's sympathy must have veered towards me. She was assisted to her feet. I tried to be one of the assistants. 'Don't let him come near me!' she thundered. I caught sight of Braxton on the fringe of the crowd, grinning at me. 'It was all *his* fault!' I madly cried, pointing at him. Everybody looked at Mr. Balfour, just behind whom Braxton was standing. There was a general murmur of surprise, in which I have no doubt Mr. Balfour joined. He gave a charming, blank, deprecating smile. 'I mean—I can't explain what I mean,' I groaned. Lady Rodfitten moved away, refusing support, limping terribly, towards the house. The crowd followed her, solicitous. I stood helplessly, desperately, where I was.

"I stood an outlaw, a speck on the now empty terrace. Mechanically I picked up my straw hat, and wheeled the two bent bicycles to the balustrade. I suppose Mr. Balfour has a charming nature. For he presently came out again—on purpose, I am sure, to alleviate my misery. He told me that Lady Rodfitten had suffered no harm. He took me for a stroll up and down the terrace, talking thoughtfully and enchantingly about things in general. Then, having done his deed of mercy, this good Samaritan went into the house. My eyes followed him with gratitude; but I was still bleeding from wounds beyond his skill. I escaped into the gardens. I wanted to see no one. Still more did I want to be seen by no one. I dreaded in every nerve of me my reappearance among those people. I walked ever faster and faster, to stifle thought; but in vain. Why had n't I simply ridden *through* Braxton? I was aware of being now in the park, among great trees and undulations of wild green ground. But Nature did not achieve the task that Mr. Balfour had attempted; and my anguish was unassuaged.

"I paused to lean against a tree in the huge avenue that led up to the huge hateful house. I leaned wondering whether the thought of re-entering that house were the more hateful because I should have to face my fellow-guests or because I should probably have to face Braxton. A church bell began ringing somewhere. And anon I was aware of another sound—a twitter of voices. A consignment of hatted and parasoled ladies was coming fast adown the avenue. My first impulse was to dodge behind my tree. But I feared that I had been observed; so that what was left to me of self-respect compelled me to meet these ladies.

"The Duchess was among them. I had seen her from afar at breakfast, but not since. She carried a prayer-book, which she waved to me as I approached. I was a disastrous guest, but still a guest, and nothing could have been prettier than her smile. 'Most of my men this week,' she said, 'are Pagans, and all the others have despatch-boxes to go through—except the dear old Duke of Mull, who 's a member of the Free Kirk. You 're Pagan, of course?'

"I said—and indeed it was a heart-cry—that I should like very much to come to church. 'If I sha' n't be in the way,' I rather abjectly added. It did n't strike me that Braxton would try to intercept me. I don't know why, but it never occurred to me, as I walked briskly along beside the Duchess, that I should meet him so far from the house. The church was in a corner of the park, and the way to it was by a side path that branched off from the end of the avenue. A little way along, casting its shadow across the path, was a large oak. It was from behind this tree, when we came to it, that Braxton sprang suddenly forth and tripped me up with his foot.

"Absurd to be tripped up by the mere semblance of a foot? But remember, I was walking quickly, and the whole thing happened in a flash of time. It was inevitable that I should throw out my hands and come down headlong—just as though the obstacle had been as real as it looked. Down I came on palms and knee-caps, and up I scrambled, very much hurt and shaken and apologetic. 'Poor Mr. Maltby! Really—' the Duchess wailed for me in this latest of my mishaps. Some other lady chased my straw hat, which had bowled far ahead. Two others helped to brush me. They were all very kind, with a quaver of mirth in their concern for me. I looked furtively around for Braxton, but he was gone. The palms of my hands were abraded with gravel. The Duchess said I must on no account come to church *now*. I was utterly determined to reach that sanctuary. I marched firmly on with the Duchess. Come what might on the way, I was n't going to be left out here. I was utterly bent on winning at least one respite.

"I kept, as we hurried along, a sharp look-out for that baleful shadow. I wondered—I still wonder—whether the man in Clifford's Inn knew his own horrible power, knew what his passion had created and projected. Was he in cold control of that creature's doings? Or was the creature beyond his ken, and acting for him on its own initiative? Braxton as a mere contemplative apparition had been bad enough; but this new phase of his, this active and aggressive phase . . .

"Well, well! I reached the little church without further molestation. To be there seemed almost too good to be true. The organ, just as we entered, sounded its first notes. The ladies rustled into the front pew. I, being the one male of the party, sat at the end of the pew, beside the Duchess. I could n't help feeling that my position was a proud one. But I had gone through too much to take instant pleasure in it, and was beset by thoughts of what new horror might await me on the way back to the house. I hoped the Service would not be brief. The swelling and dwindling strains of the 'voluntary' on the small organ were strangely soothing. I turned to give an almost feudal glance to the simple villagers in the pews behind, and saw a sight that cowed my soul.

"Braxton was coming up the aisle. He came slowly, casting a tourist's eye at the

stained-glass windows on either side. Walking heavily, yet with no sound of boots on the pavement, he reached our pew. There, towering and glowering, he halted, as though demanding that we should make room for him. A moment later he edged sullenly into the pew. Instinctively I had sat tight back, drawing my knees aside, in a shudder of revulsion against contact. But Braxton did not push past me. What he did was to sit slowly and fully down on me.

"No, not down *on* me. Down *through* me —and around me. What befell me was not mere ghastly contact with the intangible. It was inclusion, envelopment, eclipse. What Braxton sat down on was not I, but the seat of the pew; and what he sat back against was not my face and chest, but the back of the pew. I did n't realize this at the moment. All I knew was a sudden black blotting-out of all things; an infinite and impenetrable darkness. I dimly conjectured that I was dead. What was wrong with me in point of fact was that my eyes, with the rest of me, were inside Braxton. I had been from the outset the Jonah of that party at Keeb; and now, aptly enough, the whale had swallowed me. You remember what a great hulking fellow Braxton was. I calculate that as we sat there my eyes were just beneath the roof of his mouth. Horrible!

"Out of the unfathomable depths of that pitch darkness, I could yet hear the 'voluntary' swelling and dwindling, just as before. It was by this I knew now that I was n't dead. And I suppose I must have craned my head forward, for I had a sudden glimpse of things—a close quick downward glimpse of a pepper-and-salt waistcoat and of two great hairy hands clasped across it. Then darkness again. Either I had drawn back my head, or Braxton had thrust his forward; I don't know which. 'Are you all right?' the Duchess' voice whispered, and no doubt my face was ashen. 'Quite,' whispered my voice. But this pathetic monosyllable was the last gasp of the social instinct in me. Suddenly, as the 'voluntary' swelled to its close, there was a great sharp shuffling noise. The congregation had risen to its feet, at the entry of choir and vicar. Braxton had risen, leaving me in daylight. I beheld his towering back. The Duchess, beside him, glanced round at me. But I could not, dared not, stand up into that presented back into that great waiting darkness. I did but clutch my hat from beneath the seat and hurry distraught down the aisle, out through the porch, into the open air.

"I BROKE INTO A SHARPER RUN"

"Whither? To what goal? I did n't reason. I merely fled—like Orestes; fled like an automaton along the path we had come by. And was followed? Yes, yes. Glancing back across my shoulder, I saw that brute some twenty yards behind me, gaining on me. I broke into a sharper run. A few sickening moments later he was beside me, grinning down into my face.

"I swerved, dodged, doubled on my tracks but he was always at me. Now and again, for lack of breath, I halted, and he halted with me. And then, when I had got my wind, I would start running again, in the insane hope of escaping him. We came, by what twisting and turning course I know not, to the great avenue, and as I stood there in an agony of panting I had a dazed vision of the distant Hall. Really I had quite forgotten I was

staying at the Duke of Hertfordshire's. But Braxton had n't forgotten. He planted himself in front of me. He stood between me and the house.

"Faint though I was, I could almost have laughed. Good heavens! was *that* all he wanted: that I should n't go back there? Did he suppose I wanted to go back there —with *him?* Was I the Duke's prisoner on parole? What was there to prevent me from just walking off to the railway station? I turned to do so.

"He accompanied me on my way. I thought that when once I had passed through the lodge gates he might vanish, satisfied. But no, he did n't vanish. It was as though he suspected that if he let me out of his sight I should sneak back to the house. He arrived with me, this quiet companion of mine, at the little railway station. Evidently he meant to see me off. I learned from an elderly and solitary porter that the next train to London was the 4:03.

"Well, Braxton saw me off by the 4:03. I reflected, as I stepped up into an empty compartment that it was n't yet twenty-four hours ago since I, or some one like me, had alighted at that station.

"The guard blew his whistle; the engine shrieked, and the train jolted forward and away; but I did not lean out of the window to see the last of my attentive friend.

"Really not twenty-four hours ago? Not twenty-four years?"

Maltby paused in his narrative. "Well, well," he said. "I don't want you to think I over-rate the ordeal of my visit to Keeb. A man of stronger nerve than mine, and of greater resourcefulness, might have coped successfully with Braxton from first to last—might have stayed on till Monday, making a very favourable impression on every one all the while. Even as it was, even after my manifold failures and sudden flight, I don't say my position was impossible. I only say it seemed so to me. A man less sensitive than I, and less vain, might have cheered up after writing a letter of apology to his hostess, and have resumed his normal existence as though nothing very terrible had happened, after all. I wrote a few lines to the Duchess that night; but I wrote amidst the preparations for my departure from England; I crossed the Channel next morning. Throughout that Sunday afternoon with Braxton at the Keeb railway station, pacing the desolate platform with him, waiting in the desolate waiting-room with him, I was numb with regrets, and was thinking of nothing but the 4:03. On the way to Victoria my brain worked and my soul wilted. Every incident in my stay at Keeb stood out clear to me—a dreadful, a hideous pattern. I had done for myself, so far as *those* people were concerned. And now that I had sampled *them,* what cared I for others? 'Too low for a hawk, too high for a buzzard.' That homely old saying summed me up. And suppose I *could* still take pleasure in the company of my old upper-middle class, how would that class regard me now? Gossip percolates. Little by little, I was sure, the story of my Keeb fiasco would leak down into the drawing-room of Mrs. Foster-Dugdale. I felt I could never hold up my head in any company where the outlines of that story were known. Are you quite sure you never heard those outlines?"

I assured Maltby that all I had known was the great bare fact of his having stayed at Keeb Hall.

"It 's curious," he reflected. "It 's a fine illustration of the loyalty of those people to one another. I suppose there was a general agreement for the Duchess' sake that nothing should be said about her queer guest. But even if I had dared hope to be so efficiently hushed up, I could n't have not fled. I wanted to forget. I wanted to leap into some void, far away from all reminders. I leapt straight from Bury Street into Vaule-la-Rochette, a place of which I had once heard that it was the least frequented seaside-resort in Europe. I leapt leaving no address—leapt telling my landlord that if a suit-case and a portmanteau arrived for me he could regard them, them and their contents, as his own forever. I dare say the Duchess wrote me a kind little letter, forcing herself to express

a vague hope that I would come again 'some other time.' I dare say Lady Rodfitten did *not* write reminding me of my promise to lunch on Friday and bring 'Ariel Returns to Mayfair' with me. I left that manuscript at Bury Street; in my bedroom grate; a shuffle of ashes. Not that I 'd yet given up all thought of writing. But I certainly was n't going to write now about the two things I most needed to forget. I was n't going to write about the British aristocracy, nor about any kind of supernatural presence. . . I did write a novel—my last—while I was at Vaule. 'Mr. and Mrs. Robinson.' Did you ever come across a copy of it?"

I nodded gravely.

"Ah; I was n't sure," said Maltby, "whether it was ever published. A dreary affair, was n't it? I knew a great deal about suburban life. But—well, I suppose one can't really understand what one does n't love, and one can't make good fun without real understanding. Besides, what chance of virtue is there for a book written merely to distract the author's mind? I had hoped to be healed by sea and sunshine and solitude. These things were useless. The labour of 'Mr. and Mrs. Robinson' did help, a little. When I had finished it, I thought I might as well send it off to my publisher. He had given me a large sum of money, down, after 'Ariel,' for my next book—so large that I was rather loth to disgorge. In the note I sent with the manuscript, I gave no address, and asked that the proofs should be read in the office. I did n't care whether the thing was published or not. I knew it would be a dead failure if it were. What mattered one more drop in the foaming cup of my humiliation? I knew Braxton would grin and gloat. I did n't mind even that."

"Oh, well," I said. "Braxton can't have been in any mood for grinning and gloating. 'The Drones' had already appeared."

Maltby had never heard of 'The Drones'—which I myself had remembered only in the course of his disclosures. I explained to him that it was Braxton's second novel, and was by way of being a savage indictment of the British aristocracy; that it was written in the worst possible taste, but was so very dull that it fell utterly flat; that Braxton had forthwith taken, with all of what Maltby had called 'the passionate force and intensity of his nature, to drink, and had presently gone under and not re-emerged.

Maltby gave signs of genuine, though not deep, emotion, and quoted two or three of the finest passages from "A Faun on the Cotswolds." He even expressed a conviction that "The Drones" must have been misjudged. He said he blamed himself more than ever for yielding to that bad impulse at that Soirée. "And yet," he mused, "I can't find it in my heart to regret that I did yield. I can only wish that all had turned out as well, in the end, for Braxton as for me. I wish he could have won out, as I did, into a great and lasting felicity. For about a year after I had finished 'Mr. and Mrs. Robinson' I wandered from place to place, trying to kill memory, shunning all places frequented by the English. At last I found myself in Lucca. Here, if anywhere, I thought, might a bruised and tormented spirit find gradual peace. I determined to move out of my hotel into some permanent lodging. Not for felicity, not for any complete restoration of self-respect, was I hoping; only for peace. A 'mezzano' conducted me to a noble and ancient house, of which, he told me, the owner was anxious to let the first floor. It was in much disrepair, but even so seemed to me very cheap. According to the simple Luccan standard, I am rich. I took that first floor for a year, had it repaired, and engaged two servants. My 'padrona' inhabited the ground floor. From time to time she allowed me to visit her there. She was the Contessa Adriano-Rizzoli, the last of her line. She is the Contessa Adriano-Rizzoli-Maltby. We have been married fifteen years."

Maltby looked at his watch. He rose and took tenderly from the table his great bunch of roses. "She is a lineal descendant," he said, "of the Emperor Hadrian."

Behind the Lines

By "CENTURION"

THE pilot had slipped back two little brass switches to disconnect the magneto; then he moved a brass dial in front of him until the words "Rear Tank" appeared beneath the arrow.

"Switch off; petrol on. Suck in," he chanted.

"Switch off; petrol on. Suck in," intoned the mechanic.

"All clear contact, sir."

"Contact."

The mechanics took up their stations at each wing-tip. As the pilot switched on, the engine began to hum, and, standing up in the cockpit behind him, with my hands on the steel ring of the gun-mounting, I could see the tappet-rods dancing up and down ecstatically Two tiny toy-like propellers perched just ahead of me—the oil-pumps—began to spin round at an amazing rate. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw that the grass just behind us was in violent commotion, as though swept by a huge invisible broom. The figure of the propeller in front, the motionless blades of which had been clearly etched against the foreground a moment before, had now changed into a whirling circle of light and shadow, as diaphanous as a spider's web and faintly streaked with an iridescent brown, as the revolving blades caught the sun. As the pilot opened the throttle out full, the engine changed into a deafening roar.

I sat down and waited. It was my first cross-channel flight, and I wondered whether I had made a wise choice. I had been offered the alternatives of a Handley Page, a "Bristol Fighter," and a De Haviland No. 4. I had chosen the last for several reasons. The Handley Page was not to "take the air" for another twenty-four hours, and time was important. Moreover, she was more stupefying than endearing. Looking at her enormous, swooping planes, her huge high-powered double engines, her cabin of intricate bomb-levers, and her predatory nose, I felt that one might as soon go hawking with a pterodactyl. You can't feel any personal interest in a Handley Page; she is too overwhelming. But a Bristol Fighter is as attractive as a peregrine falcon; from her propeller to her tail-plane she is a thing of beauty, light, swift, and cleanly built. Her doting pilot assured me she had "no vice in her." But I had chosen the De Haviland. She was not as graceful as the Bristol Fighter, she was more of a bustard than a hawk, and her big 250 horse-power engine gave her a ponderous look; but she was unmistakably powerful, and to my untutored mind seemed less likely to tempt her pilot to stunts. Also I liked the look of that pilot. He confided to me that he had been flying on the Somme until a flight at 23,000 feet had proved too much for him: he had fainted.

It was a blazing summer day, and in addition to my "British Warm" and a Burberry on top of it, I had just slipped a stuffy sack over my head that the aërodrome orderly officer had tendered to me with the assurance that it was a life-jacket. It seemed to me that there was a touch of irony in the offer, for if we "crashed" in mid-channel, the chances of my extricating myself from my cockpit would be small, and a British Warm, a Burberry, and a pair of field boots do not add to one's buoyancy. Still, I felt that the De H. offered altogether more agreeable prospects than the Maurice-Farman "school-bus" in which I had flown over London in a thirty-mile gale some months ago. That Maurice-Farman had had a most uncomfortably low freeboard, and as I had sat belted-in in front of the pilot, with my knees almost

up to my chin and the sides of the fuselage about the level of my hips, I had felt as if I were flying alone in a child's paper boat. I had had a disagreeable feeling that my feet would go through the bottom, and when we "bumped," I had gripped the sides, which was a futile thing to do. The De Haviland was much more commodious.

The engine began to slow down a little. The pilot waved his hand, and the mechanics pulled the chocks away with a cord. We were under way. The two mechanics were hopping along unsteadily, with the palms of their hands on the wing-tips, like two infatuated spiritualists at a table-rapping séance. They suddenly let go. The machine skimmed along the ground, then wheeled sharply to the right, and the next moment the green earth was falling away from us. The contour of the ground showed me that we were heading for a chalk down. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw the elevator raised, and knew that the pilot was still pulling the joy-stick. We continued to climb, the chalk down suddenly seemed to flatten out, and the next moment I saw the sea.

It was as immobile as glass, but its broken surface showed that its immobility was apparent, not real. It lay below us like an irregularly tesselated floor, a turquoise-blue inlaid with streaks of ocher. The toy-like ships seemed as stationary as the sea itself except for the telltale furrow of white at the stern. Everything shrank into miniature, and as we headed up toward Dover, the harbor, the admiralty pier, and the ships at anchor within the basin looked incredibly small. Orchard and corn-field, weald and down, field and hedgerow, diminished into a small, compact garden inclosed within white walls descending into the sea. As far as the eye could reach, one saw those white walls stretching north and west and meeting at the salient angle of the South Foreland like the bastion of a fortress. A flicker or two of the needle of the altimeter, and I felt sure I should see the whole of England beneath me.

As I craned my head farther over the side, the "slip-stream" from our propeller boxed my ears; I turned my head forward, and it slapped my face; I raised my cap, and it punched my eyes. I remembered too late that I had forgotten to provide myself with goggles and a helmet, and for the rest of the journey I had no chance of forgetting it. The impact of the air-stream was terrific; it smote me like a heavyweight with a straight left. I tried to take off my cap; I might as well have tried to remove my scalp. I looked at the air-speed dial; we were doing ninety miles an hour, and all the while the engine roared and the wires sang until the machine seemed like a live thing exulting in her strength. Now and again she "bumped" in the pockety air like a horse that is fresh and wants to have his head, then steadied as though she felt a touch of the curb. Something of her exultation took possession of me. There came into my mind the words, "my soul is escaped like a bird out of the snare of the fowler."

And then something happened. The machine seemed suddenly to hang motionless in space. I saw that the aileron of the left wing was slowly rising, the aileron of the right wing as slowly falling. The right wing rose, the left wing dipped, and as we "banked" we described a half-circle, until I saw our nose was pointing in the direction whence we had come. Were we going back? I thought of shouting down the speaking-tube at my side, but thought better of it as I saw that our nose was slowly pointing round to France again. The machine rose a little, and then began to repeat her manœuver. She was wheeling round like a hawk over her prey. It seemed to me as though the machine itself was *thinking* what to do. One often gets that illusion with a machine light on the controls. I could just see the back of the crown of my pilot's helmet, but what was passing within that head of his I did not know. I suddenly remembered that fainting-fit. I looked at the dual control and the throttle and wondered what the devil one did with those things. I recollected the hard case of an observer flying over the lines whose pilot had been "plugged" by a Boche bullet, and who

went careering through space with a dead pilot, juggling experimentally with the joy-stick and the rudder until he crashed into a larch plantation near Poperinghe. Then I saw that she had come round again and had once more resumed her course. The pilot waved his hand to me.

A few minutes more and we were in a cloud-bank and had lost our bearings. It lay around us like a vast shroud of cotton-wool, blotting out all our landmarks. I saw the white needle on the black dial of the altimeter in front of me flicker, and in five minutes we had risen another thousand. Then we found our bearings again; we had shaken off the clouds, which lay before us like a great uncharted snow-field. Beyond them showed the blue sea and the white cliffs of France. Looking down on those clouds, I felt as though they were solid and that we might have got out and walked upon them. Their whiteness was of a flawless purity, their contours were of an indescribable beauty, revealing a thousand sleepy hollows, lonely aeries, and secret grottoes. The fierceness of the sun above them dazzled my eyes; I looked down. We had left the clouds behind us and were flying over tilled fields lined with a fence of poplars. We began to descend steadily, going down with a regular hand-over-fist series of gradations. The altimeter dropped to a hundred feet. We "flattened out," and were running swiftly over smooth turf. A mechanic appeared from nowhere and hung on to our planes, running with us. Then we stopped. I got out. So did the pilot.

"Did you notice?" he said lightly. "No! I had the wind-up off Dover. My tank began to leak."

When the tank does that, one begins to think of Elijah. Only your chariot of fire goes down instead of up.

We passed a "crashed" machine right down on her nose, with a crowd of mechanics around her rendering first aid. It was the Bristol Fighter.

My destination lay far to the south of the aërodrome and in the zone of the French armies. A car was soon forthcoming, and in half an hour I had left the aërodrome far behind me. We drove past gun-parks, the guns camouflaged in drab and green, past remount camps, past ammunition-columns, along roads lined with chestnut-trees laden with cones of white blossom. The country-side was fair to look upon; the farm-houses were hung with wisteria, and the fields were crimson with clover of so deep a hue that it seemed almost wine-dark. At intervals we passed a sign-board with the inscription: "ROUTE GARDEE! FRACTIONNEZ VOS CONVOIS." The convoys were thick upon the road. We passed huge lorries packed with *Poilus* in sky-blue uniforms and the new biretta-like cap that has replaced the *képi*. They sang and shouted lustily. They were succeeded by long files of cavalry, two abreast, carrying steel lances and wearing small casque-like helmets painted a dark blue; across each man's saddle was slung a pair of hobnailed boots. An officer shouted after us. I caught the word *"doucement,"* and leaned forward to check my driver. The next moment the body of the car sagged, there was a slithering noise, and the seat seemed to be giving under me. The driver stopped and got out.

"Back axle broke, sir. And there ain't another axle like this to be got anywhere nearer than G. H. Q," he added.

"Well, what do you propose to do?" I said.

"I just waits, sir. I waited three days last time. Three days I waited." He uttered these words impressively, as one who says: "Yes, sir, I 've done my bit. Not that I make any boast of it. Oh, no."

"Oh, no, sir, it would n't be any good stopping a French convoy," he continued, as though gently rebuking an improper suggestion on my part. "No one never got nothing out of a French convoy. No, sir, no English convoy never comes along here," he proceeded, as though no well-conducted convoy would ever forget itself in that way. "There ain't another axle—"

"That 'll do," I said sharply. His composure was immense and exasperating.

Meanwhile the cavalry had vanished in a cloud of dust, and the whole country-side

seemed deserted. I was wondering whether I could find a farm and borrow a mount when, by a stroke of luck, a British motor-lorry came in sight, trailing a creeping barrage of white dust behind it, and stopped.

She was going back in the direction whence I had come, and I decided to take a lift in her and get back to X—, a town in the British zone where I might telephone to G. H. Q. or get another car. The motor-lorry-driver gave my driver some of his rations, I took the number of the car, and noted its exact location. As I mounted the lofty box-seat of the lorry I caught a last glimpse of my "shover." He was sitting by the roadside smoking a pipe and had taken out of his pocket a copy of "John Bull." A great man in some ways, one of those impassively negative men whose service it is to stand and wait, saying with an air of finality, "Not at home, sir," "It can't be done, sir," "It 's as much as my place is worth, sir." Yes, a great man, the kind of man who stops an offensive.

The lorry-driver was a small youth who sat on the box-seat of his huge, unwieldy lorry like a mahout on an elephant. His hair and eyebrows were white with dust, and the rims of his eyes red with blinking; he looked like an albino. He wore the Mons ribbon and was full of surprising adventures during the retreat. He had charged a body of Uhlans in his motor-lorry; at least he said so. Perhaps he was one of the many putative fathers of the tank. Also he had that massive indifference to everything else on the road which the lorry-drivers share with the drivers of tanks. Both are equally destructive. I discovered he had one passion—his lorry; he spoke of it in the feminine gender, a sure mark of affection, and seemed to think she ought to have been mentioned in despatches. After all, he had lived in her for nearly four years.

As we drove into X— our way took us through the square. Something had just happened to that square. Ugly gaps appeared in the row of houses; heaps of fallen masonry and broken rafters showed, and on each side of them the house-fronts were blown out, exposing the interior to view like a doll's house. Not a pane of glass was to be seen. In front of every house was a cart upon which feeble old men and indefatigable young women were piling up clocks, wardrobes, and mattresses with feverish haste and a hopeless want of discrimination.

I sought out the A.P.M.[1] A.P.M's. are more accustomed to pay calls than to receive them, and, unlike camp commandants, they are not always "at home." But I was fortunate and found him in. I explained my plight and asked for a car.

He smiled bitterly.

"A car! Did you say a *car?* We had our whole park—twenty-five of them—scuppered last night. By the Huns. I was nearly scuppered myself. Look!"

He pointed through the window into the courtyard. I noticed for the first time that there was n't any window; it was *"na poo."* In the courtyard was a circular depression; around it lay a litter of broken glass sparkling like hoarfrost in the sun. The iron gateway was twisted with the insanity of a Futurist. It exhibited the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration.

"Any casualities?"

"Heaps. Oh, among the M.P.? Two."

I suggested telephoning to G. H. Q.

"Can't," he said laconically; "wires all broken. But try the D.D.T.[1] I 'll send one of my men with you to show the way."

As I entered the courtyard of the D.D.T.'s office I saw a number of heads appearing just above the level of the ground on the opposite corner and I heard the clink of shovels. A soldier's face, streaming with sweat, looked up at me like a rat out of a drain. He spat upon his hands. They were digging furiously.

"Took her legs clean off like a knife," one man was saying. "And I picked up her hand on the pavement, like as if it was a glove."

I found the D.D.T. sitting at tea with two officers.

[1]Assistant Provost-Marshall.

[1]Deputy Director of Transport.

"A car! We had twenty-five—"

"Yes, sir, I know; but can I ring up—"

"Can't ring up anything," he replied cheerfully. "Have some tea."

I declined his offer of hospitality, for time pressed.

"If you *do* find a car," said one of the other officers, with an air of weary incredulity, "you might let me know. Thanks! I 've got to join my division near Rheims, and it takes twenty-three hours to get from here to Paris by train. Twenty-three! It used to take four. Station 's scuppered, and train lies doggo. I suppose I 'll have to walk it." He rolled a cigarette with a fatalistic air.

I hunted up a certain general officer whom I knew. I found him at the door of his office talking with a large fat man with a beard which looked as if it might have been stuck on with glue. The fat man wore a pair of sea-green linen trousers, a pink shirt, a black alpaca jacket, and a heliotrope tie. He resembled a large rhododendron and would have been very difficult for a Hun aëroplane to spot; it struck me as an excellent scheme of camouflage. His beard jerked with the voluble movements of his jaw and looked as if it might fall off. He turned out to be a wine-merchant.

"Oui, m'sieu," he was saying. "Une bonne cave. Voûtée. Bien voûtée!" He extended the palms of his hands downward with a protective gesture. "A votre service."[1]

"A car?" said the general. "Sorry I can't lend you mine; wish I could. I doubt if there 's enough petrol. The *Boche* was over here last night. He dropped a bomb on our petrol-dump. Lit up the place for miles, and then he went round bombing everything else at his leisure for two hours. Killed forty horses at the remount camp. Wiped out the Wacks' camp. But, look here, I 'll let you have it for an hour or two to find an aërodrome."

He expressed a polite regret that he could not offer me any hospitality for the night. His billet was "scuppered." But he could offer me quite a good ditch about a mile out of the town, inspected and thoroughly recommended. He had slept in it last night. Or there was the cellar. His deputy had found it a trifle damp, but quite commodious. "You get to it that way." He pointed to a rope ladder depending into the courtyard from the second floor. His deputy, who had been doing night duty, had done the descent hand over fist the night before in record time.

It did not seem a good residential neighborhood. I took the car. Two flying officers who passed gave me a vague direction. As I drove out of the town I noticed here and there small sign-boards with the superscriptions, "ABRI 50," "EN CAS D'ALERTE," "FERME." It was now nearly eight o'clock, and there seemed to be a strange unrest brooding over the town. The carts had disappeared, and the square was deserted, but from every side street, debouching on to the main road, streamed a crowd of people, and these tributaries swelled into an irregular procession on each side of my car. They walked rapidly and in silence, carrying rugs, mattresses, coats, and sleeping-kit. They were all fleeing from the town as from a plague, trekking for the open fields beyond it. Here and there was a girl in the uniform of the W.A.A.C.'s walking smartly and alone.

"They 're topping, sir," said my driver, and then, with some irrelevance, as he glanced up at the sky, "They 'll be over in about two hours."

We had soon left the fugitives far behind us, and at the end of half an hour we came upon a camp of big tents in a lonely spot high on the crest of the downs. I got out. Not a soul was to be seen. I walked round the tents. The canvas flapped mournfully in the wind with a booming note. I looked into one tent after the other; they were empty. I shouted; no one answered. I stumbled in and out among the tent-pegs; I saw the marks of wheels and heavy footprints in the short turf and noted that they were freshly made. It was the only imprint of human occupation that I could see. There was something uncanny about those great han-

[1] "Yes, sir. A good cellar. Vaulted. Well vaulted. It 's at your disposal."

gars as they crouched on the lonely downs, with their tentacles spread out, like some prehistoric monsters, vast, lifeless, inscrutable, and alone. A Roman earthwork on the Wiltshire Downs was not more desolate.

There was nothing to do but push on, stopping now and again to scrutinize signposts or to question some lonely wayfarer. It was fast falling dark when we struck into a side road and came upon three air mechanics. They directed me to a field near by in which were pitched a number of tents. These tents were of a mottled brown and green, long and narrow, and they alternately inflated and contracted with the wind until they seemed like great lizards gasping in the evening air. In one of them I found the C.O. of the squadron, a youthful major, sitting at a table covered with maps and "Messages and Signals" forms. He peered at me in the gloom as I explained my plight.

"Have you dined? No. Well, come along to the mess. Better stay here for the night. We 'll fix you up with a car in the morning."

The mess was in a farm-house, a long single-storied building covered with wisteria. All the shutters were closed, and the blinds drawn. In the mess were a number of flying officers, incredibly youthful, and looking as if they had only just been breeched. But three of them wore the Mons ribbon and the Military Cross. They were playing poker.

"Yes," said the major to me as we sat apart after dinner, looking on at the group of boys as they chattered over the cards, "the *Boche* is very busy just now behind our lines. He 's all over the place. Even bombs the villages round here. The people come rushing into us at night for protection and asking why we don't go up after them! I dare say you were asked the same question in the town down there? No? Well one might as well hunt an otter in deep water. You can't do that kind of thing without search-lights, and there are n't any search-lights at X——, no doubt for a good reason. We 're a day-bombing squadron, and our job is to bomb the Hun lines by day. And we do it. Every morning, if it is n't a 'dud' day, we go over at ten o'clock—ten thousand yards behind the Hun lines, which is more than the Hun ever does on our side. He never puts his nose over except by night."

I asked the meaning of the deserted aërodrome.

He explained, but the explanation cannot be set down here.

"It 's a curious thing, when I come to think of it," he added, "every aërodrome I 've been in has had a cemetery next door to it. At Bailleul—I say, Pinckney," he called across to the card-party, "are those two crosses ready for to-morrow?"

"I bag the pool! Beg pardon, sir. Yes, they 're ready." And Pinckney raked in his winnings.

"It 's an odd thing," resumed the C.O., pursuing some obscure train of thought. "One never gets quite used to it."

"What?"

"Why, walking straight out of a comfortable billet like this up to the aërodrome and picking dying men out of a machine. It happened to me the other day when one of the flights came back from the daily bombing stunt. One of the machines did n't flatten out properly and made a bad landing, and I went up to 'strafe' the pilot. I found him lying back, with his hand still on the joy-stick and a bullet wound in his stomach. And the observer? The same bullet got them both."

"What do your fellows do in the event of being brought down on the other side of the lines?"

"Oh, tear the cap off the port-fire and burn the whole bag of bricks if we 've got time. But it 's difficult to get the petrol-tank open quickly, and it 's simpler to fire a Verey Light into it. Well, yes, you 've got to be pretty quick in the uptake. One of our machines got shot to bits by Archies the other day; the right wing-tip, with the aileron-controls, was shot away. Of course she began to bank, and the pilot could n't jockey up; she was on the point of side-slipping when the observer crawled out and sat on the plane to balance her. He came home like a monkey on a stick."

Our talk diverged to the feverish development of the Air Force; we discussed the relative merits of "Avros," Camels," "Salamanders," and "AcW's." In these days a type is new one day and obsolete the next. A remark of mine about the actuarial "chances of life" in the R.A.F. arrested the attention of the card-players for a moment. They seemed anxious to impress on me that the chances were wholly in their favor.

"If the other fellow 's going one hundred and twenty miles an hour and trying to plug you," said one, "his bullets are fifty yards apart."

"The stuff their 'Archies' fire," said another, "is n't shrapnel; it 's H.E. Makes a sphere, not a cone. It does n't get you once in a blue moon."

I thought of the two crosses, but said nothing.

"Time to turn in," said the C.O. "You fellows push off at ten o'clock to-morrow, remember."

Ten o'clock and a fine morning with no clouds and no wind. Six machines were in position on the flying-ground. They were parked in a row, the flight-commander's "bus" in the middle, with two machines on one side of it and three on the other. Each machine carried its load of bombs on each side of her, laid out like a row of pumpkins under the planes. The machine nearest me was spotted with little rings of black paint. I inquired what they meant.

"Those?" said the pilot. "Bullet-holes. I always paint a ring round them."

I counted them. There were sixty.

He pulled out a check-book and asked me for the loan of my fountain-pen. He proceeded to write a check.

"It 's for the Huns," he explained, and, seeing my look of astonishment, added: "The German Red Cross. If the Hun gets us, he cashes the check. Then Cox's knows what 's happened to us, more or less."

He climbed in.

"All clear contact, sir."

"All clear contact."

I never saw him again.

The Return

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX

Golden through the golden morning,
Who is this that comes,
With the pride of banners lifted,
With the roll of drums?

With the self-same triumph shining
In the ardent glance,
That divine, bright fate-defiance
That you bore to France.

You! But o'er your grave in Flanders
Blow the winter gales;
Still for sorrow of your going
All life's laughter fails.

Borne on flutes of dawn the answer:
"O'er the foam's white track,
God's work done, so to our homeland
Comes her hosting back.

"Come the dead men with the live men
From the marshes far,
From the mounds in no-man's-valley,
Lit by cross nor star.

"Come to blend with hers the essence
Of their strength and pride,
All the radiance of the dreaming
For whose truth they died."

So the dead men with the live men
Pass an hosting fair,
And the stone is rolled forever
From the soul's despair.

The Messenger

By ELIZABETH ROBINS

Illustration by Hamlin Gardner

CHAPTER XI

WHEN the ordeal at the police station came to an end, every person there was extremely on edge except, you 'd say, Miss von Schwarzenberg. Her dignity under the ordeal would forever, Napier told himself, count in his mind to Miss Greta's credit. Going home, she soothed the ruffled spirits of Miss Nan; she was tender, reassuring; she smiled.

Before the party had left the dinner-table that night Julian Grant walked in. He had put up at the Essex Arms.

"I shall complain to his mother about him when I see her," Lady McIntyre threatened. They all fell to congratulating Julian upon the return of his parents. The fact of the belated and difficult return of Julian's father and mother had been duly chronicled in the newspapers, together with hints of the unsuitable treatment to which Sir James and Lady Nicholson Grant had been subjected. But if, as was plainly the case, some of the party waited eagerly to hear the horrid details, Julian seemed to have no mind to make the most of his opportunities.

"I suppose they told you all about it?" Sir William made no more effort than Madge to disguise his desire to know the worst.

"Oh, they told me one or two things. It 's been no worse for them than for some of the foreigners over here," was the unfilial answer.

To Nan Ellis, Julian's championship of worthy and innocent Germans was as music in the ear and as honey in the mouth. Good! good! She applauded him with hands and lips and eyes.

On leaving the dining-room, everybody began to put on hats and wraps.

"Oh, yes, had n't you heard, Mr. Julian? Fearful excitement! A mine has been washed up on the coast. *And you 've* got to come and look at it." Madge also urged her father, who needed no urging.

They all went down to the beach and walked in the moonlight, by the incoming tide, a quarter of a mile beyond the pier.

Miss Greta carried her coat on her arm at first. *Would* Mr. Napier be so kind? He stopped to help her with the voluminious white canvas ulster.

"It is n't true, is it," she said in a low, earnest voice, "that you 've joined an O. T. C. corps and go drilling in the park after working hours?"

"Plenty of men do that," he said, struggling to help Miss Greta to find the armhole.

"Not men like you!" she whispered. "And when you are n't in the country with Sir William, to go route-marching, or trench-digging for a week-end holiday!"

Napier had been one of the first of his world who refused to accept the fact of not being bred a soldier as an excuse for not becoming one. . But that Miss Greta should be one of the few who knew the fact did not please him.

"Oh, the sleeve 's wrong side out," he said. "That 's why."

The ulster had to come off again.

"Surely"—as she turned the sleeve with deliberation—"surely you know that before you are nearly ready for a commission, peace will be declared."

"You think peace will come soon, then?"

"Well, of course, when the Germans

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have taken Paris. There, now,"—she stopped short again, making of her conjunction an excuse to widen the distance between themselves and the rest of the party,—"I 've gone in my bungling way and said something I ought n't to—I who would rather offend anybody on earth than you."

"I don't know why you should say that." He began to walk on.

"You don't know?" There was something unnerving in the appealing sorrow of the question. Why, in the name of all the gods, had n't he kept up with the others? "I think you do know," she said, a pace or two behind his hurrying figure.

Napier did n't look round, but he was sure that the tears in her voice had risen to her eyes.

"Do you mind if I go on? I promised Julian—"

"Ah, you 've already 'gone on.' "

"Gone—" He paused an instant.

"Yes, gone back inside that British arctic circle that you came out of once—to save my life." She gained on him, she was panting at his elbow. "I shall never forget that, Mr. Gavan, never as long as I live."

"Oh you make too much of—"

"Too much of saving such a life as mine! That may be true."

"You know"—he swung back a step—"that was n't in the least what I meant. I —you see—I say, *Julian!*" When he caught up with the two in front, Miss Greta was n't far behind. Nan turned an excited face:

"Does Mr. Napier know?" she asked Julian. Just as thought Greta were n't at his elbow, Julian repeated:

"On the fourth of August two hundred people simply vanished from our common life. No public charge, no trial that *was* a trial according to English ideas—"

"Would you leave known spies free to do their work?" Napier asked sharply.

"Do you know what happened to them?" Nan intervened.

"We can tell what happened to some. Set blindfolded against a wall and shot."

"How perfectly awful!" Nan flung out.

"Miss Greta is n't as horrified as you are." Napier glanced at Julian. "She knows what Germany would do with men —and women arrested on even slighter evidence."

"They 'd never do that to women!" said Nan, aghast.

"Oh, would n't they!"

"Set a woman against a wall and shoot her!"

"It 's logical," was Miss Greta's comment.

"Logical!" echoed Nan. "It 's—it 's devilish!"

"Logical and well paid," observed Napier, with his eyes on the rippled sand.

"It should be well paid," pronounced the quiet voice of Greta von Schwarzenberg. They had come up with Lady McIntyre, abandoned by the advance-guard. Nan offered her arm. She and Greta adapted their pace to that of the older woman.

As the two men walked on, Julian spoke of the beauty of ships seen in that transfiguring light.

"Only two or three little fishing-smacks, and yet the grace, the mystery—"

Napier's eyes had gone farther seaward. What were those other, vaguer shapes? Was there a mystery more urgent there? The night was unseasonably warm, but a chill invaded him as he asked:

"Are they English?"

Julian went on, hands clasped behind him, never troubling to reply. It was Napier who again broke silence.

"All very well to laugh at amateur detective efforts; but take our own case. Have you thought why *we* are on the coast? Because the McIntyre's chose this place?"

"Certainly. Lady McIntyre told me herself about coming down to inspect—"

"Exactly—a house selected for her. We are in the proscribed area because the enemy alien in the McIntyre family chose this place for them."

"I tell you, Gavan, I won't listen—"

"Yes, you will. I 've listened to you often enough. You can listen to me for once." He told him about the leakage of the shipping secret, the loss it had been to the English, the gain it had been to the

enemy. "Old Colonel McManus is right. She has poked her nose everywhere."

"All this makes me anxious," said Julian.

His friend breathed a free half-minute.

"Very anxious about *you,* Gavan."

"See here,"—Napier stopped short,—"because I was wrong about Gull Island is no reason—"

"So you 're satisfied you were wrong, are you?" Julian said lightly.

"Naturally, since you found nothing to report."

Then it came out that Julian had had "more serious things" to think about. He had n't been near the island. It was the first serious quarrel of their lives.

Napier left his friend and caught up with Sir William. The pressure on his mind did not suffer him to wait till he got Sir William alone. When he had asked and obtained his chief's reluctant consent to "a few days off," Napier cut into the family's questions and comment with, "Is n't that the mine?"

Madge broke off some little joke she was having with Miss Greta and her mother. "It is! It is!" She flew on ahead, deaf to Lady McIntyre's "Wait for your father," as though Sir William's presence might be trusted to exercise a mollifying effect upon the mine, a theory which, however, the lady soon publicly abandoned.

Fifty yards or so this side of a rock-strewn indentation in the low coast-line there it lay, that strange new creature of the deep, with nothing in its aspect to account for the instantaneous aversion it inspired in Lady McIntyre. Gray-white, shaped like a great egg or a pear, according to your angle of vision, seen at closer quarters it might be taken for a well-stuffed laundry-bag except for the something odd protruding from its mouth. As the others went forward, Lady McIntyre, left alone some yards away, called out:

"I wish you would n't, William!"

"Would n't what?" he said good-humoredly over his shoulder. "I thought we 'd come for the purpose of examining it."

"Yes, but I—I did n't know it would be like that."

"You can hardly have expected it to look more harmless," Sir William said as he went closer.

"That 's just it. William!" she cried, "*make* Madge come away!"

"It 's all right, my dear, as long as they are n't touched. This is the part, you see—" And as he appeared to be in the act of doing the very thing he had said was likely to have dire results, Lady McIntyre raised her voice yet higher:

"Greta, do, *do* bring Madge here!"

Greta, enveloped in a canvas coat and gray-white motor-veil, was squatting by the enemy. She seemed to hear nothing as she crouched there on the sand. The others listened to Sir William and they, too, looked at the thing, all except Napier. He looked at the huddled figure staring with that curious expression at the mine. It was canvas-covered like herself; like herself, of rounded contour and of incalculable capacity for harm. It struck Napier rather horribly that there was kinship between them, that she hung over the infernal thing as mother over her child.

"Mr. Napier," Lady McIntyre's voice shrilled sharply behind him—"*will* you get Madge to come away?"

It was Nan who achieved the impossible.

"B-r-r! I 'm cold," she announced. "If you were n't too grand, Mr. Napier, Madge and I 'd race you to those rocks."

Mr. Napier was n't too grand, and Miss Madge was elated by her victory.

"I 'll race you back again," she cried and was off like the wind.

They sat down on the rocks where Madge left them. For several moments there was no sound but the swish and rattle of pebbles as they swept up in the advance, and then, deserted by the force behind, fell back a little, clinging for a moment to the skirts of the retreating wave.

Nan, with her white veil cloud-like round her face, looked at the track of light across the water. The moon wore a cloud round her face, too; but she looked in and out. The girl was very still.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" Napier's heart cried so loud that in a kind of terror he

fell upon audible speech. "It is the most wonderful night I ever—" and he stopped. His voice sounded strange. As she turned from the moon-path on the water to meet Napier's look fastened on her, he saw that the dear eyes had brought away some of the restlessness as well as some of the glitter of the sea. The adorable gentleness in them gave place to a critical, sharp little glance that affected Napier like a breath from a glacier.

"Sir William seems immensely devoted to you—" To his over-sensitive ear she seemed to imply that being devoted to Gavan Napier implied a singular stretch of charity. Nor would she accept his silence. "Don't you think it very nice of Sir William to let you go off on a holiday at such a time as this?"

"Very nice, indeed."

She sat with her chin in her hand, her face upturned again. But the soft rapture was gone, gone utterly.

"Julian is looking very tired, don't you think?" she asked.

"I thought he did look tired."

"He is going to help Mr. Wilkins."

"Who is Mr. Wilkins?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins is a splendid person who is organizing stop-the-war meetings."

"Well," said Napier, shortly, "that 's a good way to give Mr. Wilkins a taste of it."

"You mean a taste of the war?" She dropped her hand. "Oh, I wish you would n't say things like that!"

"How I am making her hate me!" he said to himself. "Well, since she won't love me, what does it matter?"

But it did matter. It mattered to the very core of him. It mattered to the waking and the sleeping. It mattered for all of life, he knew that now. It would add a bitterness to the bitterness of death. To die never having had this—

She sat with hands lying slack in her lap.

"I think I 'd like to go home," she said. "I don't like England as much as I did."

"Why is that?"

She looked at him oddly and then away. After another little silence she replied:

"Well, for one thing, I think it 's abominable the way they are talking and writing about the men who did n't approve of the war and were brave enough to say so, and say it publicly." She turned her eyes from the curling, crisping foam as if to plead for some little sympathy for these views. There was no sign on Napier's face. "What they 've given up, some of those men, for the sake of—oh, it 's the most splendid thing I ever came near to! I *love* those men."

"All of them?" Napier asked dryly.

She sprang up.

"I won't have you mocking at me or at Julian!"

"I don't mock at Julian."

"Oh, only at me?" She laughed a little uncertainly and then became grave again, but not, Napier felt, unfriendly. "You know, his father has gone home to Scotland. His mother, too. And Julian is here." They were silent a moment. "And I just wish they 'd stayed in Germany," she burst out. "They are horrid to Julian. They 've as good as told him they 're ashamed of him. They don't deserve to have a son like Julian. If he were my son—"

Napier smiled.

"Well, if he were your son?"

"I 'd know how to treat him. I 'd know rather better than I do now," she wound up, with her staggering candor.

Hardly two yards away the inrushing surf foamed as white as boiling milk among the boulders.

"How long," she asked, with something breathless in her manner, "before the tide reaches as far as where we are?"

"Not long." Even as he spoke one of those waves that will sometimes outrace its fellows rushed up the beach and flung itself in thunder against the outward barrier. In spume and froth it ran whitely in and out nearly to the upper rocks, filling all the place with motion and a dazzle of moonlit foam.

"It seems to set the rocks moving! And the noise! Does n't it make you dizzy?" she said. "It does me."

"Then come higher up." She shook her

head. He showed her a place at his side.

"Sit here if you feel—"

"Oh, but I *like* to feel dizzy. That 's the great difference between you and me." Her laugh was gone in a second. With her eye on the receding wave she asked hurriedly, "Where are you going for your holiday?"

His plans were dependent on other people, he said.

"You make me wonder what 'other people' you 've got. How little I know about you!" She tumbled the sentences out.

"Well, come to that, how little I know about you."

"There is n't *any* thing I 'm not willing to tell you—if—you cared to know." She spoke more gently, even with a touch of wistfulness. "You British are so reticent!" He did n't deny the charge. He felt her eyes on his face, as she said, "I have an idea you would n't be—if you once got started."

He laughed out again at that shot.

"The only safe way, then," he said, "is not to get started."

"Oh, *do* get started!" She said it with a touch of roguery lightening her new seriousness. "I should so like to see you indiscreet for once."

Deliberately Napier did n't look at her again; it was better not. And then the danger-point was safely rounded by her saying:

"Greta thinks you 're going to Scotland."

"Oh, *does* she?" He looked at her straight enough now. "And does she tell you why?"

"No; but you 'll tell me that."

"Maybe I will," he answered a trifle grimly, "when I come back."

She studied him.

"You are very serious." She leaned a trifle nearer. "You are more serious, I think, than I ever saw you."

Napier smiled. In his heart he was thinking: "Before she is up in the morning I shall be gone on the errand that will end even her surface kindness to Greta's enemy. This is the last time. She will never again stand so near and look at me with those eyes of faith."

"Are n't you rather serious, too?" he asked.

She spoke through his question, impulsively, lifting her voice a little above the nearing thunder.

"Lady McIntyre thinks you are going to see a lady."

He made his small effort at jocularity:

"I must speak to Lady McIntyre."

"*Are* you such a fickle person?"

"Is that what they say?"

"They think you are fickle about women."

"Well," he said, achieving an effect of jauntiness, "and what 's your opinion, Miss Nan?"

"They don't understand you," she said gravely.

"And do *you* understand me?" He laughed.

"Yes. Because I 'm like that myself. They call me fickle, too; but it 's only that we have n't—*had n't,*" she amended with that sudden summer lightning in her eyes —"had n't met the one." If she came closer still, it seemed not to be by her own volition, but in the same way as he had spoken, at the bidding of some influence outside them both. The girl's voice was so low as she hurried on that he hardly heard it above the surf:

"Maybe it 's this. No? Then perhaps it 's that. And always wrong—till one day—in the hall—" A very passion of triumph thrilled through her question, *"Was n't* it in the hall at Kirklamont?"

"Nan!" he cried out.

And she, on a note that the surf took up and carried out to sea, cried, "Gavan!"

On whose initiative neither knew they were clinging together. They cared as little for sea water as did the rocks. The two stood there like one, as if through all the moons to come they would abide as steadfast in their rapture as the rocks in foam.

When she drew her face away from his, and they looked at each other, it was with the knowledge that the wash of a greater sea than this they stood beside had flung

them, companion castaways, on the shore of a new world.

She had thrown back her head. The scarf fell down over her shoulder to her feet, a tiny cascade to join the whiteness of sea-water. All veils had been stripped off for that moment of uttermost joy before the man cried sharply, "Julian!" and his arms fell down to his sides.

"Julian!" the girl echoed, aghast. She stumbled back a step. He did n't try to save her. She fell against the rock. Her hand that tried to break the fall was wrenched at the wrist. She hardly knew it at the time.

"Come, let us go back." He was leading her through swirling foam.

"How can we go back?" she whispered. But she followed him. They found the others waiting for them by the pier.

CHAPTER XII

GULL ISLAND

It was not such dirty weather as McClintock, the boatman, had prophesied. Though the night was dark and the sky mantled in heavy cloud, the rain was hardly more than a Scotch mist. That is to say, it was no rain at all in the terms of the North. On the mainland the temperature was mild to mugginess. Once away and under full sail, a decent little breeze carried the boat smartly over the long rollers.

Napier had taken his place at the tiller. Half-way to the objective, which had not yet been named, he added to the sense of the importance of the expedition by proposing to double McClintock's fee as some compensation for doing without his pipe for an hour or two after landing.

Napier anticipated a tussle over this point. McClintock's grunt might mean anything from pig-headed refusal to whole-hearted agreement.

"Naturally," Napier went on, with an air of being a deal more easy than he felt, "when I wanted to overhaul Gull Island, I thought of the man who took Julian and me there when we were boys."

"Gairrmans!" said McClintock, careful to abstrain from the rising inflection.

"What! Have you seen something?"

"Na, na; but I have na lookit." He took the pipe out of his mouth and knocked the ashes into the sea. "They 'll be verra gude at smellin' oot." It was so he indorsed Napier's generalship and accepted service.

The only notice taken of the observation seemed to hint at a further acuteness for McClintock to reckon with.

"I 'll tell you the plan in two words," said Napier, "and then we 'd best not be talking for the next couple of hours."

When he 'd landed Napier, McClintock was to lie low in his boat, just offshore, for about an hour and a half, unless one of two things happened. If McClintock should see a light on the rocks at the top of the gorge, he might, if he liked, come and see what was up; but if he should hear a pistol-shot, whatever length of time he 'd been left alone, he was to wait half an hour longer. If, by then, Napier had neither appeared nor shown a light, McClintock was to get along back to Kirklamont and raise the hue and cry, an extremity, he was to understand, which Napier particularly desired to avoid. And that was why he was going himself, going with extreme caution just to establish the fact that there was no reason why they should n't come back by daylight safely enough and go over the old ground together. And for a last word Napier remarked that he had n't forgotten McClintock had taught him and Julian more than fishing and sailing. Here was a pistol he 'd best keep handy.

The old man slipped the weapon into the pocket of his reefer as casually as though it had been another pipe; but he remarked that he was more at home in these days with a knife, whether for oysters "or whatever." There was never a doubt that McClintock was not only enlisted, but interested at last.

He brought his boat softly up on the spit of sand left by the tide, sole landing-place of this nature on all the little rock-bound coast. The only sounds abroad were the shrill *keep, keep,* of the sea-pie and a swish of wings out of the cliff.

Without a word being exchanged, Napier went over the side, through a shallow ripple to the little beach, so narrow as to be hardly more than a windrow of gravel at the foot of the cliff. In a sense this was an advantage, once he was piloted safely to the sand-spit. He had only to hug the cliff till he came to that place, scene of many a wreck, where the cliff fell sharply in a chaos of boulders tumbling out to sea. By bearing inland, Napier could cross at its narrowest the neck of what he remembered as looking like the wreckage of a pier. Quite suddenly one here came into a gentler region, a gradual acclivity that led through willow and heather and bracken up to the apex of the height which, midmost of the island, commanded all points of the compass. If there was an installation, it would be there, masked from the mainland, among the rocks at the top of the gorge. And if the installation was there, Napier would find it, provided somebody did not first find him.

The night was warm for September, but till he landed, the wet breeze had struck cold. Here, on the island, summer seemed to linger. The air was still full of the sun-quickened scent of pines. The sweetness of thyme was stronger than the faint bitter of bracken. But these things reached Napier vaguely. Those admirable servants, his eyes, were well used by now to this half-darkness; but they could do little for him in comparison with the two other allies, his hearing and the quickened power of the humblest faculty of all. As he felt his way with foot, hand, shoulder, the new significance in contact seemed to extend from living flesh and nerve to the rattan stick he carried. The soft alternate strokes, now right, now left, advised him of the gorse clumps, of a solitary stone-pine, or of an occasional rock half submerged in coarse grass and heather. Every few yards he stopped to listen. Yet he got over the ground with a quickness that brought him a jolt of surprise when, the ascent grown suddenly steeper and less verdured, he found himself near the top of the hangar. He had reached the place where the bony shoulders of the island rose naked above her mantle of green and heather-purple.

Though he could see virtually nothing of the wide prospect daylight opened out from this point, he was too well aware of the prodigies of vision possible to trained eyes for him to risk showing any faintest shadow moving on the sky-line. Before he came to the top he was making his progress bent nearly double; crouching to listen, and then creeping along on hands and knees.

The comparatively uniform surfaces of the mother-rock showed no sign yet of dropping down to chaos. But Napier knew where he was. The tinkle of water told him. In two minutes he was craning over the lip of the gorge, staring into the murk beneath him. It was a mere gulf of shadow.

No man in his senses would venture farther on a night like this unless he had in his memory one of those indelible maps that only youth has the secret of engraving. It was such a map that Napier turned back to as he lay there in the dark, getting not only the detail, but the order, clear again in his head.

The remembered call of the water came up insistent. Almost Napier could imagine that he made it out, that nook, a few yards below, which had always been the boys' first stopping-place. In the driest summer a thread of pure fresh water trickled out of a fissure in the granite down there among the ferns. In spring the trickle would swell to a torrent. It would go boiling over the worn boulders till it plunged down that last lap in noise and foam into the tiny lake, the small rock basin of steel-blue water, smiling in the sunshine of memory, but even in that light set warningly about with nearly perpendicular walls on three sides; and on this southern arc, still more terribly furnished with rocks of sharper tooth, calved from the mother in labor of heat and frost.

After quenching their thirst, the boys' next stopping-place would be Table Rock, a third of the way to the bottom. There they would lie stretched out to the sun

and eat their sandwiches. Then they would crawl to the far edge and peer over for that dizzy view of the great boss, the outcrop of granite from eighteen to twenty feet below them on the left. By virtue of place or special constitution, it had had power to resist the forces of disintegration. It treated the very torrent cavalierly, for it butted the torrent aside with that Giant's Head, and then bent leisurely over to look at itself in the lake.

There were days when the jutting forehead, with its crown of heather and veil of creepers interlaced, was seen more clearly mirrored in the water than when looked straight down upon from Table Rock or from the opposite cliff across the lake. Neither point of view gave one the smallest inkling of what was under the veil, behind the brow of granite.

Napier sniffed the wet air for smoldering wood. No whiff, no sound.

What the devil had been in Greta's mind? The cause of her panic, whatever it was, no longer inhabited here. Napier would feel his way down as quickly as due caution would permit, and in less than forty minutes he 'd be back in the boat with McClintock.

All he had to do was to steer clear of Table Rock and follow the watercourse till it bore away to the left. Any one who knew his ground and kept to right could easily enough let himself down to that comfortable ledge under the Giant's Head. Sometimes one found bilberries there. Anyway, one found the niche that sheltered one from rain. And then one went on to the discovery that took one's breath.

In the old days they waited for McClintock, two of them with beating hearts, Gavan eight and Julian seven, then followed behind the old sou'wester to the end of the narrow, curving gallery, where a drop of four feet landed them in the irregular-shaped stone chamber where the smugglers in old days hid the contraband. How did they get it round the Giant's Head? they asked, remembering the narrow way. They did n't get it round. They lowered it over the top. McClintock could show you the grooves worn in the granite. Good days, those!

Wet and a little chilled, but without misgiving, Napier let himself down among the rocks. He began the descent with a swing of the rattan to take his immediate bearings. Before he brought the stick full circle, he dropped the hand that held it. What was this against the side of his knee? He bent down, and found his face a few inches from a steel cable, screwed taut, and straining aslant skyward. His eye followed the outline of the twisted strand till it met a slender rod planted discreetly among the rocks. Planted so discreetly that it was completely masked from observation on three points of the compass, and would not easily be detected on the fourth. Napier could not make out the wire connecting the farther one of the antennæ with this one above his head, but he knew that it was there. He had set his knee against one of the guys of a wireless. He moved only a couple of inches away from that significant companionship and stood quite still.

Was this installation a pre-war dodge, abandoned now? And if not abandoned—

He found himself making his way down with his right hand in his pistol-pocket. Gull Island was another place with that wand of magic set up among the rocks.

He started as violently as if a gun had gone off. It was only the vicious snapping of a dry twig underfoot, but, Lord, the racket! His caution redoubled.

With horror he remembered that old pastime—rolling the rocks down. How they bounded and crashed! Across the years he heard again the reverberant thunder of that long falling. What if he should displace one of these? He drew his foot back, trembling from head to heel at the slight rocking of a boulder.

Could he venture down in this darkness? Was n't the darkness an indispensable part of his plan? He stood and listened. Behind the sound of falling water there was nothing, not even a bird's note. The stillness was piercing. Under its penetrant impact he shrank inwardly.

What was that?

Something had sprung out of the shadow. Lord! Nothing but an infernal rabbit; and the damned fool had dislodged a few little stones.

Napier sat crouching in the gorge a good four or five minutes after the last of that *pop-popping* died. He had pulled off his cap and thrust it into his pocket. He wiped his forehead. Whew! nothing but a damned rabbit!

He listened an instant, and then went on down in the murk and the fine rain. Suddenly he stood still again. There was n't a sound his ear could verify, but he held his breath, while horror moved like a wind in his hair. He was n't alone.

How he knew he could n't have told. He plunged his hand into his revolver pocket, braced himself and waited—waited while the seconds passed, waited till that first strong impression weakened, till he had silently called himself a few unpleasant names and had drawn out of his pocket the cap he told himself his head needed more than the protection of firearms. He went on in the act of settling the cap firmly on his head. He had heard nothing, seen nothing, when a blow on the back all but felled him. He saved himself from falling flat only by plunging a few paces down the gorge. He managed to recover, and wheeled about, his hand at his pocket. Before he could get at his pistol, that hand and the other arm were seized in a powerful grip. His hobnailed boot did him the instant service of bringing his assailant down on one knee. But he dragged Napier along with him in those arms of iron. It flashed over Napier that the aim of this dumb enemy was not so much to kill as to disarm him.

It was a battle for a pistol. The conviction grew in Napier's mind that he would already be lying dead there among the rocks but for the man's strange caution. He did n't want that pistol to go off; and so they wrestled in a nightmare of blind silence. Now one, and now the other, regained his footing and then lost it; and now they both went rolling down together till the rocks stopped them. And still no word was spoken.

Twice Napier had his fingers almost on the trigger, and twice his hand was wrenched away. The last time a thick voice whispered: "*Drop* it! Don't you know you 're a dead man if you make a sound?" The voice of Bloom, Sir William's chauffeur! He had got Napier down again; the full weight of the chauffeur's body was on Napier's head; his left arm was pinned under him. In that strangling darkness Napier told himself the end had come. He was dead already. Why was he resisting? He knew why when he felt Bloom's teeth on his right forearm. He felt the pistol go from his bruised side. He heard the drop among the scant herbage of the rocks.

It was over. Resistance had been battered out of him. He was quite sure of that. Why did n't Bloom let him alone? Why was the fellow dragging him down?

It suddenly occurred to him that they could n't be far from Table Rock. *Bloom was going to throw him over!*

He had loosed his hold on Napier's shoulder. Breathing heavily, he had come round and straddled across his victim's body. He fastened his hands in Napier's torn collar, pulled him up into a sitting posture, and dashed his head against a boulder; but not quite squarely, for Bloom's foot had slipped on the wet moss. He braced himself and took fresh hold. In that momentous second the impotence passed out of Napier's body; his sinews hardened as he locked his maimed arms round the man. Before Bloom could recover from the disadvantage of his stooping posture, Napier in a spasm of dying energy had rolled with the chauffeur in his arms toward the edge of Table Rock. More angry than frightened by the suddenness of Napier's recovery, Bloom was striking wild.

"He does n't know where he is!" Napier said to himself with exultation. In a very convulsion of insane strength he gripped the panting body of the German and flung it out over the edge of Table Rock.

He hung there listening.

But the blood flowed into his ears as well as into his eyes. No sound reached

him. He tried to crawl back toward the stream. On the way unconsciousness, like an angel out of heaven, came down and covered him.

Despite the tribute to McClintock's being able to do what he was told, the old man had no mind to go home at the end of the time stipulated without knowing something of what was keeping Mr. Gavan. And so, three quarters of an hour after that body had shot out into the void, the fisherman, picking his way cannily down the gorge, slipped on something soft. His questing hands felt blood, newly spilt. A match, lit in his sou'wester and instantly smothered, showed him enough. He drew back behind a rock and waited there several minutes, listening. When he got back to Napier he had the sou'wester half full of water. He sprinkled it over Napier's face. He poured whisky down his throat. Aye, that was better. Napier was presently able to say that a man who attacked him had been thrown over Table Rock. The question was, Could McClintock get Napier back to the boat?

Oh, aye, McClintock could do that same. But Mr. Gavan had best bide there a little longer; and here was the whisky-flask to keep him company.

Napier sent a whisper of remonstrance after him as the foolhardy old man went down the gorge. Well Napier knew where McClintock would be going. And he had n't warned him! Poor old McClintock! Napier lay there a few minutes, and then crawled to the water. He bathed his head and drank some more whisky. He tried to stand, but could n't manage that, and went on hands and knees. He had no clear idea what he was doing. But McClintock was fumbling his way down there without a notion of the risk he ran.

Presently Napier found he could stand, after a fashion. So he staggered on till the stream turned to the left, and Napier, to the right, was making his way round the Giant's Head down to the ledge beneath.

"McClintock!" he whispered, and steadied himself against the rock wall to listen. McClintock was sure to have gone in. Napier had no consciousness of making any decision. He merely found himself feeling the way along an inward-curving gallery when the pitch blackness in front of him opened on a wedge of light, fierce, intolerable. But suddenly the light was gone.

If he had been quite clear in his head, Napier declared afterward, he would have prudently retraced his steps.

As it was, a sense of blind compulsion was on him; for in that dazzling instant he 'd had a glimpse of McClintock. Poor old McClintock, whom Napier had inveigled into this trap—McClintock, his heavy shoulder, his sou'wester, and a bristle of beard stamped for an instant on that blinding, impossible light. Streaks of it still leaked through the blackness. Napier's outstretched hand came almost at once against something soft, yielding. It was a double-felted curtain. He grasped it and stared through, to find himself standing at the top of a carpeted incline, looking down into a luxurious room, flooded with high-power electric light. In the glare McClintock, with a knife in his hand, stood not ten feet from a man in shirt-sleeves seated at a table. The back of the seated figure was turned partly away from the entrance; his head was bent; a green shade was over his eyes. He was taking down a message. A metal band over his crown, ear-caps set close to his head, held him oblivious to all sound save that which the mysterious forces of nature were ticking into his ears.

Not McClintock's wary approach, but Napier's less cautious movement of the felted curtain, or some cooler air current penetrating the overheated chamber, was responsible for that slight turn of the harnessed head. Carl Pforzheim! His cry died on his lips as he tore off the shade. But he could n't in that lightning instant wrench himself free of the apparatus for the cord had become wound round his neck. He presented a sickening impression of one struggling in a man-trap, showing, as a wild animal might, a flash of bared teeth as he strained out across the

table and seized a revolver. The shot went wild. For he had turned to face the descent of McClintock's knife. Pforzheim fell sidewise against the pink wall of petrol tins, still hung up by the cord and dribbling scarlet over the pink.

They spent the night with the dead body.

There were two good beds, but only one was slept in. McClintock mounted guard. In the morning he went out and found the body of Sir William's chauffeur and buried him with Pforzheim.

The den was stocked with supplies of every sort: wine, cigars, food, books, cards. There were very few papers, but they were worth coming for.

CHAPTER XIII

Antwerp, in flames from incendiary bombs, had fallen to the Germans, and hot fighting was in progress between Arras and Albert and from Laon to Rheims when Napier, not yet recovered from his "shooting accident," returned from Scotland in October.

At his chambers in St. James's he was told that an urgent message had come for him from Lamborough. Would he please say nothing about it to Sir William, who must not be alarmed, but very particularly would he please ring up Lady McIntyre the moment he got back.

Before he opened a letter or even took off his hat, he was listening to the agitated voice at the other end of the wire. It begged him to get a car and motor out instantly to Lamborough. "Without telling anybody, *anybody at all,*" that he was coming.

"I hope nothing has happened to Sir William."

Sir William was all right, and he was n't to know.

"Bad news from the front, is it?" he said, with that already familiar turn of thought to the unintermitting tragedy across the channel.

"No, no. Jim was all right; Colin and Neil, too. It is just—just you, Mr. Gavan." The distracted voice assured him that it was he who was urgently, cruelly needed at Lamborough.

"Tell me if anybody is hurt," he said with a sudden horror upon him.

"N-not yet," came back the astonishing answer. Everything depended upon his getting there in time.

All the way he tortured himself with pictures of Nan in some fearful trouble. By whom else at Lamborough could he, Gavan Napier, be "cruelly needed"?

He remembered Julian's speech about her that day of her arrival: "Did you ever see such faith in any pair of eyes? It 's pathetic, a person like that. Think of the knocks she 'll get!"

He cursed the slowness of the car that was going fifty miles an hour.

"Nan! Nan! I 'm coming!"

For the hundredth time he lived over those minutes among the rocks; that lightning stroke in the blood; the astonishment of the two victims; the shame; the silent, shared, effort at retrieval. Hardly two sentences had been exchanged between them afterward, though there had been no conscious abstention from the luxury of speech. It was a bewilderment, an aching too anguished not to be dumb. He had gone away early the next morning without seeing her again. He had not written.

There was no sign of Nan or of any one else as Napier drove up to the house toward four o'clock that afternoon. The quickening of his pulses on the way to the drawing-room seemed to say, "She is here." But the room was empty. All the house was strangely still in that brief interval before word came down. Would Mr. Napier come up to Lady McIntyre's sitting-room?

"O Mr. Gavan!" As though she were the last survivor of some huge disaster, a woeful, haggard little lady came forward to greet him. "I thought you 'd never get here. It has been the most dreadful time." She dropped among her sofa cushions, speechless for a moment. "Even up there in Scotland," tacitly she reproached him, "you 've heard, I suppose,

of the lengths this spy mania has gone. *Every*body with a foreign name is suspected. Any one who protests, even the most trusted official, openly insulted—"

"Oh, really, Lady McIntyre," he tried to enfold the poor little lady in his own reassurance, "I have n't heard anything to suggest—"

"Then you 've forgotten how we lost our dear, good Bloom. That was bad enough; but what has worried William a great deal more are the questions, though they are asked only in private, *'as yet* only in private,' William says,"—Lady McIntyre clasped her thin hands—"questions about Greta. William has been splendid; so has Julian. We have all tried to make it—" The delicate face crumpled suddenly. It seemed to shrivel as the picture of a face might at the touch of fire. The touch of trouble—consolidator of the strong, disintegrator of the weak—had found Lady McIntyre out of her safe and sheltered place in the world. She turned away her quivering little visage and went on: "There have been letters, odious anonymous letters"—she brought her eyes back to Napier again—the eyes of a hurt child—"about Greta! Poor William had been getting *horrid* letters for a fortnight. He never said a word about them till the wretches began to write to me. And the neighbors! No, you can't think what we 've been through!" The relief of tears eased the strain.

"The Scotland Yard people—I 've only known that since Sunday week—they 'd already been to William with absolutely nothing that could be called proof. 'Suspicious circumstances'—a girl going out to meet her lover under the rose. She told William she was going to marry him —Ernst; yes. *I* liked Carl best—such nice teeth. But, anyway, William—they little knew, those Scotland Yard people—"

From confused fragments of over-colored speech Napier gathered that the growing epidemic of fear and detestation had only stiffened his chief's determination to protect the stranger within his gate.

"You would n't have called William a patient man, now, would you? Well, you ought to have heard how he explained, argued, said all the right things. 'You might as well suspect my daughter of being the wrong sort of person to live under my roof.' 'The lady in question is one of us.' 'I *vouch* for Miss von Schwarzenberg.' Even the child—even Meggy—came to know that people looked askance at her for having Greta at her side!"

Even Meggy! Napier was ready to swear that "the child" was, after Miss Greta herself, by far the best-informed person in the house. She was, any way, according to her mother, the most indignant. Meggy had made common cause with Nan Ellis and Mr. Grant in ridiculing and condemning the popular superstition that every German must needs be an enemy of England. Napier heard how those three had redoubled their watchful friendship, a self-constituted bodyguard to keep Miss Greta safe from any breath of discourtesy, from so much as a glance of unworthy suspicion.

A momentary comfort derived from the thought of these champions suddenly failed Lady McIntyre. The smoothness of her face was broken again, as again on the brink of tears, she remembered the villain of the piece.

"The local inspector—that creature who made her go to Newton Hackett without any tea—he came again; simply *would n't* go till William had seen him. I have n't often known William so angry. I am afraid he was rude to the man. It never does to be rude to these people. *I 've* tried being kind to him. I—" the tear-faded eyes lifted with a look of conscious virtue —"I gave him all William's best cigars. And *still* he has n't given us a moment's peace. Of course William flatly refused to send Greta away. 'Not all the inspectors in England'—" Lady McIntyre stiffened her slight back a moment with borrowed resolution. Only for a moment. The next saw her wavering forward with: "Then two men came down from London to see *me!* O Mr. Napier,"—she writhed her locked fingers,—"they won't go!"

"Won't go?"

She shook her ear-rings, speechless a moment; then said in a whisper:

"*At the inn,* since yesterday. What do you think of *that?*"

All that Napier thought was: Nan! Nan! How much does she know? And how is she taking it?

"They must have found out I 'd gone to give Boris and Ivan a run on the sands. Greta and the rest were up on the sea wall. They never *dreamed* that those two dreadful young men standing there as if they were friends, pretending to admire the boar-hounds, were secret-service people, sent down by the Intelligence Department. And what they were really saying—at least the one who does the talking! I was thinking only last night while Julia was brushing my hair,—things often come to me like that,—I suddenly remembered that I could n't, not if I was to be hanged for it—I could n't remember a syllable the fat young man had uttered. It 's my belief he 's a deaf mute. Well, the other one said if something was n't done *at once,* if I did n't use my great influence with my husband to have the German lady sent out of England, there would be a scandal. Everybody would say we had harbored a suspect after we 'd been warned. And when he saw I was n't going to do what he wanted, what do you think he called Greta? 'A spy who handed on official information to the enemies of the country.' Things have got out that they blame poor Greta for. Oh, is n't it an *awful* penalty to pay for her loyalty in sticking to us as she 's done through thick and thin!

"Well, these secret-service men—one *very* worrying thing about them,—*I* don't know how to treat such people; they *seem* to be quite superior to their disgusting work,—well, they pretend that for *her* sake, for Greta's, I ought—Heavens above! here they are again!"

Lady McIntyre collapsed against her cushions, breathing heavily and staring fascinated at the door opposite to the one by which Napier had come in. Napier, too, could hear them now—those footsteps.

The knock on the door must have been expected and could n't have been more discreet, yet at the sound Lady McIntyre lost her head. Instead of saying, "Come in!" she remarked in a smothered undertone, "I told McAndrews to bring them up the back stairs."

The door opened.

"Mr. Singleton, Mr. Grindley, m'lady."

Two young men, well groomed, wearing well-creased trousers, holding their hats and walking-sticks, came in. Singleton, taller, a year or two the older, was a well-set-up person, with dark mustache and frank, hazel eyes.

"Where have I seen the fellow?" Napier asked himself, reading recognition in the guarded smile. They both greeted the lady.

"*Is n't,* after all!" Lady McIntyre jerked out in a confidential aside to Napier upon Grindley's audible salutation.

Neither was the supposed deaf-mute so very fat, either; merely inclined to stoutness. Fair, slow, slightly bored, his prominent gray-green eyes seemed gently to seek vacuity. Mr. Grindley, whether dullard or dreamer, was certainly the last person you would pick out of a crowd for the errand he had come on.

If he looked at ease for the reason that he did n't care, or had forgotten where he was, the other man seemed to be at ease because he had never in any place been anything else. During the pause, which Lady McIntyre found agitating, Mr. Singleton stood there a step in advance of his companion, the hands that held his hat, with gloves tucked in the brim, crossed on the knob of his walking-stick. And suddenly Napier remembered. This frank-looking young man with the cleft chin had been sent down from Oxford in Napier's first year. He had done what he could to shield the culprit, though they had never been friends.

Napier was the first to move after McAndrews had shut the door behind him. It was not mere restlessness on Napier's part or detestation of the business these fellows had come about. He felt he must go and look out into the front hall. If Nan were to come in suddenly—

There was no one. Napier leaned against the wall, standing where, through the door ajar, he could command the stairs.

"We heard," Singleton in his cheerful, cultivated tones was saying to Lady McIntyre—"we heard the gentleman you were waiting for had arrived."

"Yes; but I—I have n't yet had time to explain." That poor head which Lady McIntyre had jerked to Singleton, she jerked now to Napier. "They want me," she told him, "to search Greta's things. What do you think of *that?*" As Napier did n't at once say what he thought of it, Lady McIntyre flung out, "While she 's away!"

Instead of denouncing such a demand, Napier asked,

"Where is she?"

"Oh, they 've gone off to see some old church, or something, on the coast."

"You don't know where?"

She shook her head.

"How *can* I remember all the places they go to? A fresh one every day."

"Has a"—Napier caught his tongue back from articulating "Nan"—"they 've *all* gone?"

"Yes; and they may be back any moment."

Napier seemed to read in the easy confidence in Mr. Singleton's eyes that he personally did not look for the return of the party at that *moment*. But it occurred to Napier that "the party" meant to the secret service men only Greta von Schwarzenberg. It seemed quite possible to Napier's own fears that by some perverse stroke Nan Ellis might return alone. She might even at the last moment—Fate did play these tricks—have fallen out of the party. In one of the rooms overhead she might be meditating descent.

"I have been explaining"—Mr. Singleton seemed to invite Mr. Napier's co-operation—"that since Lady McIntyre is so sure the view held by the Intelligence Department is mistaken, that it 's a kindness to the young lady to embrace this opportunity to clear the matter up."

"Imagine the shabbiness of such conduct!" Lady McIntyre appealed to the figure listening by the door. "I am to take advantage of her absence to rummage among her—"

"No, no," Mr. Singleton protested. "You take advantage of the one and only chance of proving her innocent without hurting her feelings. It can either be done quietly without the least scandal, or be done with a publicity much less considerate. *I* should say, if the lady were a friend of mine—"

"Yes, I 've heard your view," said Lady McIntyre, with nervous asperity. "It is Mr. Napier's I have waited for. Can you"—she stood up wavering, miserable—"can you see me giving permission to a strange man and his confederate"—she jerked a glance toward the silent, absent-minded person at Singleton's side—"to break open Miss von Schwarzenberg's trunk and—"

Mr. Singleton, wholly unperturbed, assured Lady McIntyre there need be no breaking open. He had, as he said, "most fortunately, a"—Mr. Singleton smiled pleasantly—"an assistant who was in his way a genius at avoidance of breakage or any sort of violence."

The fastidiousness with which he repudiated "any sort of violence" plainly gave Lady McIntyre pause. Even in the thick of a thousand agitations it was noticeable how great a part was played in the persuading of the lady by the voice and manner of the agent, particularly by the voice. Its natural timbre, its accent, its curve and fall, all connoted the moral decencies, as well as the external fitnesses and refinements of good breeding. If you suspected this man of baseness, you simply gave away your own unworthy thoughts. The reticent dignity with which he uttered the phrase, "for sake of the safety of the country," that of itself seemed to range him on the side of defenders in the field.

Helplessly, Lady McIntyre waited upon the guidance she had sent for.

"Have you had official warning of this visit?" Napier asked her.

"No."

"There are reasons," Mr. Singleton reminded him, "as you must see, why a warn-

ing would defeat the purpose of the visit."

"You have a warrant for this search?"

He had. He produced it, an order under the Official Secrets Act.

"If a mistake has been made, Mr. Grindley and I," he said as he returned the document to his inside pocket, "can assure ourselves of the fact and be out of the house in half an hour. Unless Lady McIntyre should, unhappily, be too long in making up her mind,"—he glanced at the French clock on the mantelpiece,—"neither the German lady nor any one outside this room and the Intelligence Department will ever know of the investigation. Is n't that better than the alternative—having it conducted in public?"

The bribe was great, yet great was poor Lady McIntyre's misgiving. Men of another class would have stood no chance of overcoming her scruples. Oh, the Intelligence Department was not so blundering as some would have us believe, since upon a presumably very minor case it could expend this patience and finesse.

Lady McIntyre fluttered to the guarded door.

"I could n't let them do it with no one here." She clung an instant to Napier's arm.

He and Singleton glanced up and down corridor and stair as the three men followed Lady McIntyre's lead into a room at the end of a passage.

The first thing noticeable about the little room was its air of distinction, bred only in part by the taste shown in the choice of certain articles of furniture, culled, Napier was sure, from other parts of the house during that week Miss Greta had spent alone here. Not her knowledge of values in *Möbeln* alone, but something less obvious in the serene, uncrowded aspect, in the exquisite orderliness, lent the little room its special air.

Singleton walked straight to the window. It commanded the approach to the house and looked upon the sea. It was n't till a moment later that Napier verified this fact. On the dressing-table, which stood out two feet or so in front of the window, his eyes had found a faded photograph. It showed a girl in her teens at another window. Two long plaits fell over the sill as the eager figure leaned out to greet with all that joy and affection the woman whom Napier was here to convict of felony and to cover with disgrace. No need of the signature under the sill to say the girl was "Miss Greta's ever loving Nan."

That first cursory glance about the room had seemed both to please and to intrigue Singleton. His face wore the look of intentness, of subdued satisfaction, with which your sportsman addresses himself to a game he knows he 's good at.

"He likes ferreting things out! He *likes* it!" Napier said to himself as Singleton swung back with one of his easy movements and turned the key in the door.

"What Greta will think when she tries it and finds it locked, and *me* in here!" Lady McIntyre bemoaned to Napier.

"Oh, but she won't," answered Singleton. He nodded toward the window. "You 'll see her coming." He laid down hat, stick, and gloves on the small table by the bed and picked up a book lying there. He read aloud the title, " 'Pilgerfahrt,' by Gerhard," for Grindley's benefit, apparently, for he looked at that person interrogatively. " 'With Nan's love,' " he added, as though that might fetch Grindley.

But Grindley seemed to have neither literary nor sentimental curiosity. By the tall gilt screen set against the angle of the opposite wall Grindley halted as if he had forgotten why he was there, and felt unequal to the mental effort of recalling. You 'd say he no more realized that the leaves of the screen were turned back so as almost to meet the angle described by the wall than that the panels were composed of exquisite engravings after Fragonard, set in old gilt. Even when he moved a pace or two, you would say that he was speculating whereabouts in a room so scantily, albeit so charmingly, furnished as to boast only a single chair should he find a place whereon to lay hat and stick, and the small despatch-case of the same color as the brown clothes he wore. Whether

for that reason or because of the inconspicuous way in which it was carried, Napier had not noticed the case till Grindley set it down against the skirting of the wall, along with hat and stick.

For those first moments, glued to the window, Lady McIntyre alternately watched the avenue leading to the house and watched the two strange men. She made no effort to disguise her perturbation at not having two pairs of eyes, the better to keep her poor little watch upon "dear Greta's things."

"You don't, I suppose, expect to find anything contraband on her dressing-table," she said as Singleton paused to run his eyes over the glittering array. "You may know *that 's* all right when I tell you Sir William and I gave her the toilet-set last Christmas."

Singleton stooped to the faded photograph, an act as offensive in Napier's eyes as the next was in Lady McIntyre's—his attempt to open the little inlaid bureau.

"That is her writing-table," said the lady, with dignity. "Of course it 's locked. An engaged girl always locks her—"

"Yes; this, Grindley," Singleton said, and Grindley, moving like a soft, brown shadow, was there with some bits of iron hanging keywise on a ring. Some of these slender "persuaders" were notched and some were hooked. There were also one or two pieces of wire.

Lady McIntyre identified these in a horrified whisper as "Burglars' tools!"

"Or that, first?" Singleton interrupted, with a nod at the screen.

"Yes, it 's her box behind there," Lady McIntyre said and clasped her hands. "But if you break *that,* a most queer lock, you can never mend it. And she 'll know what we 've—"

Mr. Grindley gave a slow head-shake.

"American wardrobe trunk," he said, as though he had been tall enough to see over the close-set screen, and took no interest in what it hid. He inserted a steel object into the lock of the writing-table, and opened the flap as easily as if he 'd had the key; more easily than if Lady McIntyre had had it.

"Her private letters!" she murmured, with horror. "Love-letters!"

Far more offensive, Napier was sure, than if Grindley had fallen upon the neat packets and loose papers with greedy curiosity was the bored cursoriness, as it looked, of the inspection. Perhaps the other man was really going to read them through when he had—heavens above! what was he doing in Greta's cupboard? "Disgraceful!" said Lady McIntyre under her breath. Singleton was passing his hands along the row of skirts neatly hung at the side. The investigating fingers reached those other garments suspended at a greater height. From supports, hooked upon a bar set overhead, depended afternoon and evening gowns, the pink cotton, the black and gold, the lemon-colored—all of familiar aspect, and yet in this collapsed state odd-looking, defenseless, taken at disadvantage. Napier with some difficulty recognized the apple-green silk, all its sauciness gone, as dejected now as a deflated balloon. And this stranger's hand upon them!

"Disgusting familiarity *I* call it. He 'll be feeling in her pockets next," Lady McIntyre whispered tremulously. "I don't know how I can bear to be here."

Napier himself was too aware of a Peeping-Tom unseemliness in looking in upon these privacies to stand there watching. He turned again to the glittering dressing-table and the treasure it enshrined. What would n't he give to be able to slip that photograph into his pocket? Nan looked at him out of her window with unsullied trust.

Napier glanced nervously out of the other, the window behind the dressing-table. While he had been watching Singleton and looking at the pictured face, Nan might easily have come into the house; for Lady McIntyre, too, had clean forgotten that side of her sentinelship.

Meanwhile Greta, or worse yet, immeasurably worse, Nan, might be running up-stairs that instant. Napier turned round, so palpably listening, that even Lady McIntyre in the midst of her agitations saw what must be in his mind.

"Yes, *any* moment they 'll be in upon us!" She fled again to the window.

"Grindley, here!" Singleton called from the cupboard.

But Grindley had found something at last which, though it seemed not to interest him, had proved itself worthy to be abstracted. Not one of the love-letters, as Lady McIntyre plainly feared. It was nothing more exciting than Greta's French dictionary. Grindley came away from the littered bureau holding the fat volume open in his hand, and turning the leaves at random.

Singleton joined him.

"What have you got there?"

"La Motte's 'Dictionary.' "

"Is that all?" Singleton dismissed it.

Not so Grindley. He stooped, and laid the book on the floor beside his brown case.

Singleton was obviously disappointed. He glanced back at the writing-table, the drawers of which had been left open.

"Nothing else?" he said.

"Only this." Grindley took a ball-nibbed pen out of the tray.

Singleton examined it carefully.

"Yes," he said. He appeared to think the pen worthy of all care. He opened Grindley's nearly empty despatch-case and laid the pen on top of a piece of brown paper that covered something at the bottom. "And the ink?" He seemed to wait for it.

Grindley was understood to say, "Not yet." Lady McIntyre pointed out the twin pots on the silver tray engraved, "G. v. S. from N. E., Christmas, 1913."

"This is the ink," she said. Nobody seemed to hear. Grindley had gone to the dressing-table, leaving behind him open drawers and Greta's papers in confusion.

Lady McIntyre followed.

"I must trouble you," she said, with dignity, "to put the writing-table as you found it."

"It is n't necessary," murmured the outrageous Grindley.

"But that is monstrous! You promised —at least, the other one—" She looked round. "The other one," lost to view, was pursuing his nefarious course in the hanging cupboard. "You heard him, Mr. Napier?" She spoke with tremulous bitterness. "If I let them investigate quietly, no one need ever know."

"Yes, *if* we found we were mistaken," Singleton stuck his head out of the cupboard to say; "but, you see, we find we are not mistaken." He disappeared among folds of apple-green silk and lemon chiffon.

"Not mistaken!" cried Lady McIntyre.

"What have you discovered?" Napier called to Singleton.

It was Grindley, ludicrously inadequate, who answered:

"The pen."

Lady McIntyre ran to the open despatch-case and took it out. Grindley, at the dressing-table, fingering Greta's toilet-set, kept a vacant eye on Lady McIntyre.

"What could be more innocent than a perfectly new pen? Look, Mr. Napier. It 's never been used, not even once!" She thrust the pen into Napier's hand.

"Look at the point," advised Grindley.

"Well, *look* at it. Perfectly clean. If it *matters,*" Lady McIntyre said, "that pen has never *touched* ink. And how can you write with a pen if you don't write with ink?"

"We might—ask the lady," suggested Grindley, who was actually opening and unscrewing Greta's silver toilet things, holding bottles up to the light, smelling at corks and stoppers. He slipped out of its silver shell a small bottle of thick, blue glass. He uncorked it and smelled it.

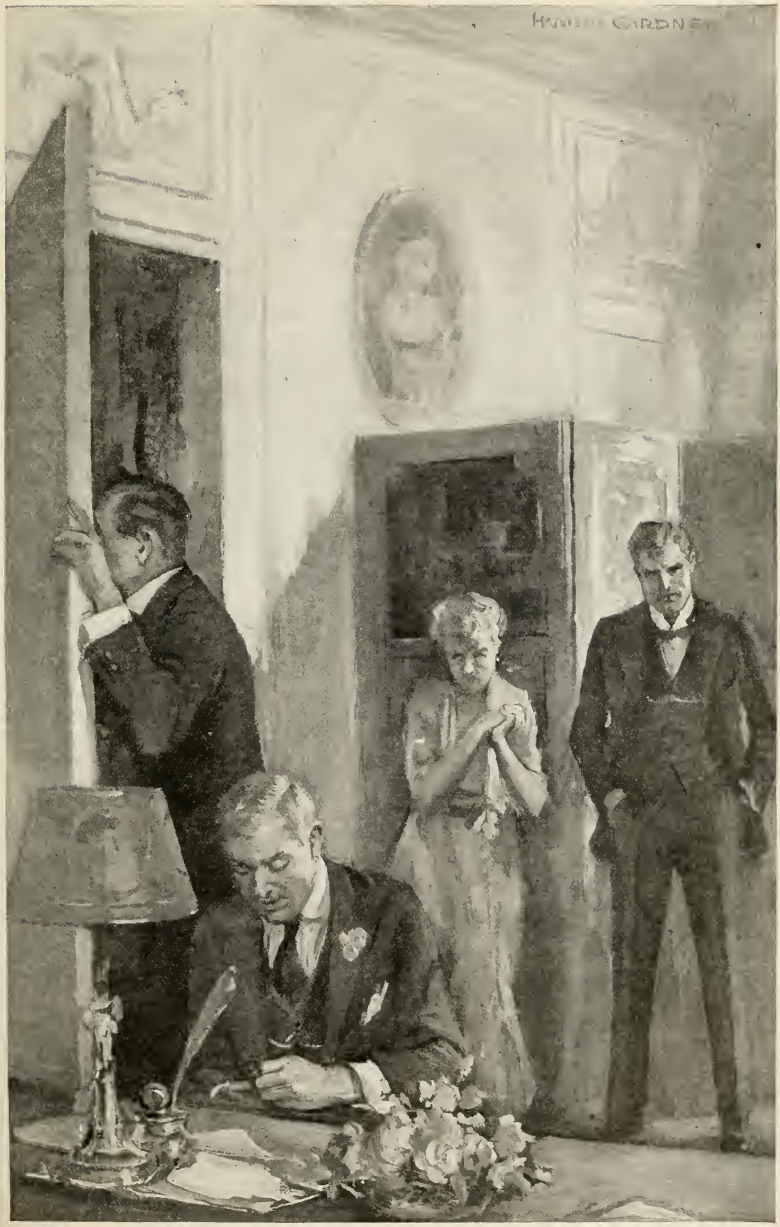
"This is it," he said.

Lady McIntyre, with the dive of a dragon-fly, was at his side.

"You think because that 's labeled 'Poison' there 's something suspicious about her having it. It just shows! That bottle is part of the manicure set. Read what it says above the label," she commanded.

"Pour les ongles," the obliging young man pronounced with impeccable accent. "Yes." And he took the bottle over to the despatch-case.

Lady McIntyre made a motion to arrest, to retrieve. As Napier laid a hand on her arm, trembling she stood still.



"HE INSERTED A STEEL OBJECT INTO THE LOCK OF THE WRITING-TABLE"

"We must let them go through with it," he said.

She looked at him. With an effort Napier could only partly gage, Lady McIntyre recovered herself. "Go through with it? Of—of course. How else,"—she flicked her ear-rings with her drawing-room air—"how else could we convince them?"

Singleton, with some display of muscle, had dragged out from behind the pendent draperies a square canvas box.

"Ah, that—" Lady McIntyre went forward, maintaining valiantly the recovered drawing-room manner—"*that* is her hat-box. What they want with her hat-box!" She tried to smile at Napier.

"Heavy for hats," remarked Singleton in a tone of subdued pleasure. The box was furnished not only with the usual leather handle on the top, but with one on each side.

To the top handle the label was still tied. It bore across the upper end the printed legend, "From Sir William McIntyre, Kirklamont," and underneath, the familiar hand had set, "von Schwarzenberg." Below, in plain large capitals that caught the eye:

BOOTS

"Oh, *that 's* why it 's heavier than hats." Lady McIntyre held the label so all could see.

"It 's heavy for boots," remarked Singleton.

Grindley had sunk down on his haunches. "This is it," he said.

"How do you know?" Napier asked.

"The lock," answered Grindley, picking over his hooks and twisted wires. He worked for some moments in his customary silence. Singleton strolled about opening books.

" 'From Nan.' 'From Nan.' She might almost as well have had a stamp made."

Back to the lockpicking figure Napier's eyes came from praying pardon of the girl with the plaits leaning out of the window. "Shame!" The girl cried.

"A case for cold chisel?" Singleton inquired, looking up from the libretto of "Rosenkavalier." No answer from Grindley, but he put out his hand and felt under the corrugated paper in the despatch-case. The hand came out with a chisel and a hammer.

"No! no!" cried Lady McIntyre on a note of firmness new to Napier's ears. "You said 'no forcing open.' "

"Unless we knew we were justified," amended Singleton. "We know now. The safety of the country—"

"You *can't* know—"

"We have found enough to explain."

"Enough to explain what?"

"Why we are here. And why she should n't be."

Lady McIntyre turned quivering to Napier.

"*You* know, don't you—"

"I 'm afraid," Napier interrupted, "what I know would n't help Miss Greta."

"What do you *mean!*" her voice was hysterical. "Oh, everybody 's mad."

As the hammer was raised Lady McIntyre flung out her hand toward the top of the chisel. Grindley, his shoulder against the box, with an effort, pushed it a trifle to the left, and down fell the hammer in a resounding stroke. The lady wrung ineffectual fingers, as though they had succeeded in taking the blow aimed at Greta's lock.

"Never, never shall I forgive myself! If she were to come in while we are at this horrible business—"

"She won't." But Singleton had n't, as it now struck Napier, once glanced out of the window.

Blow upon blow till the lock fell to the floor. Grindley raised the lid. He said nothing, uttered no sound, but he smiled for the first and only time. A sheet of dull-silvery metal had met his eye—the top of an inner box.

Lady McIntyre sat down in the solitary chair as though her legs had suddenly given way.

By its two steel handles, which had fitted neatly into felt-lined sockets in the cane and canvas top, Grindley and Singleton lifted out the metal box. They laid it on its front. With those short, vicious ham-

mer-strokes that seemed to shake the house Grindley cut the hinges through. He and Singleton set the box upright and forced back the top.

CHAPTER XIV

After the first moment of stupefaction, Lady McIntyre's, "Oh—a—is *that* all?" resolutely proclaimed there was nothing out of the way in a governess having a box half full of books chiefly, were n't they?

The first thing Grindley took out was a roll of tracing-paper. He undid it. He smoothed it flat. He turned it over. He held it up to the light.

"Nothing! Not a thing!" breathed the lady.

Three pairs of eyes had fallen simultaneously on a letter which had been underneath the roll of paper—a letter unaddressed, in a sealed envelop. Grindley opened it. Singleton leaned over to read it, too. All that Napier could see was that the communication appeared to be in German script, not written compactly, as the national instinct for economy seems to inculcate. The lines were wide apart. Grindley's thick finger, traversing the black space, seemed to emphasize this fact.

"Nothing there," said Singleton, dipping his hand in the box again.

"Nothing that jumps to the eye." Grindley laid letter and envelop on the floor by the tracing-paper. Out of a shallow cardboard-box, full of numbered films, Singleton had briskly helped himself to one after another. He held each in turn up to the light, held the first two so that Grindley could see them.

"To *keep* such things! It 's the kind of extraordinarily rash thing they do." A look of understanding passed between the two secret-service men.

" 'They?' " inquired Lady McIntyre, and as no one answered, " *'Rash?'* " She turned her helpless eyes on Napier. "What a world to live in, when to take little picnic snapshots is 'rash!' "

"You have a dark-room? She developes her own photographs?"

Lady McIntyre swung her ear-rings.

While Singleton was running rapidly through the picture series, Grindley took out a book—a leather-covered book, with a lock.

"A diary that is, just like mine," said Lady McIntyre. *Her* diary had a lock, too, she said. But the fact did not save this one from desecration. Off came the lock at the edge of the chisel, and Grindley was bending his head over pages of exquisite writing. That it was German seemed in no wise to disconcert Grindley. "Plain sailing," was his comment as he handed the book over to Singleton, who, with a kind of affectionate regret, put down the two films he had been studying side by side. "Very instructive, *seen seriatim,*" he remarked, as he swept them toward the case, and took the diary.

Whether it was a fellow feeling for this private chronicle with the lock like hers, yet so ineffectual, certainly the sight of Greta's diary being passed from one strange hand to another made a sudden breach in Lady McIntyre's hard-won self-control. "How you *can!*" She leaned forward to cast the three words into the dull face again over Greta's box. Grindley's hand was about to close upon a little gray silk bag which had fallen out of an envelop. Lady McIntyre was before him.

"*I 'll* see what that is!" she said.

Napier winced in anticipation of the undignified struggle to which Lady McIntyre's action had laid her open.

But not at all. Grindley's good manners suffered him to make only the most civil protest.

"I would n't, really. Please, take care!"

Too late. Lady McIntyre had untied the draw-string and opened the innocent-looking, feminine thing, only to draw back choking. Then she sneezed loudly. She sneezed without intermission as she held the bag out at arm's-length.

"Wha-atchew! What-atchew—*is* it? Chew!"

Grindley, handling the bag with caution, returned it to the thick waxed envelop and added that to his collection. Singleton had looked up an instant from his reading, sympathy in his attitude, a gleam

of entertainment in his eye, at recognition of this new object lesson in the unadvisability of a lady's poking her nose where a secret-service man warns her not to.

Napier stood anxiously over Lady McIntyre during the final paroxysm.

"What was that stuff?" he demanded of the oblivious Grindley.

"Usually snuff and cayenne," Singleton answered for him. "Harmless, unless it 's flung into the eyes."

"*'Flung in!'*" gasped Lady McIntyre, receiving, as it were, full in the face her first staggering suspicion.

"If you get only a whiff, the thing to do is to gargle, and bathe the eyes," Singleton advised politely, and fell upon his book again, like some intrigued reader of romance.

Lady McIntyre declined to go away to bathe and gargle. She sat wiping her streaming eyes and letting loose an occasional sneeze.

There still remained in the "boot"-box, as Napier had seen, two modest-sized receptacles to be examined. One was of nickel or silver. The other, a trifle larger, appeared, as Grindley lifted it out, to be an ordinary japanned cash-box, with the key sticking in the lock.

"Achew! chew! chew!" said Lady McIntyre, trying to clear her watery vision, the better to verify the fact that the box was full of English gold, most of it done up in amateur piles of twenty pounds each, sealed at each end.

Surprising, but not criminal, Lady McIntyre's inflamed face seemed to say.

"Maybe," she wedged the words in between a couple of less-violent sneezes,—already she was steadying herself after the shock of knowing that gray bag of devilment in Greta's possession,—"maybe she is custodian — others' — savings — some refugee."

Grindley had tumbled the rolls and the loose gold into his handkerchief. He knotted it and threw it into his case.

"I shall tell her!" Lady McIntyre's still streaming eyes arraigned him. "She shall know you 've got it."

"Of course," said Grindley.

"And now for the jewel-case." Singleton reluctantly closed the diary.

But it was n't a jewel-case. No close observer needed Singleton's "This is what you were looking for," to recognize Grindley's satisfaction at discovering a spirit-lamp and alcohol-flask fitted neatly into the box.

"It 's to heat curling-tongs," said Lady McIntyre in her rasped and clouded voice. "That 's all it is. Nothing in this world but the arrangement to heat her tongs. Every woman—"

"Miss von Schwarzenberg does n't curl her hair with tongs," said the astonishing Grindley, a man you would n't have expected to know if a woman's hair were green and dressed in pot-hooks.

"How do you know she does n't use tongs?" Napier could not forbear asking. Grindley, working with the lamp, made no reply.

"Do we understand you to say she does curl her hair with tongs?" Singleton inquired politely of Lady McIntyre. It was clear to Napier that part of Singleton's affair was to transact his business with as little friction as possible, to establish cooperation in the most unlikely quarters. "You *can't* say she uses tongs," he said persuasively.

"I certainly cannot say she does n't. Neither can you." Lady McIntyre stuck to her point as if she knew what hung upon it.

Grindley had unscrewed the wick-cap. "If she did n't use tongs, certainly she had used the lamp." The wick was charred. He lifted out the receiver and shook it.

"Nearly full," he said.

Singleton was rapidly going through the few things left in the bottom of the safe. Several leather jewel-cases. They revealed a truly astonishing store, chiefly diamonds.

"She can have these back at once," Singleton said, setting the cases down by Lady McIntyre's feet.

Grindley still hung over the alcohol-lamp. He had found narrow metal bands folded down at the sides of the box. They were supports, as he proved by setting them upright, and in relation to yet others, with

which they formed an overhead platform above that wired bed, which was so much more extensive than was necessary to supply the flame for the heating of tongs. But Grindley seemed to find no flaw in the arrangement. He made libation of alcohol, and felt for a match. As the wavering blue flame played along the wire mattress under the tester-like frame, Grindley put out a hand for the tracing-paper.

Napier could hardly repress an explosion of consternation as the heat of Grindley's lamp brought out clean and clear an outline drawing. But the only audible sound except a crackling of the tracing-paper, as Grindley held it up, was Lady McIntyre's bewildered:

"What do you call that?"

Grindley had thrown it down for Singleton to deal with, and now the unaddressed letter was being laid on the grille. Here for some reason the invisible ink answered less reluctantly to the warmth of the blue flame's invitation. Between the wide-apart lines appeared like magic the second letter. Again that stillness, a kind of drunkenness of pleasure on Grindley's part; again Singleton's quick reaction to success; again, the instant the lamp had done the work, its abandonment by Grindley. He looked at his watch.

"I suppose we must n't go without—" He moved toward the screen.

Lady McIntyre had made no effort to read a syllable of the new writing. She sat intensely quiet while Singleton folded the letter and blew out the lamp. All her exclamatory speech, all her fluttering motions, were as stilled as death would one day leave them. It was like the rest one takes after a prodigious journey. The distance traversed since the hat-box had been wrenched open was made as clear as though the last object in the box had been yet another lamp shedding an intenser ray. Singleton had brought out something rolled in a scarf of Roman silk. Two things were inside, a small box of cartridges and a revolver. It was then that Lady McIntyre, rising and steadying herself by the chair, showed how far she had come in these last moments.

"At all events, you can't say you 've found any bombs!"

"No; oh, no." If anything could minimize the implications of tragedy evoked by the sight of a revolver among the personal possessions of a lady in England, it would be the even pleasantness of Mr. Singleton's voice. "Nothing of *that* sort."

Those last moments in Miss Greta's room were almost as much a blur to Napier as they could have been to Lady McIntyre. He had a confused remembrance of meaning to go and look out of the window and of being halted by the challenge of a girl with long plaits. "Who goes there? No friend. Never again a friend." Singleton was busy putting away a medley of things into the despatch-case, while Grindley was churning up the contents of the drawers in the American wardrobe trunk with the energy that seemed so nearly passive and was so uncannily effectual. The great trunk held no papers and only the lesser trinkets. But the store of purple and fine linen! Lace and lawn and cobweb silk dribbed from half-opened drawers. Brocade and cloth, chiffon and velvet, swung out to view on adjustable supports. And all that brave show the unappreciative Grindley dismissed with a single word, "Nothing." And back he went to La Motte's "Dictionary."

Singleton picked up the jewels that had come out of the hat-box and held the cases out to Lady McIntyre.

She seemed, as she stood there steadying herself by the chair-back, to have gone momentarily blind. Singleton suggested she should take care of the more important jewels.

"No; oh, no!" she said and shrank back; and then the poor soul broke into weeping. "Under *William's* roof!"

Singleton slipped the jewels into the brown suitcase and led the way to the door.

Grindley stood with La Motte open in the hollow of his arms. Now and then he made a note on a piece of paper laid on the open page. They waited for Lady McIntyre to master her tears.

"What are you meaning to do?" she demanded.

Singleton did n't hesitate an instant. The lady would be shown every consideration. "Out of respect to Sir William."

"I suppose," said Lady McIntyre, with unexpected shrewdness, "it 's his duty to tell me that." She turned from Napier to the man who stood there with that awful "body of conviction" in the brown suitcase.

"It will be terrible to have her here—terrible; but, all the same, you shall not take her to London to-night."

"I am afraid those are our instructions," Singleton answered deferentially.

"Instructions!" she echoed. "Sir William issues the instructions here. You cannot take her away till he comes home. Mr. Napier,"—she clutched at his arm,—"will you ring up Sir William?"

On the other side of the threshold Grindley paused an instant and looked back. Reluctantly he shut La Motte and went back for his hat and stick.

"Oh, come away and shut the door!" wailed Lady McIntyre, casting a look of horror about the raided room. A few paces down the hall she loosed her hold on Napier and walked in front of the three men. Even before she got to her own room she put out her hand like a blind person feeling for the door. She seemed to fall against it. It opened and hid the little figure from their sight.

Napier followed guiltily behind the brown case, glancing in at open doors, listening over the banister.

Nan! his heart suddenly stood still. There was the cap of Mercury on the chest in an angle of the lower hall.

"What is it?" asked the observant Singleton.

"She has—they have come back!" said Napier.

"Oh, no." He went on with the same light, swinging gait.

If Singleton was not, certainly the noiseless brown presence at Napier's side could not fail to be, aware of the afternoon letters on a table in the hall below. The topmost ones in a pile bore the American stamp. Those would be addressed to Miss Anne Ellis.

An undefined dread which had lurked in the dark of Napier's mind, masking itself as dislike of the man Singleton, betrayed more than a hint of its presence in an anxious speculation as to whether these men, licensed to break all laws of human dealing, ought to be left alone a moment in company with letters and telegrams, and God knew what down there on the hall table. "We 'll go into Sir William's room and telephone him," Napier suggested.

Singleton looked at his watch.

"He 's due here in about a quarter of an hour. Meanwhile we 'd better take these in out of the wet."

Napier could have sworn Singleton was studying the topmost letter on Miss Ellis's pile. The only ones he touched were Greta's. All the same, Napier had to put pressure on himself to avoid picking up Nan's letters and secreting them in his own pocket.

Napier returned hastily to the man at the table.

"You have," he said, "some idea, perhaps, when Miss von Schwarzenberg is likely to be here?"

In the instant of Singleton's pause to enter a note in that little book of his, footsteps sounded on the gravel. Steps so quick and light, whose could they be but—Napier stood braced to meet the misery of this "coming back." To see her for the first time after that fleeting rapture among the rocks, to see her like this! Singleton turned his head. Grindley put out a slow hand. "I 'll take it," he said to a telegraph boy who stood there.

God! the relief!

"You were saying—oh, yes, *when*"—Singleton pocketed his note-book. "If nothing is altered, she 'll be back with the others in an hour or so. Say a little after six."

"Would n't it be advisable to see Miss von Schwarzenberg alone? From Sir William McIntyre's point of view might n't it be better to—a—detach Miss von Schwarzenberg from the rest of the party? To get some of what can't fail to be—a very disagreeable business over without—a—"

Singleton eyed him.

"Not a bad suggestion." He pulled out a time-table. "What do you say, Grindley, to doing without another night in that inn?"

Grindley was at his elbow, holding the orange-brown envelop superscription uppermost. "Schwarzenberg," all three read. Singleton dropped his time-table and laid hold of the envelop.

"No, you 'd tear it." Grindley's thick, soft thumb was already gently inserted under the flap. He persuaded it. He put the envelop in his side pocket and opened the paper slip. As the two secret-service men closed together to read the message, Napier made a quite instinctive movement for which he derided himself. He had drawn out of range, as though the telegram were the private property of these men.

Singleton dropped his end of the paper with an impatient, "Just exactly as interesting as usual." He gathered Miss Greta's letters in a pile and opened the brown case to receive them. The case refused to shut.

Singleton turned La Motte out.

"What 's the good of it?"

"M'm." The sound Grindley made reminded one of a child mouthing a sweet; but his vacant eyes never left the telegram.

"You have n't told me"—with difficulty Napier controlled his impatience—"I gather," he said, "that you know where to lay your hand on Miss von Schwarzenberg?"

"Tea ordered by Mr. Grant, Golden Lion, Newton Hackett," Singleton answered, still readjusting the contents of the case.

"Shall I see if I can get her on the telephone?"

Singleton hesitated. Over his shoulder he looked around at Napier with the faintest possible trace of a smile.

"Just as you like."

"Yes, it 's I, Gavan Napier. Speaking from Lamborough."

She was surprised greatly; you 'd say pleasantly surprised. Had Napier not stopped her, she would have been welcoming him, despite the fact conveyed by that subtle inflection which tells the experienced ear that the speaker at the other end of the wire is not alone.

"Don't use names," Napier warned. "Could you get away from your party and return here at once?"

"What 's happened?" The voice called.

"You might say Lady McIntyre wants you. She is n't ill. And she would specially like the party not to be broken up. The motor can go back for the others. One moment! Could you use your influence to prevent *any*body 's coming with you?"

After a second's pause the voice came: "The others have begun tea already. *Famished.* But I don't mind waiting to have mine with—perhaps with you! Good-by, dear—" Napier nearly dropped the receiver—"dear Lady McIntyre."

Before he rang off, he stepped back as far as the cord on the receiver allowed him to go, to the very threshold of the telephone room. He had suddenly remembered Nan's letters. Would they dare.

He could see the two quite plainly, Grindley with a glass at his eye, studying the telegram with Greta's dictionary between them. The message was in French, then. A sharp pricking of curiosity brought Napier back into the hall.

Grindley folded Miss Greta's telegram, returned it to its envelop, and stuck down the flap. Then he laid it, address uppermost, in the empty space between Lady McIntyre's letters and those of Miss Ellis, picked up the brown case, and passed Singleton with a murmured "Back in time."

"Perishing for a pipe," was his companion's comment to Napier as the stout figure turned off among the shrubberies. "Great person, Grindley!" Singleton picked up the topmost letter on Miss Ellis's file.

"How much is *she*—the American—in this, should you say?"

"You 're too good at your job," retorted Napier, "to imagine she 's within a thousand miles of being 'in it'."

"Oh, you think that?"

His look drew a sudden stricture round Napier's heart.

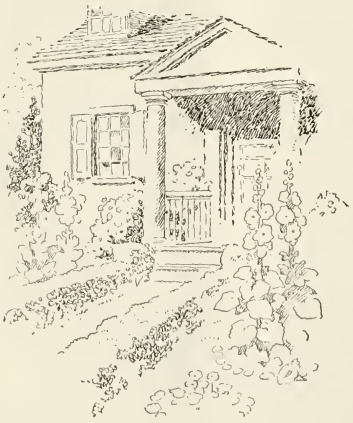
(To be continued)

The MASTER of the FLYING CASTLE

By William Rose Benét

Illustrations by Will Crawford

When white canvas towered in tiers,
From the sea-rim, cloud by cloud,
When from roadstead out to offing
All the sea gleamed thick with fame,
In from Java and the East,
From the lairs of God and beast,
With a wake like mermaids dancing
Aymar's *Flying Castle* came.



She was laid in Port o' Moonbeams,
She was launched in Noah's prime,
She seemed older than the triremes,
As we peered from headland grass.
In her hold was gold and cedar
Out of Tarshish, Tyre, and Edar,
And she trailed a bannered sunset
On a tide like burning glass.

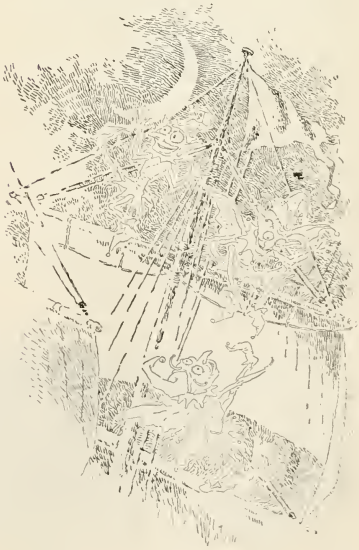
Aymar, master of the cove,
Every salty shipwright knew
Everywhere a rope was rove
Or a mate signed on a crew;
Trim white house, with hollyhocks,
Walk of shells, and hedge of box—
Meet him rolling down to harbor,
Buttons blazing from his blue.

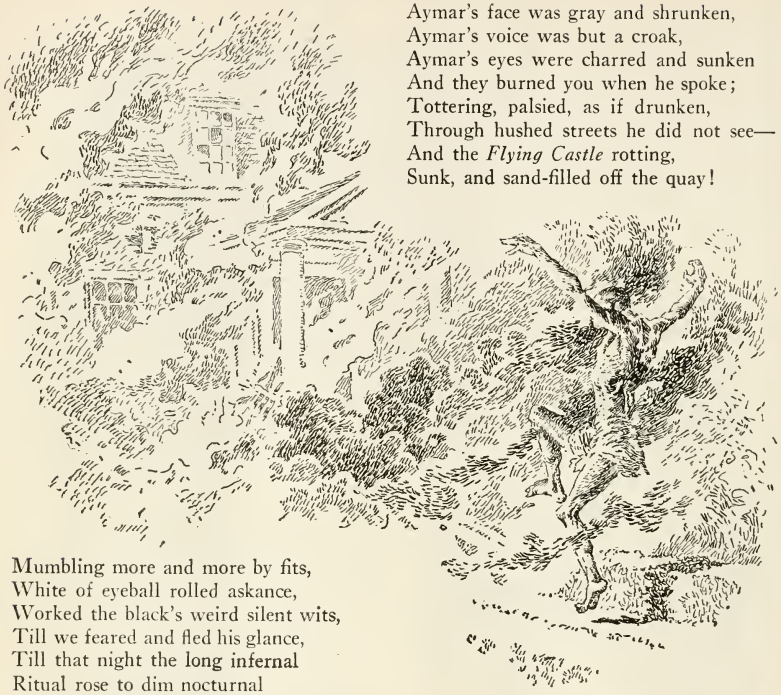
Bought that black in Mozambique,
Some outlandish port of call;
Brought him home that very week
When we saw her tower so tall.
Be a gardener for the lady,
Keep her little garden-close.
How we watched him weed, of mornings
With the bangle in his nose!
Soon enough the *Flying Castle*
Faced the seas where Auster blows.

Talked like Choctaw, did the black,
Lifted gentle, dark dog's eyes;
But we scouted through a crack
Of his shanty, and grew wise.
He would hold the withered charm
High with one long, ape-like arm,
Muttering, moaning as he swayed,
Till we crowded close together,
Hurrying homeward, yes, and prayed!

When the autumn storms were brewing
And the trees were leaved with flame,
Like a lover to proud wooing
Home the *Flying Castle* came.
Goblins jigging in her rigging,
Were the freezing flaws of spray.
Every samphire-bearded Triton
Greenly hailed her on her way.

Plunging, rearing like a stallion,
In the trough and through the crest,
Bulking golden as a galleon
On the witchcraft of the west,
Purple night in all the shrouds
Of her tropic-tinted clouds,
Till the headland flowered its beacon,
And the fiend stood manifest.

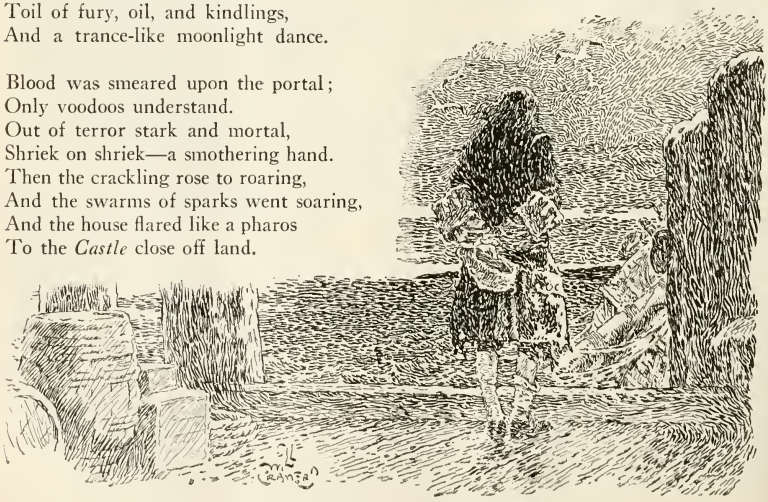




Aymar's face was gray and shrunken,
Aymar's voice was but a croak,
Aymar's eyes were charred and sunken
And they burned you when he spoke;
Tottering, palsied, as if drunken,
Through hushed streets he did not see—
And the *Flying Castle* rotting,
Sunk, and sand-filled off the quay!

Mumbling more and more by fits,
White of eyeball rolled askance,
Worked the black's weird silent wits,
Till we feared and fled his glance,
Till that night the long infernal
Ritual rose to dim nocturnal
Toil of fury, oil, and kindlings,
And a trance-like moonlight dance.

Blood was smeared upon the portal;
Only voodoos understand.
Out of terror stark and mortal,
Shriek on shriek—a smothering hand.
Then the crackling rose to roaring,
And the swarms of sparks went soaring,
And the house flared like a pharos
To the *Castle* close off land.



The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

V. THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE AND HIS SURGEONS

IN 1875 the peasants of Herzegovina, a district of Bosnia, infuriated by the taxes imposed by the Turkish officials and also by the demands for forced labor by their own Mohammedanized nobles, rose against their oppressors and defeated a small Turkish army. Instantly their Slavic brethren in Serbia, Montenegro, and even in the Austrian province of Dalmatia, flocked in as volunteers. Serious fighting set in, and diplomats began to spend anxious evenings and did much telegraphing. There is good reason to believe that both Austrian and Russian agents had been stirring up discontent in the province, for neither Czar Alexander II nor Kaiser Francis Joseph were men unwilling to fish in suitably troubled waters.

The case, nevertheless, soon became so dangerous that the European consuls in Bosnia had to stir themselves to end the disturbances. The insurgents, however, were tired of Turkish promises and of mollifying speeches from Christian peoples more fortunate than themselves. They demanded what amounted to autonomy. The sultan responded with pledges of glittering reforms. These did not end the insurrection, and on top of this the Turkish Government was obliged to display its evil state to all the world by announcing that it could not pay the full interest on its public debt. Such an act, of course, forced the issue. Many millions' worth of Turkish bonds were held throughout Europe. The bondholders were far more influential, and their outcries carried much farther, than the wretched Bosnian peasants. The first fruits of their clamors was the formation of a common program by the three great imperial powers, Germany, Austria, and Russia, which were then loosely allied together in what was known as the "League of the Three Emperors." With the consent of the other two empires, Count Andrassy, Chancellor of Austria, addressed a solemn admonition to the sultan, reciting the sins of his Government and specifying certain reforms which seemed indispensable. The Ottomans received this Andrassy note in January, 1876, with the nominal acceptance of most of its clauses; but the Bosnian insurgents were not willing to lay down their arms merely because the Austrian consuls now told them that the sultan had promised to be good; and the Turks retaliated by saying they could not institute reforms in taxation, fair treatment of the peasantry, the administration of justice, etc., while their subjects were still in arms against them. The insurrection thus grew, instead of ending. Serbia and Montenegro seemed on the point of declaring a regular war in behalf of their brethren in Bosnia, and

Mohammedan fanaticism in turn became kindled. In May, 1876, a fierce Moslem mob attacked and murdered the German and French consuls in the city of Saloniki.

Already the "League of the Three Emperors" was considering another attempt to calm the rising tempest. In May, 1876, appeared the Berlin memorandum, a document prepared after conference with Prince Bismarck by the Russian and Austrian prime ministers. It demanded an armistice with the Bosnians and the appointment of a mixed commission of natives, with a Christian president to arrange the affairs of their country. The insurgents were to be allowed to remain in arms until the sultan's promises became a reality. To this note France and Italy assented; but there was one power that did not assent, namely, Great Britain.

Many Englishmen since 1876 have considered this action by their Government as a crowning blunder. The prime minister of Great Britain at this time was Mr. Disraeli, soon to be known as the Earl of Beaconsfield. This brilliant and versatile leader of the Conservative party may fairly be called the founder of modern British imperialism. To him England was not a "tight little island," with a thriving commerce that was increased by the chance that she possessed divers colonies; she was the center of an enormous empire embracing manifold lands and races, many in species, but one in loyalty and abiding principles, and making the oceans her highway to bind her mighty members together. In compliance with this ideal, Disraeli caused Queen Victoria to be proclaimed "Empress of India," and otherwise indicated his belief in the imperial nature of Great Britain and her possessions.

Disraeli, however, carried with this zeal to extend the power and limits of Britain another passion, less fortunate, it proved, even for selfish British interests. All English statesmen in the later nineteenth century were bred in the belief that Russia was irrevocably their foe, and every move in the world's politics which seemed to Russia's advantage appeared a direct stab at the interests of their own empire. This feeling Disraeli possessed even beyond the majority of his peers. He was anything but a pacifist in his theories, and repeatedly he seems to have been quite willing to force diplomatic action with Russia to the breaking-point, and then to welcome the bloody issue. His colleagues in the ministry could usually restrain him, but to the end of his career he remained the distrustful foe of *anything* satisfactory to the czar. Disraeli, also, was of Jewish ancestry, although a member of the English Established Church. His enemies taunted him with an undue willingness to see good in Mohammedanism, and in any case he became an extreme apologist for the dark doings of the sultans and a strenuous defender of the "integrity of the Ottoman Empire." It is necessary to understand this point of view and these personal peculiarities of the prime minister of England to interpret the things that followed.

Great Britain refused to concur in the Berlin memorandum. There is no doubt that Disraeli felt justly piqued because the ministers of the three emperors proceeded to formulate common demands on the Ottomans without consulting England in advance. The "Concert of Europe" had been decidedly wrenched by the action. Nevertheless, the consequences of British refusal to support the demands of the other powers on the sultan spelled misery for the innocent and also caused a bloody war. The Turks had been accustomed to play one Christian empire against another, and then to snap their fingers. They now reckoned that Germany, France, and Italy would never go beyond diplomatic protests; Russia and Austria they also felt sure could not unite in a firm alliance; while England —for so Disraeli's attitude seemed to indicate—would probably give them military and naval aid against the czar.

In May, 1876, the Berlin note was presented, and almost simultaneously Great Britain, as if to show her friendship for the Turks, ordered a squadron to Besika Bay. In Constantinople matters were moving briskly. The reigning sultan, Abdul-Aziz, had disgusted all responsible Turks by his extravagance and gross inca-

pacity. There was a fairly intelligent faction in Constantinople which saw the empire drifting to calamity for lack of efficient leadership. This party secured the *fetvah* (solemn decree) of the Sheik ul Islam, the head of the Turkish branch of Islam, authorizing the removal of the *padishah* whose government was bringing ruin to the faithful. The guards about the palace were tampered with. Abdul-Aziz was easily overpowered and deposed, and his nephew, Murad V, was set upon the throne of Mohammed the Conqueror. In August he in turn was deposed, and in his place reigned his brother, Abdul-Hamid II, who was at first too inexperienced to have a will of his own, although later he was to develop into one of the shrewdest and bloodiest of all the Ottoman line.

While this national party among the beys and pashas was trying to introduce a modest degree of efficiency into the Constantinople government, to shake off foreign influence, and to rally the nation to the cry of "Turkey for the Turks," officers in their army were making it impossible for Great Britain to give their country the expected aid against Russia. The Bosnian revolt had spread elsewhere in the Balkans. The Bulgarian villages had become restless. There was a feeble insurrection in their region. About one hundred Turks were killed by the Bulgar insurgents. The answer came when the Government sent an army of regular troops and a still larger horde of bashi-bazouks, irregular soldiers under the laxest kind of discipline, into the Bulgarian mountains. The slaughter of the defenseless peasantry was terrible. In the town of Batak only two thousand of the seven thousand inhabitants escaped cold-blooded murder. The whole number of Christians thus massacred was probably over twelve thousand. Sex or age had not been spared, and a British commissioner, sent to investigate the rumors of horror, reported the whole deed as "perhaps the most heinous crime that has stained the history of the present century." Achmet Aga, the leader of this murderous crew, was, however, decorated by his Government for his brave services, and for an instant the Disraeli government committed the blunder of trying to minimize this deed of their announced protégés. But the English Liberal papers soon ran down the facts. Mr. Gladstone, former and future prime minister, and Disraeli's chief political opponent, left his theological studies on "Future Retribution" to write a famous and utterly damning pamphlet entitled, "The Bulgarian Horrors." The conscience of England was stirred by his speeches and publications. It assented to his stern dictum: "Let the Turks now carry away their abuses in the only possible manner, namely, *by carrying away themselves* . . . One and all, bag and baggage, [they] shall, I hope, clear out of the province they have desolated and profaned."

It was folly for the Disraeli government to invite repudiation at home by giving further countenance to a Government which could work deeds like these. "Even if Russia were to declare war against the Porte," wrote Lord Derby to Constantinople, "Her Majesty's Government would find it practically impossible to interfere."

War between Russia and Turkey was becoming every day more of a certainty. While the Bulgarian massacres were proceeding, Serbia and Montenegro had declared war (June, 1876) upon the sultan. Their zeal to rescue their oppressed fellow-Slavs in Bosnia was excellent, but a good cause does not always spell victory. The Montenegrins won some successes, but the more ambitious Serbian campaign speedily came to grief. Once more, as often has happened, it was disclosed that, grievously as the Turks had degenerated, they were still first-class fighting men. The sultan's ministers had not been too corrupt and inefficient to fail to obtain a good supply of breech-loading rifles. The Serbian Army, despite large reinforcements by Russian volunteers, was speedily defeated, and Prince Milan called lustily for an armistice. But the powers were unable to arrange a satisfactory accommodation between the contending parties. Every day that the quarrel continued promised new perils for the peace of the world, and the English in turn began to give their Otto-

man protégés frank advice about reforms and pacification. It was not English admonition, however, but Russian action, which brought a momentary respite. On the thirtieth of October General Ignatieff, the special ambassador of the czar to Constantinople, gave the Turks forty-eight hours to conclude an armistice with Serbia. With this pistol at his head, the sultan halted. Fighting ceased. The diplomats once more resumed their weary efforts, making a last desperate attempt to save the sultan from his sins.

In December, 1876, a conference of the powers met at Constantinople for the purpose of giving Abdul-Hamid II sage advice. Even as their excellencies the ambassadors were in session, sudden salvos of artillery distracted their august deliberations. Prompt questions were raised, and a sleek and smiling pasha announced that the *padishah,* out of his vast love for his people, had bestowed upon them a liberal constitution—a constitution, in fact, more liberal on paper than that of Russia, Germany, or possibly even that of Austria. A nominated senate, an elected chamber of deputies, a responsible ministry, freedom of meeting and of the press, compulsory education, etc.—all these blessings, by one stroke of the pen, were to come to the fortunate subjects of the successor of the califs and the sultans. The diplomats, however, were too hard-headed to be imposed upon by any such a farce. Even the British delegates refused to take the new liberty seriously, and the Russian ambassador soon quit Constantinople in wrath.

But the Turks used their new constitution with some adroitness as a scheme for further delay. How could the powers continue to demand reforms when all possible reforms were going to be voted and put into effect just as soon, of course, as the new parliament could be convened and pass the necessary measures? In the meantime, how could the *padishah,* as a "constitutional sovereign," enact legislation by his mere fiat? As for other matters, the Turks proved themselves to the ambassadors to be incorrigible. When the question of Bulgaria was raised, the sultan's ministers at first solemnly averred "they did not know what the word meant." They permitted themselves to remember that it might be a "geographical term for the region north of the Balkans," but that was all. In short, these slippery barbarians, "who wore tight clothes and chattered French," but who seemed to have neither honesty nor intelligence under their red fezzes, alienated their last friends, and drove even England to wash her hands of them. Lord Salisbury, going home in despair, declared that "all had tried to save Turkey, but she would not allow them to save her." Thus the year 1877 opened with war between the czar and sultan all but certain, and with England looking on as a neutral.

Czar Alexander II was probably an honest lover of peace, but despotic as were the institutions of Russia, he could not be indifferent to public opinion.[1] The Muscovite Empire had lately been stirred by a strong Pan-Slavic movement, an agitation for the union of all Slavdom in one confederacy, of course under the hegemony of Russia. So far as this affected the Slavs ruled by Austria, such an ambition had to be checked by the Government, or it would have led to interminable wars; but the rescue and vindication of the South Slavs of Bosnia and Serbia was a different affair. Likewise, the outraged Bulgars were counted Slavs, too; and their woes had produced a great impression at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

On April 10, 1877, the Turks in a spirit of incredible folly rejected the London protocol, a last despairing proposal for reform which had been flung at them by the concert of the powers. Down to the last the sultan and his grand vizir had hugged the delusion that England would somehow fight for them. Lord Salisbury had vainly telegraphed to London from the Constantinople conference, "The grand vizir believes that he can count on the assistance of Lord Derby and Lord Beaconsfield." Yet the British cabinet had, nevertheless,

[1] By Russian "public opinion" is meant, of course, that of the small, but influential, educated upper classes. The ignorant lower classes were then probably without any ideas about foreign policy save possibly a vague notion that it was always well to rescue Christians from the infidel.

failed to make it plain to Abdul-Hamid that it could never stand between him and the wrath of Russia, as he had now provoked it. The Turkish free parliament, although duly elected and opened with pomp in March, 1877, had instantly exhibited itself as nothing but a comically useless tool for the purposes of despotism. Its members were mere dummies for the Government,[1] and were speedily nicknamed the "Yes, Sirs" (*Evet, Effendim*), from their willingness to ratify every suggestion from above. On April 24 the czar took the long-expected action and declared war.

The Russian Navy on the Black Sea had not been rebuilt sufficiently since 1871 to cope with the Turkish fleet, which contained several formidable ironclads. The way to Constantinople, therefore, lay across Rumania. There were divided councils at Bukharest as to permitting the Russians to go through, but the sultan committed the blunder not merely of calling on "his vassal" to preserve neutrality, but of summoning Prince Carol to take up arms against the enemies of his suzerain. The prince was naturally anxious to become an independent sovereign, and speedily made a treaty with Russia for full alliance, although Gortchakoff, the czar's prime minister, arrogantly told him at first, "Russia has no need for the assistance of the Rumanian Army." The legions of Alexander II, therefore, streamed across Wallachia, while the prince issued a formal proclamation of Rumanian independence.

The Russians had entered into the war with enthusiasm and confidence that the odds were so entirely on their side that, if western Europe would only give them fair play, they could easily crush the infidel. Their difficulties, however, were great. The Turkish Navy prevented the use of transports on the Black Sea, and the railroads through southern Russia were few and in Rumania still fewer. The hindrances to moving huge armies at a vast distance from their base thus proved almost unsurmountable. The czar's forces also suffered, as in the Great War some four decades later, from rascally contractors and grievously imperfect munitions and supplies. Alexander, too, at first had trouble in finding highly competent generals. Nevertheless the incapacity of the Turkish commanders was, on the whole, so great that only the offsetting excellence of the Turkish infantrymen seemed likely to make the war at all equal. In the summer of 1877 the Russians forced their way over the Danube, penetrated Bulgaria, took Tirnova, the old capital of that afflicted country, and, to crown all, seized Shipka Pass, the best defile over the Balkan Mountains.

In their sudden advance through Bulgaria the Russians had neglected to occupy the small town of Plevna, located most strategically at the intersection of the main roads along which the invaders must pass. With some forty-five thousand men Osman Pasha flung himself into Plevna, and suddenly the Russians found their whole line of advance menaced. On July 20, not realizing the strength of their enemies, they assaulted with inadequate forces and met a bloody repulse. Ten days later a more powerful attack met a still greater disaster. There was nothing for it but the Grand Duke Nicholas must needs telegraph to Prince Carol to bring up his despised Rumanian allies to aid in the siege. The prince proudly required and obtained that he should be appointed commander-in-chief of the entire besieging force. On September 11 there was a third and still more desperate assault. The Rumanians covered themselves with glory before the bloody Turkish breastworks, but the pasha's inner lines could not be carried. The only option was to bring up reinforcements, hem Osman in, and slowly starve him out. This last stage of the siege lasted till December 10. In the meantime the whole Russian plan of campaign lagged, and if there had been real capacity at Constantinople, something might have been done to save the Ottoman Empire from

[1] When once it was evident that the new constitution would serve no purpose, it was duly suspended (1878), and, without being formally abolished, remained in innocuous desuetude until 1908, when it was very curiously revived.

overthrow. But Osman was unique in his tenacity and skill among the Turkish commanders. In Asia, in the Caucasus region, where, of course, an independent campaign could be conducted, the Turks had been driven from post to post, and on November 18 they lost the great fortress of Kars. At last, in December, the stout Osman was at the end of his resources. He served out his last biscuits and ammunition to his men and made a despairing attempt to cut his way through besiegers. The effort failed, and he surrendered, with forty thousand half-starved troops.

The surrender of Osman was followed by the speedy rout of the remaining Turkish armies. The czar's service had now developed two redoubtable generals, Gurko and Skobeleff. The first of these took Sofia and utterly defeated the army of Suleiman Pasha near Philippopolis; the second reopened Shipka Pass, which had been almost rewon by the Turks during the siege of Plevna. Serbia, too, was again in arms; likewise little Montenegro; while from every other quarter messengers of calamity hastened in toward Abdul-Hamid's palace. The Cossacks raged and raided through the Mohammedan regions around Adrianople in a manner that indicated that Christians also understood the arts of massacre. Adrianople itself fell in January, 1878, and so far as the sultan's own strength was concerned, the Turkish power was at an end. There was nothing for it but to negotiate. With a noose about their necks the Ottomans accepted an armistice on January 31, to be followed by the more definitive Treaty of San Stefano, signed on March 3, 1878.

San Stefano is a small village on the outskirts of Constantinople, the Russians having thus advanced almost to the goal of their ambition. The Muscovites were in great anxiety to tie their defeated foes by a hard-and-fast treaty and confront Europe with an "accomplished deed" before the other great powers, and especially England, could intervene. The czar's ministers knew that not merely England, but Austria, would fight to the death rather than see them occupy Constantinople, and they did not attempt it; but otherwise the changes they dictated were sweeping enough. Montenegro and Serbia were to receive appreciable increases of territory. Bosnia was to be "reformed" not by promises only, but under the joint control of Austria and Russia. Other reforms were to be granted the oppressed Armenians in Asia Minor, in which region a considerable strip of territory, including Kars, was to be ceded outright to Russia. As for Rumania, she was to be set up as a strictly independent nation, but she was to cede Bessarabia[1] to Russia and to receive in return, at the expense of Turkey, the Dobrudja, the miasmic, marshy delta of the Danube. But the most striking clause was that relating to the creation of an entirely new unit in modern Europe—Bulgaria. According to the terms of this treaty, a huge Bulgaria would have sprung into existence. Constantinople and its hinterland back to Adrianople, Saloniki, and the territory around it, and part of Albania would have been left to the sultan; otherwise he would have been expelled from Europe. The lost dominions were to be formed into "an autonomous tributary principality, with a Christian governor and a national militia." Abdul-Hamid's pride might be salved a little by saying that the new country was merely to be a vassal-region of the Ottoman Empire. The fact, of course, was evident to all men that virtually the vassalage consisted in a certain amount of tribute money, likely to cease some fine day. By their own sins and follies the Ottomans had had themselves pushed to the outermost corner of Europe.

As the Russians advanced, and, still more, as the full tenor of their demands became evident, a large percentage of the English public took ever-increasing alarm. The memory of the Bulgarian massacres was already fading; the fear of the Muscovites advancing along the road to India by way of Constantinople began again to grip the British heart. It was claimed,

[1] This strip of country was inhabited by Rumanians, but it had been held by Russia prior to the Treaty of Paris (1856), when the czar had been forced to surrender it.

with some show of justice, that the czar was anxious to impose a peace, as if the quarrel were between him and the sultan alone, to the total ignoring of legitimate British interests. Within the London cabinet there was much difference of opinion. Disraeli himself said whimsically that there were six parties in the ministry.

Thus for weeks the Muscovites and Turks confronted one another grimly at the very gates of Constantinople, while a British fleet rode in the Sea of Marmora, inside the Dardanelles, ready to land men at Constantinople itself in case the invaders showed signs of attacking the city. The whole situation was ticklish for the peace of Europe. The least untoward incident would have set the Russians and British at one another's throats, despite the fact that unless England had found a land ally, the struggle would have been, as Bismarck sarcastically declared, "a fight between an elephant and a whale."

In these circumstances war would surely have followed had not Russia been willing to consider the question of the revision of the Treaty of San Stefano. There were plenty of hot-headed officers around the czar and plenty of ardent Pan-Slavists in the rear quite ready to urge flinging defiance at Disraeli and tempting his Government to do its worst; but Russia's hand was forced by the threatening attitude of Austria. Despite the fact that Francis Joseph had given some kind of assurances of neutrality when the attack on Turkey began, Austrian troops now began to mobilize in the Carpathians in a position to make a deadly flank attack upon the Russians, strung out as they were in a long line of communication through Rumania and Bulgaria to the gates of Constantinople. The fear lest the proposed Bulgarian state would be a satrapy of Russia in all but name had entered the hearts of the leaders at Vienna no less than at London. It would have been tempting destruction to have fought both England and Austria simultaneously, and, as a consequence, even before the final signing of the Treaty of San Stefano, the czar began giving tokens of a willingness to compromise. Nevertheless, before Alexander II could be induced to lay the settlement of the Balkans before a general congress of the powers, there were tense moments and renewed threats of war.

During this period of stress, when London was tossed by a patriotic fervor, the famous phrase "jingoism" seems to have been coined. It probably originated from a popular music-hall effusion by an unofficial poet-laureate, which ran thus:

We don't want to fight,
But, *by jingo,* if we do,
We 've got the ships, we 've got the men,
And we 've got the money, too!

On April 1, 1878, Disraeli gave notice that the reserves of the British Army and Navy would be called out. Fifteen days later, to advertise to the world the solidarity of the queen's empire, he ordered eight regiments of Indian Sepoy troops to Malta. This sign of resolution brought the czar's ministers to a more tractable mood, and they agreed to such concessions concerning the boundaries of Bulgaria, etc., as to make it likely that peace could be maintained. But meantime Disraeli was proving to the Turks that he was not championing their integrity out of pure disinterested friendship. By letting them believe that Russia was likely to renew the war, and that English aid would be indispensable, the sultan was induced to promise that if Russia retained her conquests in Asia Minor, as it was perfectly certain she would do, and was likely to push her conquests farther, England would give armed aid to the sultan; but to enable England to defend these territories, the Ottomans gave her the occupation and administration of Cyprus.[1] The sultan also promised to introduce the "necessary reforms" for the protection of the Armenian Christians. The peculiar execution of these reforms and England's part therein were destined to play a very ignoble part in later history.

[1] The innocent Turks did not know that Great Britain and Russia had reached a working agreement five days before the Cyprus Convention was signed (June 4, 1878). They had bartered away a rich island for a promise to fight in behalf of the Ottomans, which England knew she would not have to redeem!

Russia was thus forced to submit her entire scheme for the reconstruction of the Balkans to a congress of the powers. This congress presently assembled (from June 13 to July 13, 1878) at Berlin, and was undoubtedly the most distinguished diplomatic gathering since the Congress of Vienna (1814-15).

That Bismarck, the acknowledged center of the public life of Europe, should preside over this assembly was of course only natural. He had invited the diplomats to accept the hospitality of his emperor on the ground that Germany had no selfish interests to pursue in the Balkans, was partner in no quarrels, and was intensely anxious to keep the general peace. He openly proclaimed himself as sure to be an "honest broker" for all his distinguished friends and clients. Nevertheless, the Russians went to Berlin with the firm expectation that the "Iron Chancellor" would prove their potent advocate and even their champion. The services Russia rendered Germany in 1870, when a broad hint from the czar prevented Austria from going to the aid of France, were admittedly very great. William I himself had written to Alexander II, "Prussia will never forget that she owes it to you that the war with [France] did not assume the most extreme dimensions; may God bless you for it." Now, surely was the time for active gratitude, for the exertion of all Bismarck's tremendous influence to see to it that the arrangements of San Stefano were modified as little as possible.

The Russians went to Berlin in at least partial innocency. They found themselves utterly deceived. The "Iron Chancellor" afterward said he in no wise deserved their wrath, but rather that he ought to have been decorated by the czar for his very friendly services. Russian public opinion, however, laughed his protestations to scorn. It could point to the undeniable fact that at the congress of powers Bismarck had swung all his influence over to the side of England and Austria, and had permitted the Treaty of San Stefano to be rewritten radically and that, too, in a manner to Russia's great hurt. The motives Bismarck had for this change of policy are explained elsewhere, but the accomplished results were blazoned before all Europe. In 1878 it became perfectly evident that between Berlin and St. Petersburg warm friendship had ceased.

Aside from Bismarck himself, the gathering at Berlin was notable. Seldom have more premiers or foreign ministers of mighty nations sat around one table. France and Italy were represented, although France was still too crushed by the events of 1870 to have much influence, and Italy was hardly yet counted a great power except by courtesy. Austria sent her prime minister, the astute Count Andrassy; Russia her chancellor, Prince Gortchakoff, a man of considerable ability, but on bad personal terms with Bismarck and therefore not a fortunate delegate to win the favor of the grim president of the congress; and England was represented by her capable foreign secretary, Lord Salisbury, and last, but not least, by Disraeli himself, now elevated to the peerage as the Earl of Beaconsfield. The proceedings of the congress were, of course, after the bad type of the old-style diplomacy, where the formal sessions and official protocols were to disclose and confirm only half of what had been determined in private conferences and "deals."

Bismarck and the strong Austrian influence were so decidedly on Beaconfield's side that he had little difficulty in forcing the Russians to assent to almost any terms which were not too humiliating. In fact, Beaconsfield personally seemed to dominate the entire gathering. "The old Jew —*he* is the man!" remarked Bismarck, pithily; and the English prime minister himself was quite aware of his hour of triumph. It is recorded that the Russo-Polish Princess Radziwill met him at a brilliant reception the night that the news of the Cyprus convention was made public. As he wandered among the throng of buzzing, criticizing, yet admiring, generals and diplomats, the princess asked the prime minister:

"What are you thinking of?"

"I am not *thinking* at all," replied Bea-

consfield, magnificently; "I am merely *enjoying* myself."

Substantially speaking, the Treaty of San Stefano was attacked on the ground that the Great Bulgaria, proposed by it, denied the claims of Serbia and Greece to expansion and unduly curtailed the Turkish dominions in Europe; for the sultan, so urged his apologists, must surely be left enough land west of the Bosporus still to be able to pass for a European power. But the readjustments were made very unskilfully, with far greater care on the part of the opponents of Russia to prevent the wide extension of her power than to make any redistribution of the Balkan lands that would meet the reasonable demands of national hopes and international justice. The principal points in the Treaty of Berlin can best be stated in summary:

I.—Some extensions were given to Serbia and Montenegro, but not so great as by the San Stefano scheme; and between the two South Slav countries was left wedged the "Sanjak of Novi-Bazar," a miserable little district now handed back to Turkey.

II.—Bosnia and Herzegovina were assigned to Austria, to be "occupied and administered" by her pending the restoration of their peace and prosperity. Theoretically, they were still part of Turkey. The Serbs and their kinsmen, the Bosnians, were angered at this evidence that Bosnia was not to escape from the moribund sultan into the hands of Serbia, but was to become a spoil of lusty Austria. Still, the new arrangement was on paper and "temporary," and the South Slavs were to live in vain hopes for thirty years, until Austria destroyed the illusion by downright annexation.

III.—Greece was given a promise of an extension of her northern borders—a promise which the sultan was slow to fulfil. It was only reluctantly and partly executed in 1881 after severe pressure from the powers. For the great Island of Crete, with its large Hellenic population, Greece pleaded in vain. It was left for thirty-four years more of bondage.

IV.—In Asia Minor, Russia was compelled to disgorge part of her conquests, although she retained the strong fortress of Kars. The sultan also solemnly engaged "to carry out, without further delay, the ameliorations and reforms demanded in the provinces [of] the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds." How Abdul-Hamid executed this binding promise will be told in a bloody sequel.

V.—The Great Bulgaria of San Stefano was flung into the scrap-heap. England would have none of it; the proposed new state, in her opinion, would become merely a Russian satrapy. The proposed unit was therefore cut into three parts, each with a different fate: (a) the southern region, especially Macedonia, was handed back to the sultan, to be oppressed by his myrmidons and its own factions until 1912, with a history miserable and bloody even beyond the run of Turkish provinces. (b) The northern regions, a "Small Bulgaria," were formed into an "autonomous and tributary principality," virtually clear of the sultan save for an annual tribute, to have a prince and constitution of its own. (c) Between Bulgaria and the Turkish dominions was to be an "autonomous province under the direct political and military authority of the sultan," but with a Christian governor named every five years. This new unit was eastern Rumelia. It was a wholly artificial creation, its inhabitants being almost entirely Bulgars. Common sense, which often evades great diplomats, should have indicated that it could hardly exist long.

VI.—As a sop to Russia and as a reward to the czar's people for their sacrifices in a victorious war, it was confirmed that Bessarabia should be detached from Rumania and given to the Muscovites. The desolate Dobrudja seemed a poor enough recompense for this loss of a land inhabited almost strictly by Rumanians, and Prince Carol's ministers pleaded in vain against the change. To no purpose they invoked the memories of their faithful service at Plevna. Gortchakoff was inexorable, and Beaconsfield was not willing

to risk a great war merely in behalf of an angry and outraged eastern European people. The weaker power gloomily submitted, one of her statesmen uttering the naked truth that "it was not vanquished Turkey which paid Russia for the expenses of the war, but Rumania."

With these results, then, the great Congress of Berlin adjourned, and Beaconsfield returned to London in fine feather, bringing, he told his applauding countrymen, "peace with honor," and also cynically asserting that he had "consolidated the Turkish Empire." He had consolidated it by allowing Turkey to be two thirds expelled from Europe and by causing England herself to bag Cyprus! The diplomatic wiseacres declared "peace and happiness were now assured the Balkans." On the contrary, forty years' retrospect shows that few human arrangements were more short-sighted and transitory than this much-lauded Treaty of Berlin, when Beaconsfield and Bismarck had made pawns of the peoples of southeastern Europe. The unhappy results that presently developed were these:

I.—The Bosnian question, which was thrust upon Serbia and Austria, became pregnant with almost certain war.

II.—Bulgaria was bound to reach out for eastern Rumelia and then for an outlet upon the open sea—the Ægean.

III.—The failure to award Crete to Greece promised hot friction and probably war between Greece and Turkey.

IV.—The return of Macedonia to the Turks implied that the miseries of that unhappy land would presently make it a veritable gunpowder factory for all Europe and indirectly for all the world.

V.—The action of Bismarck in favoring England and Austria at the expense of Russia was to erect a barrier between Germany and Russia that was soon to develop into an enmity which, in its own turn, was likely to breed a world war.

VI.—By exacting Cyprus from Turkey as a reward for "protection," England destroyed the claims of gratitude she might have had upon the sultan. Abdul-Hamid clearly understood that Great Britain had come to his rescue from no disinterested affection. From this time onward the diplomatic influence of Great Britain at Constantinople waned.

VII.—By helping to secure the return of Macedonia and other regions to the Ottomans, by other friendly acts, and by exacting no territorial concessions in return, Germany convinced the Turks that in *her* there was a really powerful and unselfish friend. This was the beginning of a German influence at Constantinople that twenty years later was to develop into mighty things.

To sum up the story of the Berlin settlement, it was no settlement at all; merely a *modus vivendi* and armistice before the resumption of intrigues and battle. Russia was bound to resume her thrust southward for access to open water; Turkey was bound to give another exhibition of her unfitness to exist as a ruler of civilized men; Austrian ambition was in no wise sated by the occupation of Bosnia; and Greece, Rumania, Serbia, and Bulgaria were each left with unsatisfactory boundaries and a particular burden of woe. Nobody left Berlin really satisfied save Beaconsfield, and he was to die in 1881, too soon to realize the imperfection of his vaunted achievement. History will say of him that he had an imperial vision for Great Britain and that he was a master politician, but not that he was a world statesman.

It is told that on the morrow of the signature of the treaty of Berlin, Bismarck sent for the Turkish representatives and said: "Well, gentlemen, you ought to be very much pleased. We have secured you a respite of twenty years. You have that period of grace in which to put your house in order. It is probably the last chance the Ottoman Empire will get, and of one thing I am pretty sure, *you won't take it.*"[1]

Part of the seeds of the calamity of 1914 had been sown in 1871, when Germany dictated an unjust treaty of peace to France. Another very large part, however,

[1] Marriot's "The Eastern Question," p. 346. The story may be apocryphal, but falls in well with probabilities.

was sown in 1878, when Beaconsfield and Bismarck imposed on the near East not a real peace, but a most unsatisfactory truce.

VI. BRITAIN IN EGYPT

In November, 1869, there was a great celebration in the border-land between Egypt and Palestine. The Suez Canal had been opened. It had been built by the skill, persistence, and energy of a great French engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had coaxed the money out of the financiers of Europe and overcome countless difficulties while conducting a vast enterprise in an almost waterless desert country. The fêtes at the opening of the canal were magnificent. It was just before the Franco-Prussian War.

Egypt, about 1870, appeared to be a land with certain superficial Western improvements. There were European quarters in Cairo and Alexandria, a few European officials and "advisers" in the khedival service, and the beginnings of railroads, with sundry steamers on the Nile. The army wore tight uniforms of the Western type and carried Western rifles. There was a great deal of bad French and Italian chattered in the larger towns, but otherwise Egypt was still a decidedly unspoiled Oriental Islamic country. The population was sunk in Eastern unprogressiveness and squalor; the system of government was virtually that of Turkey, with the average Egyptian official a little more tyrannous and rapacious possibly than the average Ottoman official. The khedive was nominally only the viceroy of the Turkish sultan; actually he was an hereditary semi-independent prince. Bribbery was so common in the courts that a *mufti* who failed to grow rich by taking fees for his decisions was looked upon as an extraordinary man. Torture, bastinado, the clipping of ears, or other mutilations were standard penalties for petty offenses. The ruling classes rejoiced in the name of Turks, though they were often of native origin. There was a considerable number of Copts, native Christians, who by superior intelligence maintained a tolerable position. The great bulk of the population, however, were wretched fellahs, the most abject, downtrodden peasantry in the near East, direct descendants of the bondsmen of the ancient Pharaohs, with little but their religion altered, and possibly subjected to the heaviest taxes anywhere in the world. Living in filthy mud-villages, ruled by the rhinoceros-whip of the khedive's tax-gatherers, dragged off frequently to forced labor on the Nile dikes, the roads, or other government works, they endured a lot beside which that of the late serfs in Russia was enviable. In short, Egypt was a country in which the veneer of civilization was very thin indeed.

England watched Egypt with anxious interest. It controlled the route to India. English statesmen had beheld the development of French influence in the country with great anxiety, and felt still greater anxiety because French capital and energy had directed the building of the Suez Canal. If there had been no Franco-Prussian War to ruin France, Frenchman and Briton might have clashed over Egypt; as it turned out, France was weak, and England was content to leave Ismail in quasi-independence so long as he kept up the outward forms of orderly government, despite much grievous oppression.

Ismail, however, with all the blood-money he extracted from his subjects, was fain to spend gold like a Crœsus. All kinds of financial harpies and adventurers, such as abounded in the Levant, had fastened upon him. They filled his head with grandiose schemes for public works, whereon the money was squandered and nothing was accomplished. The khedive, too, had a harem of enormous proportions. The various houris thereof were one and all importunate for Paris costumes, costly porcelain, precious jewels, elaborate furniture, and every other trickery which the West could foist upon the East. The khedive was as a child concerning European methods, but a horde of "bankers," French, German, and Jewish, assured him he was a Solomon in money matters and got him to sign one authorization after another for

a new issue of Egyptian bonds. Naturally, every person at the Cairo court had his hand in the treasury, and this régime was delightfully popular in the favored circle. Often the plundering was open and gross, and of Ismail it was well written that "he always contrived to obtain *the least possible value* for his expenditure."

In 1875 it was evident that the khedive's financial exploits were nearing their climax. He then disposed of his last great asset, four million pounds' worth of shares in the new Suez Canal. The astute English prime minister, Disraeli, got wind of the fact that Ismail was trying to negotiate these shares in the Paris money-market, and before the French Government or any other power could intervene, he bought the whole block on his own authority for England and then got Parliament to ratify his act. Three English directors henceforth sat on the board of the canal company. Paris grumbled, but was helpless. England was tightening her grip on the all-important road to India.

This sale, however, did Ismail little good. He was at the end of his financial rope. In 1876 came a time when he could no longer borrow even at most ruinous rates of usury. The result was that interest on the Egyptian debt was suspended. At first England refused to intervene, but when it became clear that France intended to force a thorough overhauling of the khedive's affairs, Great Britain decided to join with her. In 1878, therefore, the pressure from the great powers led to the appointment of ministers who were directly under European influence and who could be relied upon to stop the financial disorders. But Ismail was not anxious thus to be allowed to reign indeed, but no longer to govern. Early in 1879 he stirred up a mutiny in his own army, with the main object of compelling Nubar Pasha, a very enlightened Armenian, to resign as his prime minister. Ismail reckoned that France and England were too jealous of each other ever to agree on a scheme of actual coercion; but he failed to reckon on Germany.

Bismarck's real motives are not very clear, though the chancellor speedily announced that the interests of certain German creditors made intervention necessary. The Turkish Sultan took the hint. He was only too glad to show that, in name at least, the khedive was only a viceroy. On June 26, 1879, came a telegram from Constantinople to "Ismail Pasha, *late* Khedive of Egypt," informing his highness that his son ruled in his stead.

Tewfik, his son, thus "succeeded to a bankrupt state, an undisciplined army, and a discontented people." France and England agreed on a scheme for dual control of the finances to pay off the vast debt, each of the two guardian powers naming some of the fiscal managers who were to try to introduce order into Ismail's financial confusion. But the sight of Europeans taking virtual charge of Egyptian affairs kindled the anger of various native elements. There is not the slightest evidence that the despairing peasantry, on whom the burden of taxation almost entirely fell, were anything but glad at any change which promised a little relief. Sundry army officers, however, saw their fat posts in danger. In 1881 the regiments began to mutiny and to demand the dismissal of unpopular ministers, and in February, 1881, a certain Colonel Arabi, an upstart adventurer, by almost training guns upon the palace forced the khedive to appoint him as war minister.

If England and France could have agreed upon joint action to rid the khedive of this mutinous dictatorship, all might have been well. They did, indeed, send a joint note to Egypt, warning the native rulers that the mutineers were playing with fire and that a country dominating the Suez Canal could not be suffered to fall into anarchy. Each nation also sent a fleet to Alexandria, but France was very distrustful of England and feared to be made a cat's-paw by her old rival; also at this moment there was a cabinet crisis in Paris, and home politics made the French Government weak and unwilling to embark on anything like war.

Arabi and his irresponsible "Egypt for Egyptians" party soon forced the issue and

compelled England to take action alone. On June 11, 1882, there was a serious massacre of Christians in Alexandria, and the case for all the Europeans in Egypt became so threatening that a few days later over fourteen thousand of them fled the country, while many others anxiously awaited steamers. Arabi, who now felt very confident, next committed the blunder of beginning to build batteries wherewith to drive the British fleet from the harbor of Alexandria. This was too much for the British admiral. The French ships refused to assist him, but on July 11, 1882, his eight ironclads opened fire. Ships against forts are proverbially at a disadvantage, but Arabi's gunners were wretched, and although the ships had some slight losses, they presently silenced all the batteries. The next day British troops and marines landed in the city to stop the looting and murder by the mutineers.

Arabi, however, remained still defiant. He had managed to keep the obedience and loyalty of his men, and by holding the khedive in semi-captivity pretended to retain the forms of lawful authority. In England there was a Liberal cabinet, headed by Mr. Gladstone. The ministry was very loath to let itself be diverted from its long program of domestic reforms by any kind of foreign adventure. But Arabi was now in a mood to make a drive at the Suez Canal and to menace the precious route to India. Besides, his rule in Egypt promised nothing but outrage and anarchy. France was still too hesitant and too fearful of a sudden thrust from Germany to be willing to send an army. Italy sent good wishes, but did not care to do any fighting. There was nothing for it but for England either to present Egypt to Arabi or to drive him out, and the Gladstone ministry was not pacifistic enough to refuse a plain national duty.

Early in September the British, led by the queen's ablest general, Lord Wolseley, landed a small army of their best old-style professional troops at Ismailia, on the Suez Canal. Arabi had been expecting an attack near Alexandria, but now he assembled his forces somewhat skilfully to meet the invaders. There was only one battle, at Tel-el-Kebir. At dawn on September 13, thirteen thousand British regulars struck twice as many Egyptians, supported by seventy cannon. There was a volley or two, and some hard fighting on the summit of the Egyptian intrenchments; then the miserable fellah infantry broke and ran. The British cavalry chased them furiously, merrily slapping the runaways from behind with the flat of their sabers and soon transforming the whole native army into a flying rabble. All the Egyptian guns were taken. There had never been a more complete victory.

The last courage oozed out of the khedival army, and when the next day five hundred English horsemen, after a furious ride, appeared before Cairo, eleven thousand native troops, with a strong citadel, surrendered after hardly a shot. On September 19 the "Official Journal" of Cairo appeared with a laconic decree of the khedive, "The Egyptian Army is disbanded," a significant story in few words. England was fairly grasping Egypt, the key to the East and to India.

No enemy of Britain would believe the statement, but nevertheless it was a fact that the island empire was not anxious to retain possession of this old land of Rameses and Cleopatra. The Gladstone cabinet contained a large element that was almost fanatically opposed to anything like conquest and aggressive war. John Bright, the great radical leader, had resigned from it in July, 1882, rather than seem to give consent to Lord Wolseley's expedition. Less extreme Englishmen realized that to retain their grip on Egypt meant to enrage France, which, since Napoleon Bonaparte's invasion, had regarded the country as in one sense her own. It would also seem a direct slap at Russia in her pressure southward, and would estrange the Turks, who still considered Egypt as an outlying *pashalik*. Italy and Austria, likewise, as hopeful Mediterranean powers, would hardly be pleased. Only Germany, curiously enough, seemed wholly quiescent. Bismarck's shrewd lips hardly concealed his satisfaction at a turn which seemed to

set France and England permanently asunder.

Nevertheless, it was soon perfectly clear that, after seizing the Egyptian bunch of nettles, to drop it would be hard. In Cairo the bulk of the natives did not hide their delight at the coming of the British troops, and two thousand six hundred European residents of Alexandria signed a petition in favor of permanent occupation. Lord Granville, the statesman in charge, announced, indeed, that "he contemplated shortly commencing the withdrawal of the British troops from Egypt"; but when attempts were made to untangle the situation and to put Tewfik in a position to rule firmly and progressively, the case seemed almost hopeless. There was really no effective native element to fall back upon. Arabi was tried for treason and banished to Ceylon, but what was to prevent another adventurer from doing his bloody work all over again? The vast debt accumulated by Ismail was still unpaid. It was needful to put Egyptian finances under a competent British expert, Sir Auckland Colvin. This of course was followed by the discovery that the whole internal administration of the country was hopelessly rotten. The canal system and the control of irrigation from the Nile had been allowed to run down, so that much arable land was reverting to desert, thus, of course, reducing the whole food supply of the country. The khedive, therefore, had to receive the authoritative "advice" to put his four important departments of irrigation, army, justice, and police under the charge of British agents. He was also told to prohibit the bastinado for extorting confessions in the courts, hitherto an indispensable part of about every Egyptian trial. On top of these changes, the cholera broke out to claim its thousands, and the British medical men found themselves helpless to check the scourge so long as native officials stubbornly refused to carry out their suggestions. There was nothing for it, despite much talk of an early withdrawal, but to defer the announced evacuation. Sir Evelyn Baring (later Lord Cromer), an administrator of remarkable tact and ability, was stationed at Cairo in 1883 as "agent" and consul-general. At convenient call there was a small, but reliable, body of British troops, usually some six thousand men. Baring's position nominally was only that of adviser and next friend to his Highness the khedive; actually, his advice was of a kind that it would have cost Tewfik his vicegeral throne to disobey. Baring thus took his post in September, 1883. He left it in 1907. The evacuation of Egypt, despite the scowls and even the menaces of France, was seemingly to take place at "the Greek kalends," or, which is to say, never.

Hardly were the British in full possession of Cairo than a new factor arose to plague them and to render evacuation difficult. Ismail and his predecessors had conquered in a partial, haphazard way a huge province south of Egypt along the upper Nile, and were reaching into the heart of Africa almost to the great Nyanza lakes, whence issues the mighty river. This Equatoria was a most ill-compacted territory of half-naked head-hunters, uncouth desert tribes, negroes, "Arabs" (that is, partly negroid Mohammedans), etc. Its Government was utterly feeble; its commerce was almost exclusively in slaves and ivory. Only at the capital, Khartum, was there something like a civilized community, a collection of Levantine traders, a few government buildings, and fairly regular communications with the north. The cataracts in the Nile, however, made through traffic by steamer impossible, and there was as yet no railway system. Equatoria, in short, was a misgoverned, inchoate block on the map, containing mostly savages, hippopotami, and desert or jungle. It added nothing to the strength and glory of its nominal master, the khedive.

When Tewfik's power began to be shaken in the north by Arabi, and when the empty treasury made it almost impossible to pay the Egyptian garrisons, the khedive's power in this vast province quickly evaporated. A *Mahdi* (messiah) arose in 1881. His methods were obviously an

imitation of those of Mohammed, but he declared war impartially on Moslems and Christians.[1] He would conquer all Egypt, then Constantinople, then the rest of the world, and finally enforce a new religion. The tribes of the Sudan followed him by the thousands. He was able to inspire his converts with the implicit conviction that those who fell fighting in his cause sped straight to paradise. The result was that they rushed into battle swinging their simitars with all the fanaticism of the first converts to Islam.

The dissolution of authority in Egypt in 1882 left the Mahdi free to make headway in Equatoria. In 1883 the slowly reorganizing Egyptian Government tried to do something to check him, but England refused to send troops. Equatoria, declared Lord Granville, was no concern of Great Britain's. As a consequence, an Egyptian army, described as a "worthless rabble of Nile fellahs," was sent against the messiah. The general was Hicks Pasha, a brave Englishman in the khedival service, but very few reliable men followed him. Hicks's forces wandered into the desert until almost crazed by thirst, and then were attacked and massacred nearly to a man by the Mahdi.

Soon all that was left of Equatoria were a few hard-pressed garrisons and especially the town of Khartum. The English ministers were resolved to evacuate the Sudan, for to hold it was beyond the power of the khedive, and they had no ambition to station a British army in the heart of Africa. But the loyal garrisons had to be rescued, and in 1884 General Charles George Gordon, a British soldier of fortune of a remarkably attractive personal type, was sent out to the Sudan with orders to bring the garrison and foreigners away in safety.

Gordon had caught the imagination of England by his surprisingly winsome character and by his robust faith in Christianity. He had been before in the Sudan in the khedival service, and the natives loved and trusted him. It was supposed he was to arrange promptly for the evacuation of Khartum, but there is no doubt that he was made to feel that very much was left to his discretion. Certain, he was treated when he left England as if he had carte blanche to untangle a perplexing situation. "Lord Granville took the general's ticket; Lord Wolseley carried his hand-bag; the Duke of Cambridge held open the door of the railway carriage." Gordon reached Cairo in January, 1884, and proceeded to Khartum. Very soon it appeared that he was unable to arrange promptly for the evacuation.

To this day it is a moot question just why Gordon failed to get away from Khartum. Since he perished there, his own detailed story was never told, although he managed to send through his despatches from time to time explaining his position. The probability is that, once on the ground, he felt it outrageous to abandon a great region, and especially many native tribes who were friendly to Egypt and the Europeans, to the cruel mercies of their foe, the Mahdi. Presently it became evident that Gordon could not himself leave Khartum even if he would. He was closely besieged in the city, with a small loyal garrison and a few Europeans and friendly natives, by a horde of fanatics thirsting for his blood, and the English advisers in Cairo began bombarding London with telegrams urging a prompt expedition up the Nile to save him from destruction.

A Nile expedition was one of the last things the pacifist Gladstone ministry desired. It implied a further dip into the unwelcome Egyptian adventure. There was a strong disposition to believe that Gordon could escape if he only wished to, and therefore to leave him to his fate. But Gordon was a hero to half of England. Countless voices were raised in his behalf. His case entered politics. Very reluctantly, therefore, Mr. Gladstone's cabinet ordered an expedition under Lord Wolseley to ascend the river and rescue Khartum. It was a difficult advance, now across the desert, now portaging boats

[1] Mahdism seems to have borne about the same crude resemblance to Islam that Mormonism presented to Christianity.

around the boiling cataracts. A contingent of Canadian *voyageurs* was used to navigate the Nile rapids. At last the final dash was made. On January 28, 1885, the head of the expedition came in sight of Khartum. Their steamers were then met with a heavy fire. The whole town was evidently in the hands of armed barbarians. Two days earlier Gordon, who had held out until his garrison had been fed on crushed palm-fiber and gum, had been overpowered and slain. Thus the entire Sudan had passed into the power of the Mahdi.

There was nothing for it but to retire. Wolseley's force was too small to break the Mahdi's power and avenge Gordon, but great was the sorrow of England. It was felt, and not unjustly, that the Gladstone ministry had almost deliberately sacrificed the heroic general by its cold-blooded procrastination in not sending the relief expedition until it was too late. In the next parliamentary elections this dissatisfaction over the casting away of Gordon was a large factor in the balloting which drove Mr. Gladstone from power.[1]

The new Conservative (Salisbury) ministry, which took the reins in 1885, had too many problems, however, to undertake to crush the Mahdi merely for the sentimental satisfaction of avenging Gordon. A garrison was placed on the southern confines of Egypt, and it was not hard to keep the fanatics from penetrating north. The Sudan relapsed temporarily into degenerate barbarism.

But if the Sudan was thus abandoned, Egypt could not be abandoned. Only the inveterate foes of England have been able to deny that to have returned the country to its native rulers would have been to blast the chances of the miserable peasantry ever seeing better days. If England had withdrawn, some other power would have cheerfully assumed at least *this* part of "the white man's burden"; and no British Government was able to permit a rival nation to camp itself on the route to India. In general, the English did not abolish the native administration. At the elbow of the khedive was the all-powerful consul-general and "adviser," whose word was law to the Cairo garrison and therefore to his Highness himself. Behind each one of the khedival ministers were yet other British advisers, whose suggestions usually amounted to mandates. The country was poor. The French, angry enough at the English occupation, insisted on the scrupulous discharge of the huge debt. Only by a great effort and a most skilful piece of financiering was the country rescued from bankruptcy and a little surplus accumulated for public works and reforms. In 1888, for the first time, the treasury books balanced, and then came steady improvement. The cruel *corvés* (forced labor system) for keeping up the Nile canals were abolished, and decent wages were paid to the toiling fellahs. The irrigation and agricultural systems were improved, something like efficient schools were introduced, and peasants capable of enterprise and thrift learned that they were not to be ruinously taxed and plundered by a rapacious government just as soon as they displayed a little prosperity. Justice could no longer be purchased in the courts. Wise supervision trebled the cotton crop and the sugar crop. A railway was built along the Nile, and last, but not least, by means of certain great dams and reservoirs, especially the magnificent dam at Assuan, at the southern end of Egypt proper, it was made possible to increase enormously the amount of land irrigated by the Nile, and so to reclaim millions of acres of arable fields from the desert.

Another reform of a very different kind was that of the native army. The old-line khedival troops were probably as inefficient wretches as ever disgraced a uniform. Now, under British auspices, soldiers were no longer collected by dragging them off in chain-gangs; but a small contingent was more peaceably enlisted, and the men, "to their astonishment, found themselves well fed, well clothed, unbeaten, paid punctually, and even allowed furloughs to visit

[1] The Liberals had styled their leader the "G. O. M." that is, the "Grand Old Man." Their Conservative opponents declared the letters meant "Gordon's Only Murderer." The parody stuck long.

their families." These new troops proved reliable against the Sudanese dervishes, and gradually their force was increased, and army service became popular. By 1897 the reformed Egyptian Army had reached such efficiency and the treasury was so well prepared to stand an extra strain that, with a little help from England,[1] it was determined to try to reconquer the Sudan.

The Mahdi, the self-appointed messiah, had long since perished. In 1885 he had wronged a woman, who took vengeance by administering to the prophet a lingering poison from which he expired after eight days of prolonged agony. Superstitions, however, died hard in the land of fanatics. A favorite lieutenant of the Mahdi now proclaimed himself "khalifa" (successor) in his stead, and he speedily gained complete ascendency over the semi-negroes of the Sudan. Tens of thousands of swarthy dervishes, convinced that death in the holy war opened the portals of paradise, obeyed his summons.[2] His chieftains were men of a good deal of military ability. An attack upon his power was nothing to be attempted lightly.

In 1897 there were preliminary encounters, preparation, and clearing of the frontier posts. In 1898 the real advance on Khartum began. The expedition was supposed to be conducted jointly by the British and the Egyptian governments, under the common command of the "sirdar" (general-in-chief), Sir Herbert Kitchener, a British leader who had already won a marked reputation. The whole expeditionary force amounted to about twenty-three thousand, with ten gun-boats and five transport-steamers on the Nile. A great part of the difficulty lay in getting around the cataracts and in building railways across several short-cuts through the desert where the river made a great detour. At last, on September 1, 1898, the army had worked close to Omdurman itself, only two miles north of Khartum, and there it met the host of the khalifa, all in battle-array.

It was a picturesque, hideously spectacular battle—a battle between aggressive civilization and embattled barbarism, such as when Cortés flung his strange and terrible horsemen upon the redoubtable Aztecs. The dervishes far outnumbered their enemies. They formed a crescent around the Anglo-Egyptians, then charged in solid battalions, roaring their pious invocations to Allah, and bent on sweeping the invaders back into the Nile. The sirdar's cannon tore gaps in them, but they came forward, "never slackening their advance except when groups halted to discharge their muskets at impossible ranges. Waving their flags and intoning their prayers, the dervishes charged on in utter scorn of death; but when their ranks came within range of musketry-fire, they went down like grass under the scythe." Here and there the dervishes almost came to grips with their foes, but nowhere was their headlong valor able to get them through the zone of death made by the magazine-rifles. By eleven o'clock Kitchener could order a general advance. The remnants of the fanatics now broke and fled. The khalifa, doubting his own pledges of paradise, escaped on a swift dromedary. About ten thousand of his followers had perished outright. Very many more died of their wounds. The remnant of the army was scattered. Kitchener entered triumphantly into Omdurman and then Khartum, and there, opposite the ruins of the palace where Gordon had met his doom, the British regiments paraded, a chaplain read the funeral service, and the assembly sang the fallen hero's hymn, "Abide with Me." Thirteen years had gone by, but Gordon had been well avenged.

The Sudan, however, came near being the occasion of a far greater war than that with the khalifa. Hardly was Kitchener fairly in possession of Khartum than he learned with astonishment that six white

[1] The British Government loaned Egypt eight hundred thousand pounds at only two and three quarters per cent., also a sufficient force of British regulars to give a good stiffening to the army.

[2] The khalifa would regale his followers with tales such as that in a vision the late Mahdi had given him "an oblong-shaped light" which, in turn, had been transmitted by the Angel Gabriel directly from God Almighty. Hearers who did not believe such sayings were promptly silenced by torture or death. A pretentious mosque was erected at Omdurman over the Mahdi's grave, and miracles were claimed to be worked at it.

men and one hundred African troops were in possession of Fashoda, a village on the White Nile, three hundred miles to the south. The sirdar hastened down in person. He found there a French major, Marchand, who, with a very small force, had been for two years heroically battling his way across deserts, swamps, mountains, and rapids from the French west coast of Africa to these headwaters of the Nile. There he expected to plant the flag of France permanently, and to hold it against Great Britain and all the world. Had the Anglo-Egyptian expedition been a little later, very possibly he might have succeeded.

As it was, however, although Marchand stoutly refused to haul down the French flag at Kitchener's orders and said he would die first at his post, both officers had the common sense not to come to blows, but to refer the case to London and Paris. Lord Salisbury's government at once took a stiff attitude. The victory of Omdurman, it announced, had put them in control of the whole Nile Valley and had given them all the lands claimed by the khalifa, including Fashoda. The French were angry, and if they could have persuaded themselves that their navy was a match for England's, they might have refused to recall Marchand and so have forced the fighting. But with their smaller fleet they felt helpless, especially as Franco-German relations at the time were bad. Marchand returned to Paris, to be praised, lionized, and fêted. He was a brave and resourceful man who just missed winning a great reward.

This Fashoda incident, needless to say, was intensely humiliating to France, and for several years made her relations with England very bitter. No person reading the Paris or London papers of October, 1898, could have imagined that 1914 would see Gaul and Briton in hearty alliance. So much could the common dread of Germany avail to suppress old grudges!

By 1914, Egypt, thanks to English supervision, had become a transformed country. It was prosperous, progressive, and, for an Oriental land, reasonably clean. To the great Sir Evelyn Baring, Egypt owed a large part of the success of the new régime. Cromer deserves to rank among the very wisest and best of the British proconsuls. The bulk of Egypt's people were contented with the new régime and recognized its benefits. There was, indeed, a party of Egyptian Nationalists which clamored noisily for the withdrawal of the English and for large political rights. They represented only a number of semi-educated natives who hungered for public office. The majority of the people took no interest in politics and were content with any government so long as it was beneficent. A beginning had already been made of setting up a council of native representatives.

The political condition of the country was anomalous, however. Theoretically, the British occupation was only temporary, the khedive being the vassal not of George V, but of the Turkish Sultan, since the British "advisers" were mere sojourners who might at any moment depart. Practically, however, everybody knew that England had come to stay. Since 1904, France had formally agreed not to urge her old rival to fix a date for quitting the country. However, the great empire which was ever more intent upon becoming England's successor to world power had fastened eager eyes upon Egypt. In scores of writings the Pan-Germans indicated their belief that Egypt was Great Britain's Achilles's heel, the capture whereof would topple over her entire dominion. Therefore a cardinal part of their program was to cultivate friendship with the Turk, as being, among other things, the master of the land route in attacking Egypt; and another part of their plotting was to stimulate disaffection and even rebellion among the Egyptian nationalists.

"Severely Wounded"

The Story of a Wounded American in a French Hospital

Transcribed by RUTH DUNBAR

WHAT happened here can never happen again. It was early in the war, before we had come in, before every man and woman in America was giving to the Red Cross or rolling bandages. The Allies were doing the best they could.

It all happened in a French hospital in those dark days of Verdun when a soldier bled to death for lack of five yards of gauze, five hours of trained care by the woman who could not reach him, or five minutes of skill that the surgeon could not spare. And I show it here, this dark reverse, that America may never falter in her great task of caring for those who have walked the middle road.

I have another reason for putting down all that happened to me after that day when I fell to the field from my machine. To-day, when hundreds of American homes are stricken with the anguished hope which follows that message, "Severely Wounded," my story may have some rayful meaning. How I fought the fight from a hospital bed, why I fought it, and why, now that it is all over and I face a life of circumscribed activity, I can still say, "I am glad," may bring some of my own peace to those here at home.

I had never expected to walk the middle road. At twenty, one's dream of war is either of glorious living or more glorious dying; and I was just twenty when, reaching Europe by way of a mule-ship, I enlisted in the Lafayette Escadrille.

My first battle in the air was my last. I had fired one shot; my machine-gun had jammed. A German was at my left, two were on my right, one was underneath me, and the man I had first attacked was still behind me. From the silence of my gun they would know there was nothing to fear. My fight was over. I was too far behind the German lines to dive straight to earth. I could only manœuver back to Bar-le-Duc, where my escadrille was stationed.

I began to loop; I swung in every direction; I went into a cloud. Bullets followed. One scratched my machine, and I slipped away from the man who fired it, and threw the belly of my plane upward.

I was then about twelve thousand feet up. It was while I was standing completely on my head, the belly of my machine skyward, that something struck me. It felt like the kick of a mule. With the sensation of losing a leg, I put my hand down to learn if it was still there. I was strapped in too tightly to be knocked overboard, and I had the presence of mind to cut the motor. But as my right foot went back with the shock of the bullet, my left foot sprang forward. So, with my commands reversed, my leg knocked out, still standing on my head, I fell into a spinning nose-dive.

Around and down I went. It was all over. Soon I should hit the ground, as I had seen many friends hit it. That would be all. How strange that I, the I who had seemed undying, should hit the ground like all the rest! I remembered a boy I had picked up when I first started training. I should look like that. I remembered when I had picked up my captain. I had cried. Would any one cry over me?

Around and down—why, could this be death, this ease—almost this ecstasy—of giving up? There was no terror, no numbness; nothing but just my clear mind following my body—following, not fighting. Why, death could not be like this! France,

my usefulness, my job—all this I was giving up without a struggle.

"Stop yourself, coward!" I was shouting it out loud, trying to shout it above this rush of air that had been drugging me into abandonment. "You 're not dead. Mother—don't let me give up! Mother!"

Before that moment I had been a boy, adventurous, enthusiastic, perhaps courageous. To me, at twenty, flying for France had been sport, well meant, timely, even gallant, but still sport. It was not until I flung my mother's name into the drowning air that I crossed the line between sport and conflict. In that second I grew up.

Making a supreme effort, I tried to push my bad leg with my hand; but the machine planes were so wedged in the fall that I could not get the commands. If I hit here, I should be a German prisoner. Working my right leg with my hands, working it desperately, I felt the kinks come out of the commands at last. Once more the machine was on the level. Now if I could make my dazed brain remember the rules for flying with one foot. Pull the left instead of pushing with the right —that was it. If I could remember to do that!

Then I heard again the sound of bullets. My gun was still useless, my entire right side was paralyzed, and I was bleeding like a pig; but at that sound I dived again. This time I kept control of my machine. I was low enough now to see through the mist the trench lines and the snaky curve of the river. I put my plane in more than a vertical dive, shooting back under the Germans, so far that the roll of cartridges fell out and, falling, hit my arm. I thought I had been struck again. Everything was now falling out.

Again the bullets whirred past me.

I looked at my meter. Eight hundred feet above ground. I was going to hit in Germany!

I could see the trenches. I must get home! I poised a second, then took a long running dive over the lines. I went so fast that I could hardly recognize the trenches. I went so far that I had left my enemies far behind.

I was now growing too faint to go on. I saw a green field, and, making a turn to the left, came up to the wind and dived for the field. Too late I saw that it was filled with barbed wire; I was landing between the front-line trenches and the reserve lines. The barbed wire caught my wheels, and very gently my machine turned completely upside down. I knew that it was going over me. I should bleed to death, after all. But as it turned, my straps tore loose; the belt that held me dropped me alive in France, with my machine safe beside me.

Pain left me, fear left me. Was this helpless safety the thing for which I had fought my spiritual battle there in the air?

Safety! In the field next to me I saw a burst of smoke, then a white spot; then another and another before I realized what it meant. The Germans were shelling me from the air. They had seen me fall; they were trying to kill me where I lay; worse yet, they were trying to destroy my machine.

"Cowards," I cried, "to hit a machine when it 's down!"

I was sure I said the words aloud, yet I could not hear them. Now I knew why I did not hear the bombs they were firing at me: my ears had been deadened by the terrific fall. It was like the movies, to watch the thunderous shells burst silently near me.

When the bombing stopped, some one would come for me. I suffered so little pain that I knew I was not badly wounded. I should be sent to Paris. I wondered idly who my nurse would be. Perhaps the one I met at dinner the night before I went to camp. What color were her eyes? Blue, of course. I remembered thinking that even in that crowded, gay café her eyes were laughing away something deeper than laughter. Yes, I hoped she would be the one to take care of me. When I was getting well, we would have more gay little dinners; her eyes would laugh at me across the table. Then I would come back to the squad and fight,

and the next time I would get my German. But, strange climax of the human heart, now, after that victory over myself, it was more of the good times in Paris that I thought than of my job.

The bursts of smoke had ceased. Tired of waiting, I tried to crawl. I could not move. I got up on my hands and knees to try again, but could no more move than if I had been staked to the ground. Finally, catching the grass, I dragged myself like a dog with a broken back. Inch by inch I made about ten yards; then I could go no farther.

It was now about six o'clock in the morning. The sun, which had driven away the mist, flamed down upon me in the unshadowed field. I took the shoe off my right foot; it dripped red. Utterly exhausted by this effort, I could feel only a dumb wonder at the sight. Somehow I could not connect that bleeding foot with myself. I was all right. I must let my mother know this at once. Then I would go to Paris for those good times.

After I had waited a few minutes longer, four French soldiers came, stooping low; they, too, had kept quiet till the shelling had ceased. Crawling under the barbed wire, they caught hold of me and asked what was the matter.

"Bullet—in my—hip," I muttered, choking back with each word a groan at the touch of their hands. The pain of their rough grasp was so severe that now for the first time I wondered. Could my wound be worse than I had thought?

"Can you walk?" they asked in French.

"Mais non," said I, indignantly.

Two took me by the shoulders, two by the feet. Then, like a beast unleashed, my pain broke from its long stupor. Almost crawling to escape the enemy's eye, the four men dragged me like a sack of grain. Through the long grass, over and under and across the web of barbed wire, my bleeding body sagged, and sometimes bumped the ground. The pain had now become such torture that I almost fainted. Oh, if only some enemy *would* see us, would shoot an end to my hell!

I do not know how long that journey lasted. All I do know is that at last we came to the dressing-station behind the trenches. Here, lying face downward on a bed, I thought of only one thing. As a child longs for home at night, I longed for my friends at Bar-le-Duc. The rattle of the poker-chips, a big American voice singing to a tinny piano, "You Made Me Love You,"—American rag-time, jokes, faces,—if only I could get back to these, it did n't matter where that German bullet hit.

Meanwhile some one was pulling off my fur combination. As they cut away my shirt and dressed the wound, the antitoxin that they injected numbed the pain. Now I suffered no more than I had there on the field. It was in this deadened state that, looking around, I saw for the first time the hole in my hip. With a curiosity that was almost grotesque, I stared at that wound.

The stretcher-bearers were making ready to pick me up. I looked at them beseechingly.

"To my squad at Bar-le-Duc—right away—please," I begged.

They made no reply, and carrying me face downward through an underground trench, they placed me at last on the floor of the *poste de secours*. As I lay there waiting my turn for the ambulance, I watched three other men go out before me. Again came the intense incredulity. Was it really I waiting so helplessly, or was it one of the men I used to carry when I was an ambulance-driver?

"To my squad at Bar-le-Duc—right away—please," I repeated to the broad-shouldered young man preparing to lift me to his ambulance. He, like the stretcher-bearer, did not answer. I looked into the dark face bending over me and clenched my teeth in a fury of homelessness.

"One moment here!"

A man who had just jumped from a car hurried in breathlessly to the little station and held up his gloved hand for attention.

"Is there an aviator here who fell a few hours ago?"

"I—right here," I answered eagerly.

"Oui, oui; I saw your fall. I am a member of the reconnaissance squad. My car is at your disposal. My business is to take you wherever you wish to go."

My heart leaped at his words. I could have cried out with joy. The fat little Frenchman, with his red point of beard and reddish brown eyes, took on the glorified aspects of a deliverer. I could not thank him enough.

"Merci, merci, merci," I exclaimed. *"Je suis un Americain, Lafayette Escadrille, Bar-le-Duc. Toute de suite, s'il vous plait."*

"Bien, bien," said he, calling to his driver to help lift me from the floor.

With the fur coat still thrown over me, my stretcher was placed across the front and back of the opening in the touring-car. Just as we were ready, the superintendent of the station came out to the car.

"To V——," he ordered in a loud tone. "This man is not able to travel so far. To V——!"

There was complete finality in his tone. Yet despite this and my present sickening disappointment, I still held fast to my purpose. If they would not take me to my friends, I would have my friends send for me. All through that long torturing drive over one of the roughest roads in France my thoughts crowded about that moment of home-coming. This drive, bearable in an ambulance, was almost unsupportable in a light car that permitted my stretcher to jerk back and forth. Every time we went down into a shell-hole I could hardly keep from screaming. My captain—the boys—that one intense thought became a prayer.

At last we reached V——. Here I was carried into a long, narrow shed packed tightly with other men on stretchers like myself. By this time I was half fainting. Perhaps because of this the first sight of the shed had the stagnant horror of a dream. As an ambulance-driver, I was used to such scenes; but then I had been well. Now each mutilated form caught up my own suffering, repeated it, dinned it into my brain, until I thought I had never known health or peace or beauty.

My driver was leaving me now. As he put me down, I made a groping movement for his arm.

"Good-by. Thank you, and, for God's sake," I said—"for God's sake, telephone my captain at Bar-le-Duc to come for me to-day."

He promised, but as he turned away, a man started to undress me.

"Don't take off my clothes," I commanded. "I am leaving here in a few moments."

He paid no attention.

"I forbid you to take off my clothes," I screamed. "I am an American; I am going to Bar-le-Duc."

He made no answer. Instead, from the *Poilu* next to me came a cry that tore the air. I closed my eyes to shut out the scene. When I opened them again a surgeon was standing over me.

"I 'll just look at the wound," said he. "If I can get the bullet out, you can go on to your friends this afternoon."

Reassured, I let them take off my clothes. Then, naked and partly paralyzed, I lay on the dirty canvas stretcher with a blanket thrown over me until I was carried to a table in the little whitewashed shed that served as examination-room. With a radioscope under my body, the doctor marked me six or seven times.

"Only one bullet?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"I don't believe it hit the bone, but I 'll have to take it out. Then you can go to your friends to-morrow."

To-morrow! Oh, I never could wait till to-morrow!

I waited a year.

They carried me to a table in the operating-shed. The last thing I saw before they covered my face with a cloth was the doctor's apron, a solid crimson patch. Then breathing easily, struggling little, I swam out across the breakers into a shining calm that spread and spread and carried me on a joyous, rosy tide to Paris.

I awoke at noon, not in Paris, but on a stretcher. Through my twilit senses I could dimly see my captain.

"Mon capitaine," I cried, "it was n't my fault. My machine-gun jammed. I fired at him once, but my gun broke."

"It 's all right, my little one; it 's all right."

The light, stinging French accents of my commander seemed to prick the darkness about me. I wondered if they were fireflies. I dropped asleep. At evening I awoke, begging for water. Some one shot some dope into me, and I went back into a hot darkness, which lasted until morning. Again I awoke, begging for water. More hot darkness. I struggled through black suffocation, pulling one leg after the other toward an icy mountain brook that laughed hilariously as it hurried to the sea. How easy for it to run, how hard for me! I strained each leg up from the steaming swamp, but could never get ahead. Summoning all my will, I awoke with the cry of "Water!"

Some one brought me a bit of bandage dipped in a cup of water and let me suck it. There was a violent numbness in my hip; weakness and thirst were all I suffered now. With my wounded leg drawn up and my knee doubled tight, I could turn on one side. For the first time I had a chance to survey my surroundings.

Ten miles back from the Verdun front, the great French evacuation hospital in which I lay was near enough for German aëroplanes to bomb us frequently. Indeed, the hospital was intended merely for operation; as soon as a man was able to be moved he was sent on to Paris or elsewhere for treatment. The average patient stayed three days; a few bad cases five.

As an aviator I had been given the best the hospital afforded. I was in the officers' ward, a long shed containing about thirty cots packed closely side by side. Made of three pine boards covered with a straw mattress, two coarse sheets, a small pillow, and blankets, these beds were very different from those we now give our wounded. Then, at the height of the Verdun siege, every bed was filled. In fact, I never saw an empty one.

As I looked down over the rows of beds I again had the feeling that life was echoing unbearably my own state. There in the receiving-room it had been the torment of pain that had been caught up and dinned into my brain by those poor *Poilus.* Now in these dumb eyes about me I saw my own drugged and stricken will.

It was toward one person they were all looking. Irresistibly I followed their gaze. Madame, the chief of the five women nurses, was just coming in from the dressing-room. Her skirt was like a snowy sail, and on her sleeve I caught the gleaming cross of the Secours des Blessés. There was dauntless energy in that profile, which in its bold curve reminded me of the prow of a boat.

Yet it was more than courage that took her to duty under fire. Tenderness was back of the dauntless profile—tenderness that made her eyes give a separate look to each of those thirty men. It was a gift, that swift enfolding glance, and as I received my own I knew why they all turned to her so hungrily. She was more than a nurse, more than a woman; she was a presence. Every time she glided into the room she seemed to each man there like some long-waited ship from home.

In the days that followed I don't know what I should have done without madame. When she was away I used to long for her to come back into the room. Even her French had a homy sound, and the crooning little way she had of saying *"Mon fils"* made me feel as if I were back with my own mother in Texas. Of course we saw very little of her. For all those fifty portable houses that constituted the hospital there were only five women. The rest of our nurses were young medical students who would have been graduated in 1917. They had intended to go on with their training in the auxiliary army, but, having for various reasons been found unfit for service, had been transferred to the medical ward. This lack of women nurses was not a mere sentimental deprivation. Despite their medical training, the most of these students had none of the sick-room efficiency instinctive in the average untrained woman. True, they would doubtless have done better had they

not been overworked; but there were not enough nurses, either men or women, to give us more than the most meager care.

A few moments after madame entered the room that first day the surgeon who had operated on me came to my bed.

"Ah, ha, boy," said he, holding up to me a little bag, "I 'll show you what I got out of *you*—six pieces of bullet. Want them for a souvenir?"

Strange how lively is the grim humor of the hospital! To the outside world it might seem ghastly, these jokes made by dying men. To us it seemed to me we were always waiting for a chance to laugh. For instance, a short time after my arrival I heard a young officer saying peevishly to his surgeon: "Why did n't you bring me *all* the bone you got out of my hip? You might have known this would n't be enough to make dice."

Now as I looked up at the bullets that had brought me here, I felt myself grinning. My own enjoyment was echoed by a grizzled old major who, brought in yesterday at the same time that I was, lay in the bed next to mine. Painfully wounded as he was, he gave a little crow as I put the bullets down on the stand at the head of my bed.

"Well, Doc," said I, staring up into the surgeon's sun-filled brown eyes and brown, sun-streaked face, "what time am I leaving to-day?"

He was an attractive chap in a lean, feline way, and there was real kindliness in the look he turned down to me.

"Not to-day, my little one; to-morrow perhaps. There are more of these bullets to follow."

Blankly, unbelievingly, I stared up into his face.

"Never mind," said he, answering the disappointment of my glance; "I 'll give you something you 'll like as well as a trip to Bar-le-Duc," and he got out his hypodermic.

For a while a wide, floating joy, then another fall into the hot swamp. I was hip-deep in black ooze. Mosquitos as large as my own aëroplane buzzed about my head. I clutched at the underbrush that smothered me to pull myself up by it. It was devil's-club. My hand was full of thorns. Before me the mountain stream hurried to the sea. It tossed white arms in the air. It looked back at me over its shoulder with a mocking smile in its cool, blue eyes.

"Now, altogether boys! Pull—pull out of this!" I commanded.

My eyes jerked open. I knew now what it was I had been trying to pull out of. It was thirst, more intolerable than anything I had ever felt. Compared with this agony, my previous state had been only a wish. Now the cry for water was so intense that it absorbed every other sense. I wanted to hear water, to see water, to feel it trickling through my fingers. So violent was this one longing that I was actually blinded. I did not at first see a man standing beside my bed.

They came to me one by one—the heavy, black hair, the great arms, and the sincerest eyes in the world. When I put them all together, I gave a groan of joy. It was Victor Chapman, flown over from Bar-le-Duc.

"Hello, old boy," he was saying. "Here 's your tooth-brush."

He was holding it out in his great paw, and I think I realized even then how hard he was trying to be matter of fact. The tooth-brush, the English words, the dear American voice, the aviator whom every one in our squad loved deeply—I knew nothing now except that I had them again. Then in a moment it came back to me, the terrible thirst. "Oh," I thought, with a touch of the craftiness that is part of sickness, "if I can only *look* how thirsty I am, Vic will do something about it. He 'll see that I get something better than an old wet bandage to suck."

"Anything I can get for you, old man?" said he, meeting my thirsty eyes.

"You bet," said I. "They won't let me have any water." The way I kept moistening my lips finished the appeal.

"How about oranges?" said he, and turned to my doctor, just at that moment come in.

"Bien," answered the surgeon, with a shrug; "but there are not any to be had in the village."

"Guess we 'll fix that," said Victor. "I 'll get you those oranges if I have to fly to Paris."

I looked from one to the other. Oranges! Why had n't I thought of those before? There is a certain sublime ignominy in the way a sick man permits himself to gloat over something which he cannot have. I gave myself up to this ignominy completely.

"Don't you worry," said Victor, lingering by my side and giving my arm a bear-like pat. "Be out of this in no time."

He was part of my beloved Bar-le-Duc, he was my friend in a world of strangers, yet I looked at him almost impatiently. When would he leave to get the oranges?

The next morning I woke from my hot drugged sleep to find my captain bending over me.

"Well, my little one," said he, "I have a present for you."

Could it be the oranges at last? I looked up expectantly. Something in the expression of my officer's face drew my attention to the whole room. There was a deep hush, and through it I felt the eye of every man upon me. Then I saw for the first time that my captain was not alone. The major and colonel were with him.

Suddenly the colonel stepped forward.

"In the name of the republic," began he,—he took from his pocket a large box,—"I confer upon you le Medaille Militaire and la Croix de Guerre."

"For me?" I asked in surprise. "What for?"

The figure in its horizon blue gathered as if about to spring.

"Pourquoi?" His light, racing syllables slowed solemnly. "You are the first American aviator to be severely wounded—for France. With marvelous calmness of mind, suffering greatly as you must have suffered, you flew far, far, far over German ground to bring your machine back safe—to France. There is sometimes a braver thing than overcoming an enemy. It is overcoming yourself. You, my son, have done this—for a country not your own."

He bent down and kissed me on both cheeks. Then, as I wore no shirt, he laid the medals on the pillow beside me.

My physical combat had been useless. My spiritual combat had resulted in my one real service. My only value to France had been exactly the value of the machine I had brought home. From my decision to stay on the job had sprung my one bit of usefulness; for that decision had come now these small honors. Had I but known it, this fact was a symbol of my future. It justified the instinct that later kept me on the job again when I could see no chance for serving, no chance for being anything but a burden. How strange that this cool, efficient colonel should have commended my struggle rather than my performance! No, not strange. That was the spirit of his whole country.

In the solemn hush a cork popped. Madame, chief of the women nurses, had produced some champagne, and was pouring a little in the glass of every man in the ward.

"Vive le petit Americain!" she proposed, her soft eyes, as mellow and lively as the wine, smiling at me over the bottle.

"Vive le petit Americain;" came back the cheers, some almost a bark of pain, some already feeble with death, as those specters raised themselves on their pillows.

Ah, now I knew what it all meant—those people grouped about me like the picture of some famous death-bed. Yesterday I had seen two men decorated. Both had died within an hour. So my time had come!

"Merci," I responded at last in a scared voice. Then, to my own surprise, I heard myself adding firmly, "But I 'm not going to die."

Why did I say this? Only a moment before, all morning, all through the fitful torments of the night, the courage to live had been slowly leaving me. This weakness, which made my body stretch into miles of weariness, each mile dwind-

ling into a thinner thread; this thirst, which filled my mind to madness—now indeed life was a harder thing than it had seemed up there in the air. That fight had meant only a tremendous quickening. This, I was beginning to see, was a slow resolution which must pit itself minute by minute and hour by hour against a torture of weakness and thirst. The colonel's words of a moment before came back to me. I *would* get well!

The ceremony was over. The officers had congratulated me and left. Lying back, I looked at my insignia on the pillow beside me. For one moment I thrilled. My mother—I wanted her to see those bits of ribbon and metal. My eyes dimmed.

As I looked, however, I had a sudden wayward thought. If only those medals were oranges! I thought of oranges I had seen in California groves, compact balls of sunshine among their dark leaves; of whole boxes of oranges tilted up temptingly in fruit-stands; of sliced oranges dripping with nectar as I had eaten them in Paris cafés. If I could only melt those medals and drink them from a glass—melt them into cold, fragrant, golden juice—

"Boy." I heard the old major who lay next to me addressing me sharply.

I looked up and saw that he had raised himself on his pillow. There was a fierce interrogation in his eyes that made me quail. Had he read my sacrilegious thought?

"Do you understand what it means—that which has just happened to you?" he was saying now.

"*Oui,*" I murmured.

"To fight for France, to die for France—it is a privilege given to only a few. You, boy, are one of those few. Do you comprehend, then, the honor of your lot?" Utterly exhausted, he fell back to his pillow, but his eyes, still fixed upon me, had in them so holy and deathless a joy that my soul was awed before it.

I stammered that I did appreciate it. I made a giant effort to put away all thought of my thirst, and on some bits of paper I had found began writing to my mother. "Don't worry. I am going to get well." No one will ever know what it cost me to write those few words. Yet, spurred on by the old major, I made myself write still another line. Then, completely prostrated, I laid the scraps down, and, to keep them from blowing away, held them on the table by my bag of bullets. It took many days of real toil to finish that letter.

The next day the oranges did come, but it was not Victor Chapman who brought them. Instead, Elliot Cowden, another member of our squad, thrust a bag of them into my hand.

I did not at first ask why this was. With my eyes fixed on that golden hoard of fruit, I almost trembled to begin. But my old major. He must see no such greed. I waited until every man in the ward was supplied before I myself claimed my guerdon. It was only after a few rapt swallows of the cooling juice that I remembered to ask about Victor.

"Could n't come to-day; machine 's busted," replied Elliot, leaving me somewhat abruptly. "One of the boys will get you some more to-morrow."

The next day a young French officer looked up at me suddenly from his Paris paper. "*Connaissez-vouse un Americain,* Victor Chapman?" asked he.

"*Oui, oui, oui.*"

"*Il est mort.*"

"*Mais non!*"

"*Mais oui. Voilà!*"

He then showed me the clipping. On his way to the hospital at V—— with a bag of oranges for a wounded friend. I could not keep back a cry. The next orange that I tried choked me. Yet a few hours afterward I was goaded by my thirst into taking another swallow. After that, morning, noon, and night, I held an orange to my lips. It was to me at first a kind of ferocious contradiction. It pressed in more bitterly the real grief over my friend at the same time that it released all the physical longing of my body. Gradually I forgot everything else in the heaven of its fruity sweetness.

By this time the doctor no longer mentioned my getting to Bar-le-Duc. His present promise was concerned only with the American Hospital at Paris. To-morrow I should go there; absolutely, yes, I should be moved to-morrow.

But on the fourth day the shifting to-morrow vanished. Then it was that an orderly carried me the length of the ward to the dressing-table. For the first time since my operation my wound was to be dressed.

"What 'd you cut me up so for, Doc?" I asked in a frightened voice.

"I had to, my little one."

"But how am I going to get to Paris to-day with that hole in me?" I asked.

"Oh, in ten days you get there."

Ten days! And every day he had been saying to-morrow! Was my wound so much worse? I looked up at him with scared questioning.

"Voilà," he was saying merrily," I pack that hole in you like a pony-pack, and strap you up tight like a belly-band. Then you gallop back to bed."

All the time that he was fixing me up I kept my eyes upon his face. There was still frightened questioning in the look. I had never realized before that my wound was a serious one. At last I opened my lips. I wanted to ask him something. At this moment, however, an orderly seized me, spilled me into bed, and hurried on to another patient. No one person could get much time in the hospital at V——.

It was the day after this—the fifth day of my residence at V—— that they gave me water — water with vichy. In the meanwhile I had begun to suffer for the food which, because my intestines were pierced in nearly a dozen places, they had not yet permitted me. Now indeed the longest, bitterest hour of the day was at noon. Then the other men were eating. I could smell those savory French soups, I could see those airy French omelets, but I could never have a taste.

"Garçon, what shall I have for luncheon?" I would say to the orderly. *"Sole Marguery,* perhaps, and sauterne?"

He was a supple, slim-waisted young Frenchman, with tiny, black eyes like a mouse's, which almost met over his long, mouse-like nose; the whitest, the most perfect teeth I have ever seen; and the smile of a hyena. His smile held a shuddering fascination for me. I would try to call it out; then, panic-stricken at the sight, try to push it back.

"I 'll bring you a dish, Monsieur, that is to-day's specialty," he would reply before he hurried off, to return with a long rubber tube twisted over his arm like a rhythmic napkin. He would then jab in his hypodermic needle, pour in a quart of saline solution, and announce with savage obsequiousness, "Luncheon is served."

At the point of the needle my skin would puff out as big as two fists, and my heart would pump the life-giving fluid through my veins.

"You have excellent assimilation, Monsieur," the orderly would comment, with that dreaded flash of white teeth. *"Voilà,* how quickly you digest your luncheon!"

Then came the day when I banqueted on milk and vichy, and finally the day the doctor had set for my release, the day when I first had coffee.

Coffee was salvation. There was the long, hot purgatory of night, when the lights were dimmed, when windows and doors were shut tightly, when the stench of thirty wounded men, unwashed for weeks, was that of a dog-kennel, when every second was a century. Then morning, the wonder how you were to live through the sleepless day, the end of your endurance and—coffee! For days I had watched other men find revival in that steaming cup. Now my turn had come.

The first gulp brought a hopeful sense of vigor I had not known since I was hurt. Excited by the stimulant, exultant over my coming freedom, I lay upon the surgeon's table waiting to have my wound dressed.

"Well, Doc," was the way I reminded him of his promise, "what would you say it I 'd run up to town to-day for a little spree?"

He looked down at me with his warm, childlike eyes.

"Would you rather be patient here a little longer and get well or die to-night on the way to Paris?"

Under the feeding of the last few days I had grown less afraid of the ugly hole in my hip. I had indeed almost forgotten that fearful question which had hovered on my lips the first day the doctor had dressed my wound. This morning as I drained the hot, steaming coffee, why, I had actually felt happy. The good times in Paris had begun to simmer pleasantly in my brain. The nurse with the blue eyes who had called me the swallow, the boulevards!

He must have seen how my face changed, for he added quickly:

"You see, it is this way. If you went now, you might not even die."

There was a long silence, and then I made myself say it—made myself say it, though I knew too well the answer:

"And if I did n't die?"

"You might have to have your leg amputated. That you would not like, *n'est ce pas,* my little American?"

Amputated! I said it over and over to myself with the cowardly courage of one who is bound to be trapped by no future dismay.

When I reached the bed my face must have been very white, whiter than ever; for my old major, being prepared for his departure, shot a sharp glance at me from under the deep cliff of eyebrow before he lifted his head and glared about the ward.

"Il est un brave petit gars, l'aviateur americain," he announced loudly, with a warlike lift of his gray mustaches. And motioning the stretcher-bearer to bring him closer, he leaned over, and placed a scratchy kiss on each of my cheeks. I forgot the terrible word I had been trying to learn. I was prouder of that salute than I had been of my decoration. It was harder to earn. I have never heard again of my old major, but I cannot forget one who made that bitterest of all fights with such sublime purpose that he did not even know it was a fight.

The events of that day were too much for me. That night I began to bleed violently. I had one hemorrhage after another.

"Orderly," I called, "I 'm bleeding to death."

The orderly's face said, "That 's good." The orderly said nothing. He was hurried and tired. Instead of taking time to get a doctor, he wrapped me up so tight that I was in agony, and left me. I knew that he was worn and sleepless. A few hours more or less of pain did n't much matter. So I decided not to disturb him again that night.

But about midnight I heard a gasp. To my old major's bed they had just brought a captain with a bullet through his lungs. Finally his head jerked down. I cried out for the orderly. He pulled a sheet over the body, and left it to be taken out in the morning.

On the other side of me that night was a lieutenant who had been shot in the leg. When they had brought him in that morning his skin was green, his face and hands were full of blood. "Don't let them touch me! don't let them touch me!" he had screamed when first he saw me. All that night, every time that he heard a step, he begged me piteously not to let them hurt him. When I could stir through my own misery I gave him my handkerchief, so that he could wipe his lips. I gave him, too, my piece of muslin to keep away the flies from his face. Before dawn he was breathing heavily. For the third time that night I called the orderly.

"I can't do anything for him," said he, irritably.

"He 's dying," said I.

"Then what more could he want?" growled the orderly.

After the last long gasp I reached over, and at the cost of terrific pain held down his eyelids so that they would stay closed. His face grew cold under my hands. The orderly, coming back on his rounds, pulled the sheet up over the body.

A sheeted form on my right, a sheeted form on my left. The stillness of death,

after violent life, rang in my ears. It made more intense and solemn the stillness of my own brain. All through the long dawn I lay awake with the thought of my future. How still that future looked, how quenched!

To lose my usefulness, to come back to crippled life, this was the thing that had been haunting me since I had first caught sight of that black box in my hip. The doctor's word of the afternoon had made it all too definite. It held me in a vise, that one word. Yet my mind refused the pictures it created. I would not look, I would not look. And all the time those silent forms on each side of me made more rigid the terror of my doomed living. At last how I envied them! If only I could lie, long and lumpy, under one of those white sheets!

But I went on living through ten more days of haunted imprisonment—ten more days tortured for sleep that would not come, days when I was too heavy with weariness to brush the flies off my face, too hot to cover it with the muslin cloth; ten more nights more tortured than the day, nights dingy and endless and noisy with dying. Every night ten or twelve men found the easier way. Every morning the stretcher-boxes came to carry out the dead. Every morning stretcher-bearers came to fill their places with the living. Not for five minutes did I ever see a bed vacant. Was it any wonder that in the hospital at V—— I lost all sense of the dignity of death? It had become a commonplace mechanism.

In a place where men died like flies, where there were n't half enough doctors or orderlies, the filth was of course indescribable. Although the floors were scrubbed every day, this cleansing could not prevail against the constant stream of wounded. As for the patients, they never had a drop of water on their bodies except when they were allowed to wash hands and face every other morning. If it had not been for the huge bottle of eau de Cologne with which my friends from Bar-le-Duc saturated me, I think I should have died of nausea.

As I have said, such conditions will never exist again. The Verdun attack had overtaken France without proper hospital equipment. I never blame those who worked here. On the contrary, I have the highest respect for efforts which were simply titanic. Every man wounded at Verdun passed through that hospital. Doctors, working day and night, often twelve hours at a stretch, operated on one man after another as fast as they could. Give a man the best you can as fast as you can; if he dies, let him die; if he lives, ship him away where he can get better care: this was the purpose of the place. And doctors and orderlies carried it out with superhuman heroism. If at times their treatment of patients seemed appalling, the strain on them was more appalling.

During this time my only comforts were madame and the boys from the squad. Every afternoon some of the fellows came to see me, a sacrifice which I can never have a chance to repay. All but one of the boys who flew with me in that first American escadrille are dead now. I am sure that in their life of hard service there was no conflict more exacting than the day-by-day visit to this loathsome hospital.

As for madame, I came to long more and more for the sight of that stiff, white skirt, for the separate look, and the crooning "Mon fils." I stayed so long that that separate look became just a little more of a gift to me than to others. I was the oldest patient in point of time, the youngest in point of years. She treated me like a son. Every now and then she would snatch a moment to chat with me. It was in one of these moments that I opened up my heart to her on the subject of that dark fear which lately had begun to stalk me. I repeated to her my talk with the doctor.

"Do you think," I asked, "that I shall lose this leg?"

How it comforted me to see her laugh away my suggestion! That was exactly what I wanted.

"You 're sure there 's no danger?" said I.

"Absolutely no," said she. "He 's a clever fellow, that doctor. If you stay with him, he 'll bring you through."

After that I was radiantly happy. If I could just go back to my job, to those good times in Paris! If only my fight up there in the air and my other one against weakness and thirst were not in vain, I could stand the filth, the heat, the bed-sores which I was now getting.

And then came the change which made all my previous sufferings seem as naught. The skin on my hips broke and festered. July heat, perspiration, solutions that were used, kept my bed perpetually wet. For days I would lie without moving an inch in a reeking mass of blood, pus, and perspiration. Only when my temperature went so many degrees above normal would my dressings be changed. This was usually about every four days. Then as I was lifted up for the trip to the dressing-table, the hole in the bed made by my body would be black with blood and matter. In the hospitals of to-day, with their marvelous distribution of supplies and nurses, such a condition would be a disgrace. Then it could not be helped.

I was also getting such cramps that I asked the doctor if he could n't straighten my leg.

"I 've been going to tell you, my child," he said hesitatingly, "that I was afraid you 'd have to have another operation."

"Hurrah!" I shouted. "Bully for you, Doc! That 's the best news I 've heard since we licked the crown prince."

"My dear boy, are you—" he felt for the American slang he loved—"are you going to the nuts?"

"No," I answered, with a grin, "but I should go nutty soon if something did n't happen. I need a change, Doc. Anything would be better than this. Let 's have that little 'op' right now before you forget it!"

Had I guessed half the pain that change meant, I should have been contented to go on with the bed-sores and cramps and reek.

"You 're a good subject," said the laughing doctor, getting me on the table without more ceremony. "This time I sha'n't even have to strap your hands. Now just wait a second till I open up this fellow over here."

He had exactly the air of a grocer saying to a friend, "One moment, till I cut off some cheese for this customer."

From my own table I watched the other operation. When the doctor finally turned back to me, his apron red and dripping, as always, the man was gasping.

"He 's gone," said the surgeon, cheerfully, with no thought that his casual air might not prove bracing to me. Indeed, it did not trouble me. I was, however, somewhat disturbed by the sunny opulence with which the orderly, listening to talk, was pouring chloroform on my mask.

"Make him give it to me easier, Doc," I begged.

Brushing him away, the doctor finished giving me the drug. I thrilled off into a flight more intoxicating than anything I had ever known. I was more joyous than I had been since I was last under ether.

The ecstasy was short. My sciatic nerve had been touched by a portion of the bullet and partly severed. Now, when my leg was stretched out for the first time, all the strands of the main nerve, which is as big as a finger, snapped off. A bullet in my hip, that bleeding, bumping journey across the barbed wire the day of my fight, probings, dressings, festerings, thirst —all these were mere discomforts compared with the agony that dragged me from under the sheltering oblivion of ether after that operation.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est muth-muth?" asked the aviator in the bed next mine. In a strangled way I had been crying for my mother.

Once that night I started up from a deep-drugged sleep with the sense of someone looking at me. It was my doctor. He was breathing fast, and his hair was tousled. He had evidently hurried from somewhere to my bedside. The anxiety in his face arrested me.

"Shall I be all right, Doc?" Shall I be as good as new?"

"I hope so, my little one; I hope so."

His look, his tone, his eyes, which slid away from mine—these told me mercilessly what he would not say. The dimly lighted ward turned black, so black that I did not see him leave. My heart went down, down through endless sick distances. I knew now what I was coming back to.

Before this, except for those few horrible days when I had feared amputation, my long fight had meant to me only these tortured weeks in bed. After that I was to go back, young and vigorous, to my old job. When I chose the middle road, I had not thought of its leading elsewhere. Youth was the talisman I had taken with me on that journey. Twenty! What could happen to twenty except a stern, brief bout with pain from which youth would emerge victorious, but youthful still—twenty crowned by conflict!

Ah, and what really lay before me on the middle road? Age in youth. I might spend the rest of my life in a wheeled chair. Perhaps I might watch the boys flying, I who had meant to fly so far, I who should never fly again!

I broke down and cried, cried as never before in my whole life. Why had I fought death there in the air, why had I gone through these hideous days, pitting my will against weakness and thirst? Was it for this, to be lame, crippled, a burden for the rest of my existence?

My mental pain, as violent as that of my tortured body, lasted all through the day and night. Then in the agonized days that followed nothing was left of me but tormented flesh. My mind was in a stupor. My will was dead. I was not even groping. No longer an active force, my brain became only a listless page upon which were written haphazard bits of memory and thought.

A sick man's thoughts are often like that. And I was sick now, sick in body and spirit as I had never been before. In those moments, half conscious, half drugged, it is n't the big things of life that come back. It 's the song, the almost forgotten verse that haunts. So now in me, among the mouse-like, scampering thoughts, gnawed always one fragment of poetry:

So long has my life crept by on a broken wing.

This line, read I know not where or when, buried under years of forgetfulness, came and went and came again until I thought I should go mad.

Yes, day after day my life had crept, day upon day it was creeping. My fingers were spread on the coverlet as bleached and bony as a spray of coral. Laying my right hand over my left, I slid the under one out and put it on top. I piled one hand on the other till I could reach no higher. That had become my life. Each day slid from under at night. Morning lifted it to the top of another. It was like the wool my mother used to card, one carding stacked upon another until the pile, soft and thick, grew too tall for childish eyes to follow. My days had thickened; their pile was growing tall.

My mother, ah, my mother! She who had always been to me a battle-cry, she whose name I had flung to the drowning air when I had made my fight for life there above the clouds! Why was it now that the memory of her could no longer bring back my courage? When I crept home on crutches she would be waiting for me on the porch as she used to wait when I came home from school, the smell of hot biscuits following through the open door, on her dear, dark face love, love ineffable. My broken wing would make no difference to her; I should be dearer to her now than ever before. Yet as I saw myself in her eyes, saw her pity coming forever between me and a changed world, I realized more heartbreakingly just what that changed world would be. That now she must always be making it up to me—scalding tears for her and for myself broke through my prisoned mind.

So long has my life crept by on a broken wing.

Again the gnawing refrain, again the scampering thoughts.

Once I shot an old stray cat in our back yard. He kicked, then tumbled over and over before he began creeping. It was my first shot, and I fired again to put him out of his misery. I never could forget his face as he crept off, looking at me. He did n't think I 'd do it. That 's the way men kick and curl up into shavings, then creep off on a broken wing.

What was that? Through the open windows of the ward, across the surf of surging guns, fell splashes of music. A band was playing "Sympathy." Just a year ago at the Texas fort I had danced on those waves of melody with the daughter of the commander. That girl, I remembered, had a soft allure in her eyes. So had the girl that looked at me once across the bakery counter in New Orleans. So had the girl that used to take my order in a Paris café. Always, everywhere, I had met eyes that softened alluringly. Should I ever meet them again? Should I ever dance again?

Never dance again! I had not thought of that. I looked down the row of beds, and my eyes widened with the full terror of what I had lost. Never dance again! Stuffing my pillow in my mouth so that no one should hear me, I cried for my youth.

So long has my life crept by on a broken wing.

Yes, I should go creeping to Paris, but not to those gay little dinners where the nurse would laugh at me across the café-table. I might see her again, but she would be taking me out, not I her; she would be taking me to the Bois in a wheeled chair. There would be no lure in her eyes now, only pity. Pity! That was all there was left for me in this world. Pity! My brain, which had so long seemed a mere listless page, was at last beginning to write—write its defiance to a world of pitying eyes.

In one blinding second I knew what I wanted. It was death. Twice before it had seemed the easiest way. Now it was the only way. Now every thing in me cried out for death—death, the prize that was to be wrested from mocking life. With rage in my heart at life, I made up my mind to die.

During the two weeks since my last operation I had not tasted one mouthful of food. Morphine, the prize of death in life, was mine already, and those hours when consciousness struggled with the drug only made me long the more for that one deep, uninterrupted forgetfulness.

Each anguished day I was growing weaker, each anguished day the I was drawing nearer that radiant goal where the I should cease to be. At last it came, the sure moment. Peace, sudden and immense, descended upon me. I was falling softly, smoothly, sweetly into death.

"He 's dying," said a French soldier who had been calling with a friend upon my neighbor.

"Yes," responded the other as they started for the door. Then pausing by my bed he added, "He has fought long, the little American, but now, *hélas!* he has lost the will to fight."

Lost the will to fight! The low, quick voice, the pitying disposal of me, how was it that these pierced my twilit soul, that they reached some strata of obstinacy, which nothing else, not even my mother, had been able to touch? In a second I saw myself for what I was, a pitiable coward, giving up life because it was no longer easy. Now if ever the world needed men, needed every atom of usefulness, however curtailed, to carry on the battle for right. Yet because I could not be useful in the way I wanted—

Another undertow of drugged pain, of drugging weakness. The light behind me was growing dimmer. Life now seemed like the lamp in the window of the cottage we are leaving. I had a moment's heartbreaking desolation at the thought of that leaving. The lamp in the window, the cozy warmth that I had known so well—life, home! Yet over there on the far bank the other lights called me. Only one moment's terror of leaving, only one moment's yielding to that swift undertow, and the unknown lights would be mine. I was going; yes, I was going.

The near shore, the light in the window, slipping. Unless—my God! there was only a second's time! And then—

Even now I wonder how I did it, how against the vision of those far lights before me I pulled my will from every remote, imprisoned part of me.

"Jacques," I whispered to the aviator next me.

He turned his head.

"Jacques—quick! I 'm dying!" By a giant effort I moved my eyes toward his. "When I go to sleep, wake me! Don't let me—"

Utterly exhausted, I closed my eyes.

"Reveillez-vous! reveillez-vous!"

Jacque's voice called me back again from the far lights, but only for one second. Then once more I felt myself going.

"Reveillez-vous! reveillez-vous!"

"Oh—yes," I made myself answer.

So over and over again we fought together, the wounded aviator and I. For four hours he kept me alive. Then at six o'clock I said weakly:

"It 's all right, Jacques. I 'm not going to die."

I had made my third fight. I had come back to stay.

In the days and weeks that followed I had many black moods. There were long hours when that haunting line of verse,

So long has my life crept on a broken wing,

sounded like doom itself. Then it was I wondered why I had come back to my hampered life, why I had not listened to those lights that called me from afar. What did the future hold for me, I wondered bitterly, what use could I ever be again, I and my broken wing?

Gradually, however, something was growing up in me. Very faint and dim at first, it reached feebly through the dark mists. Then, no longer groping, it thrust out strong and free, and at last I knew why I had stayed.

Life is like that always, I think. First comes the obstinate impulse. One does a thing instinctively, without any thought. It is not until long afterward that one sees clearly the purpose of that impulse. That is why my whole philosophy tarried so late after my supreme instinct not to be a quitter.

What helped me most to this vision was the remembrance of some crippled men I had seen in England as I passed through on my way to France. They were being fitted with artificial arms and legs, and the one expression on each face had touched me even then in the midst of my confident youth. Now it came back to me again, that one repeated look, and as I lay here I knew that my own face wore the same expression. It was that of radiant gratitude for to-day.

Gratitude for to-day! How few before this war knew anything about that peace, how little I myself had comprehended it until these last few days! Up to this time I had been one of a world of little men, all wondering what they should be doing at thirty, fearing that they would not have enough by forty, dogged forever and ever by an implacable to-morrow. That is what I should always have been had the German bullet not begun my real fight. Now I was healed forever of fear. Life could no longer terrify me with to-morrow—me who had been through the worst. From this time forth I should live each day as it came.

But there was more than this. So long as a man is haunted by what to-morrow can do to him, so long as his life is made up of fearful limitations, he is always on the outside of the world. I myself, flying for France, aware of the noble righteousness of her cause, was nevertheless merely conferring. Not until I lay here stricken for France was I really absorbed by that cause. France, the Allies, freedom—now at last I was part of the world. Freed of all shrewd little personal calculations, freed forever from fear of what would happen to me, I saw that nothing mattered but the common cause. Lying here, I on my broken wing was permitted a vision of the world as a whole which the untouched can never know. Nothing can ever take it away from me. It is life's high gift to the severely wounded.

And after accepting the worst, the worst passed me by.

Still under the delusion that his peculiar skill alone could save me, the doctor, who was finally ordered to Paris, said he would ship me on to the American Hospital, where he would join me in a few days.

"And remember," said he—"tell the physicians there that I understand your case, and that no one is to touch you till I come and have you transferred to my own hospital."

So unexpectedly, so accidentally came the release I had waited for. No more filth, no more loneliness, no more horror. I burst into tears.

The morning procession had begun. Stretcher-boxes were carrying out the night's harvest of the dead. In a moment all beds would be filled again, my bed and those in which these sheeted forms had lain. At the doorway the line was halted by the doctor and madame, both of whom embraced me in farewell, the doctor for a few days, madame for always.

"Adieu, petit Americain," came a chorus of cries from the ward.

I looked back at the whitewashed walls within which I had found a talisman stronger, surer, more enduring than youth.

"Adieu, adieu, adieu," I called brokenly to my gallant comrades of the middle road.

Fortunately for me, the doctor did not, after all, come to Paris. I had been the victim of his kindly egotism, of a judgment that had placed his knowledge of my case against lack of care, sanitation, and science. Just in time I reached the American Hospital. Just in time I was put into the hands of the head surgeon there, a man with a heart as big and tender as his brain was big and keen. He saw immediately what was needed. I was put first into a suspension-box the weights of which prevented my wounded leg from being any shorter than it had already become. Then came the plaster cast in which I lived for many weeks. In the meantime abcesses inevitable to my condition necessitated half a dozen more operations. Yet the Carrel system of irrigation, which has saved thousands of lives, saved me now. The miracles of science after the forced butchery at V——, the trained and constant and sympathetic care of women after the hurried attention of those poor driven orderlies, radiant cleanliness, the luxury of baths and snowy linen, delicacies that tempted back my appetite, smokes to soothe me in hours of pain—all these made a whole year and a half at the American Hospital pass more quickly than six weeks in the hospital at V——.

It was Christmas of 1917, several months after America had joined the Allies, that the head surgeon gave me the greatest Christmas present a man could ever have. It was the assurance that I would walk again, with only a heavy limp and a cane between me and normal activity.

As if this was not enough, this tremulous, blinding hope of a happiness I had forsworn, the blue-eyed nurse came to take me for an outing. Bundling me up in my old military coat, from which the blood had been cleaned, she pinned my medals on my breast, stuck my "berry" on my head, rolled me out of the ward, with its festive burden of holly and mistletoe, rolled me down into the court. For the first time in eighteen months I was in the open air! My excitement was so painful that to calm me she let Pierre, the hospital boy, wheel me so that she could walk by my side.

"Look! look!" I cried, as we made our way to the street. "A dog!"

She laughed. I had forgotten there were dogs. I had forgotten there were children or street-cars or automobiles or anything but beds and operating-tables, doctors and dressings. How wonderful to begin life again in the windy December sunshine! Not the storm-spent joy of a sail in wind and rain, not a billowy gallop across the prairies, not even the triumph of my first air flight—nothing had ever been so intoxicating as this ride through the Bois in an old wheeled chair.

Evening mist began to rise. The sun

was setting red and moist through the fog like a large, ripe fruit. Velvet evergreens dripped with moss. Oaks spread out their bare, dark boughs. They looked as if their roots were in the air.

"I wonder if they 're standing on their heads, those oaks," I mused.

The nurse laughed again. I looked up at her as she stepped along beside me, at her cheeks as red as the sun going down through the mist, at eyes always laughing away something deeper than laughter, at the dancing waves of hair, young despite little spots of gray that had come with her decoration for brave service.

I knew that after the Christmas dinner and tree I should sleep that night deliciously. I knew that I should be walking soon. I hoped—and it has happened since—that my mother would see me not creeping about on crutches, but in the service of my country. Youth and strength came singing back to me.

"Home now, Pierre," said the nurse.

"Home," I repeated, still looking at her.

That rapturous ride through the Bois in which I saw the world anew was reward enough for months of agony. Gratitude for to-day, the joyous wonder at every sound and sight, made me realize the sure depths of my new set of values.

As I have said before, what happened to me at V—— can never happen again. One of the mightiest organizations in a world of vast organization has set its everlasting veto against the repetition of such horrors. No American soldier will ever be called upon to face such tests. It is forever impossible; for he marches under the shadow of the Red Cross as it stands to-day. What this means, those vast arms of healing stretched out to a tortured world, the alleviation of every black second that human ingenuity can relieve, one must have passed from the Gethsemane of the hospital at V—— into the cool, white peace of the American Hospital at Paris to understand. To-day the power to make that merciful change lies in the hands of American generosity, in the outpouring of American gold.

But what of those black seconds which no earthly help can reach, the lonely isolation when the test for the severely wounded is not bodily, but spiritual? Why it is worth while to fight back to a difficult life, not only through the dark thicket of present agony, but into a future of limited activity—all that is what I have tried to make my story tell. I have tried to tell it as it came to me in the terms of pain and fever and despair which had their only lasting significance in the hope and resolution that sprang from them. For this is the magic alchemy which will transform suffering itself for every mother's son of them all. That is the surest guerdon of the great fight, and perhaps the surest proof that it is a fight worth fighting.

The Armistices and Peace Negotiations

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

CTOBER, 1918, brought a sweeping and unexpected change in the fortunes of Germany. In French and British political and journalistic circles it was not believed that the crash would come so soon. Public opinion was unprepared for a direct and definite demand from Germany for an armistice based upon the acceptance by all belligerents of President Wilson's peace program. The speech of President Wilson at the opening of the Fourth Liberty Loan on September 27 was made after the collapse of Bulgaria and after the superiority of effectives had already begun to tell against Germany on the western front. The President of the United States weighed fully every word uttered on that occasion. It is clear, then, that the enemies of Germany had not yet reached an understanding as to their attitude in case Germany should express the willingness to lay down her arms and confess that she was beaten. After the German appeal to Washington, a French statesman, who was not long ago at the head of the French Government, expressed the situation to me in the following words: "France is as unprepared for peace as she was for war. In 1914 we had no definite understanding with any other nation than Russia. In 1918, with the military victory ours, we and our numerous Allies have no terms of peace, agreed upon in common by us all, to impose upon our enemies. We have the power to dictate peace, but we are not ready to state to the enemy—and to our own people, for that matter—what terms we propose to dictate."

Unpreparedness for peace is not due to lack of foresight on the part of the Entente and American statesmen. Until recently Germany was a redoubtable enemy, who hoped for a military stalemate through lack of harmony among the members of the coalition. She knew that the nations banded against her had only one common interest, her defeat. The Entente powers themselves realized that they could not think alike about terms of peace, as they were interested in the war in varying degrees and for different reasons. So they wisely stuck by the old adage, "First catch your hare!" In order to catch the hare the enemies of Germany went the limit in abandonment of prejudice, sacrifice of pride, change of national habits, and repression of national instincts. Mutual forbearance was taxed to the uttermost in keeping up and coördinating the military effort. The coalition would not have stood the additional test of having to try to agree upon a common peace policy.

The demands for an armistice came too soon after the tide had turned. When the danger of weakening or disrupting military effort by frictions and misunderstandings was behind them, the Allies had no time to work out a common program to present to the conquered foe. The embarrassment at Versailles was great. Every one was willing to end the war immediately and save further bloodshed. But none was willing to connect the question of armistice with that of peace. And yet the qualification in Germany's demand for an armistice could not have been ignored, and it was found that no armistice could be imposed upon any other state than Bulgaria without involving the principles of the peace settlement. In discussing the terms of the armistices numerous questions arose that compromised the interests or admitted the pretensions of each of the Allies. How make an armistice with Austria-Hungary without taking into consideration Italia Irredenta and the con-

flicting aspirations of the various nations that we have promised to free from the Hapsburg yoke? How dictate terms of an armistice to Germany without settling our attitude toward British naval and colonial ambitions and French contentions as to adequate guarantees and reparations?

These considerations put the American delegates at Versailles in a unenviable and delicate position. The United States had not been at war with Bulgaria and Turkey. But in regard to the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire, as well as in regard to the European questions, the general lines of American policy were already announced. When we entered the war President Wilson drew a distinction between the German Government and the German people —a distinction heartily approved at the time by the ensemble of the American press and American public opinion. In official speeches and official notes specific statements had been made, reiterated, and elaborated concerning the objects for which we were fighting and the principles we intended to follow in reëstablishing peace. It could not be argued that new conditions had arisen to change our attitude. The United States came into the war a long time after its issues were clearly defined. From the very beginning we had recognized that Germany and Austria-Hungary were the aggressors. We were aware of their violations of international law, of their cruelties on land and sea, of the martyrdom imposed by them upon Belgium, northern France, and Serbia. We had been stirred with indignation by the Armenian massacres. The treaties of Bukharest and Brest-Litovsk had been signed.

Once the United States declared war on Germany, the wisdom or possibility of armed intervention in France was not open to question. We could destroy German militarism in no other way than by putting in Europe an American army of sufficient size to give our allies unquestioned military superiority. For not until then would Germany realize that a continuation of the war was hopeless. Not until then could we dictate terms of peace. We started upon the most gigantic task ever undertaken by the American people without setting a limit to the number of troops we planned to send. The army, its material and equipment, the ships to carry it, the vast and complicated organization on the other side of the ocean, had to be created. Adequate measures had to be taken to protect the convoys against submarines during transit and to assure the uninterrupted eastward flow of material and provisions. Time was an important element. And yet we were unable to concentrate all our energies upon our own military effort. Long before they had become our Allies, the nations of the coalition we were joining had become dependent upon us for raw materials and food and for much of their munitions and equipment. Meeting Entente demands had in itself proved a tax upon the resources of American industry and American agriculture.

During eighteen months the will and energy of a hundred million Americans was concentrated upon bringing Germany to her knees. We have accomplished our purpose. The events of October, 1918, were not a miracle. They were not due to an unexpected turn in the fortunes of battle. Until the American Army in France had passed the million mark Germany was able to help her allies and at the same time hold the positions she had established in France and Belgium in 1914. The defection of Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary, and the retreat from France and Belgium, have been due primarily to the uninterrupted growth of the American Expeditionary Forces.

But if we could claim with perfect justice that Germany was suing for peace because our intervention had turned the scales in favor of the Entente, our European Allies were logical in answering:

> We, for three years, bore the brunt of the battle without your military aid. We held the Central empires in check by sacrificing without stint the best of our blood. Our countries have been invaded, their civilian population maltreated; our cities and factories and farms have been laid waste, and

our debts are beyond belief. We have suffered all this for you as well as for ourselves. And in regard to Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, we have done all the fighting and made all the sacrifices.

To a man the American nation stood behind our representatives at Versailles in recognizing the moral obligation to associate the United States unreservedly with our Allies, large and small, in demanding that Germany make good the losses sustained by the French and Belgian civilian population through the invasion and occupation of their territories, and by the British and others for ships sunk unlawfully. President Wilson, voicing American public opinion, accepted unreservedly the Entente point of view in the matter of reparations. The assessing of the damages and the means of reparation are difficult problems, and involve collective obligations, but they remain a matter between the nations interested. However hard on Germany the settlement of the account may appear to those who are far away, they can be sure that the reparation imposed does not fully make up for the losses.

The rôle of the United States in regard to reparations is to see that the claims of those who are not powerful meet with consideration. Serbia, Montenegro, Armenia, and Syria have suffered as much, if not more, than the Occidental nations. At the very beginning of negotiations, however, there is a tendency to be willing to forget what has happened in the remoter theaters of the war. Steadfastness to our principles makes it incumbent upon us to mete out equal justice to all. We cannot allow powerful financial interests and political considerations to prevent the Christian races of the Ottoman Empire from receiving, by a mortgage upon future Turkish resources, compensation, as far as it is humanly possible, for confiscated fortunes and homes destroyed.

Punishment for crimes and guarantees against their recurrence are questions that open up a wide and debatable field. And here, too, equality of treatment must constantly be borne in mind. It makes one heartsick to read in one column of an influential London or Paris newspaper demands for extreme measures against Germany, and in another arguments sustaining the thesis that the Turks should be immediately restored to favor and friendship. Justice is justice only when it is impartially administered.

One may be filled with horror of the crimes committed in the war and have unqualified sympathy with the victims who cry out for punishment, and yet be in a quandary as to the best form of punishment. One may understand and appreciate the reason for asking for security against the repetition of the crimes, and yet have misgivings about the practicability and the wisdom of the guarantees demanded. Collective punishment of a nation by invading or occupying armies has never been successfully accomplished in the world's history. Territory taken from one nation by another, against the will of its inhabitants, as a guarantee against future aggression on the part of the conquered nation, has been a source of unrest through generations, ending in new wars. The forcible annexation of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany in 1871 is a striking example of this. Economic boycotts, carried over into the post-bellum period, would make the work of the peace conference useless.

Even if the United States were not committed to the liberation of small nations, the determination of new boundary-lines by the will of the populations affected, and equal trade opportunities for all nations throughout the world, we should still have to think carefully, in the interest of our Allies as well as of ourselves, before embarking upon a program of punishments and guarantees necessitating the maintenance in Europe of our large army. Once we agree to impose a definite peace program upon Germany, national honor will demand our seeing it through to the bitter end. Once we occupy German cities with the intention of securing enormous monetary indemnities and forcing the decrees of a high international court of justice against German rulers, statesmen, and generals,

we shall find ourselves committed to an indefinite military occupation. If we support a demand of France for the cession of the entire left bank of the Rhine or of the mineral and coal deposits there, we shall have to do our part in preventing a German attempt to take the territories back. The population of Germany is seven to four in proportion to France, and this proportion will unfortunately remain as it is for many years. The Entente policy of allowing small nations to decide their own destinies, if carried out, will add to Germany more population than she will lose through the alienation of Alsace-Lorraine, northern Schleswig, and Prussian Poland. Breaking up into independent states the subject nationalities of the Hapsburg and Romanoff empires will destroy united Slavdom under the ægis of Russia. We must remember that France relied upon a powerful and united Russia to counterbalance Germany's alarming and ever-growing numerical superiority.

The armistice with Germany, signed on November 11, 1918, marked the end of the war. It saved Germany from the complete collapse of her armies and from fighting on German soil, but it was not an unconditional capitulation. Before the Germans came to demand an armistice from Marshal Foch they had received from the Entente powers, through President Wilson, the assurance that their enemies were willing to make peace on the basis of President Wilson's fourteen points and subsequent discourses, with the single exception of the point referring to the "liberty of the seas." On the other hand, the provisions of the armistice are such that Germany will be prevented from insisting upon any other interpretation of the fourteen points and President Wilson's subsequent discourses than that which the Entente powers and the United States see fit to make. By the armistice we have assured the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, and we shall go into the peace conference with ample guarantees for the reparation Germany clearly understood she would have to make when she decided to ask for the armistice.

The armistice with Germany, then, is not purely a military measure. Its influence upon the course of the peace negotiations is direct. For the circumstances in which it was demanded and granted bind us to treat with Germany on the basis of the fourteen points and President Wilson's subsequent discourses. At the same time, the armistice stipulations, which Germany accepted, do not admit of a discussion on the part of Germany as to the meaning of "repairing the injustice done to France in 1871," or upon the securities we intend to keep in our possession to force Germany to make good what she has destroyed in the invasion of France and Belgium and by air raids, submarines, and long-distance bombardments. As far as France and Belgium are concerned, we possess by the armistice the means of settling the terms of peace. We also possess the means of repairing losses to all nations from Zeppelins, aëroplanes, bombardments of open towns, and submarines.

The armistice with Germany gives no indication of how we shall arrive at the settlement of the frontiers of Poland and the Czecho-Slovak republic. Nor does it bring up the frontier dispute between Denmark and Germany. The colonies of Germany are not mentioned in the armistice, except in the stipulation concerning the cessation of hostilities in German East Africa. All of Germany's oversea dominions were already in military possession of Great Britain, South Africa, Australia, France, Belgium, Portugal, and Japan.

The armistices with Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary were concluded before that with Germany, and wholly independently of Germany. The Bulgarian armistice, as far as we know, was a military convention, and was arranged with the armies in the field in the Balkans. It had political significance, however, in that it compelled Bulgaria to withdraw absolutely from the alliance with the Central empires and Turkey, and to evacuate the territories Bulgaria had conquered at the expense of Greece, Serbia, Albania, and Rumania. In so far as the Balkans are concerned, peace negotiations will start on the basis of the status quo of 1914. Bul-

garia cannot claim that her enemies are bound in any way by President Wilson's fourteen points or general principles.

From the point of view of a world peace, the armistices with Turkey and Austria-Hungary give rise to misgivings. Unless we are wise and far-seeing, and are determined to sacrifice special interests to the general good of humanity, there is danger that these two armistices will put the peace conference before regrettable *faits accomplis*. The armistice with Turkey contains no definite understanding as to reparations, no adequate protection for the Armenians and Anatolian Greeks, no proper recognition of the Arabs as belligerents. The armistice with Austria-Hungary seems to have been conceived—or at least to have been executed—in a way to compromise the interests of the Jugo-Slavs at the expense of the Italians. I do not express here a personal opinion only, but the feeling of the Jugo-Slavs themselves as voiced by their delegates at the November congress in Geneva, and the feeling of some of the most eminent French authorities on the questions of central Europe. M. Auguste Gauvain, for instance, in the "Journal des Débats," was outspoken in calling attention to clauses prejudicial to the peace settlement in the armistice with Austria-Hungary, and later declared that his misgivings were justified by the way the clauses were hastily executed. Instead of moving instantly north to threaten Bavaria,—for the armistice with Germany was still in doubt during the first week of November,—Italy pushed forward feverishly by land and sea to occupy the coast of Jugo-Slavia, which was already in the hands of its inhabitants, who had proclaimed their hostiilty to Austrians, Hungarians, and Germans, and with whose national aspirations the Entente powers and the United States had proclaimed "their fullest sympathy."

It would be unjust, however, to assert that the special interests of any of the belligerents influenced the terms of the armistices with Turkey and Austria-Hungary with the deliberate intention of anticipating the decisions of the peace conference. A posteriori criticism leads easily into error. There were probably powerful reasons for concluding without delay the Turkish and Austro-Hungarian armistices. Germany was the principal enemy. To secure her capitulation it was necessary for the German people to realize that they stood alone, that they were liable to an attack from the south and southeast before winter set in, and that their revictualment by the Danube and the Ukraine was cut off. In the armistice with Turkey, Admiral Calthorpe had one object in view, to open the Dardanelles as soon as possible. In the armistice with Austria-Hungary, it would have been impolitic to bring up the question of the limits of Italia Irredenta at the moment when the Italian armies were asked to attack the Austro-Hungarians in the final great effort to drive them from the strongly intrenched positions in Italian territory. The armistices were concluded in order to force Germany to sue for peace. Diplomatic considerations had to give way to military considerations.

The nations allied against the Central powers' coalition will enter the peace conference without definite engagements towards Bulgaria and Turkey. Some of them, including the United States, have not been at war with these two nations and were not parties to the armistice. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, against which the Entente powers and the United States declared war, has ceased to exist. But we have made definite promises to Germany not only in regard to the basic principles upon which we shall treat questions affecting her interests and her future directly, but also in regard to her former allies and in regard to economic and colonial world policy. The fourteen points of President Wilson, taken in themselves, are vague, but the spirit in which we have promised to interpret them is clearly outlined in President Wilson's subsequent discourses, specially in that of September 27, 1918. Before the Entente declaration of Versailles one could argue with justice that the Entente powers were not bound by what President Wilson may have written

or said concerning the general aspects and the particular problems of peace. But in expressing their willingness to entertain a German demand for an armistice, the Entente powers adhered officially to President Wilson's program, with the exception of the American doctrine of "the liberty of the seas."

On the other hand, by accepting the armistice in the way in which it was drawn up, Germany tacitly admitted the French interpretation of President Wilson's point in regard to Alsace-Lorraine. The armistice provided for withdrawal from Alsace-Lorraine in exactly the same manner and under exactly the same conditions as for withdrawal from Belgium, Luxemburg, and the invaded portions of northern France. Germany was not asked to pay for the support of an army of occupation in Alsace-Lorraine. France assumed this charge and does not consider that her troops entering the "Lost Provinces" are going into enemy territory or into territory concerning whose future there is question. The Germans have been compelled to give over the control of the railways of Alsace-Lorraine to officials of the Compagnie de l'Est, which owned them before 1870. France has appointed civil as well as military authorities for the administration of Alsace-Lorraine, and, from the point of view of the Allies and the United States, the status of these provinces seems to have been definitely decided upon in the armistice without waiting for the treaty of peace. More than this, stipulation as to the method of the withdrawal of the German armies infers that France will demand the Lorraine frontier of 1814, and not that of 1815. Saarbrücken and Saarlouis have been occupied by the French as a portion of Alsace-Lorraine, and not as belonging to the trans-Rhenish provinces of Germany. And the stipulation that the German armies retire across the Rhine makes certain that the Allies intend to raise in the peace conference the question of the status of the left bank of the Rhine.

Thus we have, in the case of each one of the armistices, certain indications as to the basis upon which peace will be negotiated, and we may expect strenuous efforts to maintain that possession is ten points of the law.

There are two important preliminary steps before the peace conference assembles: the formulating of a common program of peace, along specific lines, between the victorious powers; and the decision as to who will sit at the peace conference and sign the Treaty of Versailles.

The formulating of a common program for the peace conference devolves upon France, Great Britain, Italy, and the United States. These four powers are the main factors in the war militarily, economically, financially. They are the conquerors of Germany and her allies. The first three have agreements and understandings among themselves, but these do not cover all the points that have arisen, and, since the collapse of Russia, many indications reveal a divergency of views even within the limited sphere of the agreements. The diplomatic unity of Great Britain and France and Italy has been further complicated by the participation of the United States in the war and by the decision of the Entente representatives at Versailles to make peace on the basis of the Wilsonian program.

It must not be forgotten that the Entente includes another great power, which abstained from participating in the war in Europe. But Japan will none the less make her influence felt in the peace conference. Japan has associated herself with Great Britain on the subject of the liberty of the seas, and was a party to the reservation made by the Entente powers in the Versailles memorandum. The armistice with Germany did not mention specifically far Eastern or Pacific questions. But there can be no doubt that Japan will, for her own interests, sustain South Africa and Australia in refusing to give back the German colonies. Japan intends to keep Kiao-chau and extend her sphere of influence over all Manchuria and eastern Siberia, as well. Japan has probably already arrived at a separate understanding with Great Britain in regard to the Shan-tung Peninsula, Manchuria, Siberia, and the

Marshall and Caroline Islands. When the United States opposes Japan's intentions in regard to the reconstruction of the far East, Japan is certainly going to hit us at our vulnerable point, Asiatic exclusion. On account of the question of Asiatic exclusion, complete understanding with Japan will be difficult for Great Britain, also. Canada and Australia are determined to maintain the bar against Asiatic immigration. To Australia and New Zealand this danger is far greater than to the United States. It is improbable, too, that Australia and New Zealand will consent to see the Japanese installed in the German Pacific Islands.

Five small nations are bound to the Entente powers by definite agreements and have been associated with them in the prosecution of the war. Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro were occupied by Germany and Austria-Hungary until the signing of the armistices, and their sovereigns have been for years refugees. Rumania was conquered and occupied by the armies of the Central powers, but made peace with her enemies. Her king did not go into exile. Greece, after a long period of internal difficulties, joined the Entente in time to be an important factor in defeating Bulgaria. Of these states, Belgium was a party to the armistice with Germany; Serbia and Montenegro, to the armistices with Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary; and Greece, to the armistices with Bulgaria and Turkey. Outside of the European settlement, Belgium is vitally interested in the African settlement. She contributed militarily to the conquest of German East Africa, and secured in 1916 pledges concerning the Congo from the Entente powers, including Japan. The future of Serbia and Montenegro is bound up with the Jugo-Slavic portions of Austria-Hungary and with the Albanian and Macedonian settlements. After the last armistice was signed Rumania declared war a second time against Germany, and took advantage of the armistices to reoccupy her *terre irredente* at the expense of Hungary and Bulgaria, and to consolidate her position in Russian Bessarabia. The policy of Greece in the Balkans and the Ægean is diametrically opposed to that of Italy. Greece claims the portion of Epirus and the Ægean Islands at present occupied by Italy, refuses to recognize the Italian protectorate over Albania and Italian aspirations in Asia Minor, and demands the cession of Cyprus by Great Britain. A sixth small state, Portugal, intervened in the war as an ally of Great Britain. Portugal has extensive colonial interests in Africa, where she coöperated in and suffered by the war, and small colonies in India, the Indian Ocean, and China.

The Entente powers and the United States recognized as belligerents or encouraged more or less officially, during the war, the aspirations to independence or autonomy of subject nationalities. These were war measures and, in some cases, prompted by expediency. Unless an agreement is reached beforehand with these nationalities, the recognition and encouragement thus given are apt to introduce into the peace conference elements of embarrassment and confusion from which our enemies will not fail to attempt to profit. The terms of the armistices showed a lack of common policy and equal interest in regard to the aspirations of the peoples whom we have promised to emancipate. Aside from the patent fact that the aspirations of many of these "subject nations" clash with the "interests" of the Entente powers, we face two elements of weakness in our relations with subject nationalities when we enter the peace conference. In the first place, the recognition of belligerency and the encouragement of aspirations have not been the result of a policy formulated in common by the states coalesced against Germany, and we have not decided, even in the vaguest way, the territorial limits of the new states. In the second place, the chancelleries of the Entente and the United States have dealt with representatives and "national councils" concerning whose mandates to speak for their respective nations we are not at all sure. The nationalities to whom one or more of Germany's enemies has made promises are

the Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Transylvanians (Rumanians), Poles, Ukrainians (Ruthenians, or Little Russians), Lithuanians, Letts, and Esthonians, Finns, Cossacks of the Don, Georgians, Armenians, Syrians, Arabs, Albanians, Ottoman Greeks, Siberian Russians, and Zionist Jews. The status of the Egyptians will also inevitably be raised in the peace conference. Of these nationalities, the Czecho-Slovaks alone succeeded in securing representation at Versailles before the armistice was signed. But the belligerency of the Poles was formally recognized by the United States before the signing of the armistices with Austria-Hungary and Germany, and of the Arabs, by Great Britain before the signing of the armistice with Turkey.

Russia was not party to any of the armistices, although they all affected very greatly the "interests" to safeguard and advance which Russia had helped to precipitate the war. For more than a year Russia had been disintegrating, and at the time the armistices were signed a state of war existed between the dominant Bolshevik Government, and the Entente powers and the United States. An Allied force was advancing inland from the Mourman Coast, with Archangel as base. Another much larger Allied force was penetrating Siberia, with Vladivostok as base. The Czecho-Slovak armies, a twentieth-century Catalan Company, were cooperating with Russian anti-governmental elements in Siberia and southeastern Russia. Turkish forces held an important part of Transcaucasia, and during the month before they signed the armistice had succeeded in capturing Baku on the Caspian Sea. The Germans were undisputed masters of the portions of Russian territory they had occupied since the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Finland and the Ukraine, separated from Russia, were under German influence, and Poland's attitude toward both groups of belligerents was uncertain. The Rumanians were in possession of Bessarabia with the consent of the Germans. When Germany was forced to sign the armistice of November 11, she renounced definitely the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and promised to restore the gold taken from Russia and the ships of the Russian fleets in the Baltic and Black seas. Immediate evacuation of occupied territory in the former Russian Empire was not insisted upon by the victorious powers only because they were not sure of the advisability of leaving these territories within the grasp of the Bolsheviki.

As a result of the armistice with Turkey, the Entente powers were able to send troops into the Ukraine to overthrow the Germanophile Government that had been installed at Kieff. The armistice with Germany gave the Entente access to Russia through the Baltic Sea. The Entente powers are working feverishly to intervene at Riga, Helsingfors, and Petrograd before the peace conference assembles. They intend to have the Ukraine, Russia, Finland, and Poland represented at the peace conference by delegates hostile to Germany. Unless the Bolshevik movement is stronger than Paris and London think, this manœuver will succeed. It is hardly possible, however, that delegates from Russia, friendly to us, will be able to speak authoritatively for their countrymen.

The facility given by the armistices for the Entente governments, through their armies and emissaries, to appoint and control Russian and Ukrainian delegations to the peace conference is a serious menace to the triumph of the Wilsonian program. Russian nationalists and Ukrainian federalists, if induced to identify themselves with an anti-German peace policy, would at the same time present the claims of Russian imperialism *à outrance* and revive the Entente agreement that apportioned Constantinople and Armenia to Russia.

I have attempted to sketch the conflict of interests among the Entente powers and their many mental reservations in regard to the application of the Wilsonian program: Japan's war aims, the uncertainty of the territorial aspirations of the nationalities we have decided to emancipate and the varying degrees of obligations and interests of the different coalized states

toward them, and the anarchical state of Russia. These problems make imperative, before we attempt to lay down the law to our vanquished foes in the peace conference, a specific preliminary understanding between the United States, the Entente powers, and allied states, and our friends who aspire to freedom. If we assume to dictate peace to Germany without having settled these questions between ourselves, we shall put into Germany's hands more powerful weapons than we have taken from her.

In the midst of the greatest military effort we have ever been called upon to make, when a million Americans were fighting side by side with French, British, Belgians, and Italians in Europe, the feeling of resentment against President Wilson's use of the expression "associates" instead of "allies" was comprehensible. It was natural, too, that voices of indignant protest should be raised against the idea that the United States could pose as arbiter in a war in which she was a belligerent.

Fortunately, the confusion in American public opinion over the position President Wilson took when confronted with Germany's desire to end the war was due to misapprehension. Ex-President Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, and others, were right in refusing to consent to the identity and solidarity of making the world safe for democracy and the United States safe for the Democrats. But it is a pity that the necessities of the congressional campaign led them to assert that President Wilson's peace program meant comfort to our enemies and confusion to our friends. If Germany now considers peace based on the Wilsonian principles advantageous to her interests, the Prussian militarism we have been fighting is destroyed, and our object in intervening in the war is gained. Further fighting, involving heavy sacrifice of American lives, would have been a betrayal of the power we confided to our President. As to our friends, I am sure that the mass of the people in France and Great Britain and Italy, who have paid so dearly the price of victory, are in entire sympathy with President Wilson's principles. They are anti-militaristic and anti-imperialistic. Their deep longing is for a peace that will bring freedom from the crushing burden of huge armaments and long terms of obligatory military service. If there is a way out, they are eager to find it.

May President Wilson grasp what is underneath the welcome given him in Europe, and not make the mistake, sad and tragic in its potentialities, of failing to distinguish between the ideals and longings of the belligerent peoples and their *desiderata* as put before him by statesmen and diplomats! We shall hear a lot during the next few months of what the British want and what the French want and what the Italians want. Let us not be deceived by appeals to loyalty and solidarity and comradeship in arms, when we are urged to support, or at least not to oppose, claims for territorial aggrandizement, extension of protectorates and "spheres of influence," determination of boundary-lines for new states, and economic agreements, that disregard or violate the high ideals set forth in the name of the American people by the American President. The foreign policy of European chancelleries does not represent the intelligent will of the people, for they have no part in making or shaping it. In countries like Great Britain and France, as democratic as our own, the foreign policy has never been under the control of public opinion. Parliaments are kept in the dark, and refused the power of controlling Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay. The people know what happens only *post factum,* and by inspired official versions of events. In the preliminary conferences President Wilson will not be in antagonism with the nations, but with subterranean influences upholding traditional policies, which, having been the causes of European wars, must be fought to the death. Otherwise the United States will be party to a peace of compromise and bargaining such as has always been made after a general European war, and we shall join the emulators of Sisyphus.

The second preliminary step before the

conference convenes is the decision as to who will be the participants in and signatories of the Treaty of Versailles.

By the signing of the armistices, the coalition of the Central powers was destroyed. Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary renounced their alliance with Germany. At war with Germany on November 11, 1918, were the following states: since 1914, Serbia, France, Belgium, Great Britain, Montenegro, Japan; since 1915, Italy; since 1916, Portugal; since 1917, the United States, Cuba, Panama, Greece, Siam, Liberia, China, Haiti, Brazil; during 1918, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. Russia, one of the original group of the Entente, made peace with the Central powers on March 3, 1918. Rumania, who had joined the Entente in 1916, signed a separate peace with her enemies on May 7, 1918. Rumania declared war a second time after the signing of the armistice of November 11. In 1917, to show their solidarity with the United States, Bolivia, Honduras, San Salvador, Santo Domingo, Uruguay, Peru, and Ecuador severed diplomatic relations with Germany. The remaining neutral states in Europe all have vital interests in connection with the peace. Norway is comparatively the greatest sufferer by the submarine warfare. Sweden must be heard in connection with Finland, the Aland Islands, and the status of the Baltic Sea. Denmark and Norway are interested in the Baltic settlement, and Denmark has territorial claims against Germany. Holland should be allowed to speak for thirty million Moslems in the question of Mecca and Medina, and is involved in the question of the Scheldt and Antwerp. Spain demands to be consulted about Gibraltar and Morocco. Switzerland must secure through international agreements her outlet to the sea, and contemplated territorial changes affect the territories adjacent to Switzerland and Alsace, to the Tyrol and Lichtenstein. Outside of Europe, neutral Persia is vitally affected by the dissolution of the Russian and Ottoman empires.

Aside from belligerent and neutral nations, we have the question of the representation of Great Britain's self-governing dominions and India, and the participation of the "subject nationalities" whose fate the peace conference must decide. Without exception, the races aspiring to liberty demand to be represented officially and to have a voice in all questions involving their interests and aspirations.

Premier Lloyd George, who has never failed to see and face the difficulties of situations as they arose, pointed out recently that the creation of a number of small independent states in Europe, and the rise of the problem of European eminent domain through the conquest of German colonies, would lead inevitably to an entirely new system of international relations. With President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George maintains that an attempt must be made at the peace conference itself to realize the society of the nations.

If we are to have a peace at all, let alone a durable peace, the conferences at Paris and Versailles must lead to a congress of the nations of the world whose guiding principles will be renunciation of particular interests for the general good, and application of the same principles everywhere.

Deportations: Three Views

By JOHN LOWREY SIMPSON

"WAELHEM—Waelhem was different," my friend at Mechlin had once told me. "At Waelhem there was fighting; Waelhem was destroyed in a battle. That was different."

A cold, blurred November morning hung balanced over the town as we swept toward it. The gusts of dawn whizzed past our wind-shield and across the hurrying car; I snuggled far down in the back seat, close to René, the courier. Yes, there had been fighting here, confirmed René. And he, too, agreed that that made a difference.

So we slackened pace, rolled by the outlying dwellings, and with a scuffing of brakes slewed around the corner into Waelhem—Waelhem, wrecked in a battle. Up and down the long street, gaunt husks of houses leered gruesomely. Perhaps the vacant stare of houses ruined in a battle is distinguishable from the vacant stare of houses ruined out of a battle. I do not know. With the passing of time those more intimate variations of detail from horror to horror weather into the general scheme. Waelhem cowered pale under the chill of the morning. Were its old wounds aching anew with the cold? From as many of the poor white buildings as remained intact crawled wisps of smoke. The red roofs poked one above the other in that orderly disarray of Belgian villages—disarray that makes one long to be a mathematician, and at the same moment despair of any mathematician being able to puzzle through all the little lines of red roofs. But the smoke floated away limp and wan, and failed to enliven Waelhem. Waelhem was not a gay village since its battle. Sometimes a particular house seemed clapped shut at every crevice, and not even a wastrel trailer of smoke emerged, as though the inmates were too tired or too hurt to trouble about breakfast. Then, with a shift of angle, one saw that it was in reality no house at all; only a false front or some plaster and stanchions, which occasionally looked like a house. Merely a sham house, a thing askew, ghastly. Heaps of brick and stone and mortar, a mass of leveled wreckage, possess an element of decency; but an uncovered corpse of a house!

Cautiously we threaded the crooks of the long street, until all of a sudden a fresh scene shunted itself into view from around the corner. At a slight broadening of the way—a *"place"* they might have called it—a knot of people crowded the thoroughfare. The entire population seemed to have trooped forth in grimy old blouses and sabots. One detected the snick of horseshoes on stone. Something was happening.

"René," I said, "the deportations! The Germans are taking the men! Have you ever seen it before?"

"No," muttered René; "first time." He leaned toward the chauffeur, saying, "Drive slowly."

A little horde of country folk crammed the roadway and shouldered even against the two rows of white houses. On the doorstoops women stood clutching their children, the while tiptoing to catch a glimpse of what passed ahead. A few stodgy soldiers with fixed bayonets rounded back the crowd into a semicircle; the people on each hand clung to the sides of the buildings as by their nails, and held their ground more obstinately than in the center. Crowds always cling desperately to the sides of buildings. Ahead marched—if the word is not too proud a one—a procession. There were a dozen men, perhaps, laden with bundles and packs, clad in the loose, shaggy stuffs of Belgian peasantry. The

inevitable colored mufflers straggled over their shoulders. Their caps were drawn tight, as though to deny the cold. Lugubrious defense, pains to no avail; for the cold crept into their mouths, and one could perceive their breaths, frozen and dead. The scattering of soldiers trudged beside them, gazing sullenly first at their bayonets, then at the file of prisoners. In the van rode two officers. Their horses clattered and fidgeted, as though to imply that mount, like master, was bored by these people and their troubles—foolish troubles, foibles of peasants.

As the company advanced, a person stood regarding it. He was not attired in rough blouse and sabots. He wore a long gray coat with a fur collar; his feet were compressed in narrow, black boots. Steel spurs twinkled at his heels. A jaunty, round cap perched on the back of his head, a scant trifle to one side. His mustache was cropped till it might have been molded there on his face. Under his eyes drooped dark, heavy rings. He sported a morsel of braid on each shoulder, and the tip end of a scabbard peeked from under his huge coat. The men lumbered by, and the women pressed closer toward him. He smiled. He was a German lieutenant.

Our car had slowed almost to a full stop, and the women and old men bore upon us, shuffling about. One could see plainly their big, red faces, swollen with the cold and tears. They sobbed unrestrainedly, without refinement. Their features became more and more distorted. The children cried, and buried their dirty faces in their mothers' dirty skirts. A few old men gazed vacantly, like the ruined houses. The young lieutenant smiled, his teeth glistened, his spurs gleamed because his orderly had polished them, and his cap slanted gaily across the back of his head because he always took heed to put it that way. The officers on horseback did not deign to glance about.

So these were the men being taken to Germany? I scrutinized them. They themselves did not appear to realize that the great papers in London and Paris and New York would in a few hours be telling millions of people about "the latest deportations." They shuffled or trudged or swaggered, each according to his disposition. Two or three lighted cigarettes. A child somewhere shrieked, and a bearded man in the line winced, looked ill, grinned sheepishly. The greater number stared straight ahead, and marched stiff, as though they were being taken to be shot or to check in a day's work. One rather frail youngster toward the rear fastened his eyes on the ground and gulped from time to time.

At the corner the officers turned to direct the way to the station. We continued slowly, straight ahead. As our distance from the crowd widened, the confused babble welded itself into a soft, coarse wail. I peered over the back of the machine. Two little girls had torn themselves free from their mother, and were running away, shrieking.

Ahead of us an old woman stood in a doorway, shielding her eyes with her hand, staring at the column of men and soldiers while they rounded the corner and disappeared from view. As we drew opposite her the last man slipped out of sight. The old woman clutched the door-jamb and tottered into the house, sobbing dully, as though never to cease, as though never to want to cease.

A cold rain had made the road into Heyst-op-den-Berg a quagmire. Perhaps it was as well that the automobile was forced to proceed slowly. Peasants lined the way, men, women, and children standing to gape at us or at themselves or at anything that offered. A few carts were drawn up in the outskirts of the town. People shivered under their wet clothes, and glanced nervously from time to time in the direction of the station, where men were being loaded into trains for deportation to Germany.

We slushed through the mire doggedly, and were stopped only by a woman who fumbled against the side of the car and began to blubber and babble some incoherent story. At first it was quite impossible to make it out. Finally a few words became distinct. Her brother; yes, they were tak-

ing her brother, and he was the support of the family. Her husband was at war, her mother, seventy-six; four children; little farm. And we were the Americans, who could do anything, and we should have him freed, because if the children did n't eat, they would die. The woman sobbed herself once more into unintelligibility.

We knew we could no nothing. We took the man's name, told the women something, God knows what, and left her blubbering in the mud.

At the station the officers received us courteously. Yes, the American bread was beng distributed to the men leaving. One kilogram apiece. A Belgian committeeman was supervising the rations. Certainly, we might enter.

On the platform the rain beat dismally. The two trains were drenched, the Belgians were drenched, the soldiers and officers were drenched, and we were drenched. On each side men were being called, numbered, and bundled into third-class cars. A squad of soldiers ladled soup to a group of Belgians. The soldiers seemed even-humored, passionless; the Belgians were stolid and glad to have the soup. A few laughed when they passed their cups. Bayonets were in evidence. There appeared to be no need of them.

A captain was in charge. He wore pince-nez glasses, and his beard was trimmed to a point. He resembled a stage physician. No, there was no difficulty, he said. Things were proceeding admirably. Lieutenant So-and-so, meet these gentlemen, the Americans. We shook hands with Lieutenant So-and-so.

The Belgian committeeman emerged from behind his truck of bread. He spoke gravely to the officer, gravely paid his compliments to us, and still gravely surveyed the two trains of men. He and the captain agreed gravely that the rain was frightfully disagreeable.

A few last stragglers of the preceding group were being hurried into their compartments, and the first of the next group were being marshaled for roll-call. Lieutenant So-and-so and I paced stiffly up and down under the rain and dealt in generalities about Bavaria. Lieutenant So-and-so was from Bavaria. He spoke no English, and we conversed in French. He told me how many men were counted to a compartment, how many days they would be on the train, and that it did not rain so much in Bavaria.

Just then an under-officer stalked toward the captain with a slip of paper. The captain held the paper, spelled out a Flemish name, and with the under-officer and two soldiers began examining the compartments. "Ver Doek! Ver Doek!" A man finally answered from some unknown recess. Orders passed, and the man scrambled out through the window. "He was taken by mistake," Lieutenant So-and-so informed me. "He shall be released." I wished he might have been the brother of the woman who had stopped us, but he was not. Some one threw him his kit,—he would have forgotten it,—and without a word the fellow lumbered off in a queer sort of crooked gait.

Watching him, my eye followed, till at last it traveled behind one of the trains and discovered those who had nothing to do but watch and stare and be quiet, a ragged clump of women and children huddled against the confines of the station grounds. They could see the trains; they might even recognize some of the occupants. I noticed then that here and there men were waving from the windows. A few in the group by the fence held umbrellas against the downpour. Umbrellas! Absurd note, like caricature. The rain seeped through the umbrellas and through the trains, through the soup and through our souls.

We thanked the captain for his courtesy and Lieutenant So-and-so for his kindness. The soldiers stared at us, and the men in the trains stared at us. We stared at them through the rain, then left the platform, and wallowed through muck to our car.

As we slid greasily past the outskirts of Heyst-op-den-Berg a woman—the same woman—ran to us through the rain, and implored us to go back to have her brother released, because they were all left helpless, and the children would starve.

LAWRENCE

As the train sprang into view out of the night I shrieked at the chauffeur:

"Stop the car! *Stop the car!*"

We were in a tiny village midway between Liège and Verviers. Every man jack of the commune was running and jostling and shouting, but the railroad grade lay high above the rabble and the din, and the train made a stark, distended silhouette against the draperies of the gloom.

It was a long train of dimly lit cars, with the streak of a whirring engine and grinding wheels.

"The deportations!" somebody screamed.

From every window of the train a cluster of heads was thrust. The deportations! So it was they! The crowd beneath bellowed incoherently. Was it greeting or farewell? It was all a confusion of sound, the uncanny excitement of human beings bawling in frenzy. Crying what?

"Vive la Belgique! A bas l'Allemagne!" ("Long live Belgium! Down with Germany!")

The throng below quivered in ecstasy.

Out of the night and into the night whizzed the train, a leap from nothingness into eternity, and one sensed tousled, staring heads in every window. "Long live Belgium! Down with Germany!"

The train stretched swiftly along the rails, and fled panting. We craned our necks and stared up at the thing. Car after car shot past. Every window was lighted.

"Long live —"

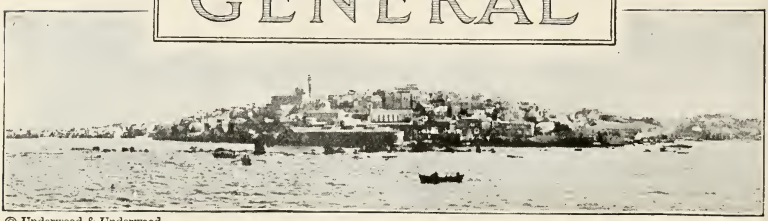
The wheels bit, snapped angrily at the iron way. The cars twisted. The crowd in the commune howled. The heads in the train blurred into the darkness, and the cry melted into a cry of all time:

"Long—live—Belgium! Down—with —Germany!"

It had gone. It had scarcely stung its way into perception; yet already it was gone. The train was flashed on toward Verviers, toward Herbesthal, toward the frontier, toward the Rhine, toward Germany, but the people still ran and pointed and shouted.

Far across the murk, from a shimmering trail that was being sucked into the night, filtered the remnants of a sound:

"Long live Belgium! Down with Germany—with Germany—with Germany!"



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THE CITY OF JAFFA

Palestine: Lights and Shadows

By JOSEPH KOVEN

Sketches from a Traveler's Note-Book

I HAD just returned from the doctor.

"Nerves."

"Good; then I must get away from here at once." The truth was, I could not bear the city any longer. The noise, the bustle, the terrible struggle for existence, had worn me out completely. I was tired of pale faces, weary glances, and overworked, outworn hands.

I stood in the subway cars and watched the men and women pushing, elbowing, fighting for a chance to breathe in that sickening atmosphere.

I walked the dismal, smoke-laden streets. I studied the faces of those who passed. I was filled with loathing for a system of society that makes such wrecks of beautiful men and women, that brands with old age the bodies of little children.

I sat in the theater. I listened to the empty chatter of hysterical women. I heard their vulgar outbursts of sorrow or delight. I felt sorry for them. I felt sorry for myself. I, too, had fled to the theater, that cockpit of all raw human emotions, with a wild desire to get away for a time from my humdrum existence, to get away from myself, if only for an hour.

Away from the city, somewhere, anywhere. Out of this human caldron, out of the din and the dust; away from the city of a million staring windows. I hated those windows, they stared so coldly and unsympathetically at me. They seemed to say to one another, "Shut out the air and the sunlight; they will fade the costly paper on the walls of our homes."

But where should I go? To the country? No, the atmosphere was the same, quieter, perhaps, but still the same. To France, to England, to Italy? Ah, the countries of Europe are much alike. One god holds dominion over all. I must have an absolute change, even a change of divinities.

I decided to think the matter over. I would shut myself up in my room and pull down the blinds over *these* windows. I would not admit even my friends. I was tired of their forced praise, their lukewarm interest, their petty cares, and still more petty triumphs.

I made up my mind at last by the merest chance. I was sauntering through the filthiest and most congested street in the lower East Side. The East Side always attracts me. Its multifarious life fascinates me when I am in the proper mood. I passed a synagogue, where a lecture was being delivered on the wonders of the New Jerusalem. I went inside. Interesting and so fantastic!

The few young people who sat in the dingy prayer-hall were entranced by the lecturer's words. He painted Zion as a future ideal state and as a present idealistic one. He said:

A time will soon come when a government of the Jews, by the Jews, and for the Jews will be established in our ancient homeland, a state perfect from its foundation to its turret stone, rich in liberties and spiritual blessings. Even now the Lord God of Israel is working his miracles. Even now the seeds of truth, fidelity, and fraternity are being planted on the hills of Golol and Judea, in the valleys of Yemma and Kanereth.

I decided to go to the Orient. The social spirit here was driving me to exasperation. But I wondered if the languor and the excessive heat would not react badly upon a person whose nerves had been strung to a tension by noise and hurry. I did not know what I wanted.

I decided to go to Palestine. Strange that I did n't think of it before. It had to take several days full of subtle, unconscious suggestion to make me decide definitely. I would go to Palestine. I would mingle with the Jews and study them closer in the land where some measure of self-government is afforded them. I would try to understand the meaning of their great ideal, Zion. I had no time to lose. Delay was intolerable. I decided to pack my bag to-day, and take the first ship leaving for an Italian port. From Naples I would go to Alexandria, then to Port Said, then to Jaffa. I had been told that the ship sailing to Jaffa was a floating flower garden, another "wonder of the world." Good. I loved flowers, but real ones, not those grown in a hothouse. I disliked everything bred in hothouses, especially men and women.

I secured passage on the *Moltke,* a double-screw German steamer. I visited my cabin this morning. It had two portholes that looked out upon the sea. I should leave the day after to-morrow. My nervousness was beginning to leave me. I was beginning to anticipate with pleasure

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

LEAVING THE STEAMER AT JAFFA

the new faces, the new countries, the new life. I should not bid my friends good-by. The few weeks that I had lived in isolation from them seemed to have estranged us entirely. Their faces had become vague in my mind. It was better so. There would be no regret to follow me on my voyage.

I could not thwart my friends. Somehow they had heard of my intended journey and waited for me on the pier. They really felt sorry to see me go. They apologized for their apparent neglect of me. Ah, the struggle for existence, everywhere, always! Well, good-by, dear friends. I would try not to forget my obligations to you; but if I did forget or become negligent, I should not be here to persuade you to understand. I know that friendship is very brittle, and, once broken, can never be made whole again. It can be mended, but the seams always remain. Such were my thoughts.

Photograph by Gardner Hazen
JEW IN JERUSALEM, SHOWING CURL

I tore myself away when the last bell sounded and the last warning call was issued on the pier. I did not go at once to my cabin, but climbed to the upper deck and watched the iron city sinking into the sea. And the farther away the ship moved from the island, the higher rose my hope and enthusiasm.

To-day I made the acquaintance of a young Jew who was going to Palestine, there to make his home. He was my constant companion all day, but he never spoke of anything but Zion, and with what ecstasy he would greet those beloved shores.

Morning, the twelfth day on board. To-day we reached Naples. I rose early to greet the new day, with a clear, cool morning breeze, and a bright-blue sea flecked with gold and silver.

I was buoyant, fully aware of my own existence. I felt like a child let loose from school. There was a song in my throat, but I could not utter it. Yes, the reaction had set in. I was young again. I should like to go down and rouse my friend from his sleep, rouse him to prayer, for the true God, the only God, was flooding the world with his benison. But I could not leave my position on the upper deck. I could not tear myself away from the sight of the blue water and the hazy approach of land.

I must skip over my stay in Italy and my subsequent journey to Alexandria. Nothing unusually interesting occurred. In Naples I bade my friend good-by, after promising him faithfully that I would look him up when I came to Palestine. Fine fellow, young, full of hope and enthusiasm. I hope he realizes his dream even to a small degree. How wonderful it is to meet men who are ready to die for an ideal! They are the salt of the earth. Naples did not interest me. The old and the new, wealth and poverty, were too intimately soldered. But, then, this is true of every metropolitan city.

Rome, with its ancient glories, defeated; Florence, Venice, Palermo, I had visited these cities before. Interesting to a spectator, yes, but not to one who must have a change.

Alexandria, Cairo, the Nile; Egyptians, Arabs, Syrians; mad men, sane men, and those neither mad nor sane; stupid Pyramids, stupid Sphinx, stupid tourists. The places of real interest are never visited by them. How could these pompous, condescending persons know anything of the lives of the people they stare at through their monocles or lorgnettes? They are moved about from one hotel to another. They are carefully guarded, carefully tended, and carelessly lied to by their overzealous guides. And they sit on the verandas of their hotels and discuss the meals or take photographs of camels in the act of scratching themselves behind the ear.

I was impatient to reach Jaffa. The old feeling of restlessness was settling upon me again. I remembered with what anticipation I traveled to see the cities of Europe, and how quickly my enthusiasm subsided when I beheld them. Would Palestine also prove an illusion?

At Port Said I did not care to go ashore. I could see the plastered, box-like houses from the ship.

The mosques, minarets, and steeples of Jaffa at last! The ship was casting anchor and the chains rattled. We were about a mile from shore. Scores and scores of boatmen were racing toward us. There was a turmoil on board. The boats came nearer, manned by lusty fellows, some dressed in sackcloth, others half naked. They approached the ship, and began to climb on board. What a terrible din! A hundred voices in as many tongues and dialects were striving to be heard above the rest. One had lost his passport, another had had his trunk spirited away before his very eyes. All were bargaining with the boatmen.

The upper-deck passengers were watching us with curiosity, as one observes the animals in our zoölogical gardens. Let them smile. I would much rather travel steerage than be compelled to dress for every meal. The second class is the democratic class. Travel that way, and one is a free man. One can choose one's company at dinner and wear what one likes.

I did not encumber myself with a dozen iron-bound trunks, so I fared better than my first-class brothers. I gave my suitcase to an Arab boatman. He threw it over the side to his partner in the boat. The latter caught it deftly, and deposited it under a seat. I walked down the ladder and climbed into the boat. There were twenty others with me. Some boats had taken on as many passengers with their trunks and bundles as they could carry. Others were filled almost to sinking. The noise began to subside; the boats were rowed shoreward. Four Arabs manned our boat, and their oars were young trees stripped of their bark and planed flat at the ends. The rowers sang a monotonous ditty to give impetus to their movements. The sweat rolled down their necks and shoulders. One of them uttered wearily, *"Yachabeebee!"* The others answered, *"Yachabeebee usun!"* They continued in this strain until we reached the landing.

Midway between the ship and the pier fares were collected. Queer fellows!

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

JEW AND SHOPS NEAR TOWER OF DAVID, JERUSALEM

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

A BREAD BAZAAR

When the Arab offered to take me ashore, he asked for a *bishlick,* a large copper coin about ten cents in value. Now he doubled the price, and threatened to throw me overboard if I refused to pay a franc.

"Shall I humor him?"

My fellow-passengers, Jewish men and women who had traveled the same way before and who knew better, urged me to pay; but I noticed that each gave him only a half-franc.

"Be good-natured—"

"You are a stranger—"

"Besides, who knows what an Arab will do—"

"I 'll give him the extra few cents for drink."

"No drink, meester."

"What!"

"Except when no one sees one," he said in a low voice.

"It 's against the Mohammedan religion."

"Well, then, here 's the extra for anything you like."

The Arab refused the money I offered.

"A franc and one-half, meester."

"Go to blazes! You don't get a farthing more than just half a franc."

"Throw you into the water, meester—"

"I 'd like to see you try it!" My blood began to rise.

They rowed with one hand, and drew their knives with the other. My fellow-passengers looked on sullenly and did not interfere; but I saw a twinkle in the eyes of a few. I understood in a flash. This was the boatman's way of making an extra penny. I grew bolder.

"No, siree; not another farthing!" I put a half-franc on the seat in front of me. The Arabs began to abuse and threaten me in English and Arabic. They cursed my great-grandfather and his ancestors before him; but they did not touch me, and just as we reached the landing the coxswain picked up the half-franc, and we all laughed.

Noise and bustle again. The port officials were busy inspecting the trunks, taking bribes for contraband, signing passports. I passed them unnoticed in the throng, and stepped out upon the streets of Jaffa.

More bustle, more noise. The air was filled with a sickening odor of putrefaction. Camels and donkeys, heavily laden, were winding in and out through the narrow

streets. Arabs were sitting cross-legged against the wall of a dilapidated-looking house and smoking hookas. The sun beat down upon them, but they did not seem to mind. Laziness, squalor, filth everywhere!

A group of young men and women came out of the custom-house. They paused, looked about them, smiled at one another, and shrugged their shoulders. I noticed that some of them wore the Emblem of David in their buttonholes.

They seemed to rouse themselves and began to pick their way through the pools of filth and mud. I followed. They led me through a labyrinth of twisting, curving, narrow streets. We reached the heart of the city. They hired two cabs and drove off. I followed in another.

After a fifteen-minute ride along a more modern thoroughfare they stopped before a place announcing itself "A Hotel." I followed them in, and took a room for the night.

Photograph by Paul Thompson
BEGGAR AT THE JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM

It was growing dark. The noise of the hawkers, the beggars, and the camel-drivers began to subside. I was worn out and sleepy. I undressed and tumbled into bed. My ears still buzzed with the noise, and my head ached. The streets were now still. Somebody passed under my window playing a flute. I listened to the quaint, monotonous strains and fell asleep.

I rented a room in a house situated on a hill at the outskirts of Petah-Tikvah. The house was surrounded by young orange-trees, planted three years ago by my host, and ready for grafting. When the sun warmed the leaves, the air was filled with a sweet, intoxicating odor that I cannot describe; and in the evening these little trees yielded a perfume that my host's youngest boy aptly styled "melted honey."

But for the orange-groves, the few almond-trees and grapevines, and the several hundred eucalyptus-trees planted by the colonists, Petah-Tikvah is barren. When I stand on the hills and observe the country round, I imagine that if Switzerland were scorched by a desert sun and denuded of almost all her verdure, she would resemble Petah-Tikvah.

My host was a scholar, and perforce a hard toiler in the field. After many years of terrible privations he had succeeded in making himself overseer on a wealthy man's *boyara*. I still knew very little about him. That he loved money I knew, and I had a faint suspicion, judging by his transactions with the Arabian women who came to the house to sell eggs, that, with all his learning and religion, the extreme poverty of his early years as a pioneer had brought him to a point where he would have no scruples in betraying his best friend, in a business way, if it would net him a few francs. But he was genial withal, and full of a certain uncouth gentleness that made me like him. He was tyrannical toward his little wife, but she accepted this tyranny as divine chastisement for having been born a woman. Their two little boys attended the village school and spoke nothing but Hebrew. They abhorred jargon, and despised anything which, to their understanding, was "un-Jewish." I had never seen children in whom likes and dislikes were so strongly developed. Both were bright, studious, and highly nervous. Fever had tortured their little bodies more than once that year.

I made a tour through the town, and mingled with some of the men and women in the market-place. They were a bit reserved in their attitude toward me, and discontinued conversation among themselves when I approached. Each one seemed burdened with a load of care, each one was more or less preoccupied, and there was a hang-dog expression on the faces of most of them. I decided that I must mingle with them in order to understand them.

The post-office was situated in the center

of the busiest section of Petah-Tikvah, a small, square building, presided over by S— S— H—, an official of the Austrian post. He was a chubby-faced little man, with a Vandyke beard and cow's eyes; but he was not so stupid as he looked. Judging from the manner in which he wheedled one into buying a half-franc picture-book for a franc and a half (he was also the owner of the village stationery store), he must have been very shrewd.

To-day I witnessed several things, but one thing specially that set me doubting.

At about seven o'clock in the evening the post-office was surrounded by several hundred men and women who shouted, pushed, and jostled one another in an effort to get to the little window where the mail was distributed. Suddenly a woman's scolding voice was heard above the rest. I edged closer to see what the matter was. The people made way for me, partly because I was a new-comer and partly because, in a few days, the whole town had sized me up as rich. I moved over to the window and saw a little, dark-skinned, dried-up Tamen woman shaking her fist at the postmaster and weeping bitterly. Between sobs I managed to discover what the whole thing was about.

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BEDOUIN ROBBERS

It appeared that three weeks ago a package containing some cloth had been sent to the little Tamenite by a friend in Jaffa. The package was mislaid, and remained in the corner of the post-office building until the mice had torn the cloth to shreds. The woman would call every evening and morning to inquire about her precious gift, but the postmaster always informed her that the package had not arrived. She came again to-day and noticed a scrap of the cloth lying near a torn package in the corner. She recognized it at once.

"I know," cried the little woman—"I know why you treat me this way. It 's because I am a Tamen. You think you are better than we. And is n't a Tamen a Jew—a better Jew than you Russians and Germans? Don't we spend the whole of Sabbath in the synagogue?"

S— S— H— looked very foolish. I saw for the first time that in Palestine Jews are not equal among themselves.

Young men and women arrived every day. They came here imbued with a great longing to do something for the cause of their people. But in the endeavor to find occupations they spent their little fortunes, and many went away again. Intelligent young people, girls as well as boys, who had never touched a spade before were obliged to work in the fields from sunrise until sunset for a mere pittance. But a number could not even get the opportunity of earning a livelihood, because some of our wealthy grove-owners would rather employ Arabs than Jews. I talked to some of our unfortunate pioneers, and they all answered more or less alike:

"Why? Because an Arab can be hired for a few cents less per day. Besides, how can you strike a brother Jew when you are angry with him?"

Another said:

"The Bible forbids the holding of slaves by Jews. Our philanthropists have made this their 'elastic clause.'"

I put the same question to one of the rich grove-owners. He answered, after a pause, and quite seriously:

"I cannot have a brother Jew sweating in the fields for me."

It invariably reminds one of the beggar who came to the rich man's home for alms. The beggar was sickly and dirty; so the rich man shouted to his servant:

"Hey, Ossip, turn the fellow out of the house. I pity him so, it breaks my heart to look at him."

And these people sing in their songs at the Sabbath feast. *"Lo maycharto legel poz"* ("We do not sell ourselves to the golden calf").

The same the world over!

I had grown tired of the flies and the fevers and my own loneliness. My host advised me to visit the "Club," where the *intelligentzia* of Petah-Tikvah congregated every Friday night.

The "Club" was a large neglected-looking building, situated near the Tamen quarter of Petah-Tikvah. The approach to the place was heralded by a foul stench issuing from the numerous outhouses that surround the "Club." As you came near, a chorus of voices in every pitch, in many different keys, assailed the ears. You climbed the short flight of stairs and pushed open the door.

A large, high room was lighted by a kerosene lamp suspended from the ceiling. The walls were hung with pictures and portraits of Hertzel, Nordau, and others. Young men and women sat about the rude tables and drank *gazoz,* a soda-water utterly unpalatable to normal taste, but sufficient to quench the thirst of the gasping, steaming *intelligentzia* that surrounded one. In the center of the room was formed a large ring of men and women holding hands. No one paid attention to me, so I could get into a corner and watch.

A hoarse voice suddenly called out the name of a song. The occupants of the room applauded. They took hands and began to dance. They sang and swayed and kept time with their heads. They moved round and round, and round, singing the same monotonous strain, going off into another, coming back to the same, still moving round and still swaying. This continued for many minutes, until hot, perspiring, hoarse, but happy, they gradually slowed up. Some dropped out, the leader grew tired, and the dance stopped. I scrutinized the faces about me, and began to feel that my host had misdirected me. I asked one of the young men if this was the "Club." He stared at me in surprise and said:

"Well, certainly."

A minute passed. The dancers were rested, more *gazoz* had been imbibed, and the dance was resumed. Three men broke from the ring and withdrew to one side. They pushed away a table, took up long cudgels, and began to imitate an Arabian dance. They swung the cudgels over their heads, struck one another with them, thrust, parried, bent, hopped, jumped, knelt, and uttered strange sounds withal. The whole scene struck me as being so wild, so abnormal, and the dancers seemed to be so carried away in their gross imitation, that my head began to whirl, and I fled in disgust.

So far there was one thing in particular that I failed to find in Palestine, and that was the great ideal itself. It appeared that when the shores of Palestine were reached this guiding spirit returned to the ship and sailed back to its native country. Disappointment inevitably greets the true idealists. Some lose themselves in the struggle for existence and forget; others leave the country forever, and go to Canada or America, as a rule, and become attached to their adopted countries, firmly attached, because they have repudiated their ancient mother and have been repudiated by her. They entertain no illusions.

Another thing which one notices in Palestine that one does not expect to find there is this: the students look down upon the "ignorant masses" with a thoroughly unsympathetic feeling that is nothing but scorn, and the rich look down upon the poor with a feeling which is a good deal worse.

He who has a few shekels spends the greater part of them on clothes, which he parades on the "Shair" on Saturdays. He is the one who is discussed, watched, and sought after. He has free entrée into the "best families," and sometimes makes a leading to Jaffa. The diligences passed me, laden with men and women from the city and neighboring colonies. The girls called after me. I doffed my helmet and made them a defiant bow.

The next day, lo and behold! five out of

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

EVERY KIND OF VEGETABLE IS SOLD HERE

good match by the cut of his clothes or the color of his ties.

How hot it was! The windows and the shutters were closed to keep out the heat. Pleva was stretched out in a corner, his tongue hanging out of his jaws, too lazy to chase off the flies that had settled on his body. The children had returned from school, and my little hostess was giving them their lunch. I could not bear to remain inside any longer. I must get out and brave the burning sun for a breath of air. Must I begin to pile up on myself all those layers of unnecessary clothes so ill suited for Palestine's summer days? I had it! I would defy the conventions of Petah-Tikvah and walk out in my pajamas. They were neat and pretty and comfortable.

The people stared, snickered, or smiled. Some asked me sarcastically whether I was comfortable. But what did I care for their opinions? I walked down the road ten men I met were dressed in pajamas, and no one minded. I had established a new mode in Petah-Tikvah.

I was taken to task for not observing the Sabbath. Some of the people saw me writing in my note-book one Saturday. They reported it to the chief rabbi, and he sent a man to save my soul. This was an impudent young fellow who wore a *chalat* and had ear-locks that ended in and merged with a little goat's beard. He remonstrated with me. I answered him civilly. He threatened. I laughed at him. He called me an enemy of Israel. I told him, if to be a Jew meant doing always what the majority thought was right, then I surely was not a Jew. The young *chussid* delivered my message to his chief, and the news spread. The following day my host gravely told me that he had been obliged to send the rabbi a present of two hundred oranges to quench the rabbi's holy wrath against me.

I decided to take up knapsack and journey to other parts. Petah-Tikvah did not satisfy me. I hoped I should hear my bluebird singing in the vineyards of a neighboring colony.

The spotted plague had broken out in Jaffa. The ships did not leave the ports, and the trains were held up at the stations. I must journey on foot. My host told me it was a dangerous trip alone and without weapons. He told me stories of outrages committed upon foolhardy travelers. I remained determined. He offered to procure me a revolver. I declined with thanks. I had no intention of shooting any one.

"If not the Arabs, then the jackals."

"A stout club is enough for both."

"They 'll strip you naked, take everything from you."

"The jackals?"

"No, the Arabs. Such things have happened before."

"So much the better. It will be easier to tramp through the desert. Anything rather than Petah-Tikvah."

I said good-by, and took the first road in the direction of Jerusalem.

I passed through several Jewish colonies. No interest, no hospitality; crudeness and neglect everywhere. The German colonies were cleaner, more evenly laid out; but the people did not like strangers, especially Jews.

I became hungry, so I crept into a colonist's vegetable field and pulled up some onions. The owner saw me, and I was obliged to pay him something to get away without a scolding. I reached Ramleigh, bought some provisions, and continued onward. The Arabs I met were distinctly hostile; when they accosted me I lied to them and told them I was an Englishman. They were in great fear of the English consul; so I was left to continue without being robbed.

It grew dark. I was several miles away from Ramleigh, and there was no habitation in sight. Where should I spend the night? Heavy clouds spread themselves over the heavens, and I could not see my way. Suddenly I noticed the outlines of a hut to my left. I walked down cautiously, stumbled into a trench, rose to my knees, and crawled over to the hut. It was small and open at the front and back. "It will be very cold here," I thought to myself, "but it will be better than being out on the road." I entered, and struck a light. An Arab, covered with blood and dirt, was lying on his back, stabbed through the chest. The walls were splashed with blood; the body was in a state of dissolution.

The shock had driven some of the weariness from my limbs. I crawled back to the highway, and went forward. I stumbled over stones and fell into pits. It was growing chilly. The grass was wet, and the air heavy with an impending rain-storm. Suddenly I saw a light in the distance. With renewed energy I picked my way toward the light until I reached a low, gloomy building with iron gates. I knocked on the gate, and an echo answered from within. I waited a while, and knocked again. Footsteps approached, and a man's gruff voice called out in Russian: "Who 's there?"

"A traveler," I answered in French.

"Why do you come here at this hour?" he shouted back to me, this time in French. "This is a Russian monastery. You have roused the holy brothers."

"I regret very much," I answered. "I have journeyed a long distance, and must have a place to sleep and a bite to eat. I can pay for it."

There was a pause. I heard two voices talking at the same time. Then a small voice, like that of an old man's, piped out:

"Well, go round to the stables."

That night I lay in the stable-yard, while the rain pelted me and drenched me to the skin. But I did not sleep, and just as the clouds passed and the first streaks of light began to appear I continued on my journey. The sun came out hot and glaring, and dried my clothes. I was hungry and thirsty. I drank the water from pools by the roadside, and pulled up weeds here and there and ate them. About noon I reached a French monastery, where I was feasted royally on figs, bread, and water, served by a young monk.

I have since often wondered what spirit it was, what tragedy, what conviction, that prompted this handsome young man to don austere garments, shave his head, and journey so far away from human affairs. The gentleness and courtesy he manifested, the wisdom of the few words he uttered, left the picture of him indelibly impressed on my mind. When I had thanked him and rose to go, he lifted his hand to bless me, looking at me quizzically. I understood his unuttered question and said:

"I am a Jew."

"I thought so, but I was not sure," he said. He apologized most profusely.

As I left the monastery with his "Peace be with you!" still following me, it occurred to me that he was the first man I had encountered in Palestine of whom I could say, "He is sincere."

It was three o'clock, and I had reached a place from where Jerusalem could be seen. My limbs weighed like lead, my head ached, and a virulent fever, no doubt brought on by the night's exposure, began to rack me. I stumbled down into the valley, and, after resting a few minutes by the roadside, began my ascent to Jerusalem. Two Arabs appeared. They called out to me in Arabic. Only too glad to find an excuse to rest, I stopped and waited for them. When they approached, the first word uttered by both was "Bakshish!" I assured them that I had very little with me. They did not believe me, of course; so one fellow drew my hands behind my back, while the other searched my pockets. In the struggle I happened to open my mouth. At once the fellow who was searching me ordered his companion to set me free. The other obeyed. To my great surprise, they gave me back the little money they had taken from my pocket and quickly moved away. I shouted after them, but they ran down the hill and disappeared. I had several gold coins sewed in my sleeve, but this the Arabs did not suspect.

The incident had exhausted me. I sat down by the roadside and waited, I did not know for what. I was consumed by a terrible thirst, brought on by the fever.

How long I sat there I do not know, but it was twilight when I heard a voice behind me. I turned round and beheld an Arab, surely seven feet tall, coming up the road, followed by a little red-haired fellow in a fez.

"Good evening to you, Master," shouted the big fellow.

"Twice good evening to you," I answered after the Arabian custom.

"Where is my master going?"

"To Jerusalem." All the time they were coming nearer.

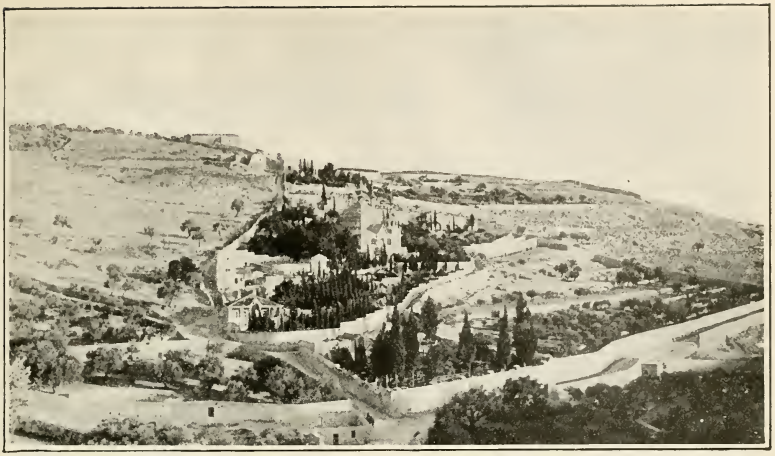
"We also are going to Jerusalem," the little fellow in the fez called out in a thin, piping voice.

Before I was aware of it, I was lying on my back, staring into the barrel of a revolver.

It was an interesting experience, being so close to death. Strangely enough, I felt no fear whatever. On the contrary, never before when facing less real dangers did I feel so calm. I looked up at the Arab's teeth, and wondered why they were so yellow. I noticed that the little Arab was

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM



Photograph by Gardner Hazen

ONE SIDE OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, SHOWING VARIOUS GARDENS OF GETHSEMANE

watching for pedestrians around the bend of the road. I thought of home. How far away the civilized world seemed!

No, the Arabs did not want the few coins in my pockets; they wanted the gold teeth in my mouth. I suddenly remembered that the Arabs who had stopped me on the highway below had set me free when I opened my mouth.

For many minutes the Bedouin giant pulled and hammered at my teeth while the red-haired dwarf, who had returned from his reconnaissance, stood over me with a long, greasy knife that he had drawn from his girdle.

Then, miracle of miracles, the sounds of a horse on the hard road began to approach. The Arabs cursed their luck, but discretion is with them always the better part of valor. They leaped over the rocks and were lost to sight.

The sounds of the horse's galloping retreated, and I continued onward, glad of my good fortune, and thinking kind things about a certain dentist in New York who had supplied me with such invincible bicuspids.

It was a dark night when I reached Jerusalem and a Jewish hotel, but no food was given me until I had proved to the hotel-keeper, a pious Jew indeed, that I was the "rich American" from Petah-Tikvah.

The following day every one knew that "Baron Rothschild's grandson" had been held up and murdered on the highway, and his teeth, "which were all made of gold," were picked up near the eastern—or western—approach to the Holy City.

Jerusalem the Golden! But why go into a mass of details too unpleasant to relate? It is hot and heavy, and full of racking fevers and narrow-minded, provincial men. Here indeed is the ancient halter of creed distinction, mended, strengthened, and put upon the willing necks of the inhabitants. Jerusalem, of what good to the world is all your history, all the sentiment that is heaped upon your ancient ruins, when to-day the divinest of all sentiments, kindness and hospitality, are only empty boasts within your walls?

My reception at the Hotel C—— the night before did not please me. I could not feel kindly toward my host. The fact that I had to identify myself to him as the "rich American from Petah-Tikvah" made him contemptible in my eyes. True, the clothes I wore were not my best, but how his attitude changed when I showed him the glitter of a gold coin! I know, if I had said to him last

night: "Brother, I am a poor Zionist from Odessa. I have no money, so I had to come to the Holy City on foot. I was molested by Arabs on the road, and now I 'm fagged out, feverish, and hungry. Give me a bite to eat and a corner in your kitchen. I 'll pay you when I find work," he would have turned me out of doors.

He came up to my room the next morning with a broad smile on his face. He was tall and thin and had a great unkempt beard.

"Have you slept well?" he asked, rubbing his hands.

"Yes, thank you."

"I 'm glad to hear that. I should reckon you would be nervous after that adventure on the road."

"Not at all. I 'm getting used to the people here." I said this with a tinge of scorn, which my host did not fail to notice.

"My hotel is the best in Jerusalem. We treat all people alike. Many are the times when I give up my own bed to a stranger who has n't even money to pay."

"That 's the proper spirit," I said, doubting him greatly. "I would expect it from an intelligent Jew."

"Oh, yes, we should all behave like brothers. My wife grumbles sometimes, but she 's only a woman. I say to her, 'The poor ye shall always have with you, and charity saves from death.' Will you have breakfast?"

I told him no, and he became alarmed.

"My wife is an excellent cook. Ask any of the lodgers. And kosher! Not like Hotel A—— or Hotel B——, where they don't even slaughter ritually."

I began to put on my clothes while he talked.

"You should eat if you don't want to catch fever. We charge less than any other hotel in Palestine."

Then I told him what I thought of the professed honesty of such as he. I told him how mistaken the people abroad were in looking to Palestine as the home of idealists.

"They forget the little things entirely," I said, "but they do not realize how much those little things shadow forth the greater." I was angry.

He listened to me quietly for a few minutes, ran his fingers through his beard, and shrugged his shoulders. He walked out backward and shut the door.

I dressed and went down-stairs. A score of people were sitting about the long table in the dining-room. Those of lesser means ate bread and herring and drank tea; the "rich ones" gorged themselves on chicken and fruit and drank wine. I paid my bill, and hurriedly left the hotel.

The streets are mostly narrow, winding, and unpaved. The unfinished structure of the Italian church stood behind me. Before me the dome of the Mosque of Omar gleamed in the sun. Below me lay the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Tomb of Absalom. The Tower of Queens stood tall and spare, pointing up to the sky.

The pedestrians presented a motley spectacle. There were Jews, young and old, with ear-locks and long robes, returning from the synagogue; Turks with starched collars and cuffs and European clothes; Englishmen in fezzes; Arabs with bare legs and dirty tunics; Arabian women in blue skirts and mud-stained trousers. The women were all barefoot, and were followed by children with shaved heads and watery eyes. Horses, camels, donkeys, wagons, and carriages; soldiers, officials, pedestrians, and women of the harem were all mingled into one conglomerate mass.

I sought out a restaurant, hired a room for the night, and had my breakfast. Then I picked my way through the congested thoroughfares and walked down toward the Jewish quarter.

(To be continued)

On a Rainy Morning

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

Illustrations by P. de Leslie

A NORTHEASTER blew up last night, and this morning we are lashed by wind and rain. M—— foretold the change yesterday when we rode upon a bus-top at nightfall. It was then pleasant enough, and to my eye all was right aloft. I am not, however, weather-wise. I must feel the first patter of the storm before I hazard a judgment. To learn even the quarter of a breeze, unless there is a trail of smoke to guide me, I must hold up a wet finger. In my ignorance clouds sail across the heavens on a whim. Like white sheep, they wander here and there for forage, and my suspicion of bad weather comes only when the tempest has whipped them to a gallop. Even a band around the moon, which I am told is primary instruction on the coming of a storm, stirs me chiefly by its deeper mystery, as if astrology, come in from the distant stars, lifts here a warning finger. But M—— was brought up beside the sea, and she has a sailor's instinct for the weather. At the first preliminary shifting of the heavens, too slight for my coarser senses, she will tilt her nose and look around, then pronounce the coming of a storm. To her, therefore, I leave all questions of umbrellas and raincoats, and on her decision we go abroad.

"IF I WERE THE OLD WOMAN AT THE CORNER"

Last night when I awoke I knew that her prophecy was right again, for the rain was blowing in my face and slashing on the upper window. The wind, too, was whistling along the roofs, with a try at chimney-pots and spouts. Down below I heard ash-cans toppling over all along the street and rolling to the gutters. It lacks a few nights of Hallowe'en, but doubtless the wind's calendar is awry, and he is out already with his mischief. When the window rattles at this season, it is the *tick-tack* of his roguish finger. If a chimney is overthrown, it is his jest. To-morrow we shall find a broken shutter as his rowdy celebration of the night.

This morning is by general agreement a nasty day. I am not sure that I assent. If I were the old woman at the corner who sells newspapers from a stand, I would not like the weather, for the pent-roof drops water on her stock. Scarcely is the peppermint safe beyond the splatter. Nor is it, I fancy, a profitable day for a street-organ man, who requires a sunny morning with open windows for a rush of business. Nor is there any good reason why a house-painter should be delighted with

this blustering sky, unless he is an idle fellow who seeks an excuse to lie in bed. But except in sympathy, why is our elevator boy so fiercely disposed against the weather? His cage is snug as long as the skylight holds. And why should the warm, dry noses of the city, pressed against ten thousand windows up and down the streets, this morning be flat and sour with disapproval?

It may savor of bravado to find pleasure in what is so commonly condemned. Here is a smart fellow, you may say, who sets up a paradox, a conceited braggart who professes a difference to mankind. Or worse, it may appear that I try my hand at writing in a "happy vein." God forbid that I should be such a villain! For I once knew a man who, by reading these happy books, fell into pessimism and a sharp decline. He had wasted to a peevish shadow and had taken to his bed before his physician discovered the seat of his anemia. It was only by cutting the evil dose, chapter by chapter, that he was finally restored to his friends. Yet neither supposition of my case is true. We who enjoy wet and windy days are of a considerable number, and if our voices are seldom heard in public dispute, it is because we are overcome by the growling majority. You may know us, however, by our stout boots, the kind of battered hats we wear, and our disregard of puddles. To our eyes alone, the rain swirls along the pavements like the mad rush of sixteenth notes upon a music-staff. And to our ears alone, the wind sings the rattling tune recorded.

Certainly there is more comedy on the

"FOR I ONCE KNEW A MAN WHO, BY READING THESE HAPPY BOOKS"

streets on a wet and windy day than there is under a fair sky. Thin folk hold on at corners. Fat folk waddle before the wind, their racing elbows wing and wing. Hats are whisked off, and sail down the gutters on excited purposes of their own. It was only this morning that I saw an aristocratic silk hat bobbing along the pavement in familiar company with a stranger bonnet; surely a misalliance, for the bonnet was a shabby one. But in the wind, despite the difference of social station, an in-

"FAT FOLK WADDLE BEFORE THE WIND"

"I SAW AN ARISTOCRATIC SILK HAT BOBBING ALONG THE PAVEMENT"

stant affinity had been established, and an elopement was under way.

Persons with umbrellas clamp them down close upon their heads and proceed blindly, like the larger and more reckless crabs that one sees in aquariums. Nor can we know until now what spirit for adventure resides in an umbrella. Hitherto it has stood in a Chinese vase beneath the stairs and has seemed a listless creature. But when a November wind is up, it is a cousin of the balloon, with an equal zest to explore the wider precincts of the earth and to alight upon the moon. Only persons of heavier ballast, such as have been fed on sweets, plump pancake persons, can now hold an umbrella to the ground. A long stowage of muffins and sugar is the only anchor.

At this moment beneath my window there is a dear little girl who brings home a package from the grocer's. She is tugged and blown by her umbrella, and at every puff of wind she goes up on tiptoe. If I were writing a fairy-tale, I would make her the princess of my plot, and I would transport her underneath her umbrella in this whisking wind to her far adventures, just as Davy sailed off to the land of goblins inside his grandfather's clock. She would be carried over seas until she could sniff the spice winds of the South. Then she would be set down in the orchard of the golden prince, who presently would spy her from his window, a mite of a pretty girl, all mussed and blown about. Then I would spin out the tale to its true and happy end. How she labors at the turn, hugging her paper bag and holding her flying skirts against her knees! An umbrella, however, usually turns inside out before it gets one off the pavement, and then it looks like a wrecked Zeppelin. One puts it in the first ash-can, and walks off in an attempt not to be conspicuous.

Although the man who pursues his hat is in some sort aware that he plays a comic part, and although there is a pleasing relish on the curb at his discomfort, yet it must not be assumed that all the humor on the street rises from misadventure. Rather, it rises from a general acceptance of the day and a feeling of common partnership in the storm. The policeman in his rubber coat exchanges banter with a cab-driver. If there is a tangle in the traffic, it comes nearer to a jest than on a fairer day. A teamster, sitting dry inside his hood, whistles so cheerily that he can be heard at the farther sidewalk. Good-naturedly he sets his tune as a rival to the wind. It must be that only good-tempered persons are abroad, those whose humor endures and likes the storm, and that when the swift, dark clouds drove across the world, all sullen folk scurried for a roof. I have been told, though the story seems incredible, that the customs' wharf was established on some theory like this for the wise partition of humanity, in order that all

sour persons might be housed together for their employment, and society be rid of them. Doubtless, therefore, it is by an extension of this obscure, but beneficent, division that only those of better nature go abroad on these blustering November days.

There are many persons, of course, who like summer rain and boast of their liking. This is nothing. One might as well boast of his appetite for toasted cheese. Does one pin himself with badges if he plies an enthusiastic spoon in an ice-cream dish? Persons of this turn of mind make a point of their willingness to walk out in a June rain. They think it a merit to go tripping across the damp grass to inspect their gardens. Toasted cheese! Of course they like it. Who could help it? This is no proof of merit. Such folk, at best, are but sisters in the brotherhood.

And yet a November rain is only a June rain that has grown a beard and taken on the stalwart manners of the world. And the November wind, which piped lazy melodies in October, has done no more than learn brisker, braver tunes to befit the coming winter. If the wind tugs at your coat-tails, it only seeks a companion for its games. It goes forth for honest celebration, and who shall begrudge it a chimney here and there if it topple it in sport?

Despite this, rainy weather has a bad name. So general is its evil reputation that from of old one of the lowest circles of hell has been covered thick with ooze in which villains are set shivering to their chins. But the beginning of this distaste may fairly be traced to Noah. Certain it is that toward the end of his cruise, when the passengers were already chafing with the animals,—the kangaroos in particular, it is said, played leap-frog in the hold,—certain it is while the heavens were still overcast that Noah each morning put his head anxiously up through the forward hatch for a change of sky. There was rejoicing from stem to stern, so runs the legend, when at last his old white beard, shifting from west to east, gave promise of a clearing wind. But from that day to this, as is natural, there has persisted a stout prejudice against wind and rain.

But this is not just. If a rainy day lacks sunshine, it has vigor for a substitute. The wind whistles briskly among the chimney-tops. There is so much life on wet and windy days. Yesterday nature yawned, but to-day it is wide-awake. Yesterday the earth seemed lolling idly in the heavens like a vagrant on a bench. One might have thought that it was a time of celestial vacation and that all the suns and moons were vacant of their usual purpose. But to-day the earth whirls and spins through space. Its gray cloud-cap is pulled down across its nose and it leans eagerly in its hurry against the storm. The heavens have piped the planets to their work. Yesterday the smoke of chimneys drifted up with tired content from lazy roofs, but to-day the smoke is stretched and torn like a triumphant banner of the storm.

The Yankee Cadi

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

Photograph by Dr. Shedd

GROUP OF MOUNTAIN CHRISTIANS WHO HAVE COME FOR FOOD

IF Scheherazade had told this tale, it would have seemed as incredible as any of the fancies that kept the sword from her own neck and later grew into "The Thousand and One Nights." All the essentials of romance are in it: a hero from a distant land of marvels, set down amid strange peoples; his elevation to such a post of honor and power as does not ordinarily come to the greatest of men; his daily *diwan khana,* or judgment seat, thronged by rich and poor; his bestowal of bounty and deliverance and life upon the lowly and the needy; his routing of mighty enemies by the use of an emblem more potent than the prophet's banner —the Stars and Stripes; and, finally, his heroic and tragic end. The narrative is one such as Orientals delight to rehearse in wayside khans and by caravan fires.

I am no Scheherazade, or weaver of beguiling fiction, so the story must be told in unadorned reality, prefacing it by the simple statement that the representative American about whom I write was the center of the most typically "Arabian Nights" situation that I ever encountered in far wanderings over the realm of the califs, from Cairo and Constantinople to Bagdad and Borsa. This man from Ohio had become a cadi, or judge, administering the high, low, and middle justice to all sorts of people, from uniformed officials to beggars in rags; and his tribunal was famous among hundreds of villages, for he was a judge whom neither bribery nor guile could influence, and whose court was open to the lowliest man or woman.

The setting of this narrative, wherein Yankee shrewdness and Harun-al-Rashid methods were telescoped, is so far away from America that one must draw a long breath before trying to explain its location. In times of peace there are, broadly speaking, four ways of reaching it. The easiest is to cross the Atlantic to Scandinavia and Petrograd, and then go down through Russia to the Caspian Sea. Keeping Mount Ararat on the right, strike for the salt lake of Urumia,—so much saltier than the American Great Salt Lake that one won-

ders why the school-books never make the comparison. Below the lake, on a plain where grow melons and grapes of a lusciousness past all telling, lies the City of Urumiah, the traditional birthplace of Zoroaster, and the seat of the *djwan khana,* or judgment hall, of the American cadi.

But whatever path one follows in going to the Yankee cadi of whom I write, the reward is both in the journey and in the journey's end. Urumiah is the East, with layered memories of ancient glories. The bazaars, vaulted, dark, and aromatic, are, or were, until the Russians, flying revolution's red rag, ruthlessly burned them, second in worth only to those of Tabriz. Here in their little booths sit, cross-legged, the rug-vender, the coppersmith, the shoemaker, the confectioner, the fruit-seller, and the food-purveyor, with his spitted chunks of liver or lamb sizzling over tiny charcoal fires.

Always there was time for talk and ceremony. When one walked through these thoroughfares, as I have done, with the Yankee cadi, one saw the honor that was paid him by high and low. The fat Moslem *hadji,* with his huge white turban, signifying that he has made the journey to Mecca, halted us for formal exchange of greetings; as did also the Persian official, in his little round black cap and his long frock-coat. The Persian governor himself sought counsel from this wise American, versed in statecraft, and possessed of the spirit of the East along with the wisdom of the West. Peasants from the plain and marvelously bepatched mountaineers, with their hair plaited down their backs, and their heads surmounted by queer little conical caps of home-made felt, sought to kiss the hand of the just judge. Ecclesiastics of a church that America knows not, though it maintained a chain of missions clear from Peking to Constantinople long centuries before Columbus sailed, greeted the foreign brother with glowing faces and unconcealed deference. An American-trained native, with an archæological bent, knowing the visitor's interest in the antiquities of this immemorial center of the cult of the Magi, promised me pottery from the mountain-high heaps of ashes that remain from long-dead sacrificial fires; and two fine pieces are in my home as I write. The native *Hakim,* or physician, desired to show his respect for the city's best friend by calling upon his guest, as did others in all walks of life. Where in all the world was there another private American citizen in receipt of such spontaneous tokens of esteem as this unofficial and unassuming gentleman in earth's remotest corner?

As we came to the cadi's own gate, there was repeated a scene which daily made me wonder whether the American public would receive the description for cold and commonplace fact. It was more like the setting that Belasco would create, if he knew how, for an Oriental extravaganza. For here was the street lined and thronged by a rabble, waiting the return of the great one whom they called "our father and our mother," and upon whose head they poured rich and varied blessings. Whatever may be the material lot of the Orient, it has no poverty of language. Most of the waiting ones sat hunkering in the roadside, with the endless patience of the East, returning day after day until their turn for access to the presence came around.

Some were Moslem women in all-enveloping black, with veiled faces, holding their children near to them. Others were men in Western garb, standing in couples and groups. The greater number were peasants from the plain and the mountain. Only colored photography could convey any adequate conception of these. They were vivid hues and patches. Literally hundreds of patches, of the brightest obtainable shade, were often seen on a single person. One essential of housewifery is ability to patch; and it seems as if some patches are put on perfectly sound garments for purposes of adornment. Apparently, no clothes wear out among these peasants; they are simply a succession of patches upon patches, until all trace of the original garment is lost.

The young women of the mountains are the comeliest to be seen anywhere on earth.

The famed beauties of the Caucasus, the legendary loveliness of Turkish harems, the chic mademoiselles of the Paris boulevards, and the swart peasant lasses of Italy must yield the palm to these Assyrian girls, whose skin is olive-clear, whose features are regular and fine, whose eyes are snapping black, and who bear themselves with the poise and stateliness of the mountaineer. It is their husbands who run mostly to patches. Jaunty circular caps and beautifully embroidered blouses and skirts, all products of their own craftsmanship, are worn by the women of the mountains. Frequently their foreheads bear a tattooed cross, as if in unrecantable defiance of the Moslem oppressors. As they waited outside the gate it was with simple dignity that looked one in the face unabashed.

Sometimes the waiting groups represented entire villages—men, women, and children. Often, alas! they were only surviving remnants of Kurdish raids. Upon their faces rested the famine pallor that is the same the world around. As a last resort, these miserable ones had come from their distant mountains to the far-famed American gate where both justice and mercy had their abode.

That gate has a story which all Americans should know, and would be the better for knowing. Its day-by-day aspect, when thronged by seekers after bread and protection and counsel and justice, was an epic in itself; for it embodied America. Away off here, in a region so remote that ninety-nine out of every hundred Americans have not even a hazy idea of its existence or location, the spirit of America, which is the spirit of altruism and service and righteousness and progress, had come to be a light to lighten an ancient people sitting in darkness, amid woe and beneath oppression. Into the remotest fastnesses of the mountains, far off on the plains, where little villages cluster amid the ruins of forgotten civilizations, through the barred gate of every miserable compound in the great city, there had run the glad message that America is the helper of the poor, the protector of the weak, and the adviser of the ignorant.

The lure of that light of liberty has called thousands of these Assyrians overseas; so that there is scarcely a community in what would be modern Assyria, if this people had a land of their own, that has not its representatives in different parts of America. Last winter, while I was a guest in the home of the American cadi, I saw a sight that made me understand the American immigrant from a new angle; for through the office of the cadi literally poured into the hands of scores and hundreds of mothers and wives and brothers and children the silver sent to them by their men-folk in America. Proud mothers tried to tell me, as I watched, of their generous sons in my land. More than a million dollars has been transmitted through this American channel, without a penny of carrying charges, to families who otherwise would have suffered sore deprivation. It is such unheralded adjuncts as this that have helped give American diplomacy its fair repute among the ancient peoples of earth.

But it was of the American gate that I started to write when I digressed. It is a real "sublime porte," worthier of that name than the old office building in Stamboul, for behind it were sheltered, three years ago, no fewer than fifteen thousand hunted, harried Assyrians, fleeing like sheep from Germany's wolves, the Kurds and the Turks. Over that gate hung an American flag. Beneath it stood an American civilian, embodying all the prestige and principles and power that have become attached to the flag in this corner of the world. That was all. There were no mounted cannon, no armed men. Outside, the enemy blustered and threatened and cursed; but the American flag flew between him and his prey. He spat at it and made impotent boasts of what he would do if that flag were once out of the way. Sometimes the foe were German-drilled Turkish regulars; again they were wild Turkish tribesmen, brandishing their weapons, and filling the air with their shrill cries.

Inside the American compound, to which this gate was the only entrance,

cowered, in a congestion beyond belief, fifteen thousand Assyrian men, women, and children. The people of Sennacherib have lost most of their martial virtues under centuries of oppression. So they abandoned themselves wholly to the protection of the little company of American men and women, about a score in all, whose leader was the cadi of whom I would write. This was no episode of hours or days. For five months the fifteen thousand refugees were herded into that space, enlarged for the occasion, and comprising altogether fewer than six acres, nearly all covered with buildings. Epidemics broke out, and four thousand died. Babies were born, with never a rag to wrap them in or a place to cradle them. Into a church that seats several hundred, thousands were crowded for these months, sleeping both on and under the pews. In a school-room that I visited the people lived in three layers, on the floor, on the seats, on the desks. Four lucky boys found a cozy home in a closet that was just as wide as my walking stick, and half as deep, for I measured it. The problems of sanitation were overpowering in more ways than one. Trench vermin were negligible, as compared with conditions in this congested, unwashed multitude. Every ounce of food, every drop of medicine, had to come from the Americans. During those five horror-filled months, when at any moment fanaticism might brush aside the American flag, which alone interposed between them and death, that little band of American heroes, their circle repeatedly broken by disease and death, met every problem that rose, and carried the besieged through to life and liberty.

But first I must tell about the cadi, who was diplomatic agent and adviser and go-between throughout all those perilous months. He it was who had oftenest to brave the city streets alone and front the enemy officers. Technically, it was not the Americans who were besieged, but only the Assyrian Christians whom they sheltered. What a gigantic bluff the flag and the cadi maintained in those perilous days! There was no force to support his representations. Communication with the outside world was down. Washington did not even know of the sublime drama that was being enacted behind the folds of the Stars and Stripes. Only nerve and resourcefulness kept the wolves from the sheep and the colors inviolate.

Not of Homeric sieges, such as the foregoing, have I undertaken here to tell, but of the every-day work of my Yankee cadi and of the court he held. His American associates as naturally and freely spoke of the *diwan khana* as if they were using English words about another man's hospital or school-room or work-bench. Yet this judgment seat had no legal status whatever. Nobody was compelled to obey the decisions of the cadi, but nearly everybody did. He was accepted as a higher authority than the Persian tribunal or the community courts. Most judges have weight only because of official position, because they represent authority, or because they are supported by force somewhere in the background. In this case, however, anybody, even a street beggar, was free to flout the American *diwan khana* if he desired.

The very fact of its existence was a sample of Yankee audacity. Nobody decreed it; it naturally developed out of Oriental conditions, where one honest, sensible, judicial Occidental, with a disposition to be helpful to his native neighbors, came to be regarded as a supreme court, fairer and wiser than native official tribunals and more disinterested than the village elders. By no design or desire of his own the cadi had to set apart his mornings from his own affairs to sit in judgment upon the cases brought to him in ever-increasing number. So numerous were the supplicants for counsel and justice that a separate chamber had to be built for them, and certain days assigned for women and for special classes of appeals.

Day after day, while visiting Urumia as a war correspondent on my way to the Caucasus front, I used to slip off for a visit to the *diwan khana,* where I observed the processes of what was doubtless the

most remarkable court of justice in the world. There was almost no ceremony or formality. The visitor sat in a better chair than that on which the cadi himself was hunched up like a college professor behind a plain, small table. Back of him on the wall hung an elaborate Persian scroll, a firman from the shah himself, in official testimonial to some bit of good work or other for flaccid Persian officialdom. It is a fact of comic-opera proportions that Persian officials themselves came openly to this room for counsel and support. Recently, when the Germans and Turks were supposed to be approaching, the Persian governor of the province asked the Americans to shelter him!

The cadi himself was a man just turned fifty, with wrinkled face and black beard and snappy eyes. He was of Ohio stock, though born in Persia, and educated in an Ohio college, and the wearer of a Phi Beta Kappa key. There was the shrewdness and reticence of a Maine man in his conduct. His court-room was never noisy, and he himself rarely blustered. Once, in the courtyard, I heard him drive out a crowd of villagers who were trying, with Oriental guile, to outwit their friends, and he was the personification of blazing wrath; but when the last tatterdemalion was out of the gate, the cadi turned to me with a chuckle, and a comment upon the necessity for sometimes simulating fierceness to impress these grown-up children.

On another occasion the soft and reasoning tones gave way to quick imperatives. One day in the line of people sitting along the wall, awaiting their turn, was a rather well-dressed and grandmotherly appearing old woman. As soon as the case ahead of her was disposed of, her demureness dropped from her like a garment, and with anguished cries and sobbings she fell on her knees at the judge's feet, trying the while to kiss his hand. "This is the real thing, 'local color' to the limit," I murmured to myself, busy with my note-book the while. As sharp as the bark of a revolver came two or three words from the cadi, and the woman, startled, rose to her feet, heard a few sentences, and departed crestfallen. Then his honor explained:

"The people of her village have been selling wine to the Russian soldiers," he said. "The case comes up next week. This old woman is trying to cut in ahead of the rest to make her plea, and by the 'lugs' she puts on, I guess she 's guilty." What a disillusionment concerning the importunate widow!

Who was the cadi who presumed to impose prohibition laws upon villages in Persia? With a grin, he confessed that he had no right at all except the right of righteousness. When villagers turn their grapes into wine and sell to Russian soldiers, the men get drunk and rob and rape and ravage. It was in the interest of public safety that the cadi put the lid down on the drinking on the Urumia plain. The penalty? Simply the withdrawal of the friendship of the Americans! That punishment was more dreaded than Persian laws; for from the Americans come counsel and protection and food in famine and intercession when the Moslems grow unusually oppressive. The most potent political "boss" in the States has no such influence in his ward as this quizzical-eyed Yankee had in this remote land of the Magi and of the great king.

Practical and tangible reasons appeared for the strange power of this American. There were not only ties of gratitude to him and his associates as benefactors in the past—as teachers, physicians, advisers, helpers, and protectors,—but there was also the fact that he represented those vastly rich and benevolent Americans, with a world-embracing charity, who had sent food to the villages ravaged by the Kurds, and seed corn and cattle to the farmers who were able to start in again. They knew nothing about the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief except as they knew the cadi and his few American associates. True, the recipient must give a bond for the restocking of his farm, and villages get seed only on the proof of need and the pledge of repayment. This cadi, who forever speaks the truth, and could not be beguiled, like the

foolish Americans in their own land, who yield riches for the asking to any Syrian who can but tell a tale, holds recipients to a true account, and visits wrath upon evaders of their obligations, such as those who return bad grain for good seed.

I have visited Assyrian villages with the cadi, and his unannounced coming set many to scurrying to cover up their stores of food if they had any and sought more. Into home after home, all one-room mud buildings, we went, stooping to save our heads from the low lintels of the doors. In the middle of every room is dug the clay-lined fireplace, on the inside of which the sheets of thin native bread are plastered, to be cooked by the glowing coals. There are no closets, no bureaus, no trunks, no inner rooms or recesses, where hidden stores of grain may be safe from prying eyes. Beneath the hay or the firewood or bedding are about the only places of possible concealment, and into these the cadi ruthlessly poked his cane, sometimes to the discomfiture of those who had with tears only yesterday begged for food. Rose-strewn is the path of the charity worker in America as compared with the experiences of those who would be helpful to the Oriental, ever exercising the divine spirit of being "kind to the evil and the unthankful."

It was a lifetime of experience with the Oriental and his wiles and needs and shortcomings that gave wisdom and power to the judgments of the cadi. Without this intimate knowledge of the villages, how could the judge decide where to send this community of mountaineers who had been driven out of the plains village where first they lodged? It was not easy to realize that this group of unshaven comedy characters, with plaited hair, in their baggy, many-colored trousers, their countless variegated patches, their absurd little felt caps, shaped like a portion of ice-cream, and their gaudy knitted socks and shoes, were really the head-men of a village and were mighty hunters and remarkable farmers and fearless feudists on their native heights. Here they stood straight, yet abashed, before the dispenser of justice, the saver of life. He knew that the urbane plains people do not like to share their one-roomed homes with uncouth mountaineers. Nevertheless, necessity knows no law; and the elders of the mountain community were sent forth with one of the cadi's trusted assistants to a new village home, where they would be received, if not welcomed.

Next appeared before the judgment seat a representative of a village which had returned only thirty loads of last year's loan of grain instead of one hundred. He made many and plausible excuses, but he went off with another one of the cadi's assistants, who would make investigation. These helpers were American-trained natives, whose integrity and efficiency was proof of the possibilities of their nation. The receipts and checks and counter-checks upon the American relief work, which at the time was consuming much of the cadi's attention, would have delighted a devotee of organized charity. On the plains only the women and children were given help. In the case of mountaineers who had been rendered homeless and destitute, temporary relief was provided for all, but in terms of food rather than of money, for the unsophisticated mountaineers cannot shop wisely.

Here came an old man before the cadi—I count thirty-seven patches on my side of him—who wanted the advance of an ox from the Americans; he tells his simple little agricultural tale with all the earnestness of a statesman pleading for a nation. He received a memorandum, which was equivalent to an ox.

A handsome Syrian-American, a citizen of the United States, followed him to register for military service under the new draft law. There was no American consul nearer than Tabriz, though in various parts of the Caucasus I have been positively assured by Russian and Persian officials that the cadi, whose fame was widespread, was the official American consul, and all of Uncle Sam's business is done in this *diwan khana.* Our young registrant's father had been killed by the Turks, and he was quite eager to enroll under the flag,

in order to fight against them and their German masters. He kept his American clothes and attitude; only his complexion, his name and his socks were Syrian. I liked his looks; but I feared that the ladies would prefer the cadi's chief clerk, a ravishing Persian swell, in a cream-colored frock-coat with long skirts, and trousers of the same color, above shining patent-leather shoes. He was immaculate and exquisite, with the manners of a prince and, what was more to the point, with the integrity of an Occidental.

There followed an old Armenian priest as the advocate of a village family in a dilemma. The man of the family was in America. He had sent an order, drawn in favor of his cousin; but the cousin was dead, and the family needed the money. On the testimony of the priest, of the cadi's own agent in the village, and of the barefooted, face-covered mother of the man in "Yonkiss" (Yonkers), who was Khachatur, son of Usup, the money was ordered paid.

One of the cadi's own helpers next came forward with a petition to be permitted to carry arms, as he went among the villages. This was a case for the Russian consul, who alone could issue the necessary papers.

Money! money! money! Is there any spot on earth in which it does not breed trouble? Here was a supplicant whose shrewd husband, then in the United States, had loaned his earnings to the villagers, the wife to receive the interest. But the villagers were not paying up, and the rich man's family was destitute. Would the cadi please put the screws on the delinquent debtors? Other cases involving mortgages and debts followed. Then came the papers of a complicated legal action before the civil authorities, which needed interpretation and supplemental decision by the American arbiter. A word lightly spoken by the cadi, who, however, was careful to speak no light words, ran far over the plains and up into the mountains, and became the law of a trustful people.

A queer mixture of chivalry and primitive vendetta and Russian "liberty" arose, all harking back to the offense of a plains village which sold wine to the soldiers. A drunken Cossack attempted assault upon a Syrian woman, and a doughty mountaineer came to her rescue. The Cossack killed him, whereupon his clan descended upon the village for vengeance. Now, would the cadi see that justice was done all around?

A blind man, clad in the green remnant and rags of what had once been a broadcloth frock-coat, now covered with colored calico patches, entered, with his wife by his side, and five children clinging to the tatters of the parents.

"Cut off our heads!" he cried, in Oriental extravagance. "There is nothing else for us." This was another way of asking that the miserable creatures be saved from starvation, which was done by the cadi, thanks to the American relief funds.

An interpreter was needed next, for the cadi spoke only Syriac and Persian and Turkish (French and German do not count out here), and the turbaned man who stood in front of him was a Kurd, head of a friendly village of forty families. Thanks to the help of the Americans, who know no lines of race or creed, his people had come through the year, and needed only a little more seed grain to put them entirely upon their feet.

Another Kurd, with a booming voice that was accustomed to calling across mountains and valleys, and fairly overwhelmed this little judgment hall, stood up assertively and presented his claim. He came from across the border in Turkey, and his village saved the lives of seven hundred Christians from the Turks. Now starvation faced his own people, but he did not ask charity. "Let me have what I gave the Christians, and nothing more," declaimed the proud Moslem chief. He magnanimously declared that he would give the village to the cadi. The next suppliant, also a Moslem, promises paradise to the noble judge, who thereupon remarked, laughing, to his American guest that the one was as able to give him a village as the other was to give him paradise.

Quickly the cases were passed. One was

that of an eminent Urumia *hadji,* or Moslem dignitary, the details of whose plea I failed to grasp. The next was that of the agent of a rich man seeking help in some property tangle. A representative of the Persian Government followed, asking counsel upon one of the countless complications caused by Russian high-handedness. A scheme for a city water supply for Urumia came to the *diwan khana,* and after it the appeal of some orphans whose property the jealous eyes of the cadi guarded from the spoilers.

Was there any function of a paternal government that did not come to this American exile for judgment? Now the question was one of an epidemic, and regulations about water and other precautions had to be sent out to the villages, to be read in the Christian churches on Sunday and passed along by word of mouth. In the things of body and soul these people leaned upon the Americans. I recall one conference with a delegation of visiting Assyrian dignitaries, who had called upon me less because I was an American correspondent than because I was a guest in the cadi's home, at which we threshed out the problem of this one of the small and weak nations. The Assyrians do not presume to demand separate national existence; all they ask is that America will give them some sort of guaranty of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Ways in which this could be encompassed were under discussion when one of the men—I think he was a Nestorian bishop—happily said, his fellows applauding, "We shall be satisfied to be placed under the protection of the American cadi," calling him by name, "as in the past."

The following morning seemed to be woman's day at the *diwan khana.* Early in line were two Moslem women, deeply shrouded in comprehensive and voluminous black raiment, with faces entirely covered except for one eye each. While waiting for interpretation, my mind turned reminiscently and frivolously to the women in many parts of the veiled East, from Korea to the Caucasus, who have looked at me with one eye. When the tale of woe of these two was heard, it proved to be beyond the power of the cadi to help, and he commended them, in a familiar Oriental phrase, to the compassion of the Almighty.

"Yes, but God 's above, and you 're on earth," tartly replied the woman whom I now perceived to be the elder, for in her animation she had let the veil fall from her eyes and from most of her nose.

More distinctively Oriental was the situation next on the docket, with Moslems and Christians contending for the possession of a child. The Christian father had been killed, and the mother had embraced Islam to save her life. But the law of the land runs that a child belongs to the father and to his family, and, in the fulfilment of the proverbial "nine points of the law," the father's brother had possession of the child, which the mother sought to secure, incited, doubtless, both by maternal affection and the zeal of her new co-religionists. Law is law, however, and the child remained a Christian, ruled the cadi.

Waiting their turn were a Kurdish mother and four children, crying for bread. They were tattered and dirty beyond words. It would be worth a million dollars in quick cash for the American Relief Committee to be able to display this family for a week in a Fifth Avenue window, though the sleep of those who saw them would be disturbed for many nights thereafter. Artistic genius could not devise such rags, and no painter ever had the imagination to depict such woe. Beneath their dirt, all were yellow with disease, and the baby's face and body were wizen, like a monkey's, with tightly drawn skin, and eyes fairly popping from the gnome-like face.

They were from the colony of refugees in and about the Sunni Mosque of Urumia, where there was concentrated more extreme and abject and nauseating misery than I suppose mortal eyes ever before looked upon. I have seen hunger and destitution in Russia and Japan and India, I made an examination of the deported Armenians in the Caucasus, and once I went through a Chinese famine. In all these ex-

periences I never met anything that for horrible, loathsome, unclean, emaciated, jaundiced, fever-shaken suffering could compare with the starving wretches in the filth of the Sunni Mosque in Urumia, all Kurds who a short year before had been reveling in the unprecedented wealth of the loot from the homes of the Christians whom they had despoiled and killed. The wheel of fortune had turned, and now all that Islam, in the name of whose German-incited "holy war" they robbed and slew, had to offer them was the four walls of an unpopular mosque, and no succor for the needs of their bodies. So they must turn to the Christians for help; who, because they were Christians, did not withhold it.

Six Assyrian families, all of a poverty such as the West cannot conceive, wanted to adopt one little Kurdish orphan. Before the cadi came the nephew of a man killed by the Kurds to beg relief for his slayers, now destitute. Syrians share their homes and small allotments of grain with starving, penitent Kurds, and all the Assyrian prelates, from the patriarch and metropolitan down to the parish priests, have united in petitions to the Americans, asking that relief be sent to the suffering Kurds, friendly and hostile alike. Considering the retaliatory spirit of the East, there must be something in Christianity to effect such a spirit of forgiveness as this.

Perhaps the reader has been impatient to know the name of this Yankee in a Harun-el-Rashid rôle. I have purposely withheld it, lest some unenlightened one should say, "Only a missionary," and so pass by the most Oriental American tale I know. For the cadi was the Rev. William A. Shedd, D.D., dean of the American Presbyterian Mission in Urumia, Persia, with a magnificent personal salary of something less than a thousand dollars a year, whose father filled the same rôle before him. The story of that mission is to be found, I suppose, in the proper religious chronicles.

I say that my cadi "was" the Rev. William A. Shedd. Recently and belatedly, there has come across the mysterious silences of the near East the news that Dr. Shedd is one of the victims of *"Kultur."* Last spring the message reached the American State Department by circuitous routes that Urumia was in a state of siege from the Turks and the Kurds, defended by the Assyrians, led of course, by the handful of Americans, who are patriots as well as missionaries. A French medical unit had gone to Urumia to help bolster up the disintegrated Russian spirit, and its members could be counted upon for valiant and skilful coöperation, if they still remained, after the Bolshevik disbandment of the army. There was a possibility, also, of help from American volunteers, led by British and American officers. Much was left to conjecture. No further tidings were received from the besieged city until late in August. Meanwhile the Turco-Teutonic "drive" into the middle East, with its revived "holy war" adjunct, was under way. Neither supplies nor reinforcements could be got to Urumia, nor messages. The courage and resourcefulness and prestige of these few Americans were the only hope of the remnant of the Assyrian nation, already depleted from about one hundred thousand to eighty thousand. The few persons in America who knew conditions in the Caucasus and western Persia pondered over the problems involved. They were impotent to aid. The position is important to the Allied cause as well as to humanitarian concern. The plot of the German-led Moslems to exterminate these ancient Christian peoples was well understood; so the worst was feared.

At length, late in August, news came that the Assyrians had effected an escape from Urumia, and were on the Saj Boulak plain, making their way eastward toward the British, with what privations and losses one can only imagine. Between them and the pursuing enemy were American missionaries, guiding the retreat and delaying the pursuit by guile or by force.

But Dr. William A. Shedd had fallen a victim to cholera. The shepherd had died defending his flock. The cadi had gone in person to appeal the cause of his people to the Supreme Tribunal.

He Learned French from a Laundress

By HELEN DAVENPORT GIBBONS

WHEN I entered the office of the shop where motor-ambulances are assembled, the sergeant and the lieutenant were checking up material.

"May I see the work here?" I asked.

"Oh, good!" cried the lieutenant. "And come up to the mess to lunch afterward. There is just time."

The sergeant was a master of arts with a serious mouth. Back of his glasses was a twinkle. Said he:

"Here 's pencil and paper. To fix this right, I 'm going to let you hear what the boys really say. Come on."

He hurried me past the time-clock, where the soldiers stick peg-nails in holes to mark themselves in or out, as in a factory back home. Scattered motor parts lay on the floor. Shiny metal tracks made long lines the length of the building. There was steady hammering everywhere; for the boys obey their slogan, posted on the wall: "Don't kill the Kaiser with your tongue. Use your tools." The sergeant laid his hand on the shoulder of a private who had a hammer in one hand and a board in the other.

"This lady is a French journalist. She 's come to visit the shop. Got to get busy here and give her the right impression."

I gasped.

"She wants to know if she can get a box to sit on."

While the box was being found, the sergeant asked the boy with the hammer how long he had been on the border.

"Try your Spanish on her," said he.

"Can't get away with it," replied the hammerer through two or three nails he had in his mouth. Another boy was picking his way across to us.

"I have the character for you now," whispered the sergeant. "The man coming is called Watson; thinks he can speak French, and he can't."

A soldier went by, carrying an electric drill. Above a sound unpleasantly reminiscent of the dentist, the sergeant murmured: "Get down his French as fast as you can;" and in a louder voice, as he bowed politely, "Madame, Monsieur l'interprète."

"Oh, go on, sergeant. Watcha get me into this for!"

"Go to it, boy," commanded the sergeant. "I 'll help you."

The private gave a deep sigh, and for the first time glanced at me. We moved toward an ambulance body nearly set up.

"Moi trayvay,"—putting his forefinger to his eye,—"regarder ici. Ce soldat arranger ici. Après fini—je regarder. Peut-être bon, peut-être non bon. Moi inspector. See?" Watson tried the door of the little cupboard in the ambulance. "Ici emergency-supplies," making elaborate gestures to illustrate bandaging. "Medecin—medicine. Which word means the doctor, and which is the stuff the doctor gives you?" The latch on the cupboard did not work. He shook his head gravely, then beckoned to me to come to the back of the ambulance.

"Autres soldats ici dedans." Putting his hand on the leather cushion of the seat, he went on: "Bed. Leet pour blessés."

"Combien de blessés?" I asked.

"Oh, let 's see. Oon, deux, troy, quatre," he answered, telling out the numbers on successive fingers.

He jiggled the tail-board. Something seemed to be loose.

"Ici pas bon. Ici soldats trayvay pas bon; couple of screws missing."

We were standing now at the side of the ambulance body. My interpreter was

opening a box-like affair above the front wheel.

"How the devil do you say trimmings?" murmured Watson. "Ici petit, petit—no, no, no; . . . ici marteau, tools. See? Ici—what 's the word for occupants, Sergeant?"

He gave that up, and moved on to the next ambulance body, which a soldier was varnishing.

"Après fini là-bas, c'est ici pour—paint. What 's the word for paint?" he asked himself. Turning to me with a beaming smile, he said convincingly, "Couleur." Private Watson pried open a freshly painted green door, and explained, while he wiped the paint off his penknife: "Pour ventilation. Troy petit portes—oon, oon, oon. Americans beaucoup fresh air." He inhaled and exhaled with vigor, so I should not miss the lesson. "Here heat," pointing to a little grating. Then, "Pour chaud. Peut-être froid at the front."

I was examining a tin drum-like affair under the front seat.

"Un reservoir pour de l'eau?" I asked.

"Oui, oui. Tell her the big one above is for gasolene, Sergeant."

Watson walked swiftly ahead of us, glancing at ambulance after ambulance.

"Sergeant, you are a rascal," said I. "Are you sure these boys don't know me? I lectured a while ago at the Y. M. C. A. hut, you remember."

"Fixed that, too, Mrs. Gibbons. Oh, Lord, this is real stuff! Only one man in the shop has seen you before, and he promised to keep his mouth shut. Fire some more questions at him."

The sergeant covered his face with his handkerchief, and his giggles with a thorough nose-blow as Watson plucked my coat-sleeve gently and pointed to a finished ambulance at the end of the line.

"Here Croix Rouge et U. S. medical insignia. Dernière chose. Ambulance fini, fini maintenant. Say, Sergeant, tell her these ambulances are for wounded, but they are also the wagons that take you out and don't bring you back. You stay there by request. Tell her we work like the devil in this shop. If any man slows down, we ask him if he is working for Uncle Sam or the kaiser."

"Combien de temps faut-il pour faire une ambulance, Monsieur?" I asked.

"Don't get you. Gosh!" cried my interpreter, with startled eyes.

"It 's all right, Watson," said the sergeant; "she wants the real dope on our output. One ambulance every four hours."

Then followed a discussion between the private and the sergeant that revealed to me much about the spirit of the outfit and the quantity of work produced.

"Be sure she gets that dope straight," called a soldier as he ducked behind an ambulance. He was laughing.

The sergeant steered us quickly into a little room, where Watson said:

"Ici peinture—you said that was the word for paint, Sergeant?"

For answer he patted Watson on the back and said:

"Look here, boy, we have been putting over a dirty trick on you. This lady is not a French journalist. She is Mrs. Gibbons, the mother of the Little Gray Home in France."

Watson's blue eyes gave me a long look. With his right fist he pushed his campaign hat away back on his head and groaned.

"It 's a shame," said I, "to have treated you like this." I slipped a cigarette-case out of my pocket and asked, "Will you show me you forgive me by smoking one of my cigarettes?"

Watson took the cigarette and burst out laughing.

"Gee! I 'm a donkey," he cried. "That sure is a good one on me!"

"I suppose you are thinking about the guying you will get," I said. "But listen to me. I 'll tell you right now the impression I should have got, had I really been a French journalist. If what I say tallies with the truth, that 's all you 'll need. You know I 've never been in this shop before to-day."

As I talked, the private smiled more and more, and when I finished, his pleased comment was:

"To think I got away with that, and I learned my French from a laundress!"

The Roman Wall

(A Victorian Speaks)

By GEORGE STERLING

Right high our fathers reared its strength
  Against an unpermitted foe,
With towers that cried along its length,
  "Thus far, no farther, shall ye go."

Ours was a fat and gentle land
  Of tended road and ordered shires,
Well 'stablished by the heavy hand
  And hard-won wisdom of our sires.

Immune, aloof, oh, fledged with peace,
  We saw the placid years unfold,
Gathered the garden's mild increase,
  And knelt at altars kind and old.

Far north, in haze of rain or fog,
  Survived a weird and shaggy folk;
From heathered hill to quavering bog
  They ran unhindered by our yoke.

From sea to sea, far sentineled,
  Mossy, immense, the wall endured.
We knew each fortalice firm held,
  And our inheritance assured.

"We knew!" We did but dream we knew,
  Deluded in our ethnic scorn;
While autumn glowed and skies were blue,
  The terminating plot was born.

It was no trumpet brayed them in;
  Their captains did not lead the van.
A laugh—and where the wall had been
  Stood the abrupt barbarian!

Our augurs cried not of the day;
  The skeptic horde came unforetold.
We shudder at the tunes they play,
  Yet have they come to share our gold.

They camp in every sacred spot;
  Their middens taint the morning breeze—
Vandal and viking, Pict and Scot,
  And hairy folk from overseas.

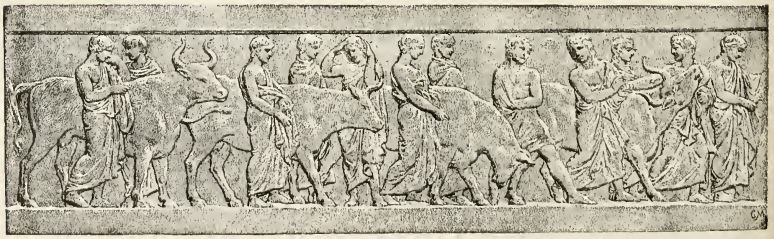
Elder, we do not like their songs,
  A fact that moves them not at all;
Too many to be bound with thongs
  And haled beyond the prostrate wall.

They will not drink our costly wines,
  Contented with their swinish brews.
Their hands are hostile to our shrines
  And pacts long held with god and muse.

Brazen, unawed, a facile spawn,
  They house the magpie and the cur
In wattled huts that soil the lawn
  Where once the flawless marbles were.

It may be they have come to stay,
  Indifferent to a chary host;
Our sons may welcome them some day,
  And of that rabble make the most.

But our indignant eyes we cast,
  And our offended ears we turn,
On vistas purple with the past
  And twilights where the gods return.



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The Anchor

By RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

Illustrations from etchings made for THE CENTURY by J. Paul Verrees

"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and stayed not for his answer.—*Bacon.*

I HAD this tale straight from the second mate of the wrecked ship *Tankard*. He was an Esthonian by birth, by name Aronowsky. Captain Wilkinson of the *Tankard* had called him the grandest liar in Christendom before taking leave of him; but for my part, I think he was telling the truth. He was the sort of man who had to tell the truth, indeed, or forfeit all those grimy papers that gave him standing as a political being. He carried them all in a brown envelop, even down to his birth-certificate; and if he lost even the least of them, he would find himself at once in a very ugly fix, and might even be deported, he feared. So long had he been subject to the probe of official eyes, tongues, fingers, all but pinch bars, that the habit of telling the truth, walking a chalk-line, and having documentary evidence to bear him out had become the least of his precautions.

"I don't usually say more than I have to," he told those of us who were loafing in the shipping offices, waiting for a ship. "Not to them, anyways," and he jerked his head toward the captains' room. This policy of silence under probe dated from his first exile from Russia, when he had traveled the length of his native state on a flat-car laden with frozen beeves in two long rows, the whole covered with tarpaulin. At sidings he had to bear with a soldierly practice of thrusting bayonets, like darning-needles, through the concealing canvas in search of just such as he. All Russia was divided into the hunter and the hunted. Once the cold steel had pierced the calf of his leg, but he had not cried out. Indeed, he had the presence of mind to wipe the bayonet clean of blood with his coat as it was being withdrawn from his wound.

"If I had so much as whimpered," he informed us, "I would never have been assigned to lucky Wilkinson's ship, and you would not be hearing from me now."

"You say Jim Trojan was third of this ship?"

"His second trip, I believe."

"He was a hard case as I remember him."

"He had taken orders too long to be able to give them, however," said Aronowsky. "To look at him, though, you would say he was one of those chaps who drive nails with their fists and pull them out again with their teeth."

He had been a seaman too long to make

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an officer out of him, Aronowsky said a couple of days later. By this time we had begun to form a picture of the man without getting a hint as to the cause of the disaster. He had a hairy barrel of a body, copiously inked, big red paws, pitted cheeks. There was a white slash across his back. He was a hard case, and looked as if he had been sewed together as many times as a sack.

On the other hand, Captain Wilkinson—Lucky Wilkinson—was a lank, cool devil, as gentle as a woman, corn-silk hair tumbling over his ears, a wide mouth, wedge jaw, and quizzical wrinkles in the corners of his blue eyes. Every time Trojan saw him coming, his voice dropped into the back of his throat, and he went into ambush directly. He was afraid of authority. All the days of his hard life it had been his custom to tremble in the presence of the "old man," and he trembled now before this old man, Wilkinson, an old man ten years younger than he was himself, and with nothing like his sea experience. The chance of war had forced Trojan into this fix. The authorities had pounced upon him, taught him the rudiments of navigation, and converted a swaggering boatswain into a timorous third mate.

Directly he got upon the bridge he was beset by nervous terrors, like a girl at her first ball. Having climbed to that dizzy height, he felt as if somebody had kicked out the ladder from under him and left him to his own resources, unsupported and without counsel, hanging over that blue-black abyss, and charged with the safe conduct of two hundred souls.

"If you make a mistake, you 're a criminal," he said with awe.

His fears were legion. If he sighted smoke, he was visited by the moral certainty that a raider was bearing down on him. If a sail was reported, that was submarine camouflage. If he saw a light at night, that was a submarine again, and he sent a man post-haste to break the slumbers of the old man.

To be sure, once the captain took the bridge, nothing that he did seemed right in Trojan's eye. Wilkinson's judgment was faulty, and Trojan's could not be that, because he never allowed himself to exercise it. If the old man showed running-lights, that was folly; but if he refrained from showing running-lights, why, that was folly multiplied a thousand times. If he stayed below, he was neglecting his ship,—"We might all have been at the bottom a dozen times for all him,"—if he appeared, as he often did at night, walking about in silk pajamas of robin's-egg blue, with purple frogs, then Trojan said that the old man was ready to jump out of his skin through sheer nervousness. If so, it must have been the nervousness bequeathed to him by Trojan; for the third mate, as soon as he saw Wilkinson, and knew that nothing thereafter could be charged against him, and that if he appeared in court, it could only be in the capacity of a witness, mysteriously recovered all his faculties, and muttered that the old man had better stay in his bunk and leave the business of shoving the ship along to men who had got their knowledge out of something bigger than a book.

Still, when Wilkinson was by, the dumbness of his sailor years came over him and clouded him. He would speak his mind, and yet he could not. The bullying ring was out of his harsh voice; his throat was thick; he was sheepish and even reverential in his attitude.

One night he was certain he had seen a black object right ahead. Sweat stood on his forehead and ran down his pitted cheeks. He grasped the handle of the engine-room telegraph, thinking to give her "Full astern"; instead, he let his hand drop again and cried out:

"Wake the old man!"

He stared again; the black object was not clear to him now, and by the time Wilkinson was at his elbow he was not sure of it at all.

"Well, what is it this time, Mr. Trojan?"

The captain's voice sounded wide-awake, as calm as the clock ticking behind his ear; but the words "this time" were hard to bear.

"I thought I saw something, sir."

"Saw what?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Where was it?"

"Right ahead."

"In the path of the ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we have rammed it by now, I suspect." The captain's voice had good-natured satire in it.

Trojan muttered something like:

"Be on the safe side."

"Yes, of course," said Captain Wilkinson.

A wave of sheepish subjection to authority, a sort of mental paralysis, attacked the brain of the watch-officer. That erstwhile expansive personality stood miserably dumb, enfolded in darkness.

Wilkinson still lingered. His lower jaw sagged. His strong teeth gleamed white. By the side of his enormous watch-officer he looked like a fairy prince. He put his mop of yellow hair aside, and adjusted glasses to the bridge of his nose.

"There is positively nothing there," he said at length. "Watch the steering close, Mr. Trojan, and call me if you need me or if any marked change in the weather occurs."

At midnight Trojan hissed in the ear of the second mate:

"This old man is a scholar."

Trojan could say no worse of a man than that he had a feebleness for books. Say what you would, there was a lurking cowardice in resorting to the printed page. It was taking an undue advantage of a man who had a manly, bracing contempt for all books.

"A scholar?"

"Yes. He has never been in a real pinch. I would like to have that article on the deck of a windjammer just once."

"The old man began life in sail."

"He ought to have ended it there, I say. Snooping around, dousing himself with perfume! He is a dangerous man to have on a ship, I tell you. They will end by smelling us out, with that man shedding flavors the way he does."

It was true that Captain Wilkinson liked strong scents. An ethereal violet wake trembled away from him when he walked. He laved himself with scented soaps, and shook geranium powders into his bath.

"He is soft, too," whispered Trojan. "Going to get married, hey?"

"Yes, this time home. Lucky man, I say. Have something to come home for."

Soft and book-lover! The indictment was heavy indeed; but the old man did not suspect, did not dream, that he was hateful in the third's sight. He thought Trojan worshiped him. And, indeed, the fellow never let an indiscreet word escape him when the captain was near. He took pains to conceal his hatred. He seemed to fear for the life of his grouch. Even when the old man found him putting the cook's dog ashore and interfered, Trojan did no more than acquiesce, though in that instance he was plainly in the right of it. A ship in submarined waters is no place for a dog. It was that prenuptial softness of Wilkinson's that had urged upon him leniency in the case of the cook's three-legged yellow cur, a mangy, cringing, hollow-flanked phenomenon, which was sometimes averred by the crew not to be a dog at all, but merely the incarnation of the cook's yellow streak.

"I was afraid we might stumble over it in the dark, sir," Trojan said worshipfully.

"Ah, I see. Put the poor devil in the 'tween-deck."

The Yellow Streak went into the 'tween-deck. For the most part he lay stretched out on the hatch there, massive head watchful between crusted paws. Wilkinson sometimes flung a scrap of meat down there when he came up with his after-dinner cigar. The old man was at peace with the world, a lucky captain who had never lost a ship, had never seen a periscope, and who was going home to marry the finest woman in the world.

"Yes, up to that time I had rather have had that man's luck than a license to steal," Aronowsky said, after due deliberation. "He told me himself that if he could make another trip without taking the covers off his guns, he would begin to think of heav-

ing them on the dock. Everything fair, a good crew, the engines kicking out ten and a half, fair skies, and the ship sliding on as if she had had fat laid along her keel."

And yet all was not well with him. Trojan had grown bitter. On the very last night indeed,—the last night of the *Tankard* as a surface ship,—during what would have been the first dog-watch in the old days of two mates, Trojan found himself looking with all his eyes in at the lee door of the captain's room. He was viewing the old man's uniform, which hung from a series of pegs on the port side. They were very tasty garments, but all wrong, according to Trojan; mysteriously and disheartenigly wrong, like everything that appertained to the old man. He had for Wilkinson an antipathy in all its comprehensiveness. He hated him for his uniform, for his scents, for his yellow hair, for his prospects of bliss, for his loose-jointed "Lord-of-creation" walk, and even for the way in which he sat down to table, giving, what Trojan called, "a nasty look all round him first." Most of all he hated him when, in the dead vast and middle of the night, he was forced to call him to the bridge for consultation. Bitterly he longed to conduct his watch through to an end without leaning on that crutch; but at the first sign of weakening he grappled it to him.

Now, as he stared at that cap, with its high, stiff crown, its blue cover, its gold braid, its impressive eagle, he gave way suddenly to the compelling itch in his fingers, lifted down the cap, and settled it on his brows.

A voice from behind said crisply:

"A very good fit, Trojan."

The wretched third snatched it from his head, and dropped it in his tremulous eagerness to get it back on its hook. Wilkinson was not annoyed; indeed, his voice was friendly and half pitying. He said:

"You ought to have been wearing that cap long ago, Mr. Trojan, with your experience. All you lacked was the will power to buckle down and learn the few essential propositions. You had all the rest."

Trojan made a respectful noise in his throat, but his hate increased many times.

And now came the night of the disaster, for disaster had to claim that lucky ship at length. The Fates mercifully snipped her thread off short.

Aronowsky, the original narrator, paused here, and looked about him at the loungers in the shipping office, his eye lighting on first one, then another, of that stolid group. Nearly all of them had lumpish chins and steady, far-seeing eyes, without any sort of guile observable in them; good square heads of the kind to which destiny had first entrusted and now reconciled him.

"It was a far cry from the press report of it," he said cautiously. "That, as I say, was Captain Wilkinson's mistake. They naturally went to him first, and it would have looked bad for me to contradict his story.

"The newspapers had reported the ship torpedoed in the usual fashion, at about two o'clock in the morning, you will recall, by a torpedo coming against her on the port side; but that, fortunately, she was kept afloat for nearly an hour by the lucky chance of that fatal shot taking effect slightly above the water-line."

"These people must have thought we were hit by a flying-fish," the second mate observed thoughtfully.

"You say she was not torpedoed, then?"

"No; certainly not."

"Still, you felt a jar?"

"A jar, man? I thought the ship was split. It was a collision, and next door to a head-on collision, too. We were rammed on the port side just aft of the collision-bulkhead, ripped open as neat as a prong of ice could slip into her belly, laid open like a fish on a slab. I don't know what craft did it to this day. How should I know? It was black, black. I could n't see these five fingers in front of my face. No lights either. Black out. Light tight. We were stealing along in the dark, like thieves up an alley."

Trojan had been moaning all along about the lack of lights, and so it was no surprise to him at least when the ship suddenly went short over to starboard,

as if she had been cuffed over by the tail of some emerging leviathan. It was precisely eight bells—midnight; the second mate was in the act of relieving Trojan, but had not actually received the course from him. Both officers were standing together in the port wing of the bridge. Aronowsky was thrown sharply to his knees. He though at first, of course, that she had been torpedoed, although the sensation, when he later collected himself enough to describe it, was rather that of being hooked to the heart; as if she had been first penetrated, and then brought up short by some monstrous barb.

"'HE 'S CAPTAIN,' CRIED TROJAN, SAVAGELY. 'DO AS HE SAYS. PASS UP THE DOG'"

As soon as he heard anything at all, he heard Trojan calling in his thick tones to the spare quartermaster:

"Wake the old man!"

He was reaching out again for that discarded crutch, and this time in a perilous hour, certainly. He had not had time to turn the ship over formally to Aronowsky, and the responsibility was still his. His first impulse in these circumstances was to summon that masterful object of his aversion to the bridge. Next he cried harshly: "She 's all gone for'ard—all gone. What do you make out there?"

They stared ahead. Was she in truth hopelessly broken open? The throb of the engines was still audible, at least. Aronowsky stared through the dark at some object like a hideous snout that seemed to be nuzzling his ship's flank there on the port side, a moving horror, as if a gigantic snail were drawing itself the length of the ship. He stood rooted in his tracks by an absurd misgiving lest this catastrophe to the ship might be attributable to a supernatural source.

"That was a bad moment," he confessed. He stood there, helpless to see what had happened, unable to make out anything ahead of his own nose, and the heart in his breast like a bomb treacherously tucked in there by the enemy, swelling up and getting ready to burst.

And suddenly the clawing ceased, a black shape reeled away from the port side, and the ship came back a trifle from her extreme list to starboard.

All this had occupied very few seconds. They found that the lank form of Captain Wilkinson had interposed between them.

"Who is here? Mr. Trojan, Mr. Aronowsky?" he called rapidly. "We have been laid open on the port side by some confounded trawler, I believe. It 's not serious. Mr. Aronowsky, go into Number Two at once, and see if water is making there. I think the blow was

above the water-line. Wake the mate and tell him to stand by those collision-mats. Mr. Trojan, notify the steward to bring what mattresses he has, turn out the crew. Muster them forward to plug the gap. Quartermaster, let her go west half south. Not too much wheel. Steady, my boy!"

At the same time he signaled "Slow ahead" on the telegraph, and immediately after stopped the ship.

Aronowsky, who had already tumbled somehow into Hold Number Two, felt the cessation of that pulse like the failure of his own heart, he said. He had expected it, however. And now he could see at a glance the whole extent of the fatality. The empty hold was like the humming shell of a crustacean; it was full of boomings, viperous hissings, slobbering sounds, unreal; it quaked like the belly of a stringed instrument. A strong, cool current of air touched his sweaty brow. To his horrified gaze, the hole in the port plating looked bigger than the ship herself.

"I am honest with you," the Esthonian stated slowly. "That hole seemed to fill the whole sky, and I could see solid water jumping up, and stars beginning to show beyond that. A fresh wind blew right in on me. That is how we were fixed."

The second mate felt as if he had been disemboweled personally. He looked up out of the hold with a dismayed gasp, forced out of him by the cold rush of water about his knees as much as anything, and he was reassured by hearing the calm voice of the captain giving an order to the boatswain. From first to last Wilkinson did everything that mortal man could, even threatening the seamen with loss of their papers if they did not stand by the boats until the mates came to order them lowered away. This had a tonic effect. Like Aronowsky, they were mostly men whose right to set foot anywhere on the naked earth was curiously conditioned on their ability to produce papers, bits of salt-stained, sweat-stained wood-pulp, testifying to facts and intentions of various kinds. Without these to show, it would be better, or at least less tedious, to die forthwith, as any seaman will understand.

Aronowsky returned to his muttons. The furrow in the *Tankard's* shell-plating, he found out, began just aft of the collision-bulkhead, near the prow of the ship. It was three or four feet out of water at that point; the plates were bent sharply out, and the heavy U-bars out of which the ribs had been wrought were twisted in ghastly fashion.

"You would as soon expect to see a skeleton floating as that ship," said Aronowsky. The tear in her flank went deeper as it went aft, until, at the extreme after part of Hold Number Two, water was coming in with a nasty choked-back sound, as if it could n't come fast enough to satisfy itself—the sound of water coming through the neck of a bottle, in short. It went streaming across the 'tween-deck hatches right merrily, and had the effect of sinking the ship to starboard every instant. She was altering her trim now as well, and had every intention of going down by the head, if Aronowsky was any judge. He felt terribly skittish about staying where he was in ignorance of developments, and he confessed that nothing but the cool voice of Captain Wilkinson stayed this sort of panic.

And just then an entirely new phase of the mystery took him literally off his feet. This was the violent doubling of some hard object about both his legs at the knees, under water. He threw both arms out in going down, and so discovered that what he was tangled up in was nothing less than about two fathoms of chain cable.

The mind of a seaman is very orderly in its reasonings, and proceeds on the assumption that there is a place for everything, and that everything should be in its place. It seemed to Aronowsky nothing short of pure delirium to run foul of chain cable lashing about in that part of the ship, where no chain had ever been before. Had the chain-locker been crushed in? And if it had, surely there was not force of water yet to float out iron chain!

A swirl of water shifted him along the deck. His outstretched hand brought up against a junk of iron. He bent his fin-

gers around it. It was the palm of an old-fashioned anchor.

Aronowsky took time to be surprised again. An anchor! His delirium was growing on him. In falling, he had shattered his electric-torch, but he used his fingers with the agility of a blind man. The palm of that anchor had wedged itself into the web framing, that giant rib of wrought iron to which was tacked the bulkhead, or steel partition, running thwartships directly under the bridge.

He could now read the history of this case complete. That beam-trawler, or whatever she was, had punched the crown of her port anchor clean through the *Tankard's* plating forward; next, the palm of the anchor caught on, just as it might have on a mud bottom, took an inside bite, and plowed along in the breast of the ship, parallel with the water. After two fathoms or so of chain had run out, a knot of it must have stuck in the hawse-pipe, breaking off there finally. But those tormented links had hung for just long enough to cook the *Tankard's* goose, ripping through her plating as if it had been sleazy cloth, snatching out cold rivets, and in general opening the ship outwardly, as a can-opener opens a can of tomatoes. The web framing was the first thing it encountered strong enough to stop it; but by that time a rapidly increasing strip was being torn out of the ship's hide, and the lower edges of the strip were under water.

The lower hold was still whole, however. Aronowsky saw at one glance that the thing to do was to get tarpaulins across those hatches, and the battens wedged in with good nine-inch oak wedges, before the incoming water could float the hatch-boards clear of the hatch-opening. The lower hold, free of water, offered a reserve of buoyancy; with that maintained, the 'tween-deck might fill, and still the ship remain afloat. With the whole compartment flooded, it became a narrow question for mathematicians. Aronowsky would not answer for her.

At this point James Trojan joined him, followed by a group of men bearing mattresses on their shoulders But when they saw the hole, these stop-gaps slid from their fingers.

"Where 's the mate?" cried Aronowsky.

The third mate's face thrust toward his with a savage jerk.

"Monkeying with those outside window-curtains."

"Are they coming down over the hole?"

"Lord, no. They are ripped into shreds. Seamanship! I knew how it would be with that—article on our hands. That was one of his grand ideas, I suppose."

"These window-curtains were, in fact, an invention of Captain Wilkinson's, a sort of modified collision-mat. They were rolls of reinforced and wired canvas held to the rail of the ship, and weighted with heavy slice bars at their bottom edges. These weights were added with the idea of preventing the inward spout of water from pinching the mat against the plates before the hole should be fully covered. Unluckily, whatever their merit, they had been planned with a view to the ship's being driven in; and here, by some night-marish chance, she had been plucked open instead. The cruel, curling points of the rent plates pierced those window-curtains as fast as they could be rolled down, and gnawed them to ribbons.

"The hole cannot be plugged?"

"Not in a week."

"Then we have got to get tarpaulins over this hatch. Quick! Get your men together. There 's no time to lose."

Time was lost, notwithstanding. Trojan stumbled over something.

"What 's that?" he cried, groping. "There 's some damned fish rolling around here."

He was wrong. It was the cook's Yellow Streak, a fact of which they were reminded by hearing the cook yell down to them to pass up his dog, and give it a chance at the life-boats. At the same time Captain Wilkinson called from the bridge in stentorian tones,

"Pass that dog up out of there!"

"We 've no time, sir," cried Aronowsky; but his voice was lost in the increasing uproar.

"He 's captain," cried Trojan, savagely.

"'LOOK OUT BELOW! I AM GOING TO JUMP!'"

"Do as he says. Pass up the dog." And he set about taking steps to do it with a malicious gleam in his eye.

"We could n't have known it at the time he came aboard," said Aronowsky, "but it was that cook's Yellow Streak that lost the ship."

He had more than a tinge of personal misgivings in the matter. Perhaps he should have turned a deaf ear to his captain in the circumstances. At all events, the time lost in rigging a tackle to pass that forlorn specter of a dog out of the 'tween-decks was the time which should have gone to stretching the tarpaulins over the hatch. For the hatch is ever a ship's weakest member. Let the sides be never so strongly bolted, if the hatch fails, all fails. With a canvas well stretched across it, and tucked under the battens, it can resist the probe of the water; but boards relying merely on their weight are soon floated free. In the case in question they spun away from the strong-backs like tiddledewinks. A croaking chasm lay under Aronowsky's staring eye; his last hope was gone. Water began to fall into the lower hold with a deep roar. A puff of hot air and wheat dust came out. Aronowsky coughed.

"She 's gone," Trojan said huskily. "The ship 's gone."

"Yes, there is nothing more to do now."

"She will sink in ten minutes, hey?"

"Or less time. Lower your boat. I am going to tell the captain to abandon the ship."

"He has lost her by his own fault," hissed Trojan.

It was true that she was lost. The hold was filling almost as quickly as a bowl could be filled out of a pitcher.

"I never saw water move in faster than it did aboard that ship," Aronowsky said, with his serious expression deepening, as if to reassure those who doubted him as to his complete candor. There was a strong drama in the perfect calm which he employed in narrating to us how he had gone back to the bridge and told the captain there was nothing to be done now but abandon ship.

Such a moment must cut any true seaman to the heart. That ship never left the ways which had not power to strike into the breasts of the men who walk her decks a sentiment of affection. If they cannot love her for her performance, they can still love her for the lack of it. If they cannot admire, they can pity; and pity is akin to love.

"What are you saying?" said Captain Wilkinson. He laid his thin hand on Aronowsky's shoulder like a brother. He was still in his sleeping-suit of robin's-egg blue.

"The lower hold is gone, sir."

"You were not able to cover the hatch in time."

"No, sir."

"The devil! My collision-mats were no good either."

The captain leaned over the dodger.

Water was certainly not very far away. The forecastle head was under; the ship shuddered; the roar of the cataract falling into Number Two prolonged itself into a death-rattle, and the shift forward in the ship's trim could be felt from moment to moment.

"I have pumped out all the starboard tanks," Wilkinson said. "She does n't come back."

She would never come back.

"Very well. Can you get her west half south now, boy?"

"It 's no good turning that wheel over now, sir," interposed Aronowsky, gently. "The rudder will be out of water."

"I expect so. Get your boats overboard, Mr. Aronowsky; abandon ship. I am signaling, 'All finished with the engines.' "

The voice of the lucky Captain Wilkinson broke a little over those words. It was a signal very necessary to be made. Without it, deep in the bowels of the ship there was a hand which would not be absent from the throttle till death relaxed its grip. All finished with the engines! An ironic signal on the whole. It would be a marvel if the engines did n't leave the beds of their own accord the next instant, to plunge into the boilers, and out again at the drowned eyes of her.

A weird silence floated through the ship, broken by a thin, despairing cry from nobody knew where—the voice of one imprisoned, evidently. Aronowsky could scarcely bring himself to leave the bridge. The old man was staring down into that abyss with a fascinated smile.

"I hope you are coming away, too, sir," Aronowsky ventured timidly.

"Yes, yes. Go to your boat," said Wilkinson. "I only had half a notion—"

He had half a notion that the ship might not sink at all. Aronowsky lingered to bring him out of that trance. It was a fearful moment, plucking at the sleeve of that lean, abstracted devil, and wondering if he was out of his head. The second mate felt as dizzy as if he had got up on the roof of a house and was going to pitch forward over the cornice. He had time for a curious thought—the instant of curiosity that prompts a man not to flee, but to embrace death. Once before he had felt it, when the head of a deadly snake was raised within three feet of him. There was death to be had for the asking. He could reach out and touch it, join hands with it, and almost did; but, after all, he was n't quite curious enough.

"I will take the chronometer, sir," he said.

Wilkinson nodded, still very much taken up with the ship's behavior forward.

"I can't carry him bodily," the second mate reflected; and he decided to save his own skin, if such a thing might be. He beat a hasty retreat by the port ladder. In the chart-room the lights were turned up, and in the midst of a mass of crumbled charts stood Trojan. The angle of the deck was steep, but not unnatural. It hardly seemed as if in three more minutes that well-appointed refuge would disappear under the waves. Indeed, it hardly seemed as if Trojan thought so. While Aronowsky was lifting the chronometer out of its cupboard, and laying its strap over his shoulder, the third mate was standing deep in thought, or perhaps tranced by the very deadliness of a peril which was revealed only by a sharper inclination of the deck under his feet.

"You had better get your boat away," said Aronowsky, sharply.

"He has given the order to abandon ship?"

"Yes, certainly."

"You heard him?"

"I still have ears."

"Then let me tell you something."

"Well?"

"He is no longer captain of this ship."

"You refuse to leave, then, as ordered?"

"I refuse to recognize his authority."

"Will you recognize the authority of the Atlantic, then?" Trojan returned no answer. The second mate suddenly perceived what had been claiming the man's attention all this while. It was the coat and hat of Captain Wilkinson's uniform, hanging at a weird angle from a hook under the megaphone-rack. The cap was fitted with a wired crown, formal and tyrannizing to a degree. Aronowsky left him with a last yell of warning.

He had not left himself too much time. The men in his boat were getting restive and with every good reason. They had been withheld from cutting the falls only by the insistence of a big Swede, Iverstrom, who was visible in the stern-sheets in the act of making a forbidding gesture.

Aronowsky had a warm rush of brotherly feeling for that impassive sailor.

"You never know your friend," he said soberly, looking at us with a puzzled expression. "I had bawled that man out only the day before for something or other, and yet he took a chance on his own life to wait for me. He would have knocked every man in that boat on the head, if necessary. And all the while I thought he had a grievance."

As soon as his boat was water-borne, Aronowsky sheered her out with an oar, and cried to the Swede:

"Capsize the after block."

They were free of the ship in another instant. Could he now pull clear of that vast, declining shadow of a ship, so like a cold phantom or inverted dream of floating through blackness upside down? A duty remained. As second mate, he was bound to see to it that all the boats were

clear. The ship was gone, but in his opinion the organization of the ship's forces remained. That was what distinguished man from the lower animals, of course—the power to maintain invisible hierarchies of authority in the face of anything. He could not, for his part, agree with Trojan that the captain was no longer captain, once he had given the order to abandon ship. That view was widely held, however, as he knew.

He shot his boat under the *Tankard's* stern.

The night had lightened appreciably. At once he saw a boat bearing down on him, loaded to the rails. Jim Trojan was standing at the tiller.

"The crazy fool had put on the captain's coat and cap," Aronowsky said wonderingly. "He denied the old man's authority, and then robbed him of his uniform. Not that Wilkinson would have thought anything of it. In point of fact, as it turned out, he came straight aft from the bridge, not looking into the chart-room at all. But the odd thing was, Trojan actually looked more like a captain at a little distance than the captain did himself. He was roaring orders with all his lungs, too. Good old Jim Trojan!"

Once he had got the ship fairly sunk under him and taken to a boat, he was n't afraid any more. What had scared him was the notice that she might sink.

"'WHICH OF US *LOOKS* LIKE A CAPTAIN OF A SHIP? CONVINCE YOURSELF.' THEY TURNED A FLASHLIGHT FIRST ON TROJAN, NEXT ON THE HEROIC CAPTAIN WILKINSON"

He meant to pass directly under the stern of the *Tankard* and away; but the heavy beam sea brought him closer than he had planned, so close that in another second the rudder loomed fairly over their heads. Still fixed in its gudgeons, it was jammed over to the extreme of starboard helm. The propeller was visible. Its rusty blades, eaten away at their tips, looked as frayed as the wings of an aged dragon-fly. They had ceased to turn, of course. They were all finished with the engines, you will remember.

Aronowsky had time to note that a dim amber wake-light was still burning at the stern rail; next that Trojan, with his steering-oar, was making a serious effort to veer out from that descending mass of steel and iron. He continued to be drawn toward the *Tankard,* however, and he was too busy to note that Captain Wilkinson, coming aft at the eleventh hour, had vaulted the rail of the doomed ship, swung down by the rudder-chain, and seated himself on the lip of one of the propeller-blades. In his pale sleeping-suit he was a figure of enchantment. He cried out:

"Look out below! I am going to jump."

"There is no room here," cried Trojan, wrestling with his oar, and fighting hard to slide out from under that slight figure dangling from a strut. He had murder in his eye at the prospect of being robbed of his first unquestioned command—the command of the ship's boat, the ship having been abandoned. His struggle was vain. The captain of the erstwhile *Tankard* dropped beside him as light as a thistle and shouted to the rowers:

"All together, now!"

The rowers needed no urging to pull away heartily; in two seconds they would have done so, but two seconds were lacking to them. The very heel of the sinking ship, the strut which furnished a socket for the rudder, hovered, descended, checked a little, and ended by nipping the edge of the thwart ever so gently. The ship's nethermost plates, dented, slimed with gray-boot topping, were close at hand. Suddenly the rower nearest the rudder began to shriek, thresh about, and gasp for breath. Some part of his clothing had been nipped, and he thought the ship meant to sit on him outright. He abandoned his oar, but before it could slide clear it was caught in a thin, white hand.

"Steady my man!" said Captain Wilkinson. "It will lift in a second."

There was a general mistrust of that proposition, however. And indeed, if they did not drown, it was only because the wheel of their exciting fortunes offered them a better chance of being blown to pieces. The ship had all this time been going down quietly by the head, until, at about the time Captain Wilkinson dropped clear of the screw, a neat little cataract began to pour into the boiler-room through the open grating which ran thwartships just abaft the bridge.

You can imagine whether those hot, fat boilers took kindly to that rush of cold water. They blew up virtually at a touch. Thereafter for a space the men in the boats lay as still as little lizards stunned by hailstones. Still, the immediate effect of this lucky chance was to raise the sinking stern a foot or two, and the pinioned life-boat drifted away; but no thanks to the glassy-eyed persons rolling on her thwarts, be it added. They had lost half their oars: chaos had come again. They were too dazed to take in what was going on around them. The altercation which had sprung up between their captain and Jim Trojan seemed a part of the general madness.

"So you want to drown us all, do you?" Trojan was shouting, holding out his face to within a foot of the old man's. "First you sink the ship under us and then you drown us. All for a lousy dog. If you had done as I wanted—"

"Sit down there!" said Wilkinson, with an imperious gesture. He was quite unruffled. He thought that Trojan had gone out of his head.

"Sit down, hey? Who are you to tell me to sit down? Tell me that."

"I am captain here, I presume, my man."

"You are? Do you think you are captain? You gave the order to abandon ship, I understand."

"I did, yes," replied Captain Wilkinson.

"Good. And now you come into my boat and want to lord it over me here. You 're no better than a sailor here. I 'll show you who 's in command here, sir. Take an oar. Take an oar, by God! before I break you in two pieces."

Captain Wilkinson passed a hand patiently through his corn-silk hair. His invincible sanity held him from any rash act. Trojan stood over him with ape-like malice in his eye; but the old man was not cowed. He merely saw that he would have to humor that madman. He sat down and took an oar.

"Since you are captain here, give your orders," he said, watching him narrowly.

"I am through taking them; I know that," said Trojan at white heat.

"If you give them now, you are a mutineer."

At the word "mutineer" Trojan half faltered, as if he felt or foresaw that in some mysterious way he would be punished for venturing to take command of anything, even a small boat. And he was right in so thinking.

For it was precisely at that moment that they heard a guttural voice cry out of darkness in excellent English:

"There 's our man—the commanding officer."

This voice was close aboard; a submarine in an awash condition had drifted to within ten feet of them.

"She got all the credit in the papers for sinking that ship, but, as I have told you, she had nothing to do with it," said Aronowsky. "She merely happened by, and saw a chance to bag a life-sized captain out of an open boat. Just as good as a scalp to a submarine commander, you know. In the colonies, when you kill a rabbit, you have to exhibit its ears to collect the bounty."

Trojan was yanked bodily out of his boat, braid, coat, cap, and all.

Captain Wilkinson felt a heroic necessity upon him. Standing up in the sternsheets, he called out mildly.

"You have got the wrong man. That man is out of his head. The shock has driven him crazy. I am captain of that ship."

And Trojan, from the deck of the submarine, only laughed contemptuously. It was his chance to escape from death, or worse than death, and he rejected it.

"Don't ask me to account for it," said Aronowsky. "It 's my belief that he had got so wrapped up in the part that he could n't shake lose from it, even to escape that horror. Or maybe he was trying so hard to keep the old man from knowing how he hated him that he just could n't keep from doing him a favor even at the very last. It was a favor, you know, considering that Captain Wilkinson was going to be married to the finest woman in the world, distinctly a favor. Because the destroyers were going to blow that U-boat into kingdom come in a very few minutes."

Poor old Trojan swelled out inside that braid. He turned to his captors.

"Take a look at us," he said bitterly. "Which of us *looks* like a captain of a ship? Convince yourself."

They turned a flash-light first on Trojan, next on the heroic Captain Wilkinson. There could be only one answer.

"They took Trojan, of course," said Aronowsky. It was a fleeting triumph. A search-light leaped out of nowhere, and was crossed by another. It was like the nervous play of rapiers in the hands of good swordsmen; and it could end in one way only.

"We were not done with shocks yet," the Esthonian related soberly. "That destroyer came tearing across the water like scissors ripping through cotton cloth; naturally she had her eye on one thing, the precise spot where that submarine had submerged. A fleck of phosphorescence was there, a floating silver blotch as large as a lily-pad; nothing more. That destroyer picked up speed from one crest to another, darted ahead like a pickerel, dropping something that all at once tore a hole in the water with a shocking concussion. The second mate felt as if he were bleeding at every pore. He grasped the gunwale of the boat like a man in a dream; and his grip was weak, as it might have been

in a dream. It was worse even than the detonation of the ship's boilers. Captain Wilkinson, staring hard at the water around him, cried:

"She will never come up again."

They stared and stared, forgetting in their rapt search to send up a signal to the destroyer. Captain Wilkinson, clutching his second officer hard around his arm, whispered, with a heave of his shoulders:

"Do you see now? He knew all along what was the matter with us. He knew from the first that we had been torpedoed. We would n't listen to him. He knew more than all of us put together. He put himself in my place—to save me. I knew he was devoted to me, but I could not have anticipated that."

Captain Wilkinson sank to a thwart and buried his face in his hands.

"He even had presence of mind to slip into my coat and cap," he murmured. "My God! what a man!"

Aronowsky saw something bitterly ironical in the fact that it was too late for Trojan to hear this confession of his captain. For his part, he thought it best not to say anything at all, not at that time. But the captain could not be silent. He had remembered a wandering detail of Aronowsky's report to him upon the loss of the lower hold.

"What was that you were telling me about an anchor? It sounded wild at the time, I remember."

"Yes, wild," repeated Aronowsky. "The fact is, water was coming in there so fast that I—"

"No matter—torpedoed. Only this morning he told me what a lucky man he considered me," Wilkinson said heavily. "He was attracted to her, and he had only seen her photograph, too. And there I was ready to twist his neck off his shoulders! That 's what cuts."

Aronowsky was silent. There was a movement among his listeners.

"So what do we know, after all, in this world?" he continued. "Do you know, my opinion is that the truth can never be put into words any more than fragrance. The fact is nothing, and the motive can never be got at."

"So how do we know you are telling the truth now?"

"I have convinced myself that I am an accomplished liar," he said complacently. "That 's the healthy view to take."

"How was your story received, then?"

"My story?" Aronowsky bent toward us impressively. "It was never told. It is told now only between ourselves. The less said of that anchor, the better. As it was, Wilkinson never had full confidence in me after that, and I had to ask to be put on some other ship than his. He took the view that if I had made an accurate report in the first place, Trojan might never have been called on to make his sacrifice. Altogether, it was a matter that would n't bear looking into."

He tapped the breast-pocket behind which bulged his papers—citizenship paper, war-zone passes, licenses, passports, identifications, birth-certificates, testimonials.

"I should n't want to forfeit these," he said.

"The Worm"

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME
(Mrs. Forbes Dennis)

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

"PETER GUBBINS SINGING, TO ELSIE'S ACCOMPANIMENT, OLD SCOTCH BALLADS"

PART TWO

AT first Onoria Strickland undertook Elsie Andrews as a conscientious educator undertakes bad material, but as the years passed and Elsie's affection stood solidly across Onoria's pathway as immovable as granite, she began to find in Elsie strange and exotic virtues.

"That girl," she would announce, "has the mind of the fourteenth century, mature and adventurous. She will do something one day. She is not like modern girls; she has character. Not that silly thing they call temperament, thank goodness! Temperament wobbles, stings like a jelly-fish, and arrives nowhere; but good solid English character. Elsie won't set the Thames on fire, perhaps, but she has n't set out with any such theory. Mercifully, she knows her limitations as a woman. What she has set out to do she will accomplish in spite of all obstacles. I call that dignified."

Elsie knew just what Onoria thought of her, because Onoria always told her friends exactly what she thought of them even when it was nice.

After her twenty-first birthday Miss Strickland became "Onoria" to Elsie.

It was difficult for Elsie to believe that she was dignified, but she knew that she had a kind of strength. She found in herself a fund of resistance enabling her to guard her friendship with Onoria. Neither her father nor her mother liked it, Mrs. Andrews because, like many mothers, it seemed to her unnecessary that her children should form any ties outside their home; Mr. Andrews because he foresaw that this one-ideaed occupation of his daughter's heart might damage her future prospects.

Elsie disliked young people. They be-

lieved all the things Onoria said were not so, and they carried on conversations that were not solely for the sake of conversation. They seemed to wish to attract one another.

Elsie knew that the fault lay in the women, and she would have talked to the young men if they had looked at her, but they did not seem to see that she was there. Onoria explained Elsie's position to her kindly, but firmly.

"You are not a man's woman," she said to her, "and you had better make up your mind to it once and for all. There are many other things in life."

What Elsie liked best in the world was sitting in Onoria's garden and being told what to think.

Onoria had fewer and fewer objects for her affection. Prendergast had changed from being an elderly and morose pug into being very old, and resentful of all claims upon his attention except in the shape of well-chopped-up food. He liked the results of tenderness without its expression. Peter Gubbins was just as faithful, but if one has been faddy and aggravating as a young man, he will infallibly become eccentric and exasperating when youth has left him. He wrote less poetry and rather more articles, and he grew the finest sweet-peas in the neighborhood.

There was one event which might have awakened Peter to the lapse of years if it had not come on almost as gradually as his success with the sweet-peas. This was the introduction of Elsie. She had not made friends with Peter at first; but after two or three years of speechless, tepid watchfulness upon both sides, a bond had been secretly and invisibly formed between them.

They could not have told why it was secret and they hardly knew that it was a bond. They only knew that in each other's society there was an absence of insistent racket, a blissful sense of not being at their best and liveliest, and not needing to be, which took the place of active pleasure.

There were very few of these harmonious moments. Usually Onoria was there, and they met under her eyes, and with the volleyings of her wit, and the tremendous onslaught of her theories thick upon them. But there had been June evenings when Onoria had letters to write, or was playing over new sets of pieces with a view to her profession, when Elsie slipped out of the long French window to water the flowers, and found that Peter was watering his, on the other side of the garden wall.

Peter joined her on these occasions, and they hunted for slugs together with an effortless ardor rarely obtained upon their separate quests.

Their talk was full of Onoria. They quoted her most strident sayings with bursts of nervous laughter, they bulwarked their own opinions with the justice of her utterances, and sometimes with bated breath they confessed to each other the little difficulties which arose on their domestic hearths when these hearths were confronted by Onoria; for Mr. Gubbins had a housekeeper who hated Onoria and was herself a redoubtable woman, while Elsie's family sometimes stood up and raged against her intimacy with Onoria.

"I said," Elsie explained breathlessly behind the rhododendron-bushes, "if you stop me going to see Miss Strickland, I 'll tell the vicar and Miss Bretherton. You know, father thinks the world of the vicar since we 've stopped going to chapel, and no one would like to have Miss Bretherton down on them, not even mother; so they just glared. Glaring 's awful, of course; still, it can't do you any real harm."

"No," Mr. Gubbins murmured, with a long sigh of regret; "it 's not as if your parents *cooked* for you. If Mrs. Binns has been crossed,—and whenever she sees Onoria she seems to get crossed,—she pours pepper into everything I eat. And, as I 've often told you, I have a very delicate throat."

"What are you two talking about over there in the shrubbery?" shouted Onoria from the window.

Mr. Gubbins looked appealingly at Elsie. They both trembled, but Mr. Gubbins trembled most.

"Slugs," in a wavering voice Elsie called back.

Her eyes fell before the accusatory ones of Mr. Gubbins.

He was thinking how true, how painfully true, Onoria's theory was as to the prevarication of women.

Whatever the consequences might have been, he could not have told a lie to Onoria. He would not have dared.

Jealousy is one of the faults which it is hardest for human beings to confess. It is the least successful of the vices, for by its nature it implies that you find yourself less attractive than somebody else, and you are aware that in the exercise of it you become still less attractive. Fortunately, righteous indignation often looks very like it.

Miss Onoria Strickland never dreamed that she suffered from jealousy. She considered it a slave vice confined to women and exceptionally feeble men. She was taken completely by surprise when Peter Gubbins and Elsie Andrews conspired behind her back to make a fool of her. This was her instant definition of their timid attempts to form a relation wholly apart from her.

Onoria might not have been so astonished if she had been a quicker hand at reading the silences of others. But, like most great talkers, she was apt to take for granted, unless directly contradicted, that some form of agreement had taken place. She did not realize that the silence which gives consent is only one out of many others far less accommodating.

Neither Elsie nor Peter had ever openly disagreed with Onoria, but their souls had rebelled in a wordless determination rather like that which precedes the back kick of a mule. They could not, for instance, see the harm of Peter Gubbins singing, to Elsie's accompaniment, old Scotch ballads. Peter had a great fancy for Scotch ballads, no knowledge of the dialect, and a tenor voice liable to those spasmodic interludes which sometimes take place upon a telephone.

Onoria had, not without justice, decided that he ought not to sing in public.

Peter had broken himself of the habit, but he still indulged in occasional orgies, which took place while Onoria was at school. He could only pick out the air with one finger on the piano and, to his great delight, Elsie agreed to accompany him. She arranged to come early to Onoria's before school hours were over and meet Peter in Onoria's music-room. When Onoria became due, Peter hurried out of the window into the garden, and crossed by the wall into his own domain. On Onoria's arrival she found Elsie, punctual and passive, waiting for her usual rites upon the piano.

Ostriches would have known better than Peter and Elsie. When they plunge their heads into the sand to escape an enemy they do not sing Scotch dialect songs with voices like a damaged kettle. Peter's voice carried, and on one still day it reached Onoria, coming up the road. She had a faultless ear and she knew it was Peter's voice, and that it came not out of his window, which would have been a misdemeanor, but out of her own, which was a crime; and she knew that Peter could not play his own accompaniments.

She hastened to the gate, but by the time she had reached it, Peter had already vanished. He did not know what he was leaving his accomplice to face, but there is no reasonable doubt that, if he had known, he would still have left her.

Breathless and terrific, Onoria rushed into the music-room.

"What," she cried, with piercing incisiveness, "are you doing here?"

Elsie was in the act of lifting her muff to her face. It was not much of a protection, but she had seized upon it when she heard the front door bang. She felt that it was the bang of a discovered crime. It took Elsie a long time to say, "Nothing," but at last she said it, and then she looked all round the room for a way of escape, and found none.

It would be difficult to say with which of the two criminals Onoria was angrier. She had been angry with Peter Gubbins all her life for being Peter Gubbins; his

character irritated and at times eluded her. Elsie she loved; probably she was angrier with Elsie.

"Please don't tell me lies," she exclaimed, with deadly patience. "I heard perfectly well what you were doing as I came up the road. I could no more mistake Peter's voice than a donkey braying. It came from my room, and *you—you,* Elsie, were playing his accompaniments!"

Elsie bit a piece of fur out of her muff in anguish. The situation was too large for her. Speechless and overwhelmed, she cowered under it; but something at the bottom of her heart told her it was not fair, and would not be overwhelmed.

"What do you mean by such atrocious behavior?" went on Onoria, with fluent passion, "Using my house, behind my back, to do what you *know* I have forbidden! How *dared* you do such a thing, Elsie? How can you come here now and look me in the face with that treacherous secret upon you?"

Elsie made a gesture of despair; she put the muff down.

It was a late autumn evening. A river fog had crept into the room, and everything was a little indistinct, like a scene in a nightmare; only the bitter, sharp voice of Onoria, pelting at her, was as distinct as a succession of stones flung against a wall.

"Oh," Elsie gasped, "I did n't mean—we did n't think!"

"Mean! think!" cried Onoria. "What have you ever thought or meant, either of you? How can I tell now? How can I believe you? Don't you see what you 've done? You 've undermined my confidence. How many times have you played here without my knowledge? I don't believe this is the first."

"He did like singing the Scotch ballads so," Elsie murmured defensively. "It was an accident the first time. We just tried them over; it did n't seem any harm. He had come in to dust your books for you, and I was early; so we just tried them over."

Onoria changed her ground; she felt for a moment as if it was not so firm as she had expected. The crime did not stand out well against the background of Peter's services.

"Of course," she said more mildly, "you must n't think I mind for myself. People do not as a rule care to have their houses used for other people's meetings without their consent, but I overlook all that. Has it never occurred to you what a scandal such performances produce? No doubt you are being talked about all over Ticklington at this moment. If your parents knew of it, they would very rightly prevent your coming here again. And since it is my house, I am in a sense responsible for you. I have never been placed in such an insidious position in my life—and by *you,* Elsie!"

"I did n't mean any harm," sobbed Elsie. "We only played 'Over the Sea to Skye.' I don't see why people should talk about it."

"You were alone here with Peter in my absence," said Onoria, coldly; "that is what they will talk about."

It was very unfair of Onoria to say this, because she was constantly alone with Peter herself, and nobody in Little Ticklington had ever talked about it. Nobody in Little Ticklington thought any more about being alone with Peter than they would have thought of being alone with Prendergast.

"I am speaking for your own good," added Onoria, more gently and even less truthfully; for, like most people who think they are speaking for the good of others, she was merely speaking to relieve her own spiteful feelings.

The sight of Elsie's tears softened her a little, but she mistook their meaning. They were not tears of penitence, as Onoria believed; they were the tears of an outraged sense of justice.

"I don't see what particular good you think this is going to do me," Elsie observed between her sobs. Onoria opened her mouth to reply and then shut it again. It took time to produce any tangible advantage to Elsie out of the vortex of her own bad temper. Finally, however, she did produce it.

"I hope it will check you," she said, with dignity, "before you do something more compromising still. My advice to you is not to see Peter Gubbins again. I will deal with him later, and let him know what I think of him for taking advantage of a young and, I *hope,* innocent girl."

"I don't see where the advantage comes," persisted Elsie, who had unaccountably stopped crying, "if he is n't to sing his songs any more."

"Don't be puerile!" said Onoria, sharply. "You know perfectly well what I mean. None of your green-girl prevarications with me!"

"No, I don't," replied Elsie, with astounding obstinacy. "You 've often told me it was always women who took advantage of men, and dragged them into things, and then complained about them afterward. Well, if it is, Peter could n't have dragged me into anything, could he? And I 'm *not* complaining."

Nobody likes to be convicted out of his own mouth, and Onoria liked it less than most people.

"Please don't make such an absurd exhibition of yourself," she said, with heightened color and reduced softness. "I have told you what I think and how I intend to act. I am always perfectly direct and straightforward. It is a pity that you cannot be the same. We will discuss this question no further. Do you wish to take your music-lesson this afternoon or do you not?"

Of course Elsie did not wish to take her music-lesson, but habit is very powerful, and the habit of surrendering to a stronger will is probably more difficult to break than any other habit. She gasped, put her muff down, and took her lesson as if it were a dose of medicine.

She even kissed Onoria good-by when she left; but if Onoria had been an adept in kisses, which she was not, she would have felt that something was wrong about Elsie's.

The scene between Peter and Onoria was far less drastic. Onoria had quieted down before she saw him, and she spoke as man to man. She pointed out to Peter that he had taken an unwarrantable liberty with her premises, and that he had acted in a compromising way with a girl very nearly thirty years younger than himself.

Peter did not tell her, as the more virile type of man whom Onoria admired might have told her, that she was a bad-minded old hen and was talking a pack of nonsense; he took what she said with extreme seriousness. He quite saw her point about her premises, and apologized. He would not enter them again unless she were there herself.

He hoped that he had not done Elsie any harm, and it had never occurred to him that any one would dream of coupling their names together. The bare idea of it was painful to him. Still, he quite saw what Onoria meant.

Onoria was quite genial, and they smoked several cigarettes together; then Peter went home. It was quite true that he meant to be careful, very careful indeed; but the person of whom he meant to be careful was Onoria.

Peter Gubbins had always taken great care of his broken heart. In a place like Little Ticklington, full of marriageable women, it was a very important asset. It played the part of a chaperon. No one could expect to marry a man whose heart was as steadily and obviously broken as Peter's.

It had never occurred to Peter to marry any one but Onoria. He had a pleasant income for a single man, reinforced by certain small checks for his articles. He would never have confessed it even to himself, but he knew he was a great deal better off as he was. There was nothing in Elsie Andrews to lead him to change this opinion.

At first he thought her a nice, quiet little girl; then, when she shot up into long skirts, and grew half a head taller than Onoria, he thought of her as a sensible young woman. She made no effort to attract Peter, and Peter, like many not very attractive men, was very suspicious of efforts made to attract him.

He did not often grasp new subjects, but when he did, his mind played upon them with the magnifying effect of a microscope. It excited him to be told that he had compromised Elsie; he had never compromised any one before, and he was not quite sure what it involved.

Peter bought three ha'penny-stamps and a packet of post-cards before anything striking happened. Then Elsie, turning, gasped:

"O Mr. Gubbins!"

Peter kept his head, and paid for the post-cards before he answered her.

"MR. AND MRS. ANDREWS WERE EATING SUPPER WHEN MISS STRICKLAND WAS ANNOUNCED"

Peter wished to continue to meet Elsie, but he did not wish to be morally bound. He gave the matter a great deal of quiet study and reflection, but he did nothing to precipitate the event of seeing Elsie again. He felt that if they met by chance, it would rob their meeting of any dangerous intensity that it would otherwise have.

The meeting took place at the post-office precisely a week later. Elsie was standing with her back to Peter, reading the notice of an oratorio that was to be performed at a neighboring cathedral town.

"Oh, it 's you, Elsie, is it?" he remarked guardedly, having counted his change. "Have you ever heard 'The Messiah'?"

Elsie said she had n't. She did n't know whether to go out of the post-office into the street, where anything at all might happen, or to remain in the secure shelter of the post-office, where it would be more difficult to get away if anything did happen. Eventually they got into the street.

"It must be splendid," said Elsie, referring to "The Messiah." "Only, I believe,

Onoria said it was n't; so of course it can't be. Have you ever heard it?"

"Oh, time and time again," said Mr. Gubbins, lightly. "It is one of my favorite entertainments. As a young man I went regularly to hear it every Christmas eve at the Albert Hall. I only gave it up after an attack of tonsilitis I had one winter. I may have told you about it? I date all my throat trouble from then."

He had told Elsie about it several times, but as she merely murmured sympathetically, he told her about it again. After he had finished, he came back to "The Messiah."

"How would you like to go and hear it at the cathedral?" he inquired.

"Like it!" exclaimed Elsie. "Oh, frightfully; but, you see, mother and father hate music except bands on the beach, and Onoria says local renderings of oratorios should be put down by law."

"Well," said Mr. Gubbins, with unflinching courage, "opinions differ about oratories, of course. How would it be if I took you myself? I dare say we could arrange something about it."

Elsie looked at him as if he had suggested an expedition to central Africa. It was a most inspiriting look. Mr. Gubbins found it so; a lukewarm desire to do something desperate took possession of him. But he meant to be very careful about it. He stage-managed this plunge into the forbidden land with vast precaution. As human plans go, it was perfect; there was nothing unarranged for except Fate. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were to be told part of the truth. Elsie was to break to them that she was going to hear "The Messiah" at Mellingham. Mr. Gubbins did not suggest a downright lie to Elsie, but when he said, "I dare say they 'll suppose it means with Onoria," he paved the way for a leakage in accuracy of which Elsie took full advantage. Onoria was not to be told anything at all.

Elsie was to leave the station of Little Ticklington by a one o'clock train, and Mr. Gubbins by a one-thirty, and the journey took half an hour.

Elsie was to wait for him in a baker's shop opposite the cathedral. They were to come back in the same train, but in different compartments.

Short of an unfavorable interposition on the part of Providence, they were safe; but those who rely upon Providence to remain inactive in their favor should not tempt it by displaying any activity of their own. Miss Bretherton, without consulting Onoria beforehand, arranged for her to take six pupils to "The Messiah," whether she liked it or not.

Forty girls, in white dresses with blue sashes, upon one side, and forty men, in a variety of semi-evening clothes, upon the other, had scarcely sung through the first chorus before Elsie and Peter became aware of Onoria's eyes.

They knew they were Onoria's eyes, although she was sitting at some distance to the right of them, much as those who looked upon the Medusa's head must have been aware that it was her head before they turned into stone. No fate so happy awaited Peter and Elsie: if they had been turned into stone, they could have stared back. As it was, they twitched and trembled under Onoria's ruthless gaze, aware, with a cowering intensity, of their flesh and blood.

Peter sank from terror to terror, till from the lowest depth of cowardice, in which he contemplated leaving Elsie to her fate, he rose to a state of rage. He became as savage and determined as a very timid animal at bay. He would not be caught—that was what it came to. He set his lips firmly together. Onoria or no Onoria, he would simply *not* be caught. Of course there was Elsie; Elsie wept.

"Stop crying!" he hissed at Elsie with a snarl.

Elsie swallowed a sob abruptly and retreated into a large pocket handkerchief. The people sitting next to her thought she had a sensitive musical temperament and admired her for it. They did not know what Peter had, but they did not admire him nearly so much.

The six girls, followed by Onoria with the face of an awakened Fury, advanced down the aisle.

"We must get out of this!" said Peter, hurriedly.

He grasped Elsie firmly by the arm and dragged her after him.

Onoria saw the action, and said, "Elsie," out loud in the cathedral over the six girls' heads. Several people turned round. Elsie stiffened into instant obedience, but Peter's clutch of manly terror was greater than Elsie's power of womanly resistance. He had her out of the cathedral and half-way to the railway station before she could turn round. Onoria could not run after them. She had her dignity to preserve and the six girls to return intact.

Peter and Elsie had nothing to think of but their personal safety. They preserved this by the skin of their teeth, and by getting without tickets into a train destined for London.

They sat staring wild-eyed at each other, incapable of further speech, even if they had dared to give utterance to what was in their hearts in the presence of a clergyman, a market-gardener, and two elderly ladies who looked at them as if they thought that people in such a hurry must have done something wrong. When Elsie had got her breath again, she began to cry. Peter stared desperately out of the window. He was trying to make up his mind to the idea of never going back to his home, and he was remembering Samson and the sweet-peas.

Every one in the railway carriage was sorry for Elsie. No one was sorry for Mr. Gubbins. Indeed, the clergyman was beginning to be highly suspicious of him. He was not at all sure that he was not, for the first time in his well-chosen career, confronted by a social evil.

Mr. Gubbins looked ferocious; Elsie sobbed on. The clergyman leaned forward and said tentatively, as it was surely his duty to do:

"I am afraid this young lady is somewhat distressed?"

Peter Gubbins rose to the occasion; a flash of inspiration shot through him.

"She 's just had a tooth out," he explained with unswerving duplicity.

Elsie stopped crying; she could not believe that Peter Gubbins had told a lie like that at a moment's notice. With the natural depravity of women, she had never admired him so much before. She gave the clergyman a watery smile of affirmation.

Miss Strickland had great self-control, and she needed it. When her amazed eyes rested upon Elsie and Peter Gubbins, she could hardly believe them. Disobedience and deceit united for purposes of pleasure had never so flaunted themselves before her in the whole course of her career. For a week she had believed Elsie and Peter to be crushed.

For a moment she was almost too astonished to be angry. But her surprise was swiftly reinforced by anger. She was in a consecrated building, and the oratorio had begun, so she remained perfectly still, although her figure became charged like an electric battery. All the six pupils of Miss Bretherton received small invigorating shocks from it.

They knew something was wrong and not with them. After all, "The Messiah" was not going to be such a frightful bore as they had feared. They followed the direction of Miss Strickland's eyes and arrived at Elsie and Peter. The opening chorus might have been a salute to adventurers, for all the pupils heard of it. Solemnly and gloatingly they gazed at the desperate couple. Peter and Elsie felt all these hostile eyes converging upon them, and they also heard nothing of the opening chorus.

At the close, the girls knelt for a respectful and non-committal moment in the direction of the altar, and then proceeded to bear down upon the delinquents through the easy-going crowd that blocked the main aisle of the cathedral, ripe for slaughter.

They thrilled with ecstasy at the resonant and piercing voice of Miss Strickland when she said aloud in the sacred building, "Elsie!" In another moment they would have been upon the victims had not a remorseless family of nine interfered between them and their prey. Breathless, they hacked their way to the

door, only to see Elsie and Peter arm in arm disappearing round a corner. Then Miss Strickland reined them in, saying with perfect self-control and extreme unfairness:

"I don't know what you girls are hurrying for. There is plenty of time to catch the train. Please walk at your usual pace and in your usual order."

Miss Strickland had only once said, "Elsie." When this command failed, her lips and her heart had simultaneously closed.

Onoria pulled herself together when she reached the street. Her duty was to her pupils, and she did it.

Methodically, though with a heart on fire, she arranged their return tickets and marshaled them into the train. If Elsie and Peter had been at the station, Onoria would have seen them, but she would not have noticed them. She put her charges into a third-class carriage marked "Ladies only," took a corner seat by the window, and proceeded to bone "The Messiah" for the delectation of her pupils. She had no great passion for Handel at the best of times, but on this occasion she was vitriolic.

The girls heard her with awe. Somebody was catching it, even if they were great and dead. They would have preferred to see Elsie and Peter catching it, because they were alive and lived at Little Ticklington, but they could not have everything.

Miss Strickland saw them safely back to their respective homes, and then returned to her own. Samson was at her door. He was a gloomy and outraged cat, wet by the autumn mist and deprived of his invariable tea, with Mr. Gubbins's share of cream, and a fire-warmed knee to rest up against afterward. Miss Strickland subdued a temptation to hit him sharply on the head with her umbrella.

It was quite open to her to hit him and it would serve Peter right; but Miss Strickland was a just woman. She reminded herself that the soul that sinneth it shall die. She opened the door, and Samson flew past her and consumed loudly and without hesitation Prendergast's neglected dinner. Prendergast had not wanted his dinner, and he did not want it now, but still less did he wish to see a low cat indulging itself with his sacred rites. There had always been a state of armed neutrality between the two animals. Neither was strong enough wholly to destroy the other, so they wisely avoided combat; but they were not friends.

"SHE SAT BESIDE HIM AND WATCHED"

Prendergast growled feebly from his basket, and gazed at his mistress, expecting her instant and effectual intervention; but Miss Strickland sank down on a chair beside him with all her things on and her hands in her lap.

Samson finished the last mouthful of Prendergast's meal, wiped his whiskers ostentatiously in front of the basket, and disappeared lightly through a back window. Miss Strickland did not notice the defection of Samson; she did not for a

long while notice anything. There was an inward drama in her heart that held her whole attention. Something implored her to let her pride go and keep her friends. It told her that she was getting old and had few earthly ties, that Elsie was dearer to her than she knew, that even Peter was a treasured habit left over from the richer years, and that, if she used her anger too ruthlessly against them, she would be condemning herself to perpetual loneliness.

Onoria really wanted Elsie to be happy. She did n't want her to grow up into a dull, lonely old woman with a pet animal; but it was hard to give her up to Peter.

If Peter had only been a *man*. It was n't, Onoria assured herself, that she minded about her old relation to Peter. After all, she never had valued it; still he was the only man it would have been any use in Onoria's minding.

She despised Peter, and the worst of it was that Elsie, whom she loved, cared more for this Peter that Onoria despised than she did for Onoria's opinion of him. That was the sting of stings.

Miss Strickland looked facts in the face. If she gave in, Elsie and Peter would come back to her. There would be no bitterness and no reproaches. But there would be one difference, one fatal difference to Onoria's pride: both would know that they had got the better of her. If they wanted something else that Onoria disapproved of their having, they would combine to get it. That was what she winced at.

Love ignored Peter Gubbins and how necessary it was to give him a lesson, it made specious excuses for Elsie's flagrant treachery. It said: "She deceived you only because she did n't want to hurt you. She disobeyed you only to be happy, and after all, that is what you want, is n't it? You want Elsie to be happy?"

Miss Strickland wavered under the pressure of love; but she only wavered. Righteousness and self-respect rose up afresh in her—self-respect at the touch of which love always dwindles out of sight, and righteousness, which so often consists in carrying out our own will in an imagined connection with the Deity.

"I shall do right, whatever it costs me," Onoria said to herself at last, and she did not know that she might as well have said, "I shall do what I like, whatever it costs anybody else." It would have meant precisely the same thing.

It was at this point in her meditations that Prendergast moved. He wanted attention and at last he received it. Miss Strickland made up the fire, and brought him a little warm milk with a dash of brandy in it. Prendergast responded to the stimulant and began to wander restlessly about the room. He could not make up his mind what he wanted. He moved about vaguely and stiffly as one who is practising the art of walking. His desires broke in him, and Miss Strickland, on the ground beside him, with a divine patience gratified in turn and without hurry each of his passing fancies.

No one who knew Onoria Strickland as she was to the world, to her pupils, or even to her friends could have believed in this tender, ministering Onoria, carrying out with anxious solicitude the whims of an old dog.

She did not leave Prendergast till he had finally decided on a return to his basket. She sat beside him and watched until his feeble snores told her that he was at rest. Then she groped her way to the mantelpiece for matches, and tidied herself for going out once more. She had decided to make an appeal to Elsie's parents.

Miss Strickland did not know the Andrews very well. She often said that they were like glass to her and that she could read them like a book; but their intercourse had been limited. Mrs. Andrews came to tea with Miss Strickland only once a year and Miss Strickland returned her call within a fortnight. She had met Mr. Andrews twice, and they had had on both occasions acrimonious disputes on politics.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were eating their supper when Miss Strickland was

announced. They were not surprised that Elsie was late, as neither of them knew how long oratorios lasted; but they were frightened when they saw that Miss Strickland was alone.

Mrs. Andrews exclaimed at once:

"Where 's Elsie? Has she been run over?" and Mr. Andrews said:

"Nonsense, Mother! Of course not. Where *is* the child, Miss Strickland?"

"I don't know," said Onoria, firmly. She took an arm-chair and faced the questioning parents with her usual deliberate self-assurance. "That is what I came to ask you."

"But surely—" Mrs. Andrews began, "surely you took Elsie to the oratorio? She said, did n't she, she was going this afternoon over to Mellingham?"

"I was," said Miss Strickland, "at the oratorio in Mellingham, and so was Elsie, but she was not with me."

"Well, I never!" said Mr. Andrews. "Fancy her going off like that all by herself! It 's certainly time she was back. Girls are so independent nowadays."

"She was *not* alone," Miss Strickland said significantly.

Mr. Andrews leaned forward:

"Who was she with?" he asked truculently.

"She was with Peter Gubbins," said Miss Strickland, leaning back in her chair.

If she had intended to create a sensation, she had succeeded beyond her wildest dreams; but the incredible part of it was the type of sensation she had created. She had expected shame, indignation, and alarm. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were quite obviously pleased.

They did not wish to show their satisfaction too plainly, but the tone in which Elsie's mother said, "Well, I never!" was one of flattered maternal pride; and Mr. Andrews, when he had drawn a long breath, exclaimed, "I never would have thought it!" in much the way in which he would have greeted a smart trick of the trade.

"You can never tell with the quiet kind," Mrs. Andrews continued reminiscently. "I was like that myself as a girl. I never went out of my way to attract anybody, and as to mentioning it at home—well, I 'd have been ashamed. I just let things take their course, as it were, and here I am. Dear me!"

"Should n't you say Peter Gubbins was a warm man?" inquired Mr. Andrews, ignoring this revelation of his wife's tactics. "I 've always understood he had a tidy little sum put by."

"I could n't posibly tell you," said Miss Strickland, who during this outburst of vulgarity had recovered her secret poise.

"To tell the truth, the idea of Elsie's having arrived at any notion of matrimony had not occurred to me. I merely thought it was unfortunate that unchaperoned she should appear in public with a man who is old enough to be her father, but who is not her father."

"Oh, well, you know," said Mr. Andrews, "young people will be young people, won't they, Mother? And we all know Peter Gubbins about here. Peter Gubbins is as safe as the Bank of England. I don't call fifty old for a man."

"Appearances," said Miss Strickland coldly, "are never safe. I had not intended to mention it, but I see I had better put you in command of all the facts. Peter Gubbins has been in the habit of meeting Elsie at my house, in my absence, without my knowledge or consent."

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews looked at each other. Mr. Andrews whistled.

"Dear! dear!" said Mr. Andrews, after an awkward pause. "I 'm sure we 're very sorry, Miss Strickland. Elsie ought n't to have done it, I allow; but if you won't mind my saying so, you should have thought of it before. What I mean to say is—it 's a little late in the day, is n't it, for you to mind what Peter Gubbins does?"

"It 's only natural," interposed Mrs. Andrews, "for him to take to a young girl like Elsie. We each have our turn, you know, Miss Strickland, and then we have to stand aside and let the young ones have theirs. It 's hard lines, I know, but there it is—"

"You quite misunderstand me," said

Onoria, who had turned a brick-red under this last onslaught of a parent's imagination. "What Peter Gubbins does or what he fancies is, and always has been, a matter of perfect indifference to me. In this case my sole concern has been Elsie and the compromising position to which such clandestine meetings give rise."

It was a good sentence, with a swing that took the wind out of Mr. Andrews' sails. Still, Miss Strickland would have preferred to fling the vulgar truth upon the table. She wanted to say:

"My dear good people, I 've refused Peter Gubbins dozens of times, and Elsie is merely taking my leavings, if she does take them; but that seems to me no good reason for carrying on behind my back."

But education takes from us our most effective weapons. It would have been ill bred to make this statement, and Miss Strickland, though she never minded being rude, did not wish to appear ill bred; and despite the excellence of her sentence, she knew that the Andrews still believed that Elsie had cut her out.

"Since you are not alarmed at Elsie's having failed to return at the termination of the oratorio," she said, rising to her feet, "or at the fact that she has apparently vanished into space with Peter Gubbins at eight o'clock at night, there is nothing further to be said. I can only congratulate you on the strength of your nerves."

"It is a *little* late," Mrs. Andrews admitted; "still—"

There was a sound at the garden gate; a moment later a loud knock heralded the telegraph boy.

Mr. Andrews put on his glasses and read out loud: "Missed train after oratorio. Too late to return. Staying with Aunt Anne. ELSIE."

"Her Aunt Anne," explained Mr. Andrews, with restored satisfaction, "is a clergyman's widow who lives at Clapham. Elsie won't come to any harm staying with her Aunt Anne, Peter Gubbins or no Peter Gubbins."

"Probably he 's come home," said Mrs. Andrews, comfortably. "He never was much of a gadabout. I 'm sure we 're just as grateful to you, Miss Strickland, for coming in to tell us what you knew. You could n't have been kinder if you 'd been a parent yourself."

"Thank God, I 'm not!" Miss Strickland energetically and rather shockingly declared, though in a sense it would have been more shocking had she wished to be one. "If I *were*, I should hardly take my responsibilities as lightly as you do."

"I shall write to my sister to-morrow," said Mr. Andrews, with dignity, "and my wife will write to Elsie."

Miss Strickland walked to the door; her last hope had flickered out with the mention of Aunt Anne at Clapham. A situation occupied by Aunt Anne was impregnable. Onoria knew she had been outwitted by the ponderous stupidity of parents.

It was a cold foggy evening, the streets of Little Ticklington were badly lighted and empty. It seemed a long way home. A curious, stifling sense of dread overtook Onoria. She told herself sharply that when a thing has already happened it is silly to be afraid of its happening again. Nevertheless, she hurried.

Bridget had lit the fire in the hall, and the fire in the drawing-room burned brightly. Prendergast lay a little on one side in his basket.

He was not snoring, as he usually was. Miss Strickland leaned over him, anxiously. He did not open his eyes or turn his head to look at her, and then she saw that he never would again. He had made up his mind what he wanted.

A wild impulse to rush across and tell Peter Gubbins shook Miss Strickland. Nobody else loved Prendergast, but Peter had loved him. He had loved him nearly as much as he loved Samson. Miss Strickland looked down with quivering lips at the obese form of the dead pug. He was all she had in the world, and he had taken this opportunity to slip out of it.

Miss Strickland was a fighter. She was a very fine fighter, and up to this moment no wave of disaster had ever been beyond her power to surmount; but you cannot fight the memory of a dead dog.

"AUNT ANNE REQUIRED A GOOD MANY EXPLANATIONS"

Prendergast overwhelmed Miss Strickland completely. She sank on the floor beside his basket, sobbing as if her heart, which was already broken, could break again.

"They might have left me this!" she said between her sobs. She spoke as if Elsie and Peter between them had killed Prendergast, although she knew that this was nonsense.

Peter Gubbins had the type of mind which swiftly and invariably sees danger in the most unlikely places. He apprehended it from every wayside flower and tree. Nothing was too trivial or too transitory for Peter to snatch from it in passing a whiff of disaster. And yet the mere sound of Onoria's voice had driven him frantically, helter-skelter, toward the abyss of matrimony.

He raced from the cathedral to the station as a man flees from a burning building, his one idea being not to be caught by Onoria. Even if he had envisaged Onoria's face at one end of the race and matrimony at the other, it is probable that he would have continued running in the direction of matrimony. The true coward can see only one danger at a time, and falls light-heartedly into any other which lies in the opposite direction. It says a great deal for Peter Gubbins's heart that even in that awful moment of panic he dragged Elsie after him.

It was not till they were safe in the train that he began to wonder how on earth he was going to get rid of her. The chief obstacle to murder has always been the disposal of the body, and the problem of rescues is very similar to it. Peter wished with a burning longing that he could deposit Elsie in the cloak-room at Paddington Station, even if it involved his paying twopence a day for her forever.

After the tooth episode, it was wonderful how Elsie cheered up. She had found in Mr. Gubbins a prop and stay, and that was all she wanted. A flower grows without the support of a stick, but its carriage depends on being tied to it.

Elsie held her head up, and her mind, which was always practical, turned to Aunt Anne at Clapham.

They had a late tea in the station and sent off Elsie's telegram; then they took a taxi to Clapham. They could have gone as conveniently and more cheaply by train, but a taxi appealed to them both as more bucaneerish.

Peter enjoyed feeling bucaneerish until they reached the common; then he began to tremble before the idea of explaining things to Aunt Anne. He knew that he had done right, but he was aware that flight and guilt are to many people synonymous, and few men like to explain that they found it safer to run away.

Elsie, with incredible finesse, relieved him of this difficulty. She said she thought it would be better if he left her at the door and came back next day.

"You 'll have time then," she explained, "to think things over, and I know authors and people think of their plots better alone. Whatever you decide is sure to be wonderful, and Aunt Anne will be more likely to listen to me if you 're not there."

Peter gave a sigh of relief.

"Yes—yes," he agreed, "perhaps the explanation had better come from you direct. I know from personal experience that the way to tackle a difficult situation is easier to me if I am left alone face to face with it, as it were. Perhaps this is merely because I am a man. Onoria would say so; but, roughly speaking, I should say that women have the same gift."

"I don't know if it 's a gift," said Elsie, modestly; "but I can't say anything if other people are there, and I can't say much if they are n't. But I 'll do what I can."

Aunt Anne required a good many explanations. She had never received a niece before at seven o'clock in the evening without a tooth-brush. She followed every explanation given by Elsie with:

"Still, I can't quite see, dear, how you have arrived without your night things. I am very glad to see you, of course, but it all sounds so precipitate."

It was on the edge of this precipice that Elsie fell asleep. She wisely kept Mr. Gubbins for breakfast. She then confessed to her Aunt Anne that she had not only run away from the oratorio because Miss Strickland did not like oratorios, but because Mr. Gubbins was with her, and Miss Strickland would have liked his presence even less than an oratorio.

Aunt Anne laid down her knife and fork and gazed at Elsie. The mystery was solved. It had been a mystery; it was now simply a crime. Aunt Anne had not understood before why Miss Strickland should object to certain parts of the Bible set to music. She herself was doubtful of opera, even if it had not been expensive; but sacred music was surely both educational and devout and not even very interesting. It was unreasonable for a high-school teacher to object to such a performance, but a young man!

Her gaze was awful, and Elsie shuddered under it, and, swallowing her tea hurriedly, choked.

When she had stopped choking, Aunt Anne said portentuously: "Is Mr. Gubbins a young man, Elsie?"

Elsie said that that depended on what you meant by young; she had known him for years and years, and he had gray hair and wore spectacles.

"Spectacles," said Aunt Anne, solemnly, "do not prevent youth, though they may disguise it. Gray hair is nothing. Am I to gather that there is some understanding between you and this—this Mr. Gubbins, Elsie, perhaps unknown to your dear parents?"

Elsie wriggled and twisted.

"They would n't mind him," she murmured forlornly; "at least I don't think so. Of course we understand each other in a way. I play his accompaniments."

"Elsie, you are hedging!" exclaimed Aunt Anne, majestically. "I must see this young man for myself."

Elsie was not really hedging. If she had seen a hedge, she would most certainly have taken shelter under it; but she was not aware of the exact danger her aunt supposed her to be avoiding.

The idea of marriage conveyed nothing personal to Elsie. Marriage was merely something that happened to other people, with a cake. She helped herself to marma-

lade, and hoped that Peter Gubbins would blow over.

Her aunt pursed up her lips and said, "This is dreadful"; but as Elsie refused to fall into the trap of asking what was dreadful, her aunt could not follow it up in any way except by telling Mary, the parlormaid, to show Mr. Gubbins, when he arrived, into her dead husband's study.

The study of a dead clergyman is not usually an invigorating spot. Aunt Anne was a massive lady, and she sat between Peter and the door. All the windows were closed as if on purpose. Even if Peter had had the courage to try to escape, it would have been very difficult. You cannot get out of dead people's rooms briskly without appearing heartless; besides, he had not the courage.

Peter was not as surprised at Aunt Anne's attitude as Elsie would have been, but he was more frightened. He saw in Aunt Anne's eye that matrimony had fallen upon him like a bolt from the blue.

One cannot put bolts back into the blue when they have fallen, and one could not dislodge the idea of matrimony from Aunt Anne's mind when once it had taken root there. If young people would go to oratorios together, they ought to be married. She saw that quite plainly, even without the lawless journey at the other end, which made the prospect, as she explained to Peter, "simply compulsory."

"You see," she explained, "Elsie arrived here literally without a tooth-brush. Need I say more?"

Peter assured her that there really was no need. It contained the case against them in a nutshell.

On the whole, he was not averse into being frightened into marriage with Elsie. One or two things had to be made perfectly plain before he would consent to it. One was that they should not go back to Little Ticklington on any account, and the other that the marriage should take place as quietly as possible without wedding guests. They might have relatives, but not friends. It was all terribly uncertain and disintegrating, but it was not as terrible as having to face Onoria.

Peter proposed to Elsie quite easily. He simply said:

"On the whole, I think the best way out for both of us is to be married. For a long time I have been feeling Little Ticklington too restricted for me mentally. One needs to be nearer the great pulse of life. Not too near, of course. I thought somewhere in the suburbs—Chiswick, for instance. There are some nice little houses in that direction, or Turnham Green. I could cultivate sweet-peas there, and yet attend literary *causeries* in London. Of course it 's a great upheaval for both of us, especially at my age; but looking at it all round, it appears to me the wisest course to take. What do you feel about it?"

Elsie nodded. She was n't looking at it all round. She was seeing that it involved her not having to meet Onoria just yet. She said yes; she thought it was the best plan, if Peter did n't mind.

Peter said:

"You must take the rough with the smooth." Of course he had not contemplated such a step for many years, but he thought that if they were very careful and took things quietly they might be able to manage.

He understood from Aunt Anne that one wrote to the bishop's chaplain for a license, and did not have to see the bishop. The conversation came to an abrupt pause. Their eyes met guiltily, and they looked away from each other.

What were they going to do about Onoria? Peter hummed, and Elsie twiddled her fingers. Onoria never allowed these mitigations of self-control to take place. It was a great relief to them. They decided, in silence, to do nothing. It was as if they had been married already.

Peter said he had one or two things to do, and left her. Aunt Anne came in and wept on Elsie's neck and they decided to go out and do a little shopping.

Everything went quite smoothly. Elsie's parents came up to town, and were very pleased when they discovered that Peter had six hundred a year in trust funds, without counting what he made by his ar-

ticles. They privately thought that marriage from Clapham was absurd, but Peter was unexpectedly firm upon the subject. He quite simply asserted that at Little Ticklington no such marriage would ever take place. He would marry Elsie at Clapham or he would not marry Elsie at all.

Mrs. Binns, Peter's former housekeeper, brought Samson up to town in a basket. Samson would not speak to Peter for several days, but he ate heartily.

It was the night before the wedding that Peter and Elsie heard of the death of Prendergast. Mrs. Binns had bought Peter a china dog as a wedding present, and this had put it into her head. Elsie and Peter concealed their emotion until they were alone; then they gazed at each other in sympathetic anguish. They could no longer keep silence about Onoria.

"Oh," said Elsie, "if only we could give Onoria another pug. Perhaps she would see then that we are n't really doing anything to upset her; and besides she would n't mind so much if she had something—you know what I mean—something of her own to fall back upon?"

"I was thinking the same thing myself," agreed Peter. "Between you and me, Onoria never had quite the subtlety for cats. Samson would never look at her, but dogs she knew through and through. I think she would appreciate our getting her a dog. It might heal any little breach that our—our coming together may have appeared to cause."

They bought a pug puppy directly after the marriage, on the way to Chiswick.

It was an expensive animal, and it relieved their feelings very much. Onoria would have returned it to them had she not discovered, on opening the basket, that with their usual inefficiency they had sent the poor little creature to her in a most deplorable condition.

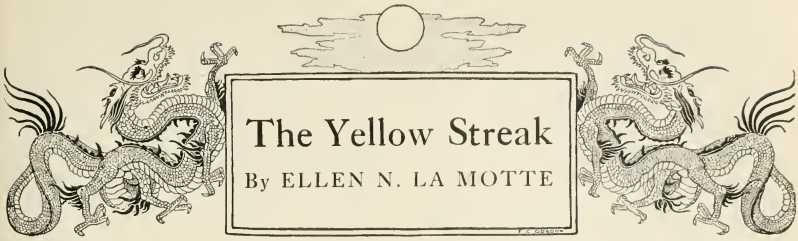
First it had to be fed, and then a carbolic bath was more than indicated, and after Onoria had spent several hours over the puppy, she began to feel that it would be cruelty to send it back. It was obvious that neither of the Gubbins could take proper care of a dog.

Onoria never altogether lost touch with Peter and Elsie. She told them what she thought of them when she acknowledged the pug; but letters do not carry sound. They became used to the idea of what Onoria thought of them; it seemed less significant at Chiswick.

Onoria spent a night with them every now and then, and once a year they visited her for a week-end at Little Ticklington. Of course it was not the same thing. Onoria was just the same, and the Gubbins were not really very different; but they were more critical of Onoria. They did not stand up to her before her face, but they stood up to her behind her back quite easily. When Onoria got the better of them in argument, as she invariably did, they would wait until she was out of ear-shot. Then they would smile and say to each other with the secret consciousness of superior achievement:

"It stands to reason that an unmarried woman like Onoria can't understand things as we do. She has n't had the experience."

THE END



The Yellow Streak

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

HE came out to Shanghai a generation ago, in those days when Shanghai was not as respectable as it is now, whatever that says to you. It was, of course, a great change from home, and its crude pleasures and crude companions gave him somewhat of a shock; for he was of decent stock, with a certain sense of the fitness of things, and the beach-combers, adventurers, rough traders, and general riffraff of the China coast, gathered in Shanghai, did not offer him the society he desired.

He was often obliged to associate with them more or less, however, in a business way, for his humble position as minor clerk in a big corporation entailed certain responsibilities out of hours, and this responsibility he could not shirk for fear of losing his position. Thus by these acts of civility, more or less enforced, he was often led into a loose sort of intimacy, into companionship with people who were distasteful to his rather fastidious nature. But what can you expect on the China coast?

He was rather an upright sort of young man, delicate and abstemious, and the East, being new to him, shocked him. He took pleasure in walking along the Bund, marveling at the great river full of the ships of the world, marveling at the crowds from the four corners of the world who disembarked from these ships and scattered along the broad and sunny thoroughfare, seeking amusements of a primitive sort. But in these amusements he took no part. Being a gentleman, they did not attract him; not for long. The singsong girls and the "American girls" were coarse, vulgar creatures, and he did not like them. It was no better in the back streets. Bars and saloons, gaming-houses and opium divans, all the coarse paraphernalia of pleasure, as the China coast understood the word, left him unmoved. These things had little influence upon him, and the men who liked them overmuch, who chaffed him because of his squeamishness and distaste for them, were not such friends as he needed in his life.

However, there were few alternatives. There was almost nothing else. Companionship of this kind or the absolute loneliness of a hotel bedroom were the alternatives which confronted him. He had little money, just a modest salary; therefore the excitement of trading, of big, shady deals, said nothing to him. He went to the races, a shy onlooker. He could not afford to risk his little salary in betting. Above all things, he was cautious. Consequently, life did not offer him much outside of office hours, and in office hours it offered him nothing at all.

You will see from this that he was a very limited person, incapable of expansion. Now, as a rule, life in the far East does not have this effect upon young men. It is generally stimulating and exciting even to the most unimaginative, while the novelty of it, with the utter freedom and lack of restraint and absence of conventional public opinion, is such that usually within a very short time one becomes unfitted to return to a more formal society. In the old days of a generation ago life on the China coast was probably much more exciting and inciting than it is to-day, al-

though to-day, in all conscience, the checks are off. But our young man was rather fine, rather extraordinarily fastidious, and, moreover, he had a very healthy young appetite for the normal. The offscourings of the world and of society rolled into Shanghai with the inflow of each yellow tide of the Yang-tse, and somehow he resented that deposit. He resented it because from that deposit he must pick out his friends.

Therefore, instead of accepting the situation, instead of drinking himself into acquiescence, or drugging himself into acquiescence, he found himself quite resolved to remain firmly and consciously outside of it. In consequence of this decision he remained homesick and lonely, and his presence in the community was soon forgotten or overlooked. Shy and priggish, he continued to lead his lonely life. In his solitary walks along the Bund there was no one to take his arm and snigger suggestions into his ear, and lead him into an open doorway where the suggestions could be carried out. He had come out to the East for a long term of years, and the prospect of these interminable years made his position worse. Not that it shook his decision to remain aloof and detached from the call of the East; his decision was not shaken in the slightest, which seemed almost a pity.

Like all foreigners, of course, he had his own opinions of the Chinese. They were an inferior yellow race, and therefore despicable. But having also a firm, unshakable opinion of his own race, especially of those persons of his race in which a yellow streak predominated, he held the Chinese in no way inferior to these yellow-streaked persons, which argues broad-mindedness and fair-mindedness. Of the two, perhaps, he thought the Chinese preferable in certain circumstances. Yet he knew them to be irritating in business dealings, corrupt, dishonest. On the whole he felt profound scorn for them; but as they had been made to suit the purposes of the ruling races of the world,—such, for example, as himself, untainted by a yellow-streak,—he had to that extent at least succumbed to the current opinions of Shanghai. He resolved to make use of them; of one, at least, in particular.

He wanted a home, wanted it desperately. He wanted to indulge his quiet, domestic tastes, to live in peace a normal, peaceful life, far apart from the glittering trivialities of the back streets of the town. He wanted a home of his own, a refuge to turn to at the end of each long, monotonous day. You see, he was not an adventurer, a gambler, a wastrel, and he wanted a quiet home with a companion to greet him, to take care of him, to serve him in many ways. There was no girl in England whom he wanted to come out to marry him. Had there been such a girl, he would probably not have allowed her to come. He was a decent young man, and the climate was such, here on the China coast, that few women could stand it without more of the comforts and luxury than his small salary could have paid for. So finally, at the end of a year or two, he got himself the home he wanted, in partnership with a little Chinese girl who answered every purpose. He was not in love with her in any exalted sense, but she supplied certain needs, and at the end of his long days he had the refuge that he craved. She kept him from going to the bad.

His few friends—friends, however, was hardly the word to apply to his few casual acquaintances—were greatly surprised at this. Such an establishment seemed to them the last sort of thing a man of this type would have considered. He had seemed such a decent sort, too. Really, a few professed to be quite shocked; they said one never knew how the East would affect a person, especially a decent person. For themselves, they preferred looser bonds, with less responsibility. They said this to one another between drinks, and there was then, as now, much drinking in Shanghai. A few even said this to one another quite seriously as they lay in pairs on opium divans, smoking opium, with little Chinese girls filling their pipes. One man who had lost his last cent at the gambling-wheels professed great astonishment at this departure from the usual track—a

departure quite unnecessary, since there were many ways of amusing oneself out here in the East. Of course such unions were common enough, Heaven knows; there was nothing unusual about it. But, then, such fastidious people did not as a rule go in for them. It was not the menage, it was the fact that this particular young man had set up such, that caused the comment. The comment, however, was short-lived. There was too much else to think about.

Rogers liked his new life very much. Never for a moment did he think of marrying the girl. That, of course, never dawned on him. Recollect, he was in all things decent and correct, and such a step would have been suicidal. Until the time came for him to go home, she was merely being made use of, and to be useful to the ruling races is the main object in life for the Chinese. They exist for the profit and benefit of the superior races, and this is the correct, standard opinion of their value, and there are few on the China coast, from Hong-Kong upward, who will disagree with it.

In time a son was born to Rogers, and for a while it filled him with dismay. It was a contingency he had not foreseen, a responsibility he had not contemplated, had not even thought he could afford. But in time he grew used to the boy, and in a vague way fond of him. He disturbed him very little, and counted very little in his life, after all. Later, as the years rolled by, he began to feel some responsibility toward the child. He despised half-breeds, naturally; every one does. They are worse than natives, having inherited the weakness of both ancestries.

He was sincerely glad to be rid of the whole business when, at the end of about fifteen years, he was called home to England. It had all served his purpose, this establishment of his, and, thanks to it, he was still clean and straight, undemoralized by the insidious, undermining influences of the East. When he returned to his native land, he could find himself a home upon orthodox lines and live happily ever afterward. Before he left Shanghai, he sent his little Chinese girl, a woman long ago, of course, back to her native province in the interior, well supplied with money and with the household furniture. For the boy he had arranged everything. He was to be educated in some good, commercial way, fitted to take care of himself in the future. Through his lawyer, he set aside a certain sum for this purpose, to be expended annually until the lad was old enough to earn his own living. In all ways Rogers was thoughtful and decent, far-sighted and provident. No one could accuse him of selfishness. He did not desert his woman, turn her adrift unprovided for, as many another would have done. No, thank Heavens, he thought to himself as he leaned over the rail of the ship, fast making its way down the yellow tide, he had still preserved his sense of honor. Many men go to pieces out in the East; but he, somehow, had managed to keep himself clear and clean.

Rogers drops out of the tale at this point, and as the ship slips out of sight down the lower reaches of the Yang-tse, so does he disappear from this story. It is to the boy that we must now turn our attention, the half-caste boy who had received such a heritage of decency and honor from one side of his house. In passing, let it be also said that his mother, too, was a very decent little woman in a humble Chinese way, and that his inheritance from this despised Chinese side was not discreditable. His mother had gone obediently back to the provinces, as had been arranged, the house passed into other hands, and the half-caste boy was sent off to school somewhere to finish his education. Being young, he consoled himself after a time for the loss of his home, its sudden and complete disbandment. The memory of that home, however, left deep traces upon him.

In the first place, he was inordinately proud of his white blood. He did not know that it had cost his guardian considerable searching to find a school where white blood was not objected to when running in Chinese veins. His schoolmates of European blood were less tolerant than the school authorities. He therefore soon

found his white blood to be a curse. There is no need to go into this in detail. For every one who knows the East knows the contempt that is shown a half-breed, a Eurasian, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, an object of general distrust and disgust. Oh, they are useful enough in business circles, since they can usually speak both languages, which is, of course, an advantage; but socially they are impossible.

In time he passed into a banking house, where certain of his qualities were appreciated, but outside of banking hours he was confronted with a worse problem than that which had beset his father. He felt himself too good for the Chinese. His mother's people did not appeal to him; he did not like their manners and customs. Above all things he wanted to be English, like his father, whom in his imagination he had magnified into a sort of god. But his father's people would have none of him. Even the clerks in the bank spoke to him only on necessary business, during business hours, and cut him dead on the street. As for the roysterers and beach-combers gathered in the bars of the hotels, they made him feel, low as they were, that they were not yet sunk low enough to enjoy such companionship as his.

It was very depressing and made him feel very sad. He did not at first feel any resentment or bitterness toward his absent father, disappeared forever from his horizon; but it gave him a profound sense of depression. True, there were many other half-breeds for him to associate with,—the China coast is full of such,—but they, like himself, were ambitious for the society of the white man. What he craved was the society of the white man, to which, from one side of his house, he was justly entitled. He was not a very noticeable half-breed either, for his features were regular, and he was not darker than is compatible with a good sunburn; but, just the same, it was unmistakable, this touch of the tar brush, to the discriminating European eye. He seemed inordinately slow-witted; it took him a long time to realize his situation. He argued it out with himself constantly, and could arrive at no logical explanation. If his mother, pure Chinese, was good enough for his father, why was not he, only half-Chinese, good enough for his father's people, especially in view of the fact that his father's history was by no means uncommon? His father and his kind had left behind them a trail of half-breeds, thousands of them. If his mother had been good enough for his father— His thoughts went round and round in a puzzled, inquiring circle, and still the problem remained unsolved. For he was very young and not as yet experienced.

He was well educated. Why had his father seen to that? And he was well provided for, and was now making money on his own account. He bought very good clothes with his money, went in the bar of one of the big hotels, beautifully dressed, took a drink at the bar, and looked round to see who would drink with him. He could never catch a responsive eye, so was forced to drink alone. He hated drinking, anyway. In many ways he was like his father. The petty clerks who were at the office failed to see him at the race-course. He hated the races, anyway. In many respects he was like his father, but he was far more lonely than his father had ever been. Thus he went about very lonely, too proud to associate with the straight Chinese, his mother's people, and humbled and snubbed by the people of his father's race.

He was twenty years old when the Great War upset Europe. Shanghai was a mass of excitement. The newspapers were ablaze. Men were needed for the army. One of the clerks in the office resigned his post and went home to enlist. In the first rush of enthusiasm many other young English in many other offices resigned their positions and enlisted, although not a large number of them did so; for it was inconceivable that the war could last more than a few weeks. When the first P. and O. boat reached London it would doubtless all be over. During the excitement of those early days some of the office force so far forgot themselves as to speak to him on the subject. They asked his opinion, what he thought of it. They

did not ask the *scroff*, the Chinese accountant, what he thought of it; but they asked him. His heart warmed. They were speaking to him at last as an equal, as one who understood, who knew things English by reason of his English blood.

So the autumn came, and still the papers continued full of appeals for men. No more of the office force enlisted, and their manner toward him, of cold indifference, was resumed again after the one outburst of friendliness occasioned by the first excitement. Still the papers contained their appeals for men; but the men in the other offices round town did not seem to enlist. He marveled a little. Doubtless, however, England was so great and so invincible that she did not need them. But why, then, these appeals? Soon he learned that these young men could not be spared from their offices in the far East. They were indispensable to the trade of the mighty empire. Still, he remained puzzled. One day, in a fit of boldness, he ventured to ask the young man at the next stool why he did not go. According to the papers, England was clamoring loudly for her sons.

"Enlist!" exclaimed the young Englishman, angrily, coloring red. "Why don't you enlist yourself? You claim you 're an Englishman, I believe."

The half-breed did not see the sneer. A great flood of light filled his soul. He was English; one half of him was English. England was calling for her own, and he was one of her own. He would answer the call. A high, hot wave of exultation passed over him. His spirit was uplifted, exalted. The glorious opportunity had come to prove himself, to answer the call of the blood! Why had he never thought of it?

For days afterward he went about in a dream of excitement, his soul dwelling on lofty heights. He asked to be released from his position, and his request was granted. The manager shook hands with him and wished him luck. His brother-clerks nodded to him on the day of his departure and wished him a good voyage. They did not shake hands with him and were not enthusiastic, as he hoped they would be. His spirits were a little dashed by their indifference. However, they had always slighted him, so it was nothing unusual. It would be different after he had proved himself; it would be all right after he had proved himself, had proved to himself and to them that English blood ran in his veins and that he was answering the call of the blood.

His adventures in the war do not concern us. They concern us no more than the gap in the office caused by his departure concerned his employer or his brother-clerks. Within a few weeks his place was taken by another young Englishman just out, and the office routine went on as usual, and no one gave a thought to the young recruit who had gone to the war. Just one comment was made: "Rather cheeky of him, you know, fancying himself an Englishman." Then the matter dropped. Gambling and polo and golf and cocktails claimed the attention of those who remained, and life in Shanghai continued as normal as usual.

In due course of time, his proving completed, he returned to his native land. As the ship dropped anchor in the lower harbor, his heart beat fast with a curious emotion, an unexpected emotion, Chinese in its reactions. The sight of the yellow, muddy Yang-tse moved him strangely. It was his river. It belonged, somehow, to him. He stood, a lonely figure, on the deck, clad in ill-fitting, civilian clothes, not nearly so jauntly as those he used to wear before he went away. His clothes fell away from him strangely, for illness had wasted him, and his collar stood out stiffly from his scrawny neck. One leg was gone, shot away above the knee, and he hobbled painfully down the gang-plank and on to the tender, using his crutches awkwardly.

The great, brown, muddy Yang-tse! His own river! The ships of the world lay anchored in the harbor, the ships of all the world. The tender made its way upward against the rushing tide, and great, clumsy junks floated down-stream. As they neared the dock, crowds of bobbing sampans, with square, painted eyes, so that they might see where they were going, came out and surrounded them. A

miserable emotion overcame him. They were his junks; he understood them. They were his sampans, with their square painted eyes—eyes that the foreigners pointed to and laughed at. He understood them all.

Presently he found himself upon the crowded Bund, surrounded by a crowd of men and women, laughing, joyous foreigners, who had come to meet their own from overseas. No one was there to meet him, but it was not surprising. He had sent word to no one, because he had no one to send word to. He was undecided where to go, and he hobbled along a little to get out of the crowd and to plan a little what he should do. As he stood there undecided, waiting a little, hanging upon his crutches, two young men came along, sleek, well-fed, laughing. He recognized them at once, two of his old co-workers in the office. They glanced at him, looked down on his pinned-up trousers-leg, caught his eye, and then, without sign of recognition, passed on. He was still a half-breed.

The Quick and the Dead

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Evening rose from a bed of rain,
And out of the west day dawned again;
With outstretched fingers of falling light
She touched the tree-tops and made them bright,
And under the leaves, a-spark with dew,
The cry of the blackbird sparkled, too;
And every hillock and glade and tree
Was filled with the makings of melody,
As the dying light streamed miles along
Through murmur of water and leaf and song.

Then out of the east, in a paling mist,
The dead-faced moon came up to be kissed:
Slow and solemn, we watched her rise
A face of wonder with cavernous eyes.
There life is changeless and time without worth;
There nothing dies or is brought to birth;
Her day is done, she is filled with dearth;
Old she looks to the young green earth—
Old as the foam of a frozen shore,
Old, for nothing can age her more.

O young green earth, go down into night,
Rejoice in thy youth till thy days are o'er!
Time speeds, life spends; therein is delight,
Till youth and its years can age no more.

The Messenger

By ELIZABETH ROBINS

Illustrations by Hamlin Gardner

CHAPTER XV

SINGLETON stood there in the middle of the hall, facing the open door; and still, as though he had the smallest right to touch anything of hers, he held Miss Anne Ellis's letter in his hand.

"Something must have happened to Sir William," he said.

"Puncture," suggested Napier, all his energies concentrated for the moment on suppressing every outward sign of concern about the fate of that letter. He had forced his eyes away from it. Yet, wherever he looked, he was more aware of that white square in Singleton's hands than of anything else in the hall.

But Napier had pulled himself together with a strong hand. He must n't lose an instant in disabusing this man's mind of the idea. He shied away from formulating even in secret the idea of which Singleton's mind must be disabused. He got only as far as to ask himself with a ghastly inner sinking just what danger there was, could there conceivably be, of Nan's being inadvertently caught in the net Napier had helped to spread. *Nan!* He leaned hard against the table. Of course, he told himself—of course they 'd find nothing in the world to implicate Nan. But the shock, the wound! How she 'd loathe this England! He sat down heavily.

Singleton came sauntering back, the cleft chin in one hand, the over-brilliant eyes on Napier. To make an enemy of this man, in the present universal instability of equilibrium, would n't it be a stupid as well as dangerous mistake?

"Smoke?" suggested Napier. He felt for his cigar-case.

Singleton did n't mind if he did. As he sat down on the other side of the table he dropped Miss Ellis's letter on the pile.

Oh, but the letter looked well on the table! It suddenly occurred to Napier, lightly slapping his pockets,—what had he done with those cigars?—there was something not only attractive about Singleton, but downright likable. If, now, he could win him over!

"It must be a curious life, yours," he said.

"Well, you know how it is yourself."

"*I* know?" It was one thing to leave off hating him, quite another to ally Gavan Napier with the underground work of the world of spies.

"*Nous pêchons aujourd'hui des plus gros poissons, surtout à*"—he dropped out as lightly as a smoke-ring the final words—"Gull Island."

Napier, leaning forward to take back the burning match, very nearly fell off his chair.

"What do you know about Gull Island?"

"Oh, it 's one of our secret-service pets," Singleton went on, still in French, though it seemed the height of improbability that, had he spoken in English, any unseen listener could have distinguished words falling in the voice you would say was low by nature rather than by caution. "Jolly little place, Gull Island. I was there last month."

"*Comment!*" Napier said, accepting the medium chosen by his interlocutor. "You mean before I—"

"Oh, yes, two weeks before you reported. You did n't, so far as I remember,"—he seemed to indicate a flaw or even

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a suspicious circumstance—"you did n't connect this woman with it."

"What woman?"

"Oh, then there *is* more than one?"

"Oh, see here,"—Napier's patience, perhaps even his self-control, was wearing thin,—"what 's the use of going on like this? You know there 's only one suspicious person hereabouts. What you could n't know is that I wrote from Scotland a full and complete statement to Sir William McIntyre."

"Oh, to Sir William!"

"Yes. As you appear to know, I instantly reported the Gull Island discovery —so I thought it—to the Intelligence Department. They asked me to say nothing about it."

"Without mentioning the lady."

"Exactly. So far as she was concerned, I had only my unsupported suspicions to go on. I thought it only fair to Sir William to leave the initiative *there* to him."

"I see. It was perhaps the more convenient thing to do."

"It was n't at all convenient," Napier assured him with asperity. "I got into such particularly hot water over my case against the lady that I don't at this moment know whether I am still private secretary to Sir William McIntyre or not."

"Why is that?"

"She persuaded him that I was, to put it mildly, salving my wounded feelings. Oh, she 's—" Napier went to the door.

"Yes, she is." Singleton's voice sounded an amused agreement.

"*What* is she?" Napier demanded, turning round. "Does anybody know?"

"Well, what do you think we 're for?"

Napier stood there an embodied interrogation. How closely did it touch Nan Ellis, the knowledge this man had?

"We 've kept an eye on her for—some time. She has been unconsciously"—Singleton flicked his cigar-ash—"of considerable use to us. Oh, she 's well known. Devils for Pforzheim and Engleberg."

"Engleberg? Who is Engleberg?"

"The older one, who called himself Carl Pforzheim. A slim pair, those two!"

"They got away?"

Singleton smiled.

"Only one got away—Carl. Ernst is extremely safe."

The thought of Lady McIntyre came to Napier along with the horror of the picture Singleton had evoked: intimates of Kirklamont, donors of Boris and Ivan; Mr. Ernst in prison waiting for the firing-squad, Mr. Carl showing his "nice teeth" in a rictus of terror before turning to take McClintock's knife in his throat.

"There 's no call to make a mystery of this little affair. The woman is well known in Brussels. Better known still in certain parts of the United States. It was in Washington she ran across Pforzheim, in the Duc de Berry case.

"*She* did the work in that instance, any way; Pforzheim, as usual, got the credit, and naturally most of the cash. She needs an awful lot to keep her going, this woman. They quarreled over the amount. She washed her hands of the job and of him, and back she goes to America. Out of the glare and excitement of Paris and a partnership in Pforzheim's plottings to—what do you suppose? To teach music, of all things! In San Francisco, of all places! In a private family!" Singleton laughed. "These Ellises!" He nodded at Miss Anne's letters. "Again and again we 've traced Greta Schwarz doing this and that for the International Bureau, being successful and well paid, and suddenly chucking the whole thing and going back to respectablity and dullness. An inversion of the desire of the moth for the flame. The desire of the butterfly to labor, to store honey and esteem."

Napier brought him back to the point.

"Now that you 've landed Pforzheim, any more use for her?"

"None on earth."

"But if in this case she 's been only Pforzheim's tool, is the evidence enough?"

Singleton nodded.

"Her neck 's in the noose. You don't believe her neck 's in the noose?"

The simile was ugly. It gave a certain sportsman's pleasure to Napier's reply:

"She 's a very clever person—is Miss von Schwarzenberg."

"Well, my experience with all these people," returned Singleton, easily, "is that the cleverest do the rashest things. Who takes care of Pforzheim's tracery of fortifications? Pforzheim? Not he. This woman, with twice his wits. And what do you think of her setting down in that idiotic diary full reports of conversations among officials? Some at dinner, some overheard. And do you think Number Eighteen—that is, Pforzheim—do you think he was going to run the risk of having code messages traced to him? Not a bit of it. The compromising messages come to her."

"How do you know?"

Singleton dropped his long fingers on the orange envelop and played a brief tatoo.

"We stopped another of the same sort, signed in her name, this morning at the local post-office."

"And you could read it?"

"Anybody could read it. Order on an Amsterdam broker to buy Tarapaca nitrates."

"And what did that tell you?"

"Absolutely nothing. We 've tapped messages of the same sort before."

"Then you are no forrader."

"We were n't when we got here this afternoon." Although the conversation had been carried on in that low-voiced French, Singleton leaned over the table and dropped out the next sentence in a tone that barely escaped the suspicion-stirring whisper, "Grindley found a French dictionary in her writing-table."

"What good did that do you?"

"All the good in the world." Singleton's face shone with the good it did him. "You see," he went on in that careless-sounding undertone, "the hitch was we could n't hit on the code. That 's why we 've been giving her rope."

"And now?"

"Now?" In a flash of pantomime Singleton with one hand suggested the knotting round the throat. His quick fingers carried the invisible cord above his head. He dangled the phantom felon in the air. "And the beauty of it is, she 's done it herself."

"I wonder," said Napier.

"You would n't if you knew Grindley." Singleton smiled comfortably as he lay back in the high carved chair. "Frightfully intelligent boy, Grindley. You see,"—suddenly he bent over the table again,—"it 's like this. They send about a devilish lot of their information in the form of brokers' orders. I dare say, if you 've noticed, she 'll pretend to read the 'Financial Times.' "

He waited only a second for the verification Napier withheld. But the familiar picture sprang up at call: Miss Greta, half coquettish, half girlishly appealing, "I must see what 's happened to my poor little earnings." Sir William amused, pleasantly malicious, "As if you 'd know, even if they told you!"

Singleton had taken out a note-book and scribbled two or three lines.

"She 'll telegraph something like that." He held the book open on the table under Napier's eyes. "She would n't care a button if the post-office people gave that up or whose hands it fell into."

Certainly in Napier's hands it would have made Miss Greta no trouble.

"You might call it stupid," was his comment.

"Exactly. Nobody could be expected to see danger to the state in an order to buy Nepaul rice or Sumatra cigars. It 's all right and runs on greased rails till Grindley comes along. He turns over that La Motte of hers till he notices some minute pencil-marks on one of the green advertisement pages at the back. The marks were so small that no eyes but Grindley's would have noticed them at all. And even Grindley could n't read them without a magnifying-glass." Singleton leaned over suddenly till he could command the avenue, stretching, sun-flecked, empty to the gates.

"Do you *always* hear the motor before it gets to the plantation?"

"Always."

"Well, the kind of thing that came out under the glass was: 'Market dull = Ascertain R— activity.' R," interpreted Singleton, "meaning Rosyth, of course. 'Prices falling = Leaving Southampton.' 'Advise purchase = Report to Seventy-

six.' Seventy-six is the number of the German agent at Amsterdam. We 've learned a good deal since we discovered that is where Seventy-six hangs out. This message, for instance,"—he nodded at the one between them on the table,—"says, 'Advise immediate purchase Erie at 22¼-¾ and steel 129⅝, market rising.' It 's clear according to the La Motte code, that something 's got to be reported instantly to the German secret-service agent at Amsterdam. The question is, what? Even if we intercepted the message we should n't be any the wiser. Or, rather, we should n't have been if Grindley had n't gone juggling with the numbers of the stock quotations till it occurred to him, after trying the thing, twenty other ways." He stopped.

"Yes," Napier threw in. "I 've been wondering why you tell me all this." His smile was slightly abstracted.

"It 's all right; I thought I heard a motor," said Singleton. He met Napier's eyes. "It 's my business to know men, and before it was my business I knew you." That was the sole reference made to the Oxford episode.

"Grindley 's got an idea," he went on, and his face reflected the brilliance of it, "that the consonants in the occasional short code words interpolated into some of the messages—words like Tubu and so on—stand, we think, for the class of ship the submarines are to look out for. Tubu = torpedo boat. Kreuzer, Kleinkreuzer Zerstöier, and so on, are indicated, we think now, in the same way."

Napier made no pretense at sharing Singleton's delight in these speculations.

"All this information going back and forth with absolute impunity!" he exclaimed.

"Until to-day," Singleton breathed out from full lungs. "Great day this for the service!"

But Napier sat appalled. No ship to leave our harbors, but its character and course might be known to the enemy lying in wait! He began to believe things he 'd scoffed at. It was true, then, the Germans had coded in their secret-service ciphers every naval base, every ammunition center, every camp, every war-vessel of the British fleet. He said as much, with raging in his heart:

"And while ship after ship, crew after crew, goes down, what is our secret service doing!"

One member of it was blowing smoke-rings. Not till the supply of smoke gave out did Singleton fall back on words:

"You hear very little about the English secret service and you hear a lot about the German. That, to begin with, is an advantage greater than you can appreciate. I don't propose to subtract from it. But there 's no law against my talking about the German system. Their greatest technical flaw is that they lose themselves in a wilderness of detail. Their men will know all about the trajectory and penetration of the fourteen-inch gun, and they 'll understand so little the men who make them that our quarrels among ourselves, our industrial unrest, is taken to mean that we 're ready to consent to 'a German peace.' They 'll report reams—we 've seen 'em; got 'em docketed in our drawers—*reams* about the ordnance factories of the Argyle works; but as for the new projectile we 're turning out a few hundred yards away, they 'll have no more idea of *that*—till it goes whistling and roaring through their compact formations—than they have that the money they 're still secretly supplying to Pforzheim comes straight to our Intelligence Department. All the same, where the Germans fail is n't in brains. Trouble with the ruck of 'em is, they go from the extreme of sentimentality at one end to the extreme of brutality at the other. Pforzheim! A sort of modern Werther, with a capacity for cruelty that would turn a South Sea cannibal sick. This woman, too. Risk her own life and lose Pforzheim his, colossal business in hand, and goes on like the heroine of a shilling shocker. Can't resist collecting all the silly 'properties.' Simply dotes on the paraphernalia—pistol and what not. You would n't catch Pforzheim with a pistol. One of the unwritten rules of the service: 'Make no memoranda. Carry no documents, no arms.' And she goes put-

ting down compromising details in a letter for the amateurish pleasure of airing her 'inside knowledge' of the British cabinet, and making use of invisible ink. No self-respecting British spy would be caught dead with most of the truck she 'd collected."

Napier had the very soundest conviction that however poorly Singleton thought, or pretended to think, of Miss Greta's qualifications, he had set a guard of some sort at every possible avenue of escape. The woman was already as much a prisoner as any badger in the bottom of a bag.

"If *she 's* a specimen of the amateur," he said, "Heaven save us from the professional!"

Singleton laughed.

"Heaven would need to look lively. I 'd hate to be the custodian of damaging secrets with a fellow like Grindley about. You 'll see." He struck his fist on the table. "A hundred pound sterling to a German pfennig, Grindley 'll come back with that message from the Dutch agent neatly decoded. Oh, Grindley 's immense!" Singleton rolled one long leg over the other, luxuriating in Grindley's immensity.

"We are n't supposed to know each other, Grindley and I; but who would n't know Grindley! As a matter of fact, I introduced him to the chief, and the chief luckily is n't a stickler for the Continental rules in this business. We English humanize it. What 's the result? We totally mystify the rule-ridden Hun, and we 've got the most efficient secret service in the world."

"Have we?" Napier started involuntarily at the sound of the motor turning off the high road and running now through the plantation with a muffler hum. "Here comes the—amateur!"

No acumen was required to read the fact that, in Napier's opinion, Singleton underestimated the noxious power of the amateur.

"I don't deny,"—the secret-service man stood up, but he dropped his voice to a lower register, as though the invisible comer were already at the door—"I 'm not for a moment denying that this woman can do a certain amount of harm. She 's got to be suppressed. But think of what she *might* do! She 's had every opportunity, and she 'll always fall short."

"Not ruthless enough?"

"Oh, she can be as ruthless as you please." Singleton for some reason had crossed the hall. He stood leaning against the wall near the billiard-room. "She could put a bullet in you nicely after she 'd blinded you with cayenne. But"—Singleton shook his head—"she has n't the right standards."

"Oh, standards?" echoed Napier. It seemed a queer word.

"At heart," said Singleton, "she has longings, as I read her record—ineradicable longings for, what do you think? Respectability!" He smiled, and then shook his fine head. "To be any good as a spy, you must be either aristocrat, a perfectly satisfying law upon yourself, or you must be *canaille*. This woman is *bourgeoise* to the core, and a romantic to boot. There does n't exist a more fatal combination. I tell you," — he stood erect, — "Greta Schwarz is done for. *Kaput!*"

"She does n't look it." Napier, leaning over, had caught sight of the car.

Gliding round the drive, the handsome occupant was visibly luxuriating in the comfort and elegance of Lady McIntyre's limousine. She lay back against the dove-colored cushions, with only her heightened color to show her the least stirred by the unexpected summons. Or was the color there, like a couple of flags, hung out in honor of Napier's return?

"Ecoutez!" Singleton's head appeared an instant out of the drawing-room door. "There 's just one thing missing in that box of tricks up-stairs—a pinch of white powder. You must look out for that if we don't want a corpse on our hands."

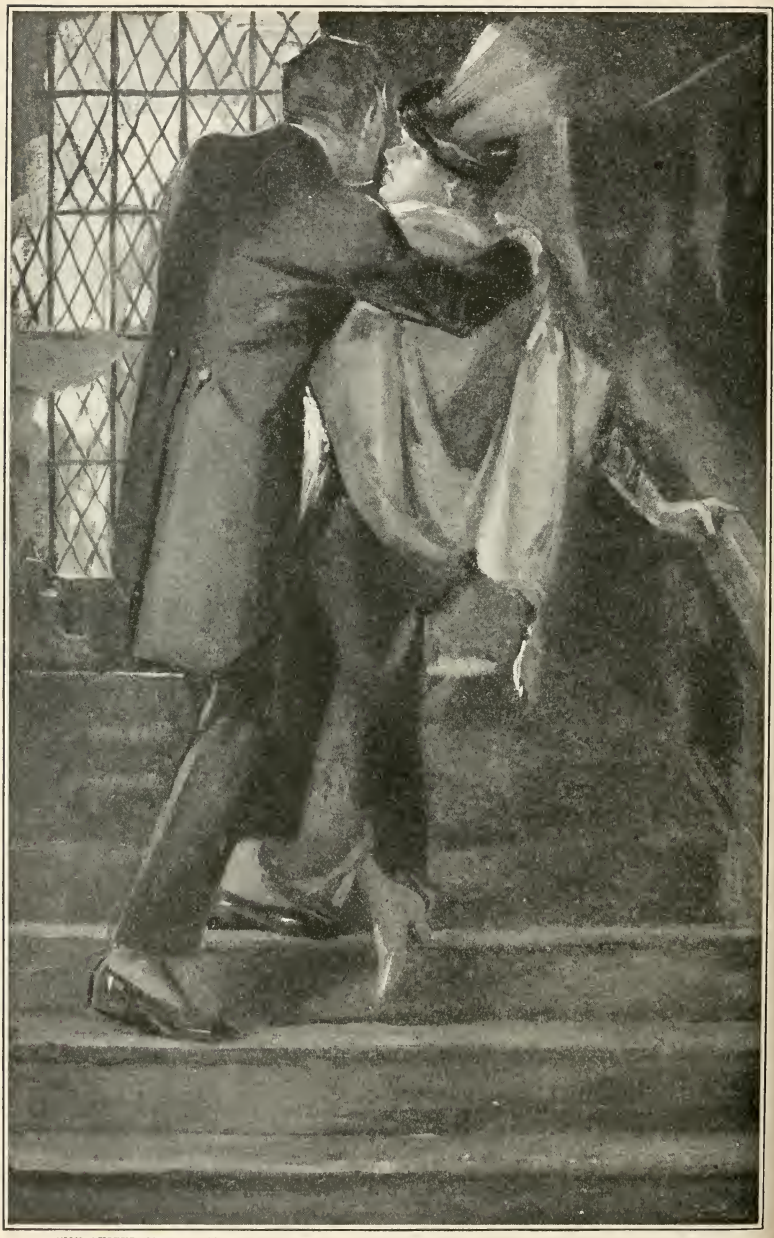
"I must look out! See here—"

Singleton's head vanished.

CHAPTER XVI

Greta smiled at him.

"What has happened?" another would have demanded on sight of Napier's face; but not Miss Greta. She paused on the



"HE SEIZED HER BY THE SHOULDER, AND HE DID IT ROUGHLY, EXPECTING A STRUGGLE"

step of the motor, calmly giving the chauffeur directions about going back for the others.

"Nice to see you home again," she said to Napier, and held out her hand. He led the way into the hall.

"You look rather disturbed," she commented dryly.

Disturbed, indeed! Who would n't, at finding such a business shifted to his shoulders?

"We expected Sir William before this." Napier's hesitation was only outward. Inwardly he was cursing with extreme fluency. "The train service is horribly disorganized."

"Everything is disorganized," responded Miss Greta, drawing off her gloves. She caught sight of her telegram. The heavy, white fingers paused in the act of opening it. A change, quick, subtle, came over her face. "Some one has been tampering with this!" She spoke in a sudden, harsh voice Napier had never heard before. He was aware that guilt was printed large on his countenance.

"Yes, it 's been tampered with." He in his turn spoke loud enough for the words to reach the next room.

"Hush!" said Miss Greta, to his astonishment. "Come—in here." She led the way toward the drawing-room.

"I must wait here for Sir William," said Napier, lamely.

Miss Greta stood looking at him an instant; then she took the message out of the envelop and glanced at it. After a moment's reflection she folded it up, replaced it in the envelop, folded the envelop small, and thrust it in her belt.

"You 'd better tell me," she said in an undertone, "what has been going on." As Napier hesitated, her growing uneasiness got the better of her. "I 'll ask Lady McIntyre." She went quickly toward the staircase.

"No, no; come back." He waited till she turned. "There 's been some one—some one was sent down from London to —look into things."

Wide and innocent the china-blue eyes were on him.

"To look into what things?"

"Yours."

"Mine? What on earth for?" She smiled, divided, it would seem, between diversion and stark bewilderment.

For a second Napier forgot the man in the next room.

"I 'm afraid it 's all up, Miss Greta." He had never called her "Miss Greta" before, never spoken so gently. She came over to the table.

"And why," she asked in a level voice, "do you think *that*, Mr. Gavan?" She had never used his Christian name before.

"They 've found—what they were looking for."

"And what were they—not"—she drew herself up suddenly—"not that *that* matters," she said with a towering contempt. "The thing that *does* matter is n't that in these terrible times *all* foreigners are suspect. The thing that matters is that Lady McIntyre and you—*you* should allow strange people to—" Her quivering lips could form no more for the moment. She pressed her handkerchief to her mouth. "Were you present when they—"

He nodded.

"How you *could!*" From a great height she dropped contempt on him. And she had scorn to spare for the men of the secret service. "They must be easily satisfied! What do they think they have found in my poor solitary trunk?"

It was perhaps better to go through with the odious business and get it over.

"They found your journal."

"What of that?"

"Transcripts of conversations at official dinners—"

"What of that? *Always* I set down what interesting people say. Every diarist has done that since diaries began. Nan does it. Your friend Julian Grant does it. I 've done it since I was twelve."

An effect of poise about her, a delicate effrontery in her tone, steeled Napier to ask:

"And have you also, since you were twelve, photographed fortifications?"

"*Fortifications!* Oh, this is the very lunacy of suspicion!"

"There was also a tracing of the most important of our new coast defenses."

"Tracing? What is tracing?" As Napier did not answer, she went on, "I have never seen such a thing."

"No, you would n't see it, not till you had heated the paper."

"You mean"—she gasped—"something in what they call invisible ink? Who has put that among my papers?" The pink in her face had not so much faded as deepened to a sickly bluish magenta, like the discoloration of certain roses before the petals fall. Napier looked away. She stood there pouring her cautious, low-voiced scorn on some secret enemy. It was n't the first time in history this kind of villainy had been practised on an innocent person, a person whom somebody —who was it?—(she clutched his arm) whom somebody wanted to get into trouble, to get out of the way. The congested face looked swollen and patchy. Minute bubbles of saliva frothed at one corner of the mouth. Suddenly she faced about and made a rush for the stairs. But Napier, at her flying heels, caught her halfway up. He seized her by the shoulder, and he did it roughly, expecting a struggle.

Instantly she was still. She dropped her cheek against his ungentle fingers.

"O Gavan, save me!"

"It 's too late." He drew his hand away. She turned to the friendlier banister and clung there. "They have taken everything," he said very low.

"Everything?"

"All the things you thought you had hidden."

"Hush!" She backed a step.

Napier, with the advantage of his inches, head and shoulders above her, had caught sight of an unfamiliar figure sitting in the upper hall reading a newspaper. Grindley! Greta had not seen him, but she heard Sir William's voice coming out of Lady McIntyre's bedroom, and Lady McIntyre's raised in a sob:

"William! William! need *any*body know? Outside us three and the police?"

"I don't see the slightest necessity." Sir William came out and shut the door.

He stood an instant ruffling up his hair and looking intensely miserable. Greta von Schwarzenberg had backed down the stair.

Sir William descended slowly, Grindley behind him. It was Sir William who started when he realized who was waiting there at the bottom. Napier saw that a strong impulse to turn tail and leave this unpleasant business had to be overcome. Sir William bustled on down. He passed Miss Greta without a sign.

"Where 's the other?" he demanded of Napier, and just then Mr. Singleton strolled down the hall. Sir William nodded bruskly, and turned to the motionless figure of the woman. "I—a—" (he felt for his seals) "I am sorry to have to tell you that—a—that the police have convinced me you had better leave here."

"And why," she said, "should I leave here?"

"Because it appears that you abuse our hospitality."

She threw back her head.

"What appears yet more clearly is that people *I* have trusted have betrayed me." Over the prominent blue eyes the lids drooped a little. "In my absence some one has laid a trap." She turned to Napier, with a breath-taking sharpness, "Is it *you?*"

He met her gaze.

"I warned them about Gull Island, and I—"

"Gull Island! What has Gull Island to do with me?"

"No, no," said Sir William; "I don't myself connect you with the Gull Island business."

"Nor—" she made a slight inclination that seemed to say she was not to be outdone in chivalry—"nor do I need to be told that *you,* Sir William, have no hand in this. *You* were n't made for such work."

Sir William's rolling eye caught, as it were, upon some unexpected support. It rested for one mollified moment.

"I have n't lived under your roof all these months," she went on, "under the protection of your great name, without understanding *you.* Even though people

you think your friends cruelly misunderstand me." The voice caught, she carried her handkerchief to her shaking lips. Singleton read signs in Sir William's countenance that made him anxious to end the passage between the owner of the great protecting name and the lady who invoked it. Singleton had gone to Grindley, who stood leaning against the wall behind Sir William.

"Why did n't you tell him?" demanded Singleton in an impatient undertone.

"Did," Grindley answered. "Understood diary and tracing. Did n't give himself time to take in the—" His hand came out of his side pocket with a paper. Singleton plucked it away from him and carried it over to Sir William. As it passed, Napier caught a glimpse of Miss Greta's handwriting on a telegraph-form bearing the post-office stamp.

"This was sent out from here at noon to-day." Singleton held the message under Sir William's eyes.

"Well, what of it? A perfectly proper instruction to a broker," retorted Sir William.

"Till it 's been decoded. If you like, Mr. Napier can explain how to you afterward. What it means is:

Troop-ship leaves Southampton at seven to-night. Four search-lights playing constantly over harbor. No convoy.

There was a moment of deathlike silence. The woman stood as motionless as the carved banister at her back.

"Gavan," Sir William cried out, "is it true?"

"It 's true," he said.

"You say this information was sent"—The terror in the old man's face evoked the shattered and shattering image of a torpedoed ship, a sea full of drowning soldiers.

"We stopped it at the post-office."

Relieved of the crowning horror, Sir William shook off the paralysis that had held his restlessness in a vice. He hurried half a dozen steps up the hall and half a dozen down, jingling his keys and muttering:

"This—going on in my house!" He drew up with a jerk as the woman darted forward and planted herself in his way.

"Why not in your house?" she demanded wildly. "Have n't you a hand and two sons in what 's going on elsewhere? What are you doing to my brothers and friends? Is it worse to be drowned than to have your head battered to pulp? Than to have six inches of steel run through your stomach? Would n't it make you want to kill your enemies to see what I saw at the Newton Hackett Drill-Ground—a bag stuffed with straw hung up, and hear the staff sergeant call it Fritz, and shout out, 'Now, men, straight for his kidneys'!"

"Gavan," Sir William's voice called hoarsely, "make an end of this!" He went down the passage at the double, and shut himself in his private room.

Less the woman's rigid lips than her eyes asked Singleton, "What—do they—mean—to do?"

"You know what they do in a case of this kind in Germany?"

As if the men in front of her had been the firing-squad, each look a bullet, she pitched forward. She would have dropped on her face had Napier not caught her. He shook her slightly by the arm.

"Nan," he said under his breath, "I mean Miss—your friend and Madge—" The noise outside pierced through the common preoccupation. The motor was rushing up the avenue. Napier led the woman to a chair.

As she sat down, her head fell back against the wall. The face had a dead look.

"We don't want her fainting," Napier said sharply as Singleton leaned over her.

"There is an excellent train," said the secret-service man, "that leaves Fenchurch Street just about this time to-morrow."

She parted her shaking lips.

"What has that—to do—with me?"

"You will be able to catch it."

"Shall I—shall I, *really?*" She made a fruitless upward clutching at his arm. Her hand fell back into her lap as though lamed. "Oh, no! You only want—*he* wants"—she slid a look at Napier—"to

get me out of here without a scene. People's—feelings—must be spared. All —except mine."

"He told me"—Grindley's eyes seemed to find vacancy where another's would have found Sir William's door—"did n't want to make it any worse for you than necessary."

"Ah!" Something like life returned to the dead eyes.

"Any worse, he means, for himself."

Napier turned away in disgust.

"Your seat," said Singleton, politely, "is Number Sixteen."

"You don't m-mean they will let me go —*home!*"

"Yes; that 's the kind of fools we are."

As the voice Napier's ears were straining for called out, "Greta!" Nan came up the steps, leaning forward, as she ran, to see into the hall.

"Is that you, Gre—" She hung a second, framed there in the doorway, with Madge behind her. "What *is* it, dearest?" She flew to the figure on the chair. She kneeled beside it. "Greta darling, you 've had bad news. Oh, what *is* it, my dear?" She chafed the slack hand. She laid it against her cheek. "Tell me, somebody!" she said, looking at Napier. "Who are these strangers?"

By a heroic effort Miss von Schwarzenberg produced a masterpiece.

"They—they are friends of mine," she said.

Singleton, after a faint-smiling inclination in Miss Ellis's direction, as though accepting the audacious description as an introduction, made it good by saying to Miss von Schwarzenberg:

"Don't give yourself any trouble about tickets or accommodation. We will see to all that, won't we, Grindley?"

Grindley made a consenting rumble in his throat, and withdrew with Singleton to the front steps. They stood there conferring.

Napier waited on thorns to get a word with Nan. Was it impossible, was it too late, to put her on her guard? She seemed to have no eyes for any one but Greta. If Singleton had doubted the closeness of her relation to the notorious character in the chair, what must he think now?

"Try to tell me, dearest, what has happened." She hung over the slack form.

"Are you going somewhere, Miss Greta?" Madge pressed to the other side of the chair. "*Where* are you going?"

"And *why?*" Nan urged with a sharpness of concern. "You 've had bad news, my dearest, dearest."

"Yes." Greta remembered the telegram. She took the message out and half opened it. The paper was now folded in halves instead of in quarters. Nan watched eagerly the fingers, which seemed merely out of forgetfulness to omit opening the telegram to her friend's eye.

"Poor father!" Miss Greta brought out the words in a tone so exquisitely gentle that Napier studied her face an instant.

He was sure that, as she sat there with that look of sorrow, absently tearing the telegram across, she was thinking lucidly and rapidly what her next move should be.

"Is it that your father is ill, dear?" Nan pressed closer to her side.

Greta nodded. Speechless with emotion, she tore the facing halves of the telegram to ribbons, the ribbons to fragments, all with the air, as it struck Napier, of the *fille noble* of the theater.

"Dear, I 'm so terribly sorry!" Nan took her hand. "But you must n't think it is as serious as all that. Unless—what did it say?"

Greta looked down at her hands as though expecting to be able to hand the telegram over to speak for itself, only to find it, to her surprise, reduced to the fineness of stage snow.

"He has been telegraphing me for days to come home. I did n't realize it meant —*this!*"

"Perhaps it 's not so bad as you think. Let us send them a message, reply paid, and you 'll see. The news will be better."

Miss Greta shook her head.

"I have put it off too long already," she said faintly. "There is the slenderest chance of my finding him alive." Suddenly she pressed her handkerchief to her lips.

"Greta, *do, do* let me telegraph!"

Miss von Schwarzenberg drew herself up. She rose. She stood like the heroine in Act III.

"I am a soldier's daughter. I obey." She went toward the stairs.

CHAPTER XVII

Mr. Singleton turned round, watch in hand.

"You could catch the seven-two," he said politely.

Miss Greta, at the bottom of the staircase, faithfully flanked on one side by Nan, by Madge on the other, paused to consider her friend's kind suggestion.

"You could be ready inside an hour if we both helped." Nan enlisted Madge as confidently as though there had never been a cloud between them.

"You 'll have *your* things to pack, too," Miss Greta reminded her.

"Oh, I 'll do that in ten minutes, after I 've—after we 've helped you." Nan's hand on Miss Greta's arm urged her to the enterprise.

"A—just a moment," Napier interrupted, the disorder of the raided room printed strong upon his inner vision. He saw it in pieces, like a Futurist picture—a corner of gaping drawer of the writing-table; a glimpse of wardrobe-trunk, dribbling flimsiness of lawn and froth of lace; in the foreground, fierce, violent, malevolent, the broken metal shell of the false hat-box; Nan's eyes, no less clear, clearer than all else, looking down upon the chaos and indignity of a ruined life. She and the other "child," Madge, ought to be spared that spectacle. Over the newel of the banister he spoke directly to Nan for the first time since they had stumbled among rocks in the moonlight three weeks ago, fleeing before the tide that raced up the shore, and before the tide higher, more menacing, which had risen in their hearts. "If you were to get a telegraph-form—if we could write out a telegram to send to Miss von Schwarzenberg's father—or—to—to—" He floundered.

"Yes," said Miss Greta. "To my father's agent, Schwartz."

"Anybody you like. We 'll do our best"—he glanced at Singleton—"to get it through."

Instead of going to the drawing-room for a telegraph-form, Nan took a scrap of paper out of her side pocket.

"Schwartz, chez Kalisch," Napier heard the dictation begin before Madge created a diversion on her own account.

"Let me by, will you? I must go and tell mother."

"Tell your mother what?" To Napier's relief, Miss Greta stopped her.

"That I 'm going to London to see you off."

"No, dear." Greta caught at a lock of the girl's thick hair.

In the swift parley that followed Madge, who had been strangely quiet until now, flatly refused to be left behind.

"I 'd go," she declared with sudden passion, "if I had to *walk* to London!"

Miss Greta leaned heavily against the banister. What would you? her glance toward Singleton seemed to say. This is the devotion I am accustomed to inspire. Then hurriedly to Madge:

"Listen, darling. You must be very good and helpful in these last—whether they 're minutes or whether they 're hours—"

"D-don't!" A gulping sound more angry than tender was throttled in Wildfire's throat.

"You 'd better, first of all," advised Miss Greta, "go and telephone Brewster to get the rooms ready."

Napier gaped at the effrontery of the suggestion.

"She means at Lowndes Square?" Nan put the hurried question with eyes of sympathy on Madge, who was plainly not at the moment in any condition to speak. "Could n't I?"

The girl gave her old enemy a grateful glance and, instead of going first to her mother, pushed past the group at the foot of the stairs and bolted down the passage to Sir William's room.

"Lowndes Square?" Singleton repeated idly as he leaned against the door. "Is that Sir William's London house?"

Miss Greta did not trouble to reply to the obvious.

"Schwartz *chez* Kalisch—you 've got that?"

Nan nodded.

"It will be more convenient," Mr. Singleton interrupted again, "for you to put up at a hotel. Nearer the station, you know."

Miss Greta appeared to consider this suggestion also to be unworthy of notice. She stood wrinkling her brows over the form of the message.

"Let me," said Napier and held out his hand for Nan's fragment of paper. "Then you can get on with the telephoning."

Did n't she trust herself to look into his face? Without raising her eyes, Nan relinquished paper and pencil, and ran down to the telephone-room.

"Returning home via Folkestone tomorrow." Miss Greta, still leaning against the newel, dictated as imperturbably as though she had a week in front of her for packing and preparation.

He hardly looked at the words he scribbled. The instant Nan disappeared and Singleton had sauntered down the hall in her wake he said in an undertone:

"You would n't like her to see your room. You 'd better go up and lock the door. Tell her to do her own packing first."

Miss Greta moved quietly up the stairs with Napier at her side.

"They 've broken everything open?" she inquired, with contemptuous mouth.

"You know what they came for."

She seemed to consider that in its various bearings as she paused an instant.

"It is n't part of what they came for, I suppose, to rob me of my savings?"

"They will tell you about that. But if you need anything—"

"I shall need *everything!*". She spoke with vehemence. "I have nothing fit to travel in." It was as though amid the wrecks of life and reputation that was the most important matter she had to think about.

"I should be glad," Napier answered, "if you would allow—you will find others equally ready, I dare say; but anything I could—" She would indignantly refuse, of course.

To his astonishment she stopped again, this time near the top landing to say in a rapid whisper:

"I was just going to pay some bills. I am afraid I owe forty or fifty pounds."

Napier assured her that she would have some at least of her money returned, "in some form."

"I greatly doubt it. I 've heard how they rob us."

"I beg your pardon, they do nothing of the kind, not in *this* country!"

Miss Greta tightened her lip as she went on toward her room. She passed plump Grindley as if he 'd been thin air. Nan was coming up, two steps at a time, with a sheaf of telegraph-forms. She passed him with lowered eyes.

Not far behind the Mercury-footed Nan, Wildfire came flaming. "Father wants to see you, Mr. Gavan," she said.

Sir William was at the house telephone.

"Yes, yes, my dear. No fuss, no foolishness, no publicity. The very fact of our allowing Madge to see her off—I thought it a horrible idea at first, but don't you see the value of it? Oh, here 's Gavan. I 'll come to you in a minute." He hung up the receiver. "Look here, Gavan, the really important thing is that the silly newspapers should n't get hold of this. We are sending Madge up with an old servant to see the woman off. It will quiet any misgivings in the child's mind—a thing my wife is painfully exercised about. There 's no doubt it would be a dreadful shock to Meggy; and besides, the great thing is, it will choke off the suspicion of any nosing, ferreting little penny-a-liner. At least, it would if—my dear boy, there is n't any one else I would ask such a thing of, but do you think you could—would you—"

The strangeness of that leave-taking!

Miss Greta was the first to come down, calm, carefully dressed in *demi-deuil,* as one too fearful of the death of her father to have heart for her usual pinks and apple-greens, yet showing the front befitting the

daughter of a soldier. She seemed not to notice Grindley coming slowly down behind her or Singleton and Napier talking together on the steps. She occupied herself with her gloves as she waited till the men-servants passed her on their way back after hoisting a wardrobe-trunk and a hat-box on top of the service-motor.

"That American box, I am afraid it was very heavy." Miss Greta smiled as she dispensed her *douceurs* with the demeanor Napier could have sworn Miss Greta herself took to be suitable to the daughter of a German officer. It was, at all events, the demeanor popularly supposed to be the hall-mark of the duchess.

"I hope," she said, advancing to the door and speaking to Singleton—"I hope you won't mind waiting a moment for Miss McIntyre. Sir William insists on sending his daughter along to look after me."

"Sir William should have more faith in us," returned Singleton, with his agreeable smile. "We have already telegraphed to Cannon Street."

"Cannon Street!" She supported herself an instant against the jamb of the door. And then she looked back to see that the butler was out of earshot. "Sir William can't know we are going to—Cannon Street, or he would n't be allowing Madge —" How well she knew one aspect of London!

"I don't mean the police station," replied Singleton.

"What *do* you mean?" she asked, indignant at the trick.

"The hotel."

She turned another look across her shoulder. The corridor was empty.

"You are n't meaning I am not to leave the hotel?"

"You won't need to leave the hotel, not till about five o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"Why did n't you say that in time to prevent my friends here from taking all the trouble to order my room to be ready for me at their house in town?"

Mr. Singleton did not stop to point out that the order had been Miss Greta's own and that he had politely opposed it.

"I am sure you must appreciate that your preference for the convenience of a hotel will come better from you."

"There are things I *must* go out for!"

"Oh?" He looked at her.

"Shopping. I have *nothing* I can travel in."

Singleton caught Napier's eye, and both glanced at behemoth disappearing down the drive on top of the service-motor. Really, these Germans! This coolly dictatorial woman knew as well as Singleton did that in the bag at his feet was evidence sufficient to imprison her for life, but she also knew her luck in having been in the service of a man whom it was undesirable to involve in a scandal. Nan and Madge came running down while Singleton, with his unfaltering politeness, was still trying to think of some way in which to meet Miss Greta's objection.

"You have so many devoted friends. Perhaps some one could do these commissions for you."

"No."

"Then I am afraid you will have to postpone your shopping till you reach home."

"I could do your shopping," Madge volunteered.

"You see!" Singleton went down the steps and turned to hand the ladies in.

Napier was sure that Miss Greta was as aware as he was of the forlorn, frightened little face peering out from the drawn blind in Lady McIntyre's room. But the woman, settling herself calmly in the car, gave no sign, at least not till Madge, on a note of sympathy that struck Napier as curious coming from that source, said with an upward glance: "Mother!" And when Greta still affected to be oblivious, the girl said peremptorily, "Look!"

"Where? Oh!" Greta raised her face. She did n't bow; merely smiled. It was one of the saddest smiles possible to see. "Your poor mother has one of her prostrating headaches to-day. I am sorry." And then the car rolled away, bearing a haunting memory of that face at the window.

If Nan's excitement at the thought of

nearing London helped the party over some difficult moments, it created others.

"You see, I went straight from the docks in Liverpool to Scotland, and from Scotland to Lamborough. This is the first time in all my life—oh, what 's that?" She stared out of the window. Through a gap in the huddle of suburban dwellings and factories, looming dark against the deep-blue dusk of evening, a blade of pallid light pointed upward to something invisible in the sky. "What is that?" the overseas voice asked, awestruck. While she spoke, the giant shaft moved a little and then stopped. It seemed, human-wise, to reconsider. Another bolder shaft shot up beyond it, seeming to say: "This way! Have at them, brother!" The doubtful one quivered, and flashed upward, only to be hidden as the train rushed on into the intervening immensity which was London.

"The new search-lights," Madge remarked in a dry tone. "Rum if we should come in for a Zeppelin raid!"

"How dim it is in London!" Nan said as she stepped out of the railway-carriage. "There must be a fog."

"No. They keep lights low these days."

On the opposite side of the platform another train, a very long one, was discharging its passengers. Most of these people, with untidy hair and sleep-defrauded eyes, were dressed in stained and tumbled odds and ends. Some were in working-clothes, women in great aprons, many carrying babies, little children holding to their skirts; and nearly every soul in the motley company, even the children, had one or more bundles, bags, or boxes in their hands. They were like people who had been waked suddenly out of a nightmare and told to run for the train. They seemed not to see the prosaic sights of the platform. The look of nightmare was still in their eyes. A middle-aged woman and an old man stood clinging together. The saddest immigrant ever landed in the New World had not shown a face like these.

"Where do they come from?" Nan was looking nearly as bewildered as the foreign-speaking horde.

"They come from Belgium," Napier said.

Singleton was waiting to hand Nan and Miss Greta into his cab.

"Non! *non!*" a high, agitated voice said in passing, "les Allemands n'ont pas dépassé la ligne Ostende-Menin!"

Out in the street newsboys were crying an extra: "Great battle raging! Arrival of Canadian troops!"

CHAPTER XVIII

About noon the next day a couple of porters stood waiting for the service-lift at the Royal Palace Hotel. Each man had a sole-leather trunk on his shoulder, a trunk so new that the initialing "G. v. S." was not yet dry. It was something else that halted Napier in the act of sending up his card to Miss Ellis—a glimpse of Singleton's face behind an outspread newspaper.

"Cabs full of stuff keep coming," was the gentleman's comment.

Napier wondered dryly that "the lady" should expect to get it through.

"Personal wardrobe. Member of household of cabinet minister. Special privileges. And nobody knows better that avoidance of publicity is worth thousands of pounds to Sir William and, I daresay, to the Government. She 's playing it for all she 's worth. She 's got this Mr. Julian Grant in her pocket, too. He 's up with her now."

The lift came down with Nan. With a little hurried bow she was escaping, but Napier stood there in front of her.

"Just a minute."

"I can't; I 'm sorry. I have n't *got* a minute."

"Yes, you have," he said bitterly, "when it 's about Miss Greta's affairs."

"Oh, about Greta—"

The face was more transparent-looking than he had ever seen it.

"You don't look as if you 'd had a wink of sleep."

Singleton had vanished, but Nan showed little disposition to linger. As Napier stood there, looking down at the face alight with

fidelity and eager service, he knew in his soul he was thankful there was n't time, nor this the place, to wring her heart with the disgraceful truth about her friend. The last thing he expected to say was the first to come out.

"Ah, you don't gather, I suppose, that Miss Greta is at all harassed about money?"

"It *is* kind of you to think of that!" She smiled at him. "The fact is, Greta—that is, I—*did* cable home last night. I am going back to the bank now to see if they 've heard."

Napier arrested her slight movement.

"Just let me understand. Do you mean that you 've overdrawn your account?"

"Oh, not overdrawn; but the gold I got this morning just finished it. I seem to have needed a good deal of money lately, one way and another."

"You got gold this morning, you say?"

"Yes; was n't it lucky? Greta has a prejudice against paper money. She thinks it insanitary."

"Oh, I see. And you were able to give her all she needs—of the sanitary sort?"

"No. I could get only sixty pounds."

"Not in gold?"

"Forty in sovereigns, twenty in half-sovereigns."

"You were uncommonly lucky; but Miss Greta will have to give you back that sixty pounds, or the inspector will take it away at the station."

"Oh, surely not!"

"Beyond a doubt. They don't allow more than twenty pounds to be taken out of the country, and that must n't be in gold."

She stared.

"What do people do who have hundreds of pounds in your banks?"

"They have to leave it behind till the end of the war."

"Not Americans?"

Nobody, he said significantly, would be allowed to carry English gold to Germany.

Gravely, for a moment, she considered the astonishing statement.

"Heavens, the time!" Her eyes over his shoulder had found the clock.

"Only a little after twelve." He did n't stir from the stand he 'd taken in front of her.

"You don't realize how much there is to do," she pleaded. Then, as he still stood there so immovable, she made the best of it. "I believe, after all, I 'll tell you."

"Better," he agreed.

"Well, only half an hour ago we decided Greta could n't go alone. I 'm going with her."

All his life he would remember what he went through in those next seconds.

"Julian," she threw in with a hurried glance at Napier's face—"Julian thinks it will be all right."

"You imagine you 'll be allowed to go?" Napier said, with vastly more firmness than he felt.

"Who would try to prevent?"

"Maybe your own embassy."

"Oh, the *embassy!*"

"It could n't be anything but very unpleasant in Germany just now."

"Not for an American," she said.

"Even an American," he replied with an edge in his voice, "who has already overdrawn at the bankers' and whose cable can't, I should say, be answered in time."

A teasing, tricksy expression put her burdened seriousness to flight.

"Of course I know, if I asked you, *you 'd* lend me what I need."

"To go to Germany?"

"Well, would n't you?"

"No."

She smiled. A secret rapture escaped out of her eyes.

"You *would n't?*" And then she seemed to put him to some test. "Julian is kinder."

"That is as it should be," he said. She made a little harassed movement.

"I must manage somehow. Julian 's going to get my ticket. He 's telephoning about all that now. But Greta would n't like me to ask Julian for a loan for *her.*"

Napier glanced at the clock. There was still, thank Heaven, the passport difficulty. He scribbled a line on a card. All that was really essential was to make Jul-

ian abandon his efforts to remove the obstacles, and Nan would be spared what could 'nt fail to be a horrible shock. His aching tenderness for the girl asked why she should *ever* know the truth unless, indeed, Greta von Schwarzenberg should succeed in carrying off the goose that laid the golden eggs. By all the gods, he must prevent that!

Eagerly she had watched him writing, and now she gave her own interpretation to the card Napier despatched up-stairs.

"It *is* kind of you to come and see if you can help us; but you ought n't to have kept me! Send for a taxi, will you?" she called to the passing page. "Julian 's promised not to leave poor Greta alone till I get back."

Taxis were beginning to grow scarce in London. Napier had followed her to the door; they could see the page-boy pursuing a cab.

"Nan—" She began to speak in a nervous, forestalling haste.

"You 've never understood about Greta. *I* believe it 's people of strong natures that suffer the most. Last night she could n't sleep!"

"How do you know?"

"I watched the crack of light under her door. Twice I knocked and tried to make her let me come in. She would n't. 'Go to sleep,' she said. As if I could! Once she unbolted the door and came on tiptoe into my room. What do you think for? To get a needle out of my case. Greta sewing! And what do you think she had found to sew? She would n't tell me, but I saw this morning. She had been trying to put herself to sleep by changing the buttons on that very buttony ulster of hers. Took off all the round, bumpy ones and put on a flat kind instead. *I* can't see it 's any improvement. But, then, I always hate buttons that don't button anything, except when they 're on cute little page-boys."

The cab had rushed up to the door with Buttons on the footboard. Another of the button brotherhood stood by Napier's side.

"Will you please, sir, come up to seventy-two?"

He heard Julian's high voice even before the door was opened.

"All that does n't matter a straw," he was shouting impatiently into the receiver. "Those regulations, you know as well as I do, can be set aside for the special case. I *know* she 'll have to have a passport. You 've got to tell the fella at the American embassy. What? Look here, Tommy, you don't understand. I 'll be round before you go to luncheon."

Napier had made his way among cardboard boxes and clothes-encumbered chairs to the sofa where Miss Greta half sat, half lay, in a becoming mauve tea-gown. She gave him her hand.

"Hello!" said Julian, already looking up a new telephone number.

Madge came out of the adjoining bedroom, dragging an enormous brown-paper parcel along the floor. "Did you know Nan had got you the sealskin coat? How do, Mr. Gavan? It 's a love of a coat. You 'll wear it, won't you?"

"No, pack it," said Miss Greta, indifferently.

"But on the boat, Miss Greta. You 'll want some warm—"

"I 've *got* a coat," she said impatiently. "Take that thing back where you found it."

"I say,"—Julian jumped up to lend a hand,—"I did n't know you 'd come back, Madge. I might as well go now and see about the passport. What 's this?"

"Can't imagine. That 's why I brought it in." Between Madge and her unskilful assistant the cord round the great bundle, already loose, came off. The contents bulged. Julian picked the unwieldy thing up in his arms, and a fold of heavy fur oozed out. And then the whole thing had half slithered out of Julian's hold and fell along the floor.

"Lawks!" remarked Madge, with wide eyes on the superb black-fox rug, beaver-lined.

"Too heavy for anything but a Russian sledge," Julian objected.

"Well, *will* you take it back in there and put it in the canvas hold-all!" Miss Greta settled back, wearily against the

"DO YOU APPROVE THIS PLAN OF MISS ELLIS GOING TO GERMANY?" HE ASKED"

ulster as Madge and Julian struggled into the next room with the rug between them. "I understood Madge was going to bring the maid to do the packing," Miss Greta murmured discontentedly.

Napier leaned forward.

"Do you approve this plan of Miss Ellis going to Germany?" he asked.

"I can easily believe you don't approve it," she said with a gleam of *Schadenfreüde.*

"I do more than disapprove," he answered under his breath. "I shall prevent it."

"Oh? And how do you propose to do that?"

"I had meant to put a spoke in the passport wheel, but there 's a better, a shorter way."

"Oh?"

He leaned nearer.

"I have done my part to prevent Miss Ellis's knowing"—Greta raised her china-blue eyes—"the things some of the rest of us know."

"You are very considerate—of Miss Ellis."

"Exactly. I am too considerate of her to let her even apply for a passport without my first of all—enlightening her before you leave."

"Ah,"—she drew in her breath—"you *would,* would you?"

Napier was aware of having to brace himself to meet the unexpected dart of malignity out of the round eyes. But it passed, taking in the open door of the bedroom as it dropped, and in its place came pure scorn, controlled, intensely quiet, as she inquired in her society manner:

"And you think Nan would believe you? You suppose for one moment that your word would stand any chance against mine?"

Napier concealed his harrowing doubt on this head.

"I am to understand, then, you are willing that the facts we have been at pains to suppress should be known? Very well. I 'll begin by enlightening Mr. Grant and saving him the trouble of seeing about the passport." He caught the sudden shift of focus in the china-blue eyes. "That 's what I came up for," Napier added. There was silence for an instant except for the talk floating in through the open door: "No, let 's fold it in three. I 'll show you."

Was it the threat to enlighten Julian which had given her pause? "We have Singleton down-stairs,"—Napier quietly suggested witnesses for the convincing of Mr. Grant—"and Grindley up."

"As if I did n't know!"

"Then you must know, too, that we are none of us making this experience harder for you than is necessary. But"—their eyes met—"we are not going to let you take that girl along."

"Could n't live without her, eh?" she burst out. For the first time in Napier's experience of her there was a common tang in her tone.

He rose to his feet.

"Simply, she is not going with you. I thought you might prefer to decide this yourself, or to tell her you have ascertained that the passport difficulty is insuperable; anything you like." She sat looking down on the film of handkerchief held affectedly in the thick, white hand. There was no sign of anxiety or haste in either her face or weary attitude. "The alternative," Napier went on in a quick undertone, "is that she will be staying behind with full knowledge of all that we have up to now kept back."

She turned to him with smothered vehemence.

"It never was *my* plan. I don't know what on earth I 'd do with her."

Napier repressed the jubilation crying out in his heart.

"The question, as I say, is merely, Will you give her up after struggle and exposure or will you do it quietly?"

She seemed to make a rapid calculation.

"If I agree to this, will you promise—she shall never know—what I 've gone through—this last—twenty-four hours?" The handkerchief went to her lips.

"No," said Napier, sternly, "but I 'll promise that I won't enlighten her before you leave."

"And Mr. Grant? If you tell *him,* you

may as well tell every one. He could n't keep anything to save his neck."

"If *you* keep to the course I 've laid down, I don't know any special reason for enlightening Mr. Grant." Napier was secretly aware that he was showing weakness over the point. Yet, after all, in a few hours the woman would be out of the country. Behind that wall of the German lines she would be lost.

By the time Julian returned to the sitting-room Miss Greta had accepted the inevitable.

"I don't want to seem rude,"—she turned to Napier with her weary grace,—"but I think I must ask to be left alone awhile. Perhaps you 'll be so *very* kind as to explain to Mr. Grant that in these circumstances of family affliction"—only Napier recognized the Adelphi touch in phrase and in the lace-bordered handkerchief pressed to heroic lips—"the more I think of it, the more I feel it would be best for me to go home alone."

CHAPTER XIX

Napier went back to the hotel at five o'clock with Julian, who drove his own big car, to take the three to the station. The progress was slow and penitential, for Miss Greta declined to lose sight of the two taxis that followed with the luggage. Napier, with Madge at his side, sitting opposite Nan and Miss Greta, found himself taking refuge from the unconscious reproach in Nan's face by studying the buttons on Miss Greta's ulster. There were a great many of those buttons. The immense labor of changing them induced thoughtfulness. They were thicker, but were n't the bigger ones exactly sovereign size? The smaller, on collar, cuffs, and pocket-flaps, were n't they precisely of half-sovereign dimensions, excepting, again, in thickness? He began to count them with care.

"Look at that shop!" Nan leaned forward over the long, narrow cardboard box she was carrying.

The front glass was smashed, the place empty. Over the door was a sign: "Zimmerman, Family Baker." A little way on stood yet another shop with demolished front. On the opposite side was a third. There were seven in all, and over each a German name.

Nan looked away. Miss Greta seemed not to have heard the exclamation, seemed to see nothing.

More recruits for the army came by, but no singing among this lot. They came limping along, out of step, a sorry enough crew, pasty-faced, undersized, in ill-fitting, shabby civilian clothes.

The china-blue eyes that had "gone blind" in front of raided German shops were full of vision before this mockery of militarism. As she looked out upon the human refuse for which War had found a use at last, the subtle pity in Miss Greta's face asked as plain as words, What chance have these poor, deluded "volunteers" against the well-drilled German, fed and fashioned for war?

The station at last! As Napier helped Miss Greta out, the front of her ulster swung heavily against his leg. "Sovereigns!" he said to himself.

The station was already densely crowded. While Napier and Madge mounted guard over behemoth and the lesser luggage, Julian and Nan, with Miss Greta between them, disappeared in the crush.

When the reconnoitering party reappeared, Singleton was with them, porters at his beck, in his hand Miss Greta's ticket, passport, and German and Dutch money to the value of twenty pounds. He met the chief inspector, as if by appointment, near the luggage that loomed so important by contrast with that of other travelers.

To Miss Greta, although in her ugly ulster she looked less a person of consequence than she might, was plainly accorded a special consideration. Mr. Singleton was there to see to that. He could not, to be sure, prevent some respectful interrogation as to the money, etc., she was taking out of the country, some perfunctory examination of luggage.

The only anxious face in the group was Nan's. Miss Greta, calm as a May morn-

ing, her round eyes trustingly raised to the inspector's face, with eighty pounds in English gold on her coat, and how much more elsewhere who should say, offering her purse and keys.

"One is an American lock. I may have to help you with that," she said sweetly.

Napier half turned his back on them, but he stood so that he could keep an eye on the stricken face above the long cardboard box which Nan was carrying as if it were an infant. Through the din Greta's innocent accents reached him:

"Nobody ever told me! Oh, dear, my poor little savings!" When Nan turned her tear-filled eyes away from the group about behemoth, Napier joined her.

"What shall you do after—after she is gone?" he asked.

"I have n't an idea beyond going back to the hotel to wait for my cable from home." She made a diversion of opening the long cardboard box and taking out six glorious roses tied with leaf-green and rose-colored ribbon. But she held the flowers absently.

"I shall be at my chambers. If I can be of any—"

"Oh, thank you. I sha'n't need anything."

When Napier faced round again, Greta was smiling gently on the melted inspector. Perhaps that functionary would n't have "forgotten" to confiscate the few pieces of gold so frankly shown had he known they were only the mere residue left over from the lady's midnight activities.

They found themselves on the platform with, unhappily, time still to spare. Singleton made polite conversation with Miss Greta, abetted by Julian and Madge, who was taking the approaching parting with astonishing composure, a lesson to poor Nan, who could n't keep the tears out of her eyes. Her effort to smile very nearly cost both her and Napier their self-possession. She went abruptly away from him, and stood dumb behind Greta, at Julian's side.

"Take your places!"

A whistle blew. Miss Greta was shaking hands with Singleton.

"Thank you *so* much. You *have* been kind." Her good-bys to Julian and to Napier were quieter, but entirely cordial. She embraced Madge with dramatic fervor: "My *little* girl! We 'll never forget—"

Nan stood, the tears running down her cheeks unchecked, and probably unaware. A little apart she stood, all her sympathy, her very soul, flowing out as a final offering. "Good-by, Nanchen!" Miss Greta kissed her on both cheeks. "You 'll write me, dear child? You won't forget me?"

Nan was far past power of words. She thrust the roses toward Greta with a look that made Napier himself feel he could fall to crying. Even Miss Greta seemed touched by some final compunction. The carriage-door had no sooner slammed on her than she turned suddenly as if she had forgotten something. "Nanchen!" she leaned out and took the girl's face in her two hands. She bent and whispered. The guards shouted. The train began to move.

"Oh, will you? *Will* you, Greta?" Nan was running along the platform with upturned face.

Miss Greta leaned far out, giving a flutter of white to the wind and leaving a smile for memory.

Thank God! Napier breathed an inward prayer. She can't do any more harm here.

Nan stood staring at the last coaches. Napier touched her arm.

"Well?" he said gently.

"I *ought n't* to be miserable," she wiped her wet cheeks. "To have Greta soon to help me to bear things—ought to make it possible to bear them now."

"You are still counting on her help?"

She nodded.

"I 'm to hold myself ready."

"Ready for what?"

"To join her. I shall pack my trunk to-night."

At the tail of the dispersing crowd they were following Julian and Madge down the platform. Napier slowed his pace, looking down at the face beside him. Weeks, months of passionate, fruitless waiting—no!

"I promised her," he said—"the lady we 've just seen the last of—that I would n't enlighten you about her true character till she was gone. You won't feel so badly at losing her when you hear what we know about Miss von Schwarzen—"

"Oh, *OH!*" Nan stood quite still an instant. "I thought Greta did you an injustice. You—you disappointed me horribly." She fled forward to catch up to the others.

After all, what was the use of quarreling about a woman who was out of the Saga? In a little while Nan would be able to bear the truth. Not yet; it was too soon.

Julian was to take her back to the hotel; and that was n't the worst. Napier could n't even go away by himself. He knew he ought to see Madge to Lowndes Square, where the McIntyre motor and maid were to call at seven o'clock for the purpose of conveying the young lady to Lamborough. It was, at all events, something to be thankful for that Madge was n't howling. So far as Napier had observed, she had n't shed a tear. This was n't the first occasion upon which Madge's self-possession had vaguely puzzled Napier.

The drive back to Lamborough was a silent one except for that extraordinary five minutes or so after Madge had turned to say:

"I wish Nan had come back with us, don't you?"

"Yes," he said; "I wish she had."

"I asked her. I said, 'What shall you do at the hotel?' and she said she hardly knew yet. She 'd see. Rotten arrangement, *I* call it."

Napier smiled down at the girl. It occurred to him she was looking tired, too. And she had n't cried a tear that Napier had seen.

"You seem to be getting on better with our American friend," he said, teasing. "Stood it like a Spartan even when you thought she was going to Germany with Miss Greta."

"Well, I thought Miss Greta needed *some*body."

"But did n't you want the somebody to be *you?*"

"No."

He looked at her again.

"I suppose you 're expecting to have Miss Greta back after the war."

"No," she said again, looking straight in front of her.

The thought of the solicitude of her parents to keep the dear child in the dark suddenly flashed over him, along with the conviction that Madge knew.

Was it possible she accepted Greta's guilt? He could n't make it out at all.

"Were n't you sorry to see her go?" he asked.

"It was horrid," she admitted. After a few seconds she found a steadier voice in which to say: "It 's been pretty horrid, anyway, you know. We could prevent people from saying things, but we could n't prevent them from looking things. They *wanted* her to be a disgusting spy. They hated her worse for not being."

"Why don't you want her back when the war is over?"

She drew her red eyebrows together in a frown.

"I expect," she said slowly, "it will be best for Germans to stay at home."

Napier laughed, but he felt sorry in a way to see Wildfire growing so sage. Evidently she had gone through a great deal in these weeks, a great deal of which she had given no sign. Behind her homesickness for her idol, Napier detected a great relief at the idol's being out of the way of misprizing and suspicion.

"That was why I wanted so to go and see her off—to try to make up a little; to do everything we *could* do just because I felt there 'd never be any other chance." The tears came at last. "She *was* nice, was n't she, Mr. Gavan?"

"She was wonderful." And before they fell back into that silence that lasted till they reached Lamborough he asked, "How long have you known, Meggy?"

"Been sure only since yesterday—those men, what they did to her room."

There was good stuff in the McIntyre child, he said to himself. The part she 'd

played would n't have shamed Napier or even a Nicholson Grant.

There was nobody about to receive them on their return. When Madge had gone up to her mother, Napier took his way down the hall to Sir William's room. But he caught sight of him through the open door of the drawing-room. At the far end Sir William sat reading. That was natural enough, and he was sitting in his own chair. But as far away as Napier could see his chief he was vaguely aware of something odd about the figure that was, or should be, so intimately familiar. It was n't merely that Sir William did not instantly rise to his feet, seal-jingling, and call out, "Evening paper? Anything new about—" The first impression was of a man smaller than Napier had realized Sir William to be. Or had he—Napier half smiled at the grotesque idea—shrunken in these last hours? The great chair Miss Greta had fetched for him from Kirklamont certainly did seem ludicrously too big for a being so diminished not only in body, but in spirit. His quick turns and vivid ways—what, Napier wondered with a dream-like feeling as he walked down the room, had happened to all the familiar, foolish, endearing oddities? For an instant the thought thrust shrewdly, Is he dead? No, he moved.

"Well, sir, we have done your commission—"

Like the action of a wooden automaton, one short-fingered hand was pushed out toward the reading-desk. A telegram lay there, and it was that that Sir William had sat reading. For how long had he been there?

The telegram regretted to inform him that his son, Captain Colin McIntyre, while bravely leading his battalion, had been killed in action.

(To be continued)

The Secret

By ROBERT NICHOLS

Suddenly with a shy, sad grace
She turns to me her lighted face,
And I, who hear some idle phrase,
Watch how her wry lips move
And guess that the poor words they frame
Mean naught for they would speak the same
Message I read in the dark flame
Within her eyes which say, "I love."
But I can only turn away.

I, that have heard the deep voice break
Into a sing-song, sobbing shake
Whose flutter made my being quake,
What ears have I for women's cries?
I, that have seen the turquoise glaze
Fixed in the blue and quivering gaze
Of one whom cocaine cannot daze,
How can I yield to women's eyes?
I, who can only turn away.

I, that have held strong hands which palter,
Borne the full weight of limbs that falter,
Bound live flesh on the surgeon's altar,
What need have I of women's hand?
I, that have felt the dead's embrace?
I, whose arms were his resting-place?
I, that have kissed a dead man's face?
Ah, but how should you understand?
Now I can only turn away.

The No-Man's-Land of American Policy

A Study of
The Background of Reconstruction

By GLENN FRANK

The greatest things that remain to be done must be done with the whole world for a stage and in coöperation with the wide and universal forces of mankind.
WOODROW WILSON

This war will not be over when it is over.—NEWTON D. BAKER

He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfil
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(*This is the first of a series of articles which Mr. Frank will contribute to* THE CENTURY. *Month by month he will consider the several fields of our national life, such as business, industry, labor, education, government, and the church, and attempt to play the role of interpreter of the literature and leadership of these several fields, charting the new currents, forces, and ideas which are setting the tone of thought and the line of action. His next article will appear in the April* CENTURY.—*The Editor.*)

FOUR of the most dramatic years of human history have just closed, and left us standing in the midst of a process of grand-scale readjustment which for the rest of our lives will challenge us with its puzzling alternatives of policy and action. These alternatives will arise daily out of the now highly intensified interplay of the forces of change and the forces of conservatism, both sets of forces equally natural and equally necessary in the production of consistent and orderly progress. These opposing forces are just now in process of alinement in every department of American thought and life. A process which I suggested in an earlier article in THE CENTURY is now in full swing. The enforced unity of war-time is breaking up with the passing of the common danger which compelled it. The embargo on partizanship is being lifted. The forces of conservatism are re-mobilizing. Radicalism is resuming its right of criticism. As yet but little social generalship has been brought into play even for the mapping of the field of contest. Guided by the instincts of self-defense and self-expression, the various classes and points of view that comprise our national life are simply gravitating toward common centers in support of common interests and ideas. When the disintegration of our temporary war-time unity of aim and action has in a measure completed itself, and the new alinement of forces has assumed more distinctness, we shall begin to see at what

points the real battles of opinion are coming; for the policies of the future will be determined in the no-man's-land that will lie between the several trench lines of political, social, and industrial action.

We are a cautious people, skeptical of easy generalizations, but it is now recognized on all hands that the war has shaken down about our ears an old order of things. The sociologist has been talking about some such doomsday for the last decade, but his predictions have not been taken as the serious basis for practical policies by men of affairs. Now, however, we are in actual grapple with a thousand and one newly released forces which we must either master or be mastered by in the determination of a new order of things. It is not the analyses of the class-room, but the actualities of the market-place, that have set everyone talking about a changing order.

There is a disposition in many quarters, however, to minimize the importance of American reconstruction—a disposition to say that it is well enough for Great Britain to set up the elaborate machinery of a ministry of reconstruction because Great Britain has been on the edge of the battle-field for four and a quarter years and the whole texture of her life has been disarranged; but that the brief valor of America's war-making, while it involved extensive administrative readjustments, did not place such a strain upon the social conceptions and industrial relations of American life as to require of us the fundamental reëxamination of things in general which Great Britain seems to have been feeling her way toward. There is a disposition to feel that we shall need to readjust the business of American life, simply as an administrative shift from war to peace, but that there is no new reason for reëxamining the bases of American policy in business, industry, education, and other fields. And there is some show of reason in that disposition if reconstruction is regarded as simply the rearrangement of things that war has disturbed, as one might tidy up a room which a group of rowdies had occupied and littered up. But the fact is that the war is only one of many factors that have made this a transition day in history. The war did not of itself make this a time of transition; the war merely dramatized and gave added urgency to processes of readjustment and revaluation that were already under way and of which we as a people were but indifferently aware. Before the war we were more of a sheltered people than we like to admit, creatures of an isolation that had been quite as much a matter of mind as of geography. The very bigness of our country had worked against vivid concentrations of our social and industrial problems that might have made us more keenly aware of the forces of change that were getting hold of the world. If we were not unacquainted with the ferment that was working throughout Europe, we were at least living in the quieter suburbs of its disturbing effects.

Before the war a long period of peace had lulled us into a false sense of security. Except when we forced ourselves to analysis, most of us determined our policies and ordered our actions upon the assumption that the habits of men and nations were relatively fixed or at least predictable. Despite the social and industrial discontent, the political ferment, and the ceaseless readjustments of science which marked the past generation, we went about our affairs with a certain uncritical confidence that the institutions, policies, and forces of the world were labeled and catalogued with fair clearness, and that the direction of progress had been so charted that we could lie down at night and in the morning know just about how far and in what direction the world had moved while we slept. Then suddenly there burst upon the world this war, with its consequent results of revolution and revaluation. In the four and a quarter years of its course so many accredited theories of government and industry have been scrapped, so many readjustments effected, and so many new forces released, that now when we lie down at night we have no assurance of the kind of world to which we shall awaken in the morning. Under the pressures of war

it seems that civilization has left its comfortable home of well-ordered habits, broken through its crust of custom, and in the spirit of adventure and experiment taken to the open road. The whole world is yeasty. The latent and brooding aspirations of a century have found voice and vitality. The spirit of change which has entered the counsels of the world, in its several degrees of intensity from moderate reform to Bolshevism, is not a localized phenomenon which the rest of the world can watch in a detached way, as it might a laboratory experiment, postponing judgment and action until the experiment offers proof of its soundness or its danger; this spirit of change is a contagion which eludes constituted authority and crosses frontiers at will. It is no trick of rhetoric to call this a "time of transition." The phrase runs through bank bulletins and business men's interviews about as frequently as through the literature of theory, and no one will indict bank bulletins for fervid imaginings.

This spirit of interrogation and change which marks our time will for the next few years at least constitute the very atmosphere which every policy of government, business, industry, education, and religion must breathe. It is of primary importance, therefore, that every man who carries responsibilities of administration in any department of American life gain a working knowledge of the new forces, new ideas, and new alinements which are to give the next few years their character and determine the success or failure of every individual or corporate plan. It has long been a truism of foreign trade that the business man must study his market, not merely market quotations, but the character and customs of the people to whom he would sell, their likes and dislikes, their whims; that his salesman must adjust his manners and methods to the etiquette of the foreign purchasers; that to be *exotic* either in his goods, their package, or their presentation is bad business. The threadbare burlesque of the failure to study one's market is the exporter who would try to sell furs in the tropics and fans in the arctic zone. To-day that principle carries a wider application. Our problem is more than one of adjusting our goods to a new market; our problem is that of adjusting all of our fundamental policies to a new world.

The most practical thing the man of affairs can do at this time is to turn social scientist in dead earnest until he has surely seen, understood, valuated, and found a basis for reckoning with the complicated and far-reaching implications of this new era that has been germinating for a generation and which the war has called suddenly to life. As a practical service to practical men, therefore, I want to make several more or less unrelated observations upon times of transition in general and this one in particular. I do this even at the risk of appearing abstract and discursive, for in my judgment the larger implications of the spirit of change, of experiment, of reconstruction which is stirring throughout the world are of as immediately practical concern to the business man as the figures on his latest cost-sheet, of as urgent interest to the servant of government as the latest election forecast, of as much moment to the educator as current endowment prospects. In fact, it is the action of the elusive human, social, and, shall I say spiritual forces loosed by the war that may more nearly determine the success or failure of a given political, social, or industrial policy than efficiency or blundering in the mechanics of administration.

I shall ask the reader to go along with me as leisurely as he may and not grow impatient for "practical" deductions concerning the next problem that awaits his decision at the office. I promise to be more specific in the articles that are to follow. But it would be a reversal of intelligent planning to discuss specific policies before analyzing the situation the policies must meet.

Here, then, let us set down some of the things that mark an epoch of readjustment, like the sixteenth-century Reformation, for instance, but more particularly our own time.

A time of revaluation which bridges two orders of things always makes possible a speeding up of evolution, an opportunity which, as history regrettably records, has not always been taken advantage of. This is not in violation, but in fulfilment, of natural law, for biology reckons with the possibility of quick growth as well as slow growth; biology is based upon the twin laws which have been called the law of gradualism and the law of the sudden leap. American society is just now at a point where the law of the sudden leap may come into valuable play unless it is deliberately defeated by reactionary interference. The stage is set for the accomplishment of an amount of progress within the next ten years—in the direction of greater efficiency in work and finer justice in relations—which in normal times might take half a century. In fact, this is the central significance of the reconstruction period as far as the United States is concerned. On any other basis the word "reconstruction" is something of a misnomer when applied to the American situation. We rightly used the word "reconstruction" to describe the period following our Civil War: we were restoring former rights to seceded States and relating them to privileges of the Union. The word is being rightly used in most of the belligerent countries of Europe where devastated regions demand physical reconstruction, and where the debris of overthrown governments must be removed and new governments set up. But in this country the war, for all its upsetting of traditions and quick enforcement of reorganization in business and industry, did not tear our national life to pieces to an extent that produced a *reconstruction* problem that cannot be taken care of as a part of the day's work. I am not here taking back what I say elsewhere about the national importance of constructive foresight; I am not reverting to the unconscious assumption that has played such a large rôle in American affairs in the past —that we are the favored wards of Good Luck. I have in mind just what Mr. Wilson had in mind—unless I misinterpret him—when, just before sailing for Europe, he said: "It will not be easy to direct the return to a peace footing any better than it will direct itself. The American business man is of quick initiative." Certain of the liberal journals have taken Mr. Wilson to task for this assertion, and have in a measure implied that he has for the time fallen short of the creative leadership in reconstruction which his previous pronouncements gave us the right to expect from him. I do not think so. I think Mr. Wilson had in mind the fact that reconstruction, in the strictly accurate sense of the word, is not the major problem for America as it is for France, to take only one example. He knew that it would be bad tactics to tie up the whole program of liberal advance with the conception of reconstruction, for practical men already feel that the wholesale application of the word to the American situation is a forced use of the word and smacks of the theorist-reformer. Then, too, a word like "reconstruction" is a standing invitation to every man with a panacea concealed on his person. Under its lure all Utopian-minded persons are resurrecting and refurbishing all their dead dreams and throwing them on the study-table of statesmanship and business. Mr. Wilson knew that before long the word "reconstruction" would be associated in the minds of responsible men with all sorts of impossible proposals, and that the merging of his whole program of solid advance with the temporary process of shifting the country from a war-footing to a peace-footing would return to plague him later. It has been an important part of his political technic to keep his programs free from stereotyped labels, which always tend to crystallize opposition and to set opinion before all of the facts have been examined.

It may seem that I have wandered a bit from the proposition with which I began, namely, that the central importance of this time of transition is that it gives us the chance to speed up evolution and accomplish in the next few years what in normal times might take us half a century. But I stepped aside to comment upon Mr.

Wilson's latest address to the Senate and the House, by way of illustrating the importance of distinguishing between the things that *must* be done and the things that *may* be done in the fluid times through which we are just passing, the importance of restricting the word "reconstruction" to the more or less mechanical processes of readjustment that must be done, and leaving the wide field of things that may be done free from the handicap of a word that is already getting hackneyed and losing its power to stimulate creative imagination in the men who stand at the centers of real authority and power. For from the point of view of strategy there is more likelihood of our using to the full the present opportunity for a great advance in the better organization of our common life if we do not make everything revolve about the strictly technical process of reconstruction which may incite prejudice and antagonisms more than it inspires to political and industrial creativeness. It will be one of the great wastes of history if we permit the present flexibility of things to stiffen before we wrest from the situation some distinct measure of progress or if we slow down the rate of progress by assembling unnecessary antagonisms around a catchword. It may seem that I have here played with words simply, have set up a distinction without a difference; but the distinction is real. There is a problem of transition economics which men had in mind when the word "reconstruction" came first into vogue; but as the war went on, people began to feel the need for larger and more permanent policies determined in the spirit the war had revealed. The larger meaning of the present transition-time lies not so much in the new problems that the war has created as in the old problems which the war has intensified and referred anew to society for fresh consideration.

A transition period in history always dramatizes the necessity for the conscious control and direction of civilization; it exposes the tragic social cost of drift. And to-day the whole posture of affairs, in business, in industry, in government, and in education, puts it squarely to the leadership and citizenry of American democracy to choose whether the development of American life in the next few critical years shall be the outcome of a planless drift, touched here and there by the hastily drawn policy of some improviser, or the result of intelligent foresight expressed through social invention, business statesmanship, and political creativeness. Now, any man who thinks in terms of modern science believes that even the drift of the world is toward the good, that the curve of human evolution is an ascending curve; but such a man knows also that by mixing human intelligence with the operation of natural laws and social forces better results may be arrived at in a shorter time than if evolution is left to shift for itself. The secret of Luther Burbank's unusual public service, for instance, is not that with a magician's wand he has summoned from the thin air new creations of vegetables and flowers; but that he has taken natural laws and natural forces that were already at work, and by mixing human intelligence with them has produced in a short while a Shasta Daisy, a bigger, better, and finer daisy than nature would have produced in a century if left to herself. In the readjustment period we are entering we shall need the services of a great many Luther Burbanks of business, of industry, of politics, of education, men who by the grace of analysis can see where contemporary forces and current ideas are steering the country, and by adding conscious plan to unconscious drift play the general to these political, social, and economic tendencies, and get for us the maximum of constructive result with the minimum waste of time and effort.

But a few social Burbanks will not insure stable progress in our readjustment period. Unless the average American acquires a broadly intelligent understanding of the newer aspects of our political, social, and industrial problems which the war has shoved into the foreground, it may turn out that even though we have enough brilliant leadership in this country, we shall fall far short of easily realizable

progress, because the masses of our citizens lack that intelligent appreciation of the situation and the policies proposed to insure effective response to the leadership. For clearly our reconstruction period cannot produce the best results if it is left to the brilliant performance of a few conspicuous leaders; it must be a nation-wide popular collaboration.

Times of transition are also characterized by the fact that they present for instant and lump payment the debt that the injustice, ignorance, blindness, and inefficiency of the whole preceding era have been accumulating—a debt that in normal times would be paid piecemeal. This is of fundamental importance to remember in determining one's attitude toward the apparent excess of waste and destruction that frequently marks a process of revolution or readjustment. Too frequently one dead man in a street brawl or a million dollars lost in the reordering of a system alone determine a man's opposition to a revolution or a reform. I am not building a case for Bolshevism's experiment in proletarian autocracy; I am saying only that the costs and penalties of revolutions and readjustments are sometimes distressingly large not because the change is wrong, but because the concentrated debts of the passing order are being paid off. When revolutions take place on the instalment plan, as they are always doing, we don't worry about their inconvenience or their price; but when evolution lets bills pile up and calls us to account, we demur. The basic question to ask in such instances is, Will the payment of the lump sum bring a compensating degree of progress? If so, the costs of change may represent investment rather than loss.

Times of readjustment like this always tempt the current generation to draw up a program for human destiny and take immediate steps to carry it out. Men who are most creative for their own generation too frequently contradict themselves by trying to crystallize their notions for the next generation. Much of the popular criticism of great foundations has centered about the fact that they may easily become retained attorneys for dead men's policies. We cannot, of course, get on upon any such basis. We must not limit the freedom—or, I should say, hamper the freedom—of the next generation to experiment with life. We must not will our children a rigid world that nothing but war or revolution will alter; we have had enough experience with that kind of world. The greatest inheritance we can hand down to the next generation is not an improved world, but a world in which improvement is daily possible. Every scheme of government or industry that may be proposed during our readjustment period should be carefully scrutinized in the light of this essential requirement of consistent progress.

Some one has said that in every time of fundamental readjustment the partitions of life are torn out and the specialists confounded. Just that is happening to-day, and one of the big results that will come from it will be the widening of the range of the average man's interests. By strange paradox, when specialized knowledge will be at a premium, no man with large directive responsibilities will dare be too purely a specialist. The war has emphasized to the American mind the relatedness of things. It is clearer than ever that the business man of the future must be more than a business man in the conventional sense of the word: he must be something of a sociologist, or his bungling with labor may undo him; he must have at least a bowing acquaintance with science, or he may fall a victim to the rule-of-thumb and be bested in the race with the European who is effecting a closer and closer alliance between science and industry; he must know something of international politics, or he may find his far-flung scheme of investment or credit go on the rocks because some intangible aspiration of the natives of an African colony was left out of his reckoning. The educator must be more than a teacher of accumulated knowledge: he must be keenly alive to the character and demands of his time; for to-day the street cuts squarely across the campus, the class-room opens

into the market-place, and the slum is next door to the seminar. The world is the educator's market, his graduates are his goods; he must adjust his goods to his market. The university is an anachronism that puts its graduates into the modern world with the information and outlook of the medieval world. The doctor must clearly be more than a doctor; he must know his city as few men know it, for he will be increasingly adjudged as failing in his function unless his practice is an integral part of a continuous collaboration with the sanitarian, the architect, the parent, the teacher, and the municipal government. Self-interest alone will prompt the man of this generation to become more of a student of the whole range of public affairs in order that he may fit his own work more smoothly into the total social process, and the work that is not thus fitted will carry a handicap even in the matter of material success.

One of the serious, but avoidable, wastes of a period of transition to a new order is that involved in the transfer of leadership into new hands. What I mean concretely is this: the men who are to-day in the positions of authority throughout our society, the men whose hands are on the levers of power in business, in industry, in education, in the church, are the logical candidates for the leadership of the new world into which we are moving. Whether they represent in their point of view the newer aspirations and determination of our time is another question, but they are the men best trained in the mechanics of leadership; they know the machinery of American life as the rest of us do not. Other things being equal, their whole life has been a training for the responsibilities of this day. Their fruits of experience society can ill afford to lose. But this is certain: if these present leaders of American life either fail or refuse to recognize the legitimate new demands of this time of revaluation, if they conceive their task to be the defense of the past rather than the guidance of the future, if they spend their energies in the thankless task of heckling progress, the leadership of American life will inevitably pass into green hands—the hands of men who more faithfully voice the will of the American people, although they lack adequate training for leadership. This is not conjecture. Whenever, in those creative moments in history when the accustomed calm and conservatism of the popular mind has been broken up, society has had to choose between trained blind men and untrained men of vision, society has chosen the untrained men of vision. And the instinct of society has been right. The leader whose vision is right and whose purpose is sincere will acquire the training in time, while the trained man who persists in clinging to the passing order is a dead weight. But there is no final reason why the trained leadership of one period of development should not become the fittest servant of the next period. Hardly a day passes now without some glimmerings of hope in that direction. Of course a certain proportion of the surprising liberalism expressed from hitherto ultra-conservative quarters is inspired by the Bismarckian policy of defeating reform by annexing it, but in a swiftly moving time like this even that is a subtly educative process, which will leave its mark upon the mind that goes through it. What a heartening thing it would be to see some capitalist forget himself into immortality by conceiving and proposing the most just and workable solution for the labor problem! And some business man who approaches the restless aspirations of the next few years in a spirit of inquiry, of sympathy, and of disinterested public service instead of automatic antagonism may do just that thing. Back in our muck-raking period many fine-spirited men broke under the exposure, became prematurely old men under the grilling, and passed out of public life shamed and disappointed men. A hardened reporter, not given to sentiment, in telling me of one of these men said that he died of a broken heart. Now, few of these men were personally bad men; many were good men, who were carrying the business and political ethics of a dead day over into a day of new and different stand-

ards. They had stuck too closely to their political and business jobs and had failed to keep sensitive to the growing ideals of their time. Society in its development moved past them without their knowing it, and that fact left society no choice but to scrap their leadership. I have taken the time to pick up this bit of history because our leaders face a similar situation to-day. The key-word of political and business criticism in the years immediately ahead will not be "corruption," as it was in the muck-raking period. But the man who fails to adjust himself to the spirit and standards of this time will be as ruthlessly scrapped as were the leaders of that period.

Finally, a time of transition makes imperative the possession of a unified national policy that will knit the scattered energies and divergent purposes of a people into effective unity of action. Without such national purpose or policy, the varied internal antagonisms of a nation cancel and neutralize one another and bring the society to a state of rest. And it is at just that point that a society can be caught in the sweep of invisible world currents and carried into situations neither of its choosing nor its expectation. I am here trying to state from memory and apply to our present problem the thesis which L. P. Jacks developed in his illuminating essay on "A Drifting Civilization." American society does not want to become the inert plaything of invisible currents, whether they be currents of Bolshevism or imperialism. The achievement of a few definite, large, inspiring, and unified national purposes is the best or, more accurately, the only insurance against such loss of the control of our future. A nation without such integrating purpose or purposes is always easy prey for the demagogue or the strong man who knows what he wants. Of course, the difficulty we face in the United States is that ours is such a sprawled-out country that concentrated attention is but rarely paid to anything that statesmanship says. We listen by sections, and usually by the time the necessary unity of opinion has been secured the ripe hour for action has passed, so that we lose half the value of the act. Maybe some advertising genius will arise who can teach us how to get at the mind of this whole people at least as effectively as it is got at with the name of a chewing-gum or an automobile. He would deserve well of the country were he to appear for service during the next few important years.

Here, then, are seven things which characterize times of readjustment and revaluation like the one through which we are now passing and shall be passing for several years to come: (1) The possibility of speeding up evolution and accomplishing in a few years what in normal times might take half a century; (2) a dramatization of the necessity for the conscious control and direction of civilization and an exposure of the high social cost of a policy of drift; (3) the burdensome necessity for paying off the accumulated debts of the old order that is passing; (4) a temptation to the living to draw up a dogmatic program for the next generation; (5) a tearing down of the partitions that normally separate the various interests and classes of society; (6) a waste of skill and experience in the transfer of leadership into new hands; and (7) an emphasis upon the need for a unified national policy. The implications of these seven aspects of this time of readjustment will touch intimately every problem and interest of the financial district, of the factory, of the university, of the church, of every institution of American life. No calculation will be complete that leaves them out of account.

To this point this paper has represented a study of those intangible social and spiritual factors which will in part comprise the environment of American policy in this generation. There is another set of factors which need to be reckoned with in the completion of the analysis of the background of reconstruction. For want of a more accurately descriptive word, they may be called the tangible administrative factors. The administrative machinery of government and industry reacts upon policy no less than policy influences the character of administrative machinery.

It is clear that all our policies for the immediate future at least will be influenced by the kind of international settlement effected at Versailles. Here again this is not the easy generalization of a publicist. It is a fact with which business men are carefully reckoning. Harry A. Wheeler, the President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in addressing the Reconstruction Congress of American Business Men in December last, put this matter clearly when he said:

> There are two distinct phases of reconstruction or readjustment, one dealing with our international relationships, and the other bearing upon our internal affairs, for an endeavor to adjust the latter without taking into account the former would be to invite certain failure. The footing, or foundation-stone, of political *and* economic reconstruction will be laid in the peace treaty.

If in the face of the complexity and magnitude of the problems of settlement and under the threat of red revolution, statesmanship loses the audacity of faith and permits gray minds to dictate an old-fashioned diplomat's peace, we shall be forced to begin another suicidal rivalry in armaments that will throw the business and industry of the whole world upon an abnormal basis of procedure, involve a costly process of political interference with economic law, force nations to try to turn themselves into self-sufficient economic units in direct opposition to the growing interdependence of the modern world, necessitate excessive taxation which will breed revolutionary discontent in even the most conservative societies and sooner or later sweep us into another war. The theorist will of course say that the preparation for a possible next war need not mean such a perversion of the business and industrial processes of the world, that the best working-order for peace time will prove the best fighting-order for war-time. And the theorist is right. Preparation for war need not mean a perversion of business and industry from the kind of organization and functions that will best minister to the normal needs of men. But we are here concerned not so much with what *need* happen in a perfect world as with what *will* happen.

But of course we are not counting upon that sort of settlement. Everywhere democracy is showing a new concern in diplomacy, and is marshaling its opinion for direct influence upon the men who are to write and the governmental bodies that are to ratify the treaty of peace. Never has a peace conference worked so directly under the white light of popular opinion. Statesmanship has been left no room to doubt the charge given by its constituency. The plain people of the world, who fought the battles of the war, and who must continue for the rest of their lives to help liquidate the debts of the war, are expecting a constructive settlement of even-handed justice expressed through a league of free peoples committed to the accomplishment of two definite purposes, namely, to prevent the outbreak of war and to remove the causes of war. That may seem a negative and over-simplified putting of the desire of a whole world, but it is quite natural that at this time men should conceive their policies in relation to the central fact of war. And in the working out of the second purpose suggested, that of removing the causes of war, most of the positive policies of government and industry may find free play.

In the degree to which the measures and machinery determined by the peace conference are adequate and constructive will the business policies of the future be freed from the dominance of political and defense considerations. It must be remembered, however, that, regardless of the soundness of the settlement, the nations will await proof by actual operation that the new international machinery can afford full protection to legitimate national interests before limiting to any serious extent the strength of their military and naval defenses. Even after laws were passed against the carrying of firearms men continued to carry them, and the practice disappeared only when the necessity for carrying them disappeared with the better

organization of society. The international situation offers analogy in this respect. Disarmament or even extensive limitation of armaments cannot be made effective by the executive decree of any peace conference. It will not be the legislation, but the effective operation of a league of nations, that will make possible a genuine reduction of armaments. Nations will stop placing their trust for protection in armies when, and not until, a league of nations proves that it can insure to all nations continuous justice and peace. As the curve of the league's effectiveness rises, the curve of armaments will fall. There is no short cut to the millennium. This dogmatic statement is made, however, in full realization that these are unprecedented times, in which statesmen and peoples are likely to risk and realize large adventures in faith.

Let us examine the two phases of this league of nations question, the negative function of preventing the outbreak of war and the positive function of removing the causes of war, without cluttering up the discussion with disconcerting details. Let us examine it with the primary purpose of seeing how the success or failure of the proposal will react upon the future policies of American government, business, industry, and other fields of our national life.

The first part of the proposal, that of preventing the outbreak of war, has been so thoroughly threshed out in the public counsels of the nation that a brief survey is here sufficient. Clearly, it is necessary that the nations work out some plan that will insure the submission of all international disputes to impartial hearing, examination, and decision before resorting to settlement by force of arms. International courts and commissions of conciliation are essential parts of the machinery of any such international attempt at the peaceful adjustment of difficulties. The recent experience of the world has made clear the necessity for a further step—the putting of a sanction of force behind the processes of international arbitration. The peoples of the several nations have grown skeptical of the wisdom of a system that leaves to the whims of diplomats and the secret processes of foreign offices to decide whether a nation shall submit its contentions to the open court of the world's opinion and coöperative action. There is a wide-spread feeling that the interests of humanity demand that the nations effect some method for using their combined diplomatic, economic, and military powers in compelling such submission.

One of the clearest statements of the several ways in which a league of nations might put pressure upon a nation attempting to scout an open examination of its case and go directly to the battle-field occurs in Robert Goldsmith's "A League to Enforce Peace," a book which, by the way, is a good example of propagandist writing lifted to the level of literature. Mr. Goldsmith points out that at least four methods of compulsion lie open to the use of a league, namely, moral suasion, social ostracism, economic boycott, and military force. Persons who question the practicability of a league of nations and see in it not so much a machinery for the prevention of war as a machinery for the spreading of war, for the insuring that every war would be a world war, doubtless overlook the possibilities of the first three methods of compulsion here mentioned. The power of moral suasion would be greatly increased through the operation of a league, because then the blame of the world would be brought to a focus, whereas, in the past, it has been scattered and therefore ineffective. The moral judgment of the race would be wrought into a keen-edged sword of blame. The same may be said of the new effectiveness of social ostracism under the administration of a league.

Then, too, the growing economic interdependence of the world has made of the blockade and boycott instruments of well-nigh irresistible potential power, which may be, which should be, used in the maintenance of the peace of the world. To leave these instruments in the hands of the separate nations to do with them as they will is too great a risk for an inter-

related world to run. John A. Hobson, in his "Towards International Government," has indicated so clearly the use that a league of nations might make of the economic boycott for the enforcement of treaty obligations that he merits quotation. Mr. Hobson says:

> The boycott is a weapon which could be employed with paralyzing power by a circle of nations upon an offender against the public law of the world. No nation to-day, least of all the great industrial and military Powers, is or can become socially and economically self-sufficient. It depends in countless ways upon intercourse with other nations. If all or most of the avenues of intercourse were stopped . . . . . if all diplomatic intercourse were withdrawn; if the international postal and telegraphic systems were closed to a public law breaker; if all inter-State railways trains were stopped at his frontiers; if no foreign ships entered his ports, and ships carrying his flag were excluded from every foreign port; if all coaling stations were closed to him; if no acts of sale or purchase were permitted to him in the outside world—if such a political and commercial boycott were seriously threatened, what country could long stand out against it? The far less rigorous measure of a financial boycott, the closure of all foreign exchanges to members of the outlaw State, the prohibition of all quotations on foreign Stock Exchanges, and of all dealings in stocks and shares, all discounting and acceptances of trade bills, all loans for public or private purposes, and all payment of moneys due—such a withdrawal of financial intercourse, if thoroughly applied and persisted in, would be likely to bring to its senses the least scrupulous of States.

Clearly here is a full armory of possibilities that the federated action of the several nations can organize into a threat and instrument of economic excommunication which might go far toward the positive assurance that in the future the instruments of justice will have at least an even break with the instruments of force in the settlement of international disputes.

There remains, as a last resort, military action by the league against the recalcitrant nation, in the form either of an international police force or of coöperative action of the armies and navies of the nation-members of the league. Little need be said of this except that, if force must be used, it is better that it be used to uphold law than to violate it.

Now, all this is very necessary and important. We must somehow contrive to substitute law for war between nations, as we have between men. And the creation of courts and police force is an essential part of that process. Law and order and a pacific habit, even among individual men, do not come automatically when a given stage of culture is reached. In our Western communities in the pioneer days the bowie knife and the pistol flourished, as Bernard Shaw has pointed out, among men who were quite as cultivated as their cousins in London or Brighton, until the vigilance committee, the sheriff, and the court came to give protection and afford a more civilized procedure for settling disputes. And the submarine, the bombing-plane, and the big gun will flourish until some super-national authority is set up to play vigilance committee and sheriff to the nations.

But we must not push analogy too far, nor over-simplify either our problem or its solution. Even among individual men the sheriff has not, single-handed, instituted the present reign of law and order. Keeping the peace in a community is not the negative and narrow task we too frequently assume it to be. As Ordway Tead puts it:

> No one would seriously suggest that the municipal court, by virtue of its function of maintaining order, provides the cohesive force which holds the local community together. There are a thousand local functions more indispensable, more vitally contributory to the preservation of law and order. In reality, it is through the administration of health, education, municipal trading, and the various local utilities which are urgently required by common necessity that

the local community is unified and stabilized.

Just so a league of nations that did no more than play the vigilance committee in times of international disorder would be temporizing with the problem of war. Such a league would be dealing with disputes only after they had arisen. But peace will never be permanent until the nations get together for such serious cooperative dealing with the causes of war that disputes will not arise. A league that concentrated too exclusively upon a negative police function would tend sooner or later to become a reactionary factor in international affairs; it would come to adjudge peace to be more precious than progress; it would make for a crystallization of the *status quo* that would cramp the growing energies of the world and make an explosion inevitable. For you cannot throw a bar across the pathway of healthy growth and expect dumb submission from virile peoples.

Therefore an adequate league of nations must not only devise machinery and methods for preventing the outbreak of war in times when international relations are strained and passions run hot, but must in addition carry on a continuous dealing with the causes of friction, and boldly face the problem of the organization of progress.

All this implies that a league of nations will call not only for the coöperation of the world's armies and navies, but for the coöperation of the world's administrative genius as well. And the outlook is that a common-sense meeting of the emergency demands of the critical next few years by the peace conference will call into being a program of international economic cooperation which will in itself constitute the positive administrative side of a league of nations. In fact, if by an executive order one could wipe from the mind of the race the theoretical conception and even the name of a league of nations, and the peace conference should one by one meet, in common-sense fashion, the urgent problems of food-stuffs, raw materials, shipping, credit, capital, and the like, it would be found that the conference had created a series of international committees for coöperative action that even with the slightest degree of coördination constituted a realistic league of nations.

Every nation has a stake of selfish interest in seeing to it that the peace conference works out an administration of the world's available supply of food-stuffs and raw materials in a way that will insure distribution upon the basis of priority of need. For in the lean years that may strike some nations in the near future a menacing discontent that holds the seeds of war will otherwise be inevitable.

Fortunately, the war gave us the chance to make a laboratory experiment in international economic coöperation; the war forced us to make the experiment. We faced the threat of a shortage of supplies not because of inadequate resources, but because of inadequate administration of our resources to meet the emergency. We met the situation by coöperative international administration. To use Lord Robert Cecil's phrase, we worked out a "coördination of allied needs and allied resources with allied shipping," and victory was the result. Coördination was effected between five interallied councils—the Interallied War Council, and those dealing with munitions, food, shipping, and finance. Commodity committees were organized, subordinate to the interallied councils. These commodity committees dealt directly with virtually all of the commodities essential to the prosecution of the war. They dealt with tungsten, tin, nitrates, iron, and steel, non-ferrous metals, leather and hides, wool, rubber, and all other raw materials or finished products over which control was necessitated because of possible and preventable shortage, competitive and shipping conditions, or the situation as regarded production and distribution at the source. All this brought about an effective unity of economic action rivaling the military unity under Foch.

This extensive administrative machinery that has grown up during the war,

interrelating twenty-seven nations in common action for a common cause, may prove the starting-point for the administrative part of a league of nations. Of course there are certain objections that will be raised to such a proposal. It will be said that it means more control of business, and that we have had quite enough control and interference. H. M. Kallen, in his "The League of Nations," answers that contention in pointed fashion. Mr. Kallen, writing while the war was still on, said:

> Manufacturers and merchants and bankers and workers are enduring hardships and carrying burdens which they would reject except in the face of a dangerous enemy. But it is a mistake to suppose that the international organization is the cause of the burdens and hardships. The international organization is a relief and mitigation of those. It serves to abolish unnecessary risks, to equalize responsibility, and to prevent exploitation. These functions it would exercise even more freely and satisfactorily under democratic control in times of peace.

Or, again, it will be said that international coöperation in war and in peace are two vastly different things; that in war common danger compels common action, but that in peace there is no corresponding compulsion. That promises to be less true following this war than ever before. Peace is confronting us with new problems and responsibilities which nothing but international coöperative action will meet.

Take the matter of food-stuffs as an example. It is a common prediction among students of the problem that the world faces the possibility of a serious food shortage in the first few years following the war. If famine strikes the world, of this much we will be sure—it will be due to faulty handling rather than to scarcity of resource. Famine bears a too close relationship to discontent and to revolution for the nations to hold aloof from full coöperation in arranging to forestall a food shortage in any and every nation.

Or take the matter of raw materials. It is clear that peace cannot be maintained with any of the nations in a position where they cannot get the raw materials needed to insure the existence and legitimate expansion of their industries. A planless distribution of the world's available supply of raw materials upon the basis of a game of grab means trouble ahead. The allocation of raw materials is clearly an international problem demanding international treatment.

The problem of the backward regions of the world, their control and development, is another matter which demands some sort of international administration. Heretofore they have been handed about as pawns. They have been parceled out into "spheres of influence" in which men plied their game of investment, and did not hesitate to turn their home governments into insurance companies and collection agencies, a process which brought their government sooner or later into clash with the government of another group of competing investors. Then the dispute had ceased being a matter of business and became a matter of diplomatic prestige and national honor. All the while the nations' interests were of secondary consideration. Now, there is no half-way house between the administration of these backward regions by the individual great powers and their being held under the trusteeship of a league of nations.

It is unnecessary to do more than mention the possibilities of international friction in the sale of goods in foreign markets, the sale of credit in foreign countries, the export of capital, the need of access to shipping facilities, and the effects of immigration to indicate how much of an adventure in international coöperation the preservation of peace is going to call for. This much is certain, no merely political league of nations, however skillfully organized, can keep the peace in a world where any nation is short of food, unable to get necessary raw materials, or secure shipping facilities to carry its production to the world's markets.

It is the working of a spaciously con-

ceived league of nations that will make possible freedom and safety for working out fundamental and long-time policies in our reconstruction period; but it must be a league that assumes positive as well as negative functions.

The imminence of the peace conference settlement renders forecast or balancing of probabilities of small practical value. This discussion of the broader outlines of the kind of league of nations toward which events and emergency demands seem to be leading has been for the purpose of suggesting that the creation of such a new international coöperative order will play no small part in determining the character of the political and business policies which we must bring to the future.

An adequate league of nations that assumes positive as well as negative functions will mean that every policy of American politics and business must be conceived in relation to its effective co-ordination with the policies of other nations which taken together will constitute the spirit and action of a new order of international cooperation. If the peace conference fails to devise a workable league of nations, if the future is handed over to the politics of power, American policies must perforce be determined upon the basis of an entirely different set of considerations. What will that mean? Will it mean, as some journals have suggested, that America will feel herself absolved from further responsibility in the effort to establish a better order of international relations and turn with reluctant but strenuous energy to policies based upon the principle: let him keep who has and let him get who can? For the time, we may perhaps leave that as a query.

I am under no delusion that in this paper I have sketched an adequate picture of this time of transition. I have not attempted to do the impossible—to make a complete catalogue of the forces and factors that must be reckoned with in determining American policies. I have conceived this paper as more in the nature of a footnote to the discontent and mobility of our time. If it gives the reader the sense of movement, of flexibility, of questioning that gives this time its character, if it dramatizes the equal danger latent in ultra-conservatism and ultra-radicalism, if it indicates the wisdom of making the forces of change and the forces of conservatism complementary instead of competitive purely, the paper will more than serve its purpose.

It is not too much to say that everything depends upon the attitude which the present leaders of American life take toward the new forces that are now moving across the face of the world, not to leave untouched the last corner of our own country. Until it becomes clear what that attitude is to be, it is difficult to say which is the more important undertaking —the education of the leaders of the social revolution or the education of the captains of industry. I, for one, believe that in America evolution will take the place of revolution through the intelligent leadership of our national life which on every hand is facing fresh problems with fresh minds.

This paper has drawn what may be an over-sharp distinction between the immediate problems of transition economics and the long-time problems of policy. It should be set down, in the interest of accuracy, that the two sets of problems are not without an important interdependence which calls for far-sighted considerations of fundamental policy even in the purely administrative transition from war to peace. A categorical listing of a few of our national problems under the two headings, first, of the immediate problems of transition economics and, second, of the long-time problems of policy will serve to show that interdependence.

Among the problems of transition economics that call for measureably quick action may be listed:

(1) The demobilization of our Army, involving as that does the concurrent demobilization of our munitions workers and all others who have been engaged in war work. As part of this demobilization process we must deal with the problem of unemployment which may attend demobil-

ization unless sound policy and adequate organization are brought to the question; here appears the necessity for a net-work of carefully conceived and executed surveys that will show the vocational adaptabilities of the returning soldiers and the man-power needs of American industries and farms; this demobilization raises afresh the problem of a reorganization of many American industries along lines that will better meet the problem of seasonal employment which contributes so much toward unemployment at certain times.

(2) The larger implications of shifting American industrial organization from a war footing to a peace footing, involving as that does the determination of the new uses to which war plants shall be put; the charting of the field of commodity demands that were adjourned during the war but which now may serve to absorb the output of the increased productive machinery and power brought about by the war; and the necessary readjustment of machinery and personnel to the new output. Here are likewise involved the intricate problems of prices and wages which will so largely determine the satisfaction or discontent under which the process of transition will be carried on.

(3) The re-education of crippled and semi-disabled soldiers and the fitting of them back into the industrial life of the nation.

(4) The prompt, if not final, determination of the basis upon which we purpose to conduct the transportation and communication systems of the country.

(5) The possible uses of reclaimed lands for soldier and further civilian settlement.

(6) The handling of raw materials, involving as that does a study of our duties and interests in the matter of supplying the European demand for raw materials, a study of the raw materials we shall need from foreign sources and the understandings that are to be reckoned with in getting them, a study of the disposition of the raw materials left in the hands of the Government at the termination of the war, and the underlying problem of the regulation of the movement of raw materials.

(7) The transfer from war exports to their substitute peace exports.

(8) The organization of American production to meet the demands growing out of the physical reconstruction of the devastated regions of Europe and the related demands of industrial reconstruction.

(9) The determination of American policies that will meet the centralized purchasing methods and organizations being instituted in Europe.

(10) The sound adjustment of American tariff policy to actual conditions in such a manner as will protect the legitimate interests of both producer and consumer and at the same time not run counter to our international responsibility for helpfulness in the physical reconstruction of Europe and the fairest of fair play in the next few years while the nations of Europe are commercially getting on their feet after the disrupting experience of the war which was ours no less than theirs, a tariff policy that will neither play a role of super-sentiment nor lie open to the charge of purposing to capitalize advantages accrued from the waging of an unselfish war.

(11) The administration of our augmented gold supply in a manner that will best reëstablish international credit and stability.

This is a large enough number of the immediate transition problems to throw into contrast with some of the long time problems of policy which it seems essential that we face. Of these latter it is sufficient to mention the following:

(1) A national labor policy. We need frankly to face the necessity for finding and formulating the policy that will most nearly insure continuing harmony between employers and employees. The whole question of our national progress and happiness is bound up in that. Dare we hope for an ultimate solution from the processes of conciliation as exemplified in the work of our National War Labor Board, from the give and take of collective bargaining and a balance of power see-

saw between capital and labor, or does the way out lie along the road toward some sort of industrial self government?

(2) A trust policy. We need to determine once for all whether the best future for American national life demands decentralization or centralization. If the conclusion gives the verdict to centralization, then we must consider how the fruits of centralization may be guaranteed for the common good instead of private interests in an unsocially limited sense.

(3) A foreign trade policy. We need to consider the sort of foreign trade policy that will best consolidate the gains in moral leadership which we have made during the war in international affairs. But we need to apply with a new intensity the most scientific methods to the study of our foreign trade methods of the past with the view to putting them upon a basis of greater efficiency for the keen contests which lie ahead. I do not think American foreign trade should be turned into an agency of exhortation in behalf of American ideals to the exclusion of a straightforward and aggressive contest for our share of the commerce of the world—such an adventure would be taken advantage of as much as it would be appreciated—but it does need to be remembered that the exporter, in a peculiar sense, holds the honor and ideals of his nation in his hands. And all in all our foreign trade should clarify and not contradict the international ethics for which our statesmanship has so consistently stood throughout the war and in the considerations of peace.

(4) A research policy. We need to organize the research abilities of the nation in a manner that will put a foundation of fact under our political and industrial calculations to a degree that we have not heretofore reached. The full implications of this, I shall hope to take up in a later paper.

(5) A national educational policy. We need to throw a concentrated national attention upon the adjustment of our educational system to the new demands of this new day. We need to insure to the average child the opportunities of vocational education, not a vocational education that trains in technic alone and mechanizes the mind of the child, but a vocational education that awakens the creative impulse. We need to rid our educational system of the elements of standardization and quantity production that have blighted it to such a marked extent in the past. We need to reconsider the curricula of our colleges and universities to the end that the college graduate may be better oriented to his world and may face his problems not with the possession of a number of unrelated bodies of information but with that spacious mindedness which comes from a truly liberal education.

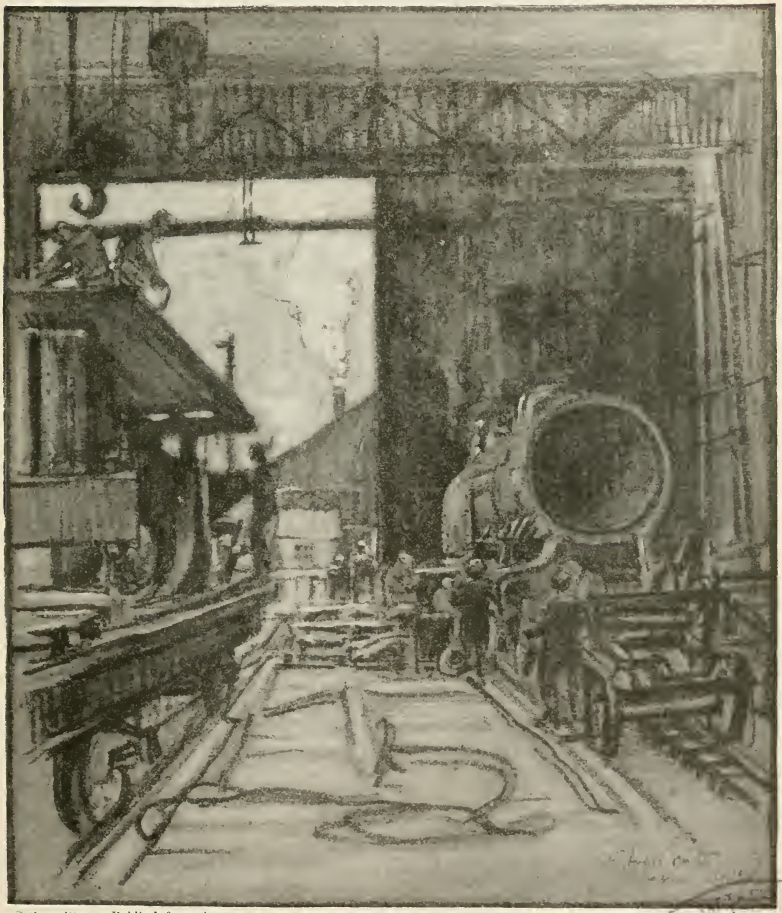
(6) An Americanization policy. The need here is for something more than social settlement classes in English. We must somehow infuse the immigrant with the American spirit and awaken in him a fundamental respect for American institutions. Of course we may have to change some of the institutions before succeeding fully in that adventure, but the fact remains that we have failed in this respect in the past, and some of the most disturbing characters in the red revolutions of Europe are men and women who lived in our midst before the war and went back to Europe with a sneer on their faces saying, "Are we going to organize a Republic after our revolution? No. The United States is a Republic." Whether these men were right or wrong in their sneer is beside the mark I am aiming at here, which is to state the challenge which the presence of a large foreign born element in our midst makes to us for a genuine Americanization policy.

This listing gives a hint of the manner in which the demands of immediate action and the demands of long-time policy interdepend. In meeting both sets of demands, however, men must act, if they are to act wisely, with full knowledge of the forces that make this time what it is.

ALLIED WAR SALON

Selected Drawings

MADE BY THE OFFICIAL ARTISTS OF THE
UNITED STATES ARMY



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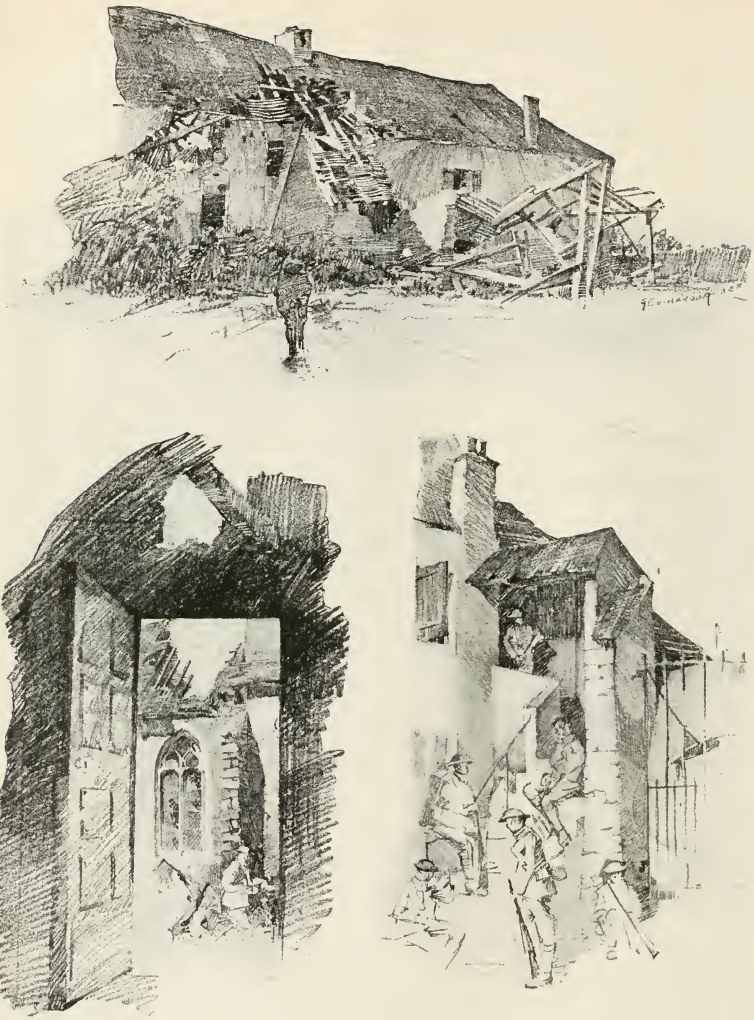
ASSEMBLING LOCOMOTIVES AT ST. NAZAIRE

From a drawing by Captain J. André Smith



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MAJOR R. M. SMITH, BALLOIS FARM, JULY 11, 1918

From drawings by Captain George Harding

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A STREET IN NEUFCHATEAU

From a drawing by Captain W. J. Aylward

A TRANSPORT
WITH TROOPS
COMING THROUGH
THE LOCK AT
ST. NAZAIRE

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THE HURRY CALL; THE NIGHT OF MAY 30, 1918, IN THE TOUL SECTOR

From a drawing by Captain Harry E. Townsend

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The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

VII. THE THIRD REPUBLIC AND ITS TRIALS

THE year 1913 and the first half of the year 1914 found the world entertaining the most discouraging opinions concerning the French people and their republic. Every ministry had clearly stamped upon it from its very beginning the symptoms of discord and disintegration. Corruption, too, was charged as frequently as ever before, while scandal seemed in France to be inseparable from things political. At this time it happened to be the Caillaux trial that filled the newspapers, but this scandal differed from others in French republican history only in details. Everywhere there was incompetence or inefficiency in administration; there were too many officers to do a little work, and always there was too much red-tape. The industrial progress of France was slow compared with that of her neighbors; her population, due to a declining birth-rate, was virtually stationary. Freakish tendencies in French art pointed almost to mental degeneracy.

Viewed as a whole, the picture was a gloomy one, and most people had accepted for it the easiest explanation. The French, they said, were a decadent nation. It became habitual for writers, even among the best friends of France, to speak of the "decay" or the "decline" of this and that in France instead of thinking of the rise of its opposite.

Howbeit in 1914 France was "decadent France," and in 1916, if not slightly earlier, "splendid France." This is the paradox which must be solved. In the course of two years the world almost completely changed its opinion about the French. Now, the way in which this change in our thinking was brought about is clear to all who have really lived during the last three years. The German war-machine, held up for a few precious days in August, 1914, near the Belgian boundary, soon broke away and began to roll down upon France. Apparently the French military authorities had really expected Germany to respect her treaty concerning Belgium, and were not prepared for the thrust through that country. But the machine rolled on. Brussels fell, and later Antwerp. Soon the German columns were crossing the French frontier with apparently irresistible force. The French and English together were unable to check the movement. An appalling quiet seemed to have settled upon France. As the Germans drew near Paris, the seat of the government was hastily removed to Bordeaux. Paris, yes, France itself, seemed doomed.

Then came that miracle of modern warfare, the Battle of the Marne. The French armies, defeated and flung back upon their own soil, turned, and defeated the invader, driving him back toward Belgium. Whether or not German military mistakes were partly responsible for this defeat, certain it is that the glory due France cannot be overstated. Then it was that the world began to change its mind about the French and to speak words of commendation. We began to look somewhat below the surface, and as we did, we saw things long unsuspected. France, caught unprepared for war, compelled by the perfidy of the enemy to change her whole plan of defensive campaign, had in the course of a few weeks, with great courage and orderliness, ac-

cepted early defeats and retreat, had continued to gather more troops and to place them quietly where they could be most effectively used, and then, on the darkest day, had put in operation a plan of battle which in a few days drove the enemy far from his objective. But it was perhaps not so much the Battle of the Marne as Verdun which finally changed our opinion of the French. The undying heroism of the French troops in those awful days remade France in our eyes. Germany undertook to bleed France white in that battle, and the French accepted the challenge. The end we know. France held Verdun, and when the time came she regained in a few short, decisive battles all that German arms had taken from her at terrible cost.

However, to state the paradox is not to explain it. Why was the world so deceived in France before 1914? If France was not really decadent, why did that idea get abroad, and how explain some of the phenomena which seemed to justify that conclusion? The answer is that phenomena must be explained according to their time, their place, and the accompanying circumstances, not always taken at their face-value. Furthermore, they must be studied with sympathy for the subject, not with hostility. The following short, but sympathetic, account of France under the Third Republic may be of value to an understanding of France as she really is.

The Third French Republic dates from September 14, 1870. It has enjoyed a life far longer than any previous régime in France since 1789. From 1852 until his overthrow in 1870 Napoleon III had ruled over France as head of the Second Empire. He began his reign by destroying the republic established in 1848, and for the first ten years of his rule he evinced little regard for the rights and wishes of the people. Beginning, however, in 1860, he was compelled more and more to seek their support, a sure sign of decline in an autocrat. In 1859 and 1860 he alienated the affections of a large part of the clerical party in France by the aid he had given in driving Austria from Italy and incidentally in undermining the temporal power of the pope. In order not to lose this support entirely, he despatched to Rome a French guard to sustain the papal authority there. In 1866 Prussia defeated Austria and made herself head of the German Confederation, while Italy was able to annex Venetia and Venice. In the next year came the final failure of the Mexican expedition. Thus, while France stood still or went backward, Germany and Italy were consolidating and expanding their powers. The comparison was exceedingly painful to Frenchmen, who were not a little jealous of both their neighboring rivals. The splendors of the Universal Exposition in Paris in 1867, though dazzling, did not blind the French nation to the facts.

The republican party, though small during the middle years of the Second Empire, had never forgiven Napoleon the *coup d'état* whereby he overturned the republic. As his government grew weaker and less successful in the late sixties, republicans took advantage of his rising unpopularity to come out openly in condemnation of him. Léon Gambetta, French citizen, but the son of an Italian grocer of Cahors, was most outspoken of them all. He publicly declared that the *coup d'état* would be revenged.

To silence criticism, several courses of action short of abdication were open to Napoleon. He might use stern repressive measures, he might liberalize his rule, or he might win back the people's confidence by a successful war; for, after all, the chief objection to him, outside of the small group of republicans, was his failure to hold up France's head among the nations. Repression might have led to rebellion and civil war. He chose the second expedient first, and in the course of the years 1867-70 he had enacted the laws creating the so-called "Liberal Empire." This sign of yielding, far from satisfying the growing republican party, made their demonstrations even bolder than before. The next expedient was war, and France soon learned that Napoleon was not averse to trying it.

This is no place to speak of suicidal war of the Second Empire with Prussia. The

fatal reverse of Sedan came on September 2, 1870, and the news reached Paris late the next day. That night the legislative body held a meeting just long enough to receive the evil news. The army caught at Sedan had been compelled to surrender to the enemy, and the emperor with it. Jules Favre took a few minutes to propose the dissolution of the empire and the establishment of a temporary government, but the Corps Législatif adjourned till the following day. When it met on that memorable Sunday, the fourth of September, the excited Paris crowd filled the halls and galleries. In irresistible tones it demanded the establishment of a republic. The government leaders, henchmen of Napoleon, were confused and at a loss what to do. Gambetta and Jules Favre, both popular idols, tried to quiet the people in order that business might proceed, but all in vain. At last, when stubbornness was no longer a virtue, they yielded, Gambetta first, then Favre, both crying, "Yes, long live the Republic!" Soon after they appeared at the hôtel de ville, heading a motley throng, to proclaim the dissolution of the empire and the establishment of a republic. This was revolution, nothing less, affecting the lives of millions of Frenchmen, but brought about by a few thousand Parisians. It was a comparatively quiet and easy revolution and without immediate bloodshed. The republic then and thus proclaimed lives to this day.

During the following months Paris was beseiged, while Gambetta vainly, but valiantly, organized opposition in the South. At last the city capitulated, and further resistance became useless. A National Assembly, chosen almost without any official pressure, was called together at Bordeaux to ratify the terms of peace, which were being worked out by Thiers for the French Government and by the Prussian leaders. Having finished this bitter task, and having heard the heartbreaking final farewell of the members from the relinquished departments of Alsace and Lorraine, the National Assembly continued to sit for the purpose of rehabilitating the economic and political life of the republic.

For, be it remembered, in the years following 1870 France continued to be a republic not by common consent, but because no party was strong enough to overthrow it. Yet, while the form was republican and Thiers was soon made the first president, a large majority of the National Assembly were in favor of monarchy. It was sometimes called a "republic without republicans." Thiers himself, an old man who had served under the July monarchy, which was overthrown in 1848, at first favored the monarchical form. Herein lay great danger for France. Swayed by the brilliant speeches of Gambetta and a few other republican leaders, who went about their propaganda with tireless zeal, thousands of Frenchmen were daily coming around to republican views. The National Assembly, however, which showed no signs of a desire to hold a new election, was monarchist in its leanings. Had the monarchists been able to agree on a candidate, France might have been changed once more into a monarchy; but the candidates for the crown were two, representing different branches of the ancient ruling house, and between them the monarchists in the Assembly were fairly evenly divided. The negotiations for an agreement between the rival pretenders were at first conducted successfully, but the more eligible of the two, the Comte de Chambord, showed an exceeding vanity. He thought himself so indispensable to France that it would take him on any terms. He even insisted that France should accept the white flag of the old monarchy, abolishing the beloved tricolor of the Revolution. Such conditions were, of course, impossible, and when at last the Assembly could delay no longer to establish a permanent régime for France, enough monarchists had been converted to a republic, or were at least willing to swallow their pride and stifle their scruples, to give a majority to the so-called "constitutional laws" of 1875.

The present republican constitution of France is grounded firmly in the principle of popular sovereignity. The Chamber of Deputies of the French parliament is

chosen by manhood suffrage, and so is every important district and municipal council in the republic. To Gambetta, indeed, universal suffrage was a sort of political first principle. Give the people the suffrage, he reasoned, and all other good things would follow. Furthermore, it was final. Monarchs and emperors can abdicate, and are always in danger of being overthrown. But "universal suffrage cannot abdicate," and therefore when the republic arrived, it came to stay.

Upon this foundation of manhood suffrage the constitution-makers of 1875 reared a republican form of government corresponding as closely as possible to the English limited monarchy. The Chamber of Deputies is a large body, elected directly by the voters. The Senate is a smaller body, elected for longer terms from the various departments by colleges of electors, themselves chosen directly by the people.[1] The President of the Republic, a dignitary who, it has been flippantly said, "neither reigns nor rules," is chosen for seven years by the two chambers together.

The constitutional laws went into effect in 1875, and the next year occurred the first elections to the Chamber of Deputies. Though there were no real parties or party organizations, as in an American election, those who favored the continuance of the republic made every effort to defeat the monarchists and to have republicans elected in their places. They were inspired to do this by fear lest the monarchists overthrow the republic. The National Assembly in 1873 had elected a monarchist, Marshal MacMahon, as president, and had confirmed his authority for seven years from that date. It was well known that some of that party, seeing that a monarchy was not immediately possible, hoped that in the course of the septennate under MacMahon an opportunity would come to destroy the republic and reëstablish the throne in France. The republicans intended to be prepared for all eventualities, and fortunately succeeded in capturing a large majority of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies. The Senate, however, was monarchist in complexion, and it was suspected that the disgruntled monarchist party would not stop short of violence to regain control of the Government.

Here were materials prepared for an explosion, and it was not long coming. For several years the clerical party had been conducting a propaganda which was endangering the peace of the republic. It wished to see France embark on a policy of hostility to Italy, desiring to see the temporal power of the pope restored; in effect, it preached war on Italy. It was also hostile to Germany. The liberal ministry, urged on by Gambetta and the Chamber of Deputies, accepted a resolution denouncing the clericals for their dangerous agitation. The ministry continued to have the full confidence of the Chamber, but MacMahon, incensed at its yielding, and egged on by the clericals and monarchists, dismissed the ministry as no longer having his confidence. This was, of course, entirely contrary to the parliamentary principle that a ministry is entitled to remain in office as long as it has the confidence of parliament. MacMahon quickly found it impossible to get a new ministry which could work in harmony with the Chamber of Deputies, and thereupon, with the consent of the Senate, he dissolved the Chamber and provided for new elections.

The campaign which followed (1877) was an extremely heated one. The republicans felt that the republic itself was at stake. Opposed to them was the full strength of both clerical and monarchist parties. "Clericalism, that is the enemy," said Gambetta, and that became the issue of the election. He even went so far as to say that when the decision had been rendered at the polls, MacMahon must either submit to it or resign. Despite governmental influence at the polls, the republicans won again. They were jubilant, for to them it seemed that the republic had been saved. MacMahon wisely submitted to the decision, and as his position became increasingly uncomfortable, he resigned before the end of his term, in 1879.

[1] At first many of the senators were named for life.

The new régime had thus weathered its first great storm. The septennate had passed without the monarchists having been able to destroy the republic. Nevertheless, the danger was by no means over. Frenchmen, and it seems especially true in politics, cling tenaciously to their ideas. Contrary majorities are no argument to them. The monarchists, being Frenchmen, continued to be monarchists and Frenchmen even under the republic. Time and again in French history after 1877 there appeared this same sinister coalition of monarchists and clericalists, threatening the very existence of the republic. Once, in the Boulanger incident, they had with them much of the army, the greatest single organization in France, and also the chauvinists. At a somewhat later day they mustered to their cause a still larger part of the army, as well as all the anti-Semites; this was during the Dreyfus incident. In both cases the republic rocked and trembled, but it withstood the storm.

It is a curious, but significant, commentary on the Third French Republic that most of the histories of it devote a considerable portion of their pages to a series of apparently disconnected, meaningless, and unprofitable incidents. The sixteenth of May, 1877,—for to Frenchmen a mere date is often the full, sufficient, and sometimes the only name they have for an event, great or small,—the Wilson scandal, and the Boulanger affair in the eighties, the Panama scandal and the Dreyfus incident in the nineties, and to many the Caillaux incident of the new century, all receive much attention. Men who did not know Dreyfus, who would perhaps have been repulsed rather than attracted by him, and who had not the slightest interest in him personally, fought as stoutly upon his side as his personal friends and his relatives. In each of the more important of these incidents,—the sixteenth of May, Boulangism, and the Dreyfus case,—the struggle soon became one for an ideal, and the alignment of parties in all three was almost identical. Each became a struggle of the anti-clerical, anti-militaristic republicans against the reactionary and disruptive forces within the republic, the monarchists, the clericals, and the military party. That in each of these cases the struggle took on this character is just as much the fault of the republicans as it is that of their opponents. Each party hates just as bitterly and forgives as reluctantly as the other. Neither seems ever to forget. Incidents which in England or America would be settled in an orderly way in six months and forgotten in a year become in France the occasion of the most violent strife and scurrilous attack. Incidents are idealized, if we may so use the word.

In politics and government the sixteenth of May incident had other important results. The right of the Government to dissolve parliament whenever it clearly no longer represents the people or when there is grave doubt as to the people's wishes is essential to the proper working of every parliamentary system. But because it was a monarchist president, MacMahon, who first used the right of dissolution in France, and because his act was considered an attempt to overthrow the republic in favor of a monarchy, no president since his day has used the power to dissolve parliament, for fear that his act would be similarly interpreted. This is not the only reason, indeed, but the fact is that there has been no dissolution of a parliament in France since 1877. The result of this, of a pernicious committee system recently slightly reformed, and of the inexplicable suspicion which French parliaments evince toward their leaders in the cabinet, is that parliament has all the power and no responsibility, while the cabinet has all the responsibility, but almost no power.

Another factor, too, should be mentioned here. France has no parties in the American or English sense, but only many small factions. Republicanism is the only enduring issue in France, and almost the entire parliamentary membership is republican. For that reason factions differ little from one another; they are to a considerable extent based on personal leadership. But no cabinet can take office until it has combined enough of these factions to make up a majority in parliament. Now, the

approved way to combine factions is to give cabinet places to those who lead the factions, and thus every cabinet contains the leaders of at least three or four of these small groups. The result can be nothing but quick disintegration, and that, indeed, is what happens. In the forty years from 1875 to 1915 France had fifty cabinets, or about one every ten months. Although some served as long as two years or more, some lasted only a few weeks or months. But of course the members are not entirely changed from one cabinet to the next. Some of the same names often appear in one cabinet after another, and then reappear again after a lapse of time. Moreover, the mere fact that the cabinet has changed does not stop important legislation; that is mainly controlled by the Chambers themselves and by their committees, and it goes on in happy disregard of shiftings in the ministry.

Politics in France has fallen into the control of a class of men who are far from being the best that the nation can show. The industrious, temperate, thrifty, and often pious man of toil or small business is unrepresented in parliament. The leaders in business, in art, in letters, are also strangers within its walls.

Does all this mean that France is incapable of self-government? Far from it; but it certainly does mean that parliamentary institutions are not adapted to the political conditions existing in France. France may sooner or later have to change the form of her government, but the basic principles, republicanism, or popular sovereignity and manhood or universal suffrage, must remain, for the French will continue to be a democratic, self-governing people.

In a history like this, which attempts to trace the origins of the Great War back to about 1870, the great problems of Alsace-Lorraine and *revanche,* and military competition with Germany deserve special treatment.

Both Alsace and Lorraine lie on the west bank of the Rhine. They constitute a part of the neutral-language zone stretching from Belgium south and east through Luxemburg, along the upper Rhine valley, through Switzerland, and thence along the Italian Irredenta, a zone where the Germanic languages and those of Latin origin are spoken in about equal degree. To the east of this nameless zone lie the German-speaking Hollanders, Germans, and Austrians; to the west the Romance-speaking Belgians, French, and Italians. Through centuries the zone has hardly changed, but the government of the territory involved has been one of the most bitterly contested issues in European history.

During the middle and early modern ages Alsace and Lorraine were undoubtedly part of the so-called "Holy Roman Empire," that vast fiction which pretended to be the successor of the real Roman Empire, but which was "neither holy nor Roman nor an empire." It claimed dominion over most of the German peoples of the Middle Ages, but did not really govern them. At the beginning of the modern age, while France was the greatest power on the Continent, German national feeling was so weak that the "Holy Roman Empire" rapidly fell to pieces. Then it was that France extended her control over Lorraine and Alsace, acquiring the former in the sixteenth and the latter in the seventeenth century. Throughout the eighteenth century and the years of the Revolution and the Napoleonic era they remained French, and in 1815 they were confirmed to France by the Congress of Vienna, in which Austria and Prussia took leading parts. During these years, and also after 1815, the people in both districts shared equally with all other parts of France in governmental affairs. That there was among them any material dissatisfaction with their government or their French allegiance has not been proved.

But the nineteenth century beheld a most remarkable outburst of German national feeling and effervescence, which resulted in the creation of a new German Empire, based upon the principle of nationality. Before the empire was created, however, Prussia had first torn away territory from Denmark and then ousted Austria from German leadership by a short

sharp conflict in 1866. Even yet the work could not be completed. The new confederation, headed by Prussia, had first to humble France, the greatest single power on the Continent, before the southern German states could be induced to enter the federation. This was the work of the war of 1870. Upon the solid basis of military power, as proved by the defeat of France, was to be founded the new national empire under Prussian hegemony. The war was fought with a success which must have surprised even the Prussians.

In 1866 Prussia had been lenient with Austria. What would her terms to France be? That the rulers of Prussia had already outlined the main points on which they would insist in case of overwhelming victory, we cannot doubt; but that even well-informed Germans outside government circles did not know what the terms would be, and had not specifically formulated any demand for annexation of territory, is indubitable. While the war was still going on, Heinrich von Treitschke, an influential historian, published on the spur of the moment a pointed and bombastic article entitled, "What We Demand from France."[1] Germany was already sure of victory, and King William had promised the people "that the peace shall be worthy of our sacrifices." Much was still dark as to the conditions in France, the writer confessed.

> But one task remains for our press—to bring out the unuttered and half-formed hopes which move in every breast into clear consciousness, so that, on the conclusion of peace, a firm and intelligent national pride may rise in enthusiasm behind our statesmen. . . . The thought, however, which, after first knocking timidly at our doors as a shamefaced wish, has, in four swift weeks, grown to be the mighty war-cry of the nation, is no other than this: "Restore what you stole from us long ago; give back Alsace and Lorraine."

Thus, among the first fruits of German nationalism was a sort of irredentist doctrine, distinguishable in almost no particular from the Italian desire to "recover" the Trentino and Triest and the present French desire to recover Alsace and Lorraine. But it seems to make a difference whose ox is gored. "During the last two centuries, from the earliest beginnings of the Prussian state," continues Treitschke, "we have been struggling to liberate the lost German lands from foreign domination." Having said that, he threw out this somewhat unflattering remark concerning the people in the lost German lands concerned, "We cannot permit a German people, thoroughly degraded and debased, to serve against Germany, before our eyes, as the vassal of a foreign power." He offered other reasons, too, why Alsace and Lorraine should be annexed to Germany, among them principally the military argument. Germany needed to control these lands for her own defense. "The sense of justice to Germany demands the lessening of France." "Our military organization has no meaning without secure boundaries." And then, prophetic premise, but misguided conclusion, comes a typical bit of German reasoning:

> The distracted world already foresees a whole brood of wars springing out of the bloody seed of this. We owe it some guarantee of permanent peace among the nations, and we shall only give it, so far as human strength can, when German guns frown from the fortified passes of the Vosges on the territories of the Gaulish race, when our armies can sweep into the plains of Champagne in a few days' march, when the teeth of the wild beast are broken, and weakened France can no longer venture to attack us.

The mere fact that Alsatians and Lorrainers of 1871 did not want to be annexed to Germany bore no meaning to this writer. Upon the declaration of war an "anxious cry rang through Alsace and Lorraine, 'The dice are to be thrown to

[1] Heinrich von Treitschke, "Germany, France, Russia, and Islam," translated into English, with a foreword by George Haven Putnam, 1915, pp. 96-179.

settle the destiny of our provinces!' " But he added:

In view of our obligation to secure the peace of the world, who will venture to object that the people of Alsace and Lorraine do not want to belong to us? The doctrine of the right of all the branches of the German race to decide on their own destinies, the plausible solution of demagogues without a fatherland, shiver to pieces in the presence of the sacred necessity of these great days. These territories are ours by the right of the sword, and we shall dispose of them in virtue of a higher right—the right of the German nation which will not permit its lost children to remain strangers to the German Empire. We Germans, who know Germany and France, know better than these unfortunates themselves what is good for the people of Alsace, who have remained under the misleading influence of their French connection outside the sympathies of new Germany. Against their will we shall restore them to their true selves.

What did the French think when they had to give up the whole of Alsace and a large part of Lorraine to the conqueror still encamped upon their own soil? The members from the severed districts themselves presented to the National Assembly on February 16, 1871, a declaration against the dismemberment so burning in its terms that it sears itself into the heart even now, almost fifty years later. They denied that France, or even Europe itself, could ratify the act of the aggressor in tearing them from France in such a way as to make the deed binding on them.[1] But if France could not sanction the treaty in such a way as to bind the victims, it had to endure the blow. *De facto,* the cession was made.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries France had been "the mistress of Europe." Her culture, her literature, her language, had swept almost everything before them. The Revolution had not materially dimmed her luster, nor had the defeat inflicted upon Napoleon by the great European coalition really deprived her of her proud position as the strongest single power in Europe. Frenchmen were not only reverently and righteously proud of their history, but they also loved their land as did few other peoples in the world. These are some of the reasons why the forced cession of Alsace and Lorraine was so bitter, so unforgivable, and so unforgetable a blow.

Despite the "decline of idealism" in France already mentioned, the French are neither hedonists nor realists. They continue to this day to idealize things and events. The idea which has become associated in their minds with the wresting from them of these beautiful portions of their land is that it proves their national decadence and impotence.

There have been many explanations of the deadening pessimism that fell upon the more well-to-do and educated classes in France after the Franco-Prussian War, spreading even into other strata of society. Among the causes which contributed to that feeling, none was more potent than this idealization of the loss of Alsace and Lorraine.

Nevertheless France's material recovery from the great defeat was astonishingly quick. The debt was paid back with a celerity which opened the eyes of Germany. The nation which was then to be "lessened" for many decades became prosperous again in less than one. As early as 1875 Germany showed fear that, instead of insuring peace for herself, she had indeed sowed the seeds of another war. Bismarck, desiring no colonies for Germany, tried to divert French attention and energies away from revenge for Alsace-Lorraine to distant colonial enterprises. This policy he varied at times by attempts to embroil France with her neighbors, especially Italy.[2] These expedients failed in every way. France had energy enough to carry out large colonization projects and at the same time to prepare against the day of another Franco-German war. It was impossible to keep France and Italy con-

[1] "Declaration of Bordeaux," 1871. It will be found reprinted in the "New York Times Current History," August, 1917, pp. 264–65.

[2] In 1878 he urged both governments at the same time to seize Tunis.

stantly at loggerheads. Later on Germany herself desired colonies, and then especially was revealed Bismarck's shortsightedness in encouraging French colonial schemes.

Hatred of Germany, the desire for *revanche,* burned on unquenched in France. It was all-pervasive, until the various socialist groups and parties appeared in the field. They have generally discouraged it.

The fuels to keep the fire burning have been supplied, however, rather by Prussian misgovernment in Alsace-Lorraine than by the French desire for revenge. Had Germany really been able to satisfy the Alsatians especially, it is doubtful whether France would have clung so tenaciously to the idea of retaking that which was stolen from her. The Alsatians and Lorrainers have desired real self-government and have clamored for it year in and year out. Always they have been met with rebuffs. Despairing, especially since 1910, of getting reform from Germany, they have kept alive the hope of restoration—a hope that since 1914 many have thought possible of realization. German authors and German newspapers, too, have continued to fan the flames, taunting the French constantly with a desire for revenge, a challenge which French newspapers have not been slow to accept.

So far it has seemed impossible for French and German minds really to meet on the question. Germany says that the settlement of 1870 was final and that France should have accepted it as such. The French retort that the settlement of 1681, which gave the provinces to France, was reopened by the Prussian War nearly two centuries later. Germany alleges that the lands are typically and historically German. France replies that the people of both provinces were happy when a part of France, that they resented the forced separation, and that they have continued to desire reannexation to France. Germany alleges that she has a right to hold the provinces, because she has a right to protection against France. France justly rejoins that the danger of German attack on France is just as great as the danger of a French attack on Germany; that a people of forty millions is not very likely to attack unjustly one of seventy millions; and that France has just as much right to protection against Germany as Germany has against France. So the debate runs, with many more arguments. The usual German apologist, unable to think back to the days before 1870, when the situation was nearly reversed, condemns France without measure for refusing to accept the Treaty of Frankfort, 1871, as a final settlement. The ordinary American finds it difficult not to accept the French view, and all he ordinarily needs to confirm him in this view is to read some German argument to the contrary. What, however, was to be the final solution was placed "in the lap of the gods" when the Great War broke out in 1914.

Did the French desire to retake Alsace and Lorraine bring on the present war? The charge was commonly made by German writers and statesmen at the beginning of the conflict. Suffice it to say, however, that it will be shown that the causes of the war lay elsewhere. But, certainly, the constant French apprehension of a new war with Germany forced her into an unnatural alliance with the Russian autocracy, which, having once been completed, kept alive French hopes of a successful war some day against Germany.

The history of France as a military power begins far back in almost forgotten centuries, but never before in time of peace did her armies represent so large a proportion of her population as in the years before the Great War. It is a common assertion in Germany that the French armies during this time were being organized for aggression upon the empire of Bismarck. Competent and impartial observers, while astounded at the spectacle of a democracy yielding up all her sons for military training, have scouted this idea. It was not an aggressive, war-loving spirit which was dominating France. It was dread, simply common dread. The Franco-Prussian War taught France her great lesson. The fear of another Teutonic invasion steeled even the hearts of the French

republicans to prepare against this day of disaster.

France had had tastes of universal compulsory service before, but the policy became fixed in 1872. At first the laws were loose, many exemptions being allowed and service being nominally for three years. Then, in 1905, while the term of service was cut to two years, all exemptions save for physical disability were abolished. For a time this sufficed. But always the attempt had been to keep up with Germany, a thing which was becoming rapidly impossible. France's population was nearly stationary, while Germany advanced with giant strides. France had long been compelled to train all her young men, while Germany was annually able to reject many. Even so, France was unable to maintain the pace. In 1910 Germany's effective forces were 620,000 men, while those of France were 552,000, of which some were Algerians and Tunisians stationed in Africa, plus a native colonial army of little training. Besides this discrepancy in land forces, France had for some years been inferior to Germany in naval power, and she was rapidly growing, in proportion to Germany, still weaker upon the seas.

Beginning, perhaps, with Italy's war on Turkey in Tripoli in 1911, the tension in the European diplomatic situation grew greater daily. The agitation expressed itself in Germany during 1911, 1912, and 1913 in extraordinary increases in military expenditures and effective forces. The forts were strengthened, especially along the French border in Alsace-Lorraine, and the garrisons there were increased. Secret military advices reached France, both in 1912 and 1913, indicating a pending early attack on France. The German officers responsible for the proposed increases made, in their unofficial capacities, no secret of the purpose of the increases. French authorities were thrown into a flutter of anxiety. On the two-year service basis France had already reached the limit of her military strength. There was only one thing left to do—increase the period of service to three years, and thus have three classes always under arms. Acting under a power apparently given by the law of 1905, the minister of war ordered that the class of 1910 he held during 1913, making its third year of service. This action was later ratified by a substantial majority in parliament despite a violent campaign conducted by socialists, syndicalists, and anarchists. Up to this time France had been able to keep fairly close behind Germany in her preparations. From the summer of 1913 on, however, it became increasingly evident that the army was woefully unprepared and poorly equipped. Investigation proved that the apparent increase of strength was a sheer delusion, due to mismanagement. The authorities proceeded at once to set their house in order, but the outbreak of war in 1914 found them still in the midst of their preparations.

Despite many distractions and a heavy military burden, France has, under the Third Republic, notably expanded her colonial dominions and improved the conditions of her people.

For about thirty years after 1830 France made extensive explorations in Asia, Africa, and Oceania, laying hands on some territories and establishing claims to others. The most recent and most productive period of colonial acquisition was begun in 1881 by the declaration of a protectorate over Tunis. During the following fifteen years Tonking, Annam, and Laos in Asia, Congo, Upper Senegal, and Niger, Dahomey, and Mauritania, became French colonies in quick succession. In the same period France also made good certain ancient claims to a number of Oceanic islands, Madagascar, and Senegal. Sahara and Morocco have since been brought definitely within her sphere.

Unfortunately, Frenchmen are not good colonizers. They are attached by strong bonds to their native soil. Very few, indeed, leave their beloved villages for foreign lands, even for French colonies. It is deplorable, too, that the French colonial policy has been dictated mainly by a desire to promote the commercial interests of France. Nevertheless, French colonies are in the main well administered, while recent changes in policy, looking toward the self-

administration of the colonies for the colonies, are extremely promising.

Social progress in France is a fact not generally heralded from the housetops. Germany undoubtedly led and still leads France, as she leads England and the United States, in provision for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. Whether or not the German system of social-welfare legislation was, as has been recently alleged, a sop to appease the German workman for his unfortunate political status, Germany should still be given full credit for working out the laws.

The "Grand Nation" of the eighteenth and earlier centuries has in more modern times revealed undoubted faults. She has to some extent resigned herself to a weakening passion for revenge. She has looked too much abroad for her models, many of her own people coming to believe that merely because France could not keep up with Germany and England in population figures and in the growth of industry, she therefore must be decadent. She has suffered from much bad government and public inefficiency. A small scandal-breeding class in Paris, largely foreign or under foreign influence, has served to soil the very name of France in the thought of a captious, but uninformed, world. But when all is said, France stands in our minds today the France of Verdun. Under the stress of events, even her Government has been materially improved, while all the quiet virtues of the people—their thrift, their orderliness, their sense of duty to France, their heroism, yes, even their natural, deep piety—have come to the fore in the united effort of the nation to drive the arrogant invader from French soil.

VIII. FREE ITALY AND ITS CONSOLIDATION

Napoleon is generally credited with having kindled in the hearts of Italians the desire for national unity, and from his day to this the fires have never gone out. Having conquered the peninsula, he gave it uniform laws, notably a civil code and a system of administration. He created in northern Italy a new Kingdom of Italy, of which in 1805 he took the crown. He made other disposition of the South. Thereby he destroyed almost at a blow many old boundaries and old institutions, and gave Italians to see that across the limits their neighbors were even as they were themselves.

With the defeat and exile of Napoleon, Italy was in 1815 divided once more according to the previous boundaries. Austrians were put on some thrones, restored Bourbons on others, while the pope retained his estates at the center. The Austrian influence was everywhere. Yet things were not as they had been. Italians had seen their unity, and now when the tyrants began to govern according to the methods of Machiavelli, but without the moderation he really advised, they found themselves opposed not by single communities, but by the rising surge of national feeling. Though cruelly suppressed, the outbreaks became numerous in the thirties and forties, and they assumed more and more the character of a national movement for liberation. National unity became to Italians not only a coveted end in itself, but also a means of liberating Italians, of redeeming Italy, from the oppression of the foreigner. The revolutionary spirit was abroad, and it soon took the form of a movement to make Italy one state, Italians one people, and to give them one government, and that their own.

Fortunately, there were leaders in Italy, clever, strong, imaginative, daring, unselfish men who caught the vision of a great Italy rousing herself and rising to a high place among the nations, and who were not afraid to risk all in the struggle. The rulers of Piedmont, a noble and ancient house, soon put themselves in the van. King Charles Albert, and after him his son Victor Emmanuel II, led in the movement which was destined to change them from the almost absolute rulers of Piedmont to the constitutional monarchs of a united Italy. The desired end was a free and united nation. For this Mazzini agitated and conspired, Garibaldi fought, and Cavour negotiated and planned. The year 1848 saw Charles Albert grant to

the Piedmontese a liberal constitution, and soon after saw him lead the half-organized Italian national forces against the Austrians. At first the Italians enjoyed a little success, but they were ill united, and the White Coats were too strong. Terrible defeat followed at Custozza in 1848 and at Novara in 1849. In the latter year Charles Albert resigned his throne rather than accept the oppressive terms of the Austrians. The national movement seemed crushed. The reaction under Austrian leadership was terrible. Gladstone visited Italy at this time, and described what he saw in Naples during the persecution of the liberals there by the King of the "Two Sicilies" as "an outrage upon religion, upon civilization, upon humanity, and upon decency, . . . the negation of God erected into a system of government."

But the leaders had not yet lost hope. Charles Albert was succeeded by his far abler son, Victor Emmanuel II, who remained loyal to the liberal constitution of 1848 despite strong and tempting inducements to overthrow it, inasmuch as Austria feared the existence of a liberal government anywhere in Italy. Soon after Cavour became head of the ministry of Piedmont, and Piedmont, alone in Italy, began immediately to enjoy constitutional liberty and progessive liberal legislation. But always Cavour looked ahead to the time when he could do for all Italy what he was then doing simply for Piedmont. Incidentally he prepared Piedmont and its army for leadership in the coming struggle with Austria. He seized every opportunity to raise Piedmont to a high place in international affairs, even taking what seemed a rash part in the Crimean War. He played upon Napoleon III, Emperor of France, winning him to the Italian cause as against Austria. He advertised to the world the tyrannies of the Austrians and inspired Italians to believe that Piedmont would lead them to liberty. At last, when the time was ripe, he goaded Austria on to the rashness of declaring war, and the die was cast. Napoleon III came to the aid of Piedmont. In 1859 Austria was defeated at Magneta and Solferino, but before the Austrian armies had been driven entirely out of Italy, Napoleon made a hasty peace with the enemy. There was nothing for Piedmont to do but accept the terms. Venetia, in the northeast remained Austrian territory, but Lombardy was ceded by Austria to Napoleon and by him to Piedmont. At the same time the way was cleared for the union of the northern Italian states with Piedmont, while Garibaldi and "the thousand" brought the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies—that is, Sicily and southern Italy—also into line. Thus in the year 1860 Parma, Modena, Romagna, Tuscany, Umbria, the Marches, and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies were able to accept the constitution of Piedmont and Victor Emmanuel as their king. In 1861 there was convened at Turin the first Italian parliament. With the exceptions of the Trentino, Venetia, Triest, and Istria on the north and east, and Rome, where French troops maintained the last vestige of the temporal power of the pope, Italy was now united under one government, and freed from the Austrian yoke.

It is little wonder, therefore, that Italians like to think of the year 1861—a year fateful to us because it nearly meant the end of our union—as the year of their national unification. In this year the whole of Italy territorially save Rome and Venetia had a national government, one king and one constitution. These had, moreover, not been forced upon the people, but chosen by and from among themselves. We say nearly all of Italy and almost all the Italians were now under one government, but, unfortunately, we cannot say all. There were some Italian lands and some Italian people "unredeemed" as yet, and the problem of bringing them also into the new kingdom has come back to plague Italy again and again even to this present day.

It was perhaps Italy's greatest mistake to think of 1861 not as a year of beginnings, but as a day of the fulfilment of her desires, a sort of millennium. She believed herself unified, and to her that meant that she was now able and entitled to play a great rôle among the nations. But na-

tional unity is a thing of many parts and not to be attained in a day, as the United States has well learned. It involves giving all classes within the nation more or less a part in the government and equal opportunity for sharing in the national heritage, for otherwise there will be internal divisions. It requires, finally, that the nation, the territory, the Government, shall together constitute as a matter of fact a self-standing, independent unit, free from the control of any foreign power. If it becomes commercially, politically, or in any other way the mere appanage of another power, it is not itself a national unity, but merely part of a larger unit.

Now, Italy in 1861 was not a national state in several of these particulars, and was doomed in the following fifty years to go through new struggles for unity, and yet to find herself in 1911, her jubilee year, still forced to speak of an "unredeemed" portion of her territory and her people, and to recognize that certain internal divisions and dissensions still existed. Four years later, in 1915, she awoke to find that even while she had been struggling for internal unity, an arrogant foreign power had so spread its influence in the land that the foreigner looked upon Italy almost as a mere dependency. The history of Italy since 1861 is not, therefore, a history of a truly united Italy, as some would have it, but a history of the sometimes enlightened, though often blind, striving after the substance of independence and unity.

Of all the great national states formed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, none has had more difficult problems to solve than has Italy. Among these problems, however, there has not been that of establishing a liberal constitutional régime.

The *Statuto,* which is to-day the constitution of united Italy, was drawn up in 1848 for Piedmont alone. It made no provision for future amendments, and in fact the text of the instrument has not been formally changed in any particular to this day. Nevertheless, the principle has slowly developed that all necessary adaptations of the constitution and laws to the needs of the country and the people can be made by the king and parliament, and in this way several minor features of the constitution have really been overruled. Whether or not the monarchical principle or the parliamentary system of government could be changed by ordinary act is a question which has not arisen in any practical way and is at present unlikely to arise. For this there are several reasons.

In the first place, the kings from Charles Albert down to the present monarch, Victor Emmanuel III, have been loyal to the constitutional principle. They have not at any time tried to force their ideas upon an unwilling parliament, but have always governed in strict accord with the constitution. It is true that when one ministry has lost its control of parliament, the king has a fairly wide range of choice in selecting another, for Italy does not have two leading parties which alternate in control of the government. But in the exercise of this choice the king has not been arbitrary. Thus the ruling house of Italy has endeared itself to most of the people, and despite a long-continued agitation by certain groups of radicals for the adoption of a republican form of government, Italy continues a limited monarchy. It required only the assassination of King Humbert in 1900 by an ignorant nihilist to unite the whole nation against the republicans. The present monarch leans so far toward democracy that he has declared it his "intention to govern with the people, for the people." To this principle he adheres. Instead of using every effort to suppress the socialists, as was done by Emperor William II of Germany up to the present war, he has introduced socialists into his cabinets. He is, indeed, living up to Crispi's ideal, when he said, "The king is only the head of the nation, the prince chosen by the people; with us there is no sovereign but the nation."[1]

On the other hand, the people have been so long accustomed to parliamentary forms,

[1] F. M. Underwood, "United Italy," 1912, pp. 225–226.

and the elections to parliament have been put in recent years upon so broad a popular basis, that this feature of the constitution is also free from the danger of hasty change.

The continued stability of the form of government, coupled with its real ease of amendment, has been no small factor in furthering the unification of Italy. The stability of institutions is especially tried in years of great shifts in party control, when the losing party is inclined to believe that the incoming government is subversive of the constitution. In France the great shift in the control of the government from the conservative monarchical parties to the republicans in 1876 caused dangerous disturbances and nearly resulted shortly thereafter in a *coup d'état*. Not so in Italy, where the great transfer of power from the conservative Right to the liberal and radical Left occurred in the same year without a hitch.

The Left, which came into power, can hardly be called a party. Indeed, the Right had so completely lost in the elections that it had almost disappeared, while the Left had such a tremendous majority as to be embarrassed by its own strength. It quickly broke up into groups, each following its personal leader, and all being equally without definite political principles. In such circumstances there is only one way of getting a majority, and that is by forming coalitions of several groups. Such coalitions, being never based upon principle, but rather upon some unsavory bargain among the personal leaders of the units concerned, tend to be unstable. Thus it has come to pass that since 1876 cabinets have come and gone in Italy with almost as great frequency as in France. Out of this constant shifting among the groups there has been developed a new type of parliamentary leader, one who knows and cares little about the needs of the country and the elements of statesmanship, but who is especially skilled in the strategy of combining groups into a majority *bloc*. Leaders like Giolotti have brought this art to its highest perfection, contriving to keep themselves in office year after year despite cabinet changes, and using the power thus gained to control elections, by fair means or foul, to return a majority favorable to the Government.

Under this malign political system, the Government of Italy presents to the outsider all the evil aspects of the French. Indeed, the picture is even darker for Italy than for France. There is open and known corruption at elections, with not a little rioting and bloodshed.[1] Italians themselves profess to see a steady improvement in the conduct of elections, and that the politicians do not entirely control the people was proved by certain events in 1915. In fact, it must be said that as in France, so in Italy, the virtues of the people far surpass those of their politicians and government. At home the Italian is normally hard-working, frugal, honest, and hospitable, and he who judges the Italian people by their parliamentary institutions does them a gross injustice.

It should also be remembered that while politics and government under the Left are odiously bad, the general trend of legislation since 1876 has been in the direction of democracy and the further unification of the people. When the Left took office, the suffrage was limited to literate persons who paid a fairly high direct tax, and to tradesmen and manufacturers who owned property of a certain value. Under this law only about two and one half per cent. of the people could vote. By a law of 1882, passed by the Left, the number of voters was almost tripled, and in 1912-13 a complete new suffrage law extended the right to vote to a larger proportion of the people than is the case in many American States. By this act the vote was given to all literate male Italians over twenty-one, to all illiterate males over thirty, and to all who have served in the army or navy even though not twenty-one years old. The change has more than doubled the electorate, which now becomes considerably over twenty per cent. of the population. By

[1] There seem also to have been municipal scandals of a type all too familiar to Americans. A few years ago Naples was favored with a municipal house-cleaning during which there were exposed more varieties of corruption than Tammany Hall could have boasted in its palmiest days.

these successive steps, dangerous though they be, one part of the people after another has been brought into closer touch with the Government, and serious groups for disaffection have been removed.[1]

The unification of 1861 was merely political, and not complete even in that sphere. Socially and economically, Italy was not then, nor has it yet become, completely one nation. This fact is the more surprising when we recall that Italy is a small country, in area no larger than the State of Nevada. Considerable parts of this small area are mountainous and scarcely habitable, while the inhabited portions are separated from one another by very formidable mountain barriers and present great differences in arability and climate. Since the fall of the Roman Empire these various parts have had dissimilar histories, which are still shown in differences in dialect, architecture, and mode of life.

Broadly speaking, there is a North and a South in Italy, and the questions which this fact raises bristle with difficulties. Besides speaking a slightly different dialect, the North is more prosperous, more generally literate, more highly developed commercially and industrially than the South. Its upper classes are more individualistic than those in the South, its working classes more intelligent and more open to the appeals of the Socialist party. Its schools are better, its people more law-abiding, its politics cleaner. The South, on the other hand, is oppressed by poverty and illiteracy.

Another evil, too, has long oppressed the South. Through centuries of cruel and tyrannical government the people of Naples and Sicily especially had learned to distrust all government. To them government had come to mean not order, but violence; not justice, but oppression. In the course of time, and it seems especially under the hated Austrian, they had taken the law into their own hands, much after the fashion of certain mountain communities in our own South. It was not mob rule and lynch law, which results from sudden outbursts of popular passion. It was instead the orderly organization of secret societies, Mafia and Camorra, whose decisions were absolute law to their members, superseding not only the laws of the state, but even those of common morality. These societies defied the authorities of the state, dealing out rewards to friends and punishments to enemies which did not stop short of the most cruel death-penalty.

If the people are divided between North and South, they are everywhere sundered on the great question of church and state. Even the present war finds this problem pressing and unsolved.

Briefly stated, the recent history of the controversy between the papacy and united Italy is this. The unification of 1859-61 deprived the church of all its temporal estates except Rome and its immediate surroundings. Before that time the pope had ruled a number of contiguous territories extending northeastward across the peninsula. The revolts of 1848 and 1849 and those of ten years later were in part directed against the pope, and the last ones succeeded. The revolted church estates in north central Italy became in 1860 part of the new kingdom of united Italy, but Pope Pius IX did not cease to protest at having been thus robbed of his dominions. His expostulations were all in vain. The best he could do, and that with the aid of French bayonets, was to maintain his power in Rome itself.

In the following ten years the radical Left in the newly created Italian parliament clamored oft and loudly for immediate and drastic action to oust the pope from Rome also. There was every reason to believe that an attack by Italy on Rome at this time would have meant war with France. For this reason the more conservative Right, which was still in power, held back and waited a better day. The opportunity came at last in 1870, when Napoleon III fell before the Prussians, and the French guard in Rome was recalled to meet the Teutonic invader. Then, with little bloodshed, but against the protests of the pope, the Italian arms breached the

[1] Cf. Amos S. Hershey, "The Recent Italian Elections," in "The American Political Science Review," February, 1914, VIII, pp. 50-56.

walls of Rome and entered the city by the Porta Pia. "We are in Rome, and here we shall remain," said Victor Emmanuel on making his triumphal entry in 1871. The overwhelmingly favorable vote of the people of Rome themselves only strengthened the monarchy in this determination.

The question of the status of the church and especially of the pope had yet to be settled. Few Italians wished the complete withdrawal of the papacy from Italy; rather the contrary. Not only did it increase Italy's prestige in the world to be the seat and home of the church, but the Italians themselves were overwhelmingly Roman Catholic. The danger of foreign intervention on behalf of the papacy was also always to be feared. Thus a peaceful settlement to keep the papacy at Rome was dictated by circumstances.

In 1870, therefore, the Government proceeded to pass the so-called Law of the Papal Guaranties, which became effective in May, 1871. The law assumed that there was a clear and known line of demarcation between temporal and spiritual affairs, a wholly unwarranted assumption, as it now appears, at least for Italy, and proceeded to guarantee the pope sufficient income and liberty "to fulfil all the functions of his spiritual ministry," not neglecting even to assure him very definite temporal rights also. He was guaranteed from state revenues an income of over six hundred thousand dollars annually, equal to what his estates had been bringing him, together with entire control of the Vatican and Lateran palaces, with their grounds and appurtenances. His person was declared sacred and inviolable; his rights, when anywhere in the kingdom, were to be those of a visiting sovereign. His correspondence and his telegraphic communications were to be free from molestation by officers of the state. The Government specifically renounced the right to appoint bishops, but the law reserved to the king his existing right to appoint to other benefices that were part of the royal patronage. With the exception of acts affecting appointments or the property of the church, no ecclesiastical acts were henceforth to require government sanction. Thus the church was made entirely free as to its teachings and doctrine, and even as to its punishment of ecclesiastical offenses, though no act or punishment could become legal which was against the laws of the state. The state promised to pass a law for the reorganization and administration of church property in Italy.

That the law of the guaranties was passed in a sincere effort to settle fairly the entire question cannot now be doubted. That its terms could have been much improved by more careful consideration at the time is also hardly open to dispute. But its chief weakness lay in the fact that it was made by the conqueror for the conquered. The pope was unable to bring himself to the point of accepting its terms. Incapable of being imprisoned, he took prison walls unto himself, proclaiming to loyal Catholics throughout the world that he was being kept in duress in the Vatican. The annuity he has refused to claim, for he still denies the validity of the acts which deprived him of his domains; and therefore he cannot without recognizing the "robber's right" receive as a gift any part of "ill-gotten spoils."

Thus from its very inception the pope's hostility to the law has prevented its proper enforcement. The Government, being the authority to enforce the law, has been subjected to constant criticism by the church, which has assumed consistently the attitude of a weak and persecuted society. That the Government merits much criticism is undoubtedly true. It has been, perhaps, too slow in giving up its control of the appointment of clergy, and seems at times to have used the power for political purposes. It still controls much ecclesiastical property, and distributes to the church in return less revenue than the clergy had expected. The questions of civil marriage and religious education are still unsolved and grievous.

The Government and the anti-Catholics, on the other hand, have reason to be exceedingly bitter against the church. They feel that in trying to be upright it has positively leaned ever backward, endanger-

ing the very stability of the state in the attempt to be fair to the church, while the popes have traitorously connived to bring about foreign intervention. For thirty years after the settlement of 1870, a strong, but dwindling, Catholic party in France openly endeavored to induce the French Government to restore the papal estates, to make the pope once more a pope-king. This movement the papacy did not discourage. The church has used its influence to embroil Italy with foreign powers. But it has gone even further, for it has attempted to weaken Italy by causing dissensions at home.

During the present war the clericals have failed to take a strong pro-Italian stand, and may, indeed, have some difficulty in clearing themselves of the charges of pro-Germanism and assistance to the enemy, now becoming current even in very responsibly written books.[1] The slow, but steady, movement since about 1900 toward a more conciliatory policy on both sides probably received a complete check when, at the beginning of the war, the pope showed an entire inability to stand out against the destruction of Belgium and Poland or even to comprehend, much less to sympathize with, the national aspirations of Italy.

Directly related to the difficulties between Italy and the papacy was the extreme unhappiness which existed from 1860 almost down to 1900 in the relations of Italy and France. Some distrust of France went back, of course, to the days of 1859 and 1860, when Napoleon III suddenly dropped the campaign against Austria before driving her completely out of Italy, and yet insisted upon the cession of Savoy to France before the unification of Italy began. Napoleon had found, indeed, that he had overreached himself. In warring on Austrian domination of Italy, he had encouraged the revolt of the Papal States also, and thus had struck a blow at the temporal power. Turning to view the results of this act, he seems to have observed that he was alienating the necessary support of the Catholics at home. Therefore, as if to restore himself in the good graces of his own people, he sent French troops to Rome to support the papacy in its claims of temporal authority over this, its last stronghold. For ten years, then, Italy was restrained by French arms from making Rome the capital. The withdrawal of the French garrison in 1870 during the Franco-Prussian War did not soften the hatred of the Italian republicans and anticlericals for France, though Rome was made the capital at last.

Other suspicions on which to feed were not lacking. In 1881 France occupied Tunis, just across from Sicily. Bismarck suggested it, desiring to keep France busy abroad, while England offered no objection. France had fairly good pretexts, but Italy was aroused and indignant. She had had some designs on Tunis also, and certainly did not relish the thought of France controlling the whole northern coast of Africa. Thus Italy, which would have been far more comfortable in an alliance with France, was repelled from that measure and forced either to go forward alone, risking a war with France if the latter should determine to restore the temporal power, or to ally herself with the eastern enemy, Austria, and Prussia. The latter step was the one taken. The Dual Alliance became the Triple Alliance in 1882. Italy may have thought it a great stroke. In some ways the move was inevitable. But Italy had to sacrifice "her most sacred aspiration" while in the alliance, namely, her desire for the unredeemed parts of Italy, and she awoke years later to a knowledge that she had been a makeweight rather than a full participating member of the alliance.[2]

Relations with France were destined to become even worse before they became better. In 1887 Italy adopted a high protective tariff, and in 1888 the treaty of commerce with France was broken. Then followed a short tariff war, in which Ital-

[1] Cf. William Kay Wallace, "Greater Italy," 1917, pp. 175-178; cf. also E. J. Dillon, "From the Triple to the Quadruple Alliance," 1915, pp. 178-184.

[2] See speech of Premier Salandra to Chamber of Deputies, May 20, 1915; Baron Sonnino's public note of May 23, 1915.

ian trade both in manufacturers and agricultural products suffered grievously. From 1889 trade was possible on somewhat better terms, but was little revived. Rather it sought new directions, and not until 1898 was a new and liberal French commercial treaty made.

By this time French-Italian relations were reaching a better understanding. The papacy had almost ceased to hope for restoration of the temporal power by force of French arms, and in 1905, with the separation of church and state in France, the possibility of such action passed away forever. But already the evil results of the fear and hatred of France were manifest and not to be recalled. Italy had sacrificed her independence of action, her national aspirations, and in a sense a part of her duty, by the forced alliance with Austria and Germany. Not until she denounced the alliance in 1915 did she assume once more that free and independent position among the nations of the world to which she was entitled and for which she had long aspired.

It was especially her desire to incorporate unredeemed portions of Italian territory that Italy had to give up while in the "unholy" Triple Alliance. The problem of the *Irredenta* has long been interesting to Italians. The whole struggle of the Italian-speaking people from the days of the first uprisings against Austria down to 1870 was a struggle to redeem Italy from the sword and oppression of the foreign tyrant. Mazzini would have included even Corsica as an Italian territory to be redeemed.

Suffice it to say that the task of redemption was far from complete in 1861. The Trentino in the north center, Italian-speaking and located on the Italian Adige River, was still Austrian. Venice and Venetia, with all the Italian-speaking land north, east, and south to Triest, were also under the Hapsburgs. Rome itself was still denied to Italy.

In 1866 Prussia, desirous of ending Austrian predominance in German affairs, and of placing herself at the head of the Germanic federation, made war upon Austria in alliance with Italy. Though it was not accomplished by the force of Italian arms, Austria was quickly defeated. The Italians, failing in their part of the campaign, won no battles; but the Prussians had profited much by the Italian alliance, since Austria had been compelled to divide her forces. Quickly forced to sue for peace, Austria was astounded at the lenience of the Prussian terms. Prussia first, in violation of her treaty with Italy, made a separate treaty with Austria, and then refused to back up Italy in her demands. The latter, in claiming the Trentino, undoubtedly went beyond what she was entitled to by the treaty with Prussia, but Prussia clearly was playing to mollify Austria rather than to support Italy. Venetia was at last ceded to Italy,[1] but it was Venetia bounded by the Judrio River on the east, leaving the bridge-head of Gorizia and the important passes in the hands of Austria.

Beyond the political boundaries fixed for Italy in 1859 and 1867 lay at that time much territory called Italian and many purely Italian-speaking communities, mainly in Austria. These constituted the *Irredenta.* The passage of fifty years has made little change in the situation, save that the proportion of non-Italian-speaking people has risen considerably in parts of the Triest district, owing to the immigration of Slavs. The Trentino proper contains over 330,000 Italians and fewer than 10,000 of other races. The upper Adige valley, however, is preponderantly German-speaking, but as its population is smaller, the balance throughout the entire Trentino region is distinctly on the Italian side, or about two to one in a population of under 600,000.

Farther east Italy makes no claims until Gorizia and eastern Friuli are reached. Here the Germans are very few, but the Italians are slightly overbalanced by Slavs, many of recent immigration. In Triest, also claimed as a part of the *Irredenta,* a city of over 200,000, over seventy per cent.

[1] The terms of the treaty of cession of 1866 were very hastily drafted and the boundaries of Venetia most carelessly delimited, with Austria being left in control of most of the strategic points in the Julian Alps.

are Italian. In Istria the Slavs again outnumber the Italians, who form about forty per cent., or 160,000 in a total population of 400,000. In Dalmatia the Italians are, however, far outnumbered by Slavs and others. Indeed, the rural districts almost everywhere at the head of the Adriatic are predominantly non-Italian.

The Italian claims to the *Irredenta* are principally three. The weakest is the historical. There was no Italy before 1860 save in a geographical sense, and to argue that Triest, for example, should belong to Italy because it was once controlled by Venice is trivial. Wisely enough, the Irredentists put little stress on the historical argument. The second claim is geographic. The northern and eastern boundaries of Italy are mainly purely arbitrary and correspond to no true geographic divisions. From a military point of view, too, they are unfair, since Austria has been left in control of all the strong passes. It is characteristic that Austria controls the headwaters of many streams which are mainly Italian. Austria controls the upper reaches, and Italy the lower, of some of the same valleys.

The final argument is that of racial, social, and linguistic affinity to Italy. The people in the *Irredenta* are in some places almost exclusively Italian, with a passionate attachment to Italy. Wherever other races preponderate, it is due to active efforts on the part of Austria to suppress the Italian language and Italian schools, and to import large numbers of other people, especially Slavs. Against this oppression the Italians in the unredeemed territories have fought successfully for fifty years.

Before Italy entered the Triple Alliance (1882) there had been several outbursts of popular feeling in favor of conquering the *Irredenta*. Garibaldi fought in vain for the Trentino in 1866. In 1878 and 1879 there were organized popular demonstrations, when Austria had been made protector of Bosnia, to oust her from unredeemed Italy. A few years later the signing of the Triple Alliance imposed on the Italian Government the necessity of suppressing *Irredentismo*. In the nineties Crispi uttered strong words of warning, and for a time the movement received a quietus under his repressive measures. The movement would not down entirely, and when, from about 1900 onward, the fact became more and more clear that Austria's Balkan policy was against the vital interests of Italy, the agitation revived. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria in 1908, finally proving to Italy that her ally could not be trusted, was the signal for the old movement to take on a new life.

Finally, in 1914 the movement to annex the *Irredenta* was adopted by the Italian Government as its own policy. The negotiations with Austria to this end failed completely. Italy was at last compelled to break the Triple Alliance and to take up the gage of battle to protect her vital interests. When so doing, in a circular letter to the powers, she denounced the persistence with which the Austro-Hungarian Government had tried to destroy all vestige of Italian nationality and civilization in the eastern Adriatic, as indicating the "deep-rooted sentiment of hostility and aversion for Italy" prevailing among influential classes in Austria-Hungary.[1]

While these and other urgent questions perplexed the young kingdom, a new peril was creeping upon it, unseen and unsuspected. It was the sinister influence of Germany, gained by peaceful penetration, which for a while in 1914 and 1915 almost paralyzed the kingdom, depriving it of a will of its own.

The evidences of this penetration are only beginning to come to us in America, but the origin seems to have been financial. When Italy joined the Triple Alliance, aiming thus at France, France was naturally displeased. The dislike became greater when, a few years later, the commercial treaty was denounced. A brief tariff war then ensued, followed presently (1893) by France's dumping on the market a large amount of Italian securities, apparently owing to a trivial war-scare. A panic en-

[1] "Italy's Green Book," 1915, Baron Sonnino's note of May 23, 1915.

sued in Italy, and she was virtually forced into the arms of the bankers of Germany, her chief ally. The next year German capital founded the Italian Commercial Bank (*Banca Commerciale Italiana*) at Milan, and the process of penetration was begun.

As the bank grew in resources, it grew in influence, and its next step was to control commerce and industry as a branch of its banking business. German students and trade-spies were employed in increasing numbers to seek out means of extending German business in Italy. Italian business men who received credit from the bank were given to understand that they must buy some or all of their goods in Germany. Certain industries, such as the electric power business, fell completely under German domination.

From financial and industrial control, the German influence began to extend itself into the field of public opinion and politics. Financially needy or purchasable newspapers began to fall under Teutonic control. Soon there was the use of money also to swing elections, and the process of making Italy a mere appanage of Germany was on its way to completion. Other less important factors, such as the close proximity of Italy to Germany, some international marriages, and the education of young Italians, especially army men, in Germany, were supporting causes of the influence which Germany exercised in Italy in the stressful days of 1914 and 1915.

When the war began, Germany used every effort to keep Italy from going into it. Italy's interests were so clearly opposed to Austria in the latter's Balkan policy that the best German leaders really hoped for was to keep Italy neutral. The pro-Germans in Italy assumed at once the name of neutralists. The papal-clerical party seemed to be mainly of that stamp. So, too, was the powerful popular leader Giolitti; so were many senators and deputies. A former German imperial chancellor, Prince von Bülow, was sent to Rome to direct the campaign to keep Italy neutral.

For weeks and months Italy was unable to see things as they really were. Popular sympathy was with France, Belgium, and England, but the pressure to stay neutral was heavy, while the issues were not entirely clear. But a few outstanding leaders, among them Baron Sydney Sonnino, Minister of Foreign Affairs, kept their heads clear and their minds upon the interests of the kingdom. They were able to control affairs despite the German propaganda until the people were ready to listen to reason and patriotism. Then the bandages were quickly removed from Italy's eyes. She saw how the Triple Alliance had bound her, absolutely stopping the process of unification, how the treaty had been disregarded by the other participants, especially Austria, with impunity, and how under its cover Germany had established her commercial and political power within Italy herself. From the Austrian oppressor of the days before 1860 the Italians seemed to have freed themselves only to find a new master in Germany.

It was then that Italy asserted her "sacred egoism," her unity and independence, her right and her ability to stand alone. In a memorable speech in the Italian capitol on June 2, 1915, Premier Salandra proclaimed, amid the plaudits of his countrymen, "No vassalage, no protectorate under any one." This was Italy's declaration of independence.

(To be continued)

The Challenge to European Eminent Domain

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

"If it is true in America that people must be left to govern themselves irrespective of their capacity for the task, then it is also true in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The world is not large enough to contain two moralities on a subject like this."—L. CURTIS, "The Problem of the Commonwealth," page 201.

THE idealism of the public pronouncements of premiers and cabinet ministers of the belligerent powers has been wholly academic. During the first thirty months of the war secret diplomacy, far from being abandoned, was more pernicious than ever in its activities. Statesmen carved up empires in anticipation of victory, and allotted territories and peoples with no thought of seeking the consent of those whose destinies were being bartered. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, although pressed by radical deputies and newspapers to state frankly Germany's general conception of what the peace terms should be, consistently refused. He was unmoved by the argument that such a statement was needed to prove to the enemies of Germany, and to the German people as well, that Germany was not pursuing a war of conquest. Despite the formal resolution voted by the Reichstag in July, 1917, Dr. Michaelis continued his predecessor's policy of silence. The German answer to the pope's peace overture was as vague as all other official statements of Germany's aims at this period of the war.

From the beginning independent thinkers in the belligerent countries have protested in press and parliament against secret diplomacy. They pointed out that if the diplomatic arrangements of this war were envisaged in the same spirit and concluded in accordance with the same principles that have prevailed in Europe up to this time, it would mean the shipwreck of hopes of general disarmament and the formation of the society of nations. But even in Great Britain and France, where public opinion is most enlightened and best informed, protests against secret diplomacy were greeted with suspicion, and the setting forth of constructive programs met with ridicule and opprobrium. Because they condemned Prussian ideas of diplomacy, critics of "diplomatic agreements" were denounced as Prussian sympathizers, and then persecuted in the Prussian way! The old baneful secrecy was maintained against leading questions in parliaments, and inquisitive articles were suppressed by the censorship. It has been discouraging to see how the great mass of intelligent men feared having their patriotism questioned when they tried to express their thoughts logically and constructively. It is a sad commentary on democracy that, although M. Sasanoff in Russia, M. Delcassé in France, and Lord Grey in England were dismissed from office, the public who dismissed them blindly continued to support and fight for the accomplishment of territorial and political changes arranged by these foreign ministers, although they were still in ignorance of the nature and extent of these changes. How strong is the force of tradition! How pervasive is the unwillingness to resist the current of national passion!

The Russian Revolution revealed itself as a movement of socialism. The moderate liberal elements had not shown themselves fearless enough and powerful enough to overthrow czarism, and this told against them when they tried to get control of the new régime. Because they

had made the Revolution, the socialists became masters of Russia. They assured Russia's allies that they considered Germany the enemy of democracy, and had no intention of making a separate peace; but they stated clearly what M. Miliukoff, under their compulsion, had tried to administer in the form of a sugar-coated pill, with more sugar than pill. Russia did not feel herself bound in the slightest way by secret diplomatic agreements entered into by the czar and his ministers without the knowledge and consent of the Russian people. Since fighting for conquests and for the domination and enslavement of other nations was contrary to the very nature of the Russian Revolution, the other Entente powers were asked to revise the existing diplomatic agreements, and to put the common cause openly and frankly upon the high plane of the battle of democracy against autocracy.

A few weeks after the deposition of the czar, Germany's refusal to withdraw her declaration of unlimited submarine warfare brought the United States into the conflict. Immediately President Wilson's speech before the American Senate, which had aroused the bitter resentment of the diplomatists in January, became vitally significant. President Wilson, leading the American nation into belligerency, declared that the United States entered the war with the sole view of securing peace for the world by overthrowing German militarism and autocracy. He solemnly repeated his previous declaration that the United States committed herself to the establishment of a new era in world history and international relations by the application of the principle of "the consent of the governed."

Since we are too near the events and have too little knowledge of them to attempt to set forth why and how the reactionaries, in the face of radical parliamentary majorities, succeeded during the second and third years of the war in getting control of the British and French cabinets, we must limit ourselves to stating the fact. Mr. Lloyd George joined forces with politicians who hated and despised him and with the press that had never lost an occasion during fifteen years to assail him viciously as a dangerous demagogue and, in the earlier stages of his career, a traitor to his country. M. Ribot was able to assume the French premiership before a Chamber of Deputies that had refused, virtually without debate, to accept his leadership less than three years before. But since the events of March and April, 1917, the reactionaries and the press that support them have been powerless to combat the rise of public sentiment in Great Britain and France in favor of making this war the end of the old order of things. From the beginning this sentiment had existed, and it grew stronger as the war dragged on, and demanded of the common people prodigious sacrifice of life, and of the middle classes the risk of losing economic and social position as well. But it had been cleverly held in check by the plea of the necessity of "sacred union," and by arousing the fear that Germany might use the open espousal of democratic and anti-imperialistic ideals in Great Britain and France to detach Russia from the Entente alliance.

In London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, and Petrograd imperialists and reactionaries struggled bitterly during the spring and summer of 1917 to withstand the tidal wave of democracy. No such crisis has arisen in Europe since 1848. Although at the time of this writing the reactionaries were still hoping against hope, were trying in every way to obscure the issue at home by appeals to national pride and hatred and interest, and sent their emissaries to the United States to confuse American public opinion, the result was not in doubt. If the great English historian and philosopher who said that imperialism and democracy could not exist together were alive to-day, he would see the whole world coming to his belief, and he would see the world choosing for democracy. On the one hand, Great Britain and France, warned by the events of Petrograd and Helsingfors and Turin and Milan, knew that victory over the Central powers depended upon the coöpera-

tion of the United States, and that the coöperation of the United States could not be secured for the realization of imperialistic programs. On the other hand, Germany and Austria-Hungary knew that the coöperation of the United States meant their ultimate defeat, and that the only road to peace lay in the total abandonment of imperialistic programs.

We are permitted, then, to assume that the diplomatic agreements entered into during the first two years of the war are wiped off the slate. The world no longer has interest in them. They will not be the basis for the peace conference. President Wilson has set forth unequivocally what he calls "American principles," declaring that "we can stand for no other." Keen French and British observers who have been in America since we entered the war have written to London and Paris about the intense anti-imperialistic feeling that pervades America, and that the slogan, "make the world safe for democracy," is no catch-phrase, unthinkingly uttered by those who sent their sons to the battle-fields of Europe. Mr. Asquith sensed this American feeling in his speeches. The entire Anglo-Saxon world understood and sympathized with the reason of American intervention. The nations grouped under the British flag have not sustained this struggle for four years in order to allow their diplomats to arrange with the enemy a diplomats' peace. Public opinion in France was well expressed by M. Ribot, who was forced to acknowledge the sweeping away of the achievements of his public career, when he said to the French Chamber of Deputies, "The only peace that can be entertained by Europe is a peace based upon the right of every nation to decide its own destiny."

It is quite certain, however, that M. Ribot, although I have quoted his exact words, would be surprised if they were taken to mean *every nation in the world.* M. Ribot, if questioned on this point, would probably reply without hesitation, "Why, of course it is understood that I am speaking about European nations." But was it understood? If understood by Europeans, was it understood by extra-Europeans, Americans as well as Africans and Asiatics? Here comes the challenge to European eminent domain. What started as a European war became a world war, the first world war in history. During four centuries European nations fought one another in Europe and outside of Europe for the control of other continents. "Natives" of the other continents were enlisted by Europeans to fight other Europeans, but, with one slight exception, only on extra-European soil. From its incipiency this war has been different. Great Britain and France, to meet the first shock of the German invasion, brought into Europe as many Asiatics and Africans as they had available to fight and die on the battle-fields of Flanders and northern France. "Native" troops were used prodigally in Egypt and Mesopotamia, at Gallipoli and Saloniki. To stimulate their fighting ardor and reconcile them to hardships and sacrifices, these Asiatics and Africans were told that this war was their war, and that they were being called upon to give their lives for the establishment of world-wide justice and freedom. One could not go into a factory town of France without meeting at every turn laborers from all the French colonies and from China, brought to Europe to work at munitions-making. Africans and Asiatics unloaded ships at French ports, and took up the garbage and swept the streets of Paris. Japan was used to strike Germany in the far East, to patrol the Pacific waters, to escort troop-ships from India and New Zealand and Australia, and later to coöperate against submarines in the Mediterranean. French editors pleaded for Japanese armies to be brought to Europe, declaring that it was the only way to secure victory. China and Siam, also, are allies, and should have a seat as equals in the peace conference. Great Britain has accepted millions of pounds of war gifts from Indian princes. South and Central American states and the United States entered the war. Lastly—and this is by no means the least significant of the facts I have enumer-

ated—Russia, in her victorious offensive as well as in her hours of bitter defeat, leaned heavily upon her Asiatic contingents.

Will it be possible for the great powers of Europe to maintain the doctrine of European eminent domain? Having accepted extra-European aid in the fighting, can they deny a voice to extra-European nations in making peace? In calling upon the two Americas to help in fighting to win a peace based upon the principle of the freedom of nations to decide their own destinies the Entente powers may have had in mind only Belgium and Serbia and Poland, Bohemia and the Jugo-Slavs, but they have set in motion forces which, in their own population and in the self-governing dominions of Great Britain, as well as in the United States and the other American republics, are going to insist upon a wider application of this principle. Asiatics and Africans who contributed to the blocking of German schemes of world empire, and who are now coöperating with their European allies for the establishment of the society of nations, will have plenty of backing in America, and also in Europe, when they demand at the peace conference that the principle of freeing subject nationalities from the yoke of the foreigner be applied to them also and that they have a seat as equals in the new society of nations.

A prominent Chinaman who has had exceptional opportunities of knowing the inside of European diplomacy, and who is a practical man and not a dreamer, said to me recently:

"I am collecting carefully the speeches and the newspaper comments in Great Britain and France on Germany's proposals to the pope concerning Belgium. The arguments of British and French statesmen and publicists are logical and just. Belgium has a right to the restoration of entire and unrestricted independence. Germany's pretensions to a special economic position in Antwerp are preposterous. It is splendid to hear Mr. Asquith say that the twentieth century has brought a new era, when the nations of the world, banded together, are going to insist upon each nation being master of its own destinies, when historic wrongs will be righted, and when the bully who, by sheer military superiority or by fraud, has taken another's property will be compelled to disgorge. For we Chinese, do not forget it, are going to confront Great Britain and other European nations with the deadly parallel at the peace conference, and we believe that no special pleading, no sophistry will be able to turn aside our just demands. We have our Antwerps in the hands of the foreigner, and the title to them is no better than Germany's title to the great Belgian seaport."

Here is the dilemma that confronts the peace-makers: their formula must be the *status quo ante bellum,* or it must be a world-wide readjustment. Once we go behind the *status quo* of 1914, and raise the questions of how titles were acquired and "the consent of the governed," the doctrine of European eminent domain is challenged. Quite unconsciously, I think, Mr. Lloyd George was betrayed into making the challenge himself, was he not, when he told the House of Commons that Germany's African colonies could not in justice be returned to Germany "without the consent of the natives"? Unless the same principle be applied everywhere, outside of Europe as well as in Europe, we either acknowledge the fallacy of declaring that we are acting in accordance with the idea that right makes might or we are self-convicted hypocrites. I am not sentimental and impracticable, nor am I trying to confuse the issues by fishing in troubled waters. I am setting forth other issues of the war that may not have occurred to those who have narrowed their vision to the one thought of making every effort and using every means to defeat Germany without thinking of after effects and repercussions. The challenge to European eminent domain is the inevitable result of attempting to change the *status quo* in Europe by the application of any other principle than the law of force. We cannot get away from the truth well expressed by Mr. Curtis of the London "Round Table" in

one terse sentence, "The world is not large enough to contain two moralities on a subject like this."

The present political organisms of Europe have been determined by centuries of conflict, and the title to most of Europe's colonial possessions overseas rests on superior force. The European colonial possessions have been gained by waging wars, and titles have passed from European states who could not defend them to more aggressive states who ousted the former possessors by fighting. The study of the evolution of Europe into states, and the expansion of Europe outside of Europe, is a necessary antidote to the plausibly expressed and glibly repeated programs of politicians and partizan writers for remaking the map of Europe and the rest of the world. When one comes to appreciate the influence of economic factors in determining political boundaries and colonial expansion, wars appear most often as results rather than as causes, and conflicting national propagandas are seen to be the efforts of rival traders to extend market areas.

If we proclaim that the *status quo* in Europe must not be restored, on the ground that it is the result of the working of the law of force and violates the principle of self-government, are we logical in our position unless we reject equally the extra-European *status quo* on the same ground?

For many years before the outbreak of the present war I supplemented reading polemical and propagandist literature by personal investigation in most of the parts of Europe where a change in the *status quo ante bellum* is being advocated. I have also studied the polemical and propagandist literature of African and Asiatic movements, and have visited in their homes many leaders in the effort to rid these countries of their European masters. The similarity between the arguments against the maintenance of the *status quo* advanced by European and extra-European subject races is remarkable, and the arguments used by the possessors, in one case and the other, to justify their titles are identical. Even the blindest of partizans can hardly refuse to admit the parallels.

(1) Present rulers: "We have won this country [colony, protectorate] by the expenditure of blood and treasure."

Subject race: "We do not recognize your title acquired by force."

(2) Present rulers: "This country [colony, protectorate] came to us by a treaty made with its former possessor, and which all Europe ratified, if not specifically, at least tacitly."

Subject race: "We had no say in the treaty of which you speak, so it does not bind us; and, as you mean by 'all Europe' the statesmen of the great powers, we answer that they did not consult us, that their approval was based upon a real or fancied advantage to themselves, and was influenced neither by our desires nor by thought of our welfare. Your title, then, based on such consent and ratification, is null and void."

(3) Present rulers: "Your king [chief] gave us this country [colony, protectorate]."

Subject race: "But times are changed, and you have been fighting this war because you deny the right of a ruler to decide the destinies of his people."

(4) Present rulers: "We have been here a long time, and the time is past when our title can be challenged. You have become an integral part of our empire."

Subject race: "The French have always maintained in regard to Alsace and Lorraine that title based on right cannot be outlawed. If this be true in that case, it is equally true in our case."

(5) Present rulers: "We are in possession and in peaceful possession. We maintain order here. No other states, and not even you yourselves, oppose us."

Subject race: "You are in possession and in peaceful possession because you have quartered upon us an armed force for which you make us pay. Other states do not dispute your title solely because they know you would fight them to maintain it, and they are either not strong enough or do not want us badly enough to challenge your title."

(6) Present rulers: "If we leave you, you cannot defend yourselves against an aggressor."

Subject race: "What happens, if you get out, concerns us and not you. If you think it does concern you, and that it would be a calamity to your interests to have another nation installed here in your place, you would fight to defend us, anyway. But are you not now talking of a society of nations to protect the *status quo* established by the peace conference? If you realize that ideal, this argument of yours for staying here will no longer have value."

(7) Present rulers: "But we cannot leave you, because of our enormous investments in this country [colony, protectorate]. Not only have we put as individual men and as a government enormous sums in the development of your country [colony, protectorate], but you owe a large part of your national debt to us."

Subject race: "We waive the observations we could justly make, namely, that your investments were at your own risk and for your own profit, and that you have loaned us as a nation money which you have spent for us without our consent or advice, and a large part of it to strengthen your hold over us. We point simply to the fact that you would never accept this argument if it were directed against you. Nor do you accept it when directed against Belgium and other small states. You have larger private investments and larger interest in the national debt in very many independent states than you have in ours."

(8) Present rulers: "But we are here for your benefit and your interest."

Subject race: "Only secondarily. Whenever our benefit and our interest happen to be contrary to yours, your officials here act against us, and for the interest of the country from which they came."

(9) Present rulers: "Our rule has given you material prosperity beyond anything you ever had or ever dreamed of before, and which you would no longer enjoy if left to yourselves."

Subject race: "Material prosperity does not compensate for the lack of the right of self-government, which you hold to be your most precious possession and the cause of your high degree of civilization, but which you deny to us."

(10) Present rulers: "You are not ready for self-government."

Subject race: "A race that does not have the chance to guide its own destinies, no matter how well off it may be in subjection, can never advance morally and become highly civilized and self-respecting."

(11) Present rulers: "Officials of your own race and your substantial landowning and industrial classes do not want us to get out. They would consider it a calamity if we did get out."

Subject race: "You have bribed our official classes by paying them large sums out of our pockets, and they are your creatures because they are dependent on you and not on us for their jobs. As for our substantial landowning and industrial classes, you keep them favorable to your rule by favoring their privileged position in a way that you do not favor similar classes in your own country. You are advocates of universal suffrage, equality before the law, and other democratic principles in your own country. Here you deliberately protect feudalism and irresponsible bureaucracy because you know that in no other way would you have indigenous partizans of your rule."

(12) Present rulers: "If we withdrew, anarchy would follow. We repeat what we have said above, that we have put a lot of money into this country [colony, protectorate] and have guaranteed your debts. Not only our own citizens, but those of other nations, have settled and invested money in this country [colony, protectorate] because they had confidence in us as your rulers. So we do not intend to get out, or let the reins of government pass from our control."

Subject race: "What nation has evolved to self-government except by passing through anarchy, civil wars, and revolutions, during which property was destroyed and lives were lost? We are not

foolish enough to believe that we shall attain your civilization without passing through such periods ourselves. But we ask you in the name of fairness, do you think that you could have been prepared for self-government by an alien race, different in background, in religion, in language, and which considered itself superior to your race? Where would you be to-day had some outside nation prevented your evolution? As for the financial argument, since you bring it up again, do you intend to interfere in the evolution of Russia on the ground of unwillingness to see your investments and trade and the lives of people jeopardized?"

In these twelve *pros* and *contras* I have tried to cover the ground of contention between subject races and their masters. If we are honestly working for constructive world peace, it is of prime importance to consider the arguments of dominant races and subject races wholly aside from the heat and passion of the conflict between the two groups of European powers. The reasons for doing this *sautent aux yeux,* as the French say.

Nationalist movements interested the world at large very little before the present war. The general public was unacquainted with the existence of most of them, let alone with their merits and demerits. Outside of students and travelers and those who were directly affected, none took the trouble to familiarize himself with these movements. Consequently, public opinion all over the world, lacking ante-bellum knowledge of the aspirations and claims of subject races, has accepted at face-value statements of partizan writers, who have not hesitated to denature the truth for the sake of propaganda.

At this grave moment in the world's history those to whom the public looks for information on international questions have a tremendous responsibility. Woefully misled are statesmen and publicists and college professors and lecturers who believe that patriotism demands of them just now, if not actual *suggestio falsi,* at least *suppressio veri.* If in this crisis writers are pro-Ally or pro-German instead of pro-human in their treatment of the aspirations and claims of weak nations and subject races, they are using their influence against the establishment of a just and durable peace, for the war has awakened in all humanity a demand for a "square deal." Unless we heed this demand, our labor is like that of Sisyphus.

Only if we were to allow the diplomats to make an old-fashioned peace could the challenge to European eminent domain be prevented a hearing at the peace conference. Although more difficult than in former times, owing to the world-wide extension of the war, it would be possible for the delegates of the great powers, if given a free hand to treat, to make combinations and bargains with one another and to bribe and bully and ignore the little fellows. But we have to reckon this time with twentieth-century democracy. It is hardly conceivable that the people of the warring nations will stand for another Congress of Vienna or Paris or Berlin. Europe, moreover, is no longer a free agent, and has been warned by President Wilson that America will not agree to a diplomats' peace. The alternative is the adoption of the society-of-nations idea, with the "will of the people," disarmament, and international police features.

When the society of nations is broached, the challenge to European eminent domain will come from four sources: the nations, big and small, who are not rich in colonies and protectorates; the self-governing dominions of the British Empire; the "natives" who are the political and social, and in many cases economic, victims of the doctrine of European eminent domain; and the democrats of all countries, including those who hold colonies and protectorates. The challenge from the first two of these sources will be motived by interest, that of the third source by the very logic of the new order proposed, and that of the fourth by conscience and by the conviction that imperialism is the deadly foe of democracy.

The challenge to European eminent domain by those who demand the open door

to trade in Africa and Asia on absolute equality with the owners of colonies, by those who, having helped to defend old colonies and win new ones, want their share in the ownership and management of them, and by those whose pride and whose yearning for self-government prompts them to protest against being in tutelage, opens questions and sets problems too numerous and complicated to discuss here. The challenge on these grounds is significant and far-reaching, but it is of secondary importance to the challenge by those who believe that the peace of the world is linked with the future of democracy. In Great Britain, France, the United States, and Germany liberal statesmen, independent thinkers, and political radicals have been consistent in their opposition to the extension of European eminent domain, especially in recent years. The Prime Minister of Great Britain first came before the public eye as a bitter anti-imperialist. Like Mr. Lloyd George, MM. Briand and Viviani are both on record in their public speeches as prophesying that colonial aggrandizement and colonial preferential tariffs would lead to a European war. The immediate and unhesitating declaration of territorial disinterestedness on the part of the Russian Revolutionists, and their demand for a revision of existing treaties, showed what the men who overthrew the czar thought of the relation between autocracy and imperialism.

Putting idealism aside, and basing our argument on recent European history, we have the most practical grounds for asserting that European eminent domain can be considered as a permanent danger to the world's peace. That we may keep constantly in view the object for which we fought, it may have been wise, in the prosecution of this war, to adopt toward German militarism Cato's attitude toward Carthage; but when we are considering the problems of peace, German militarism is only one of several equally important sources of possible conflict.

At Leeds, on September 26, 1917, Mr. Asquith stated what he believes to be the aspiration of democracy the world over, in enemy as well as in allied countries. He was thinking of British Tories and imperialists at the same time as of Prussian Junkers when he declared that discussion of a peace, with limited objects, was inadmissible. He said:

"Prussian militarism has been and is our objective, since it chose to force matters to an issue. But the peace for which we are fighting is not the restoration of the status quo, not the revival in some revised shape of what used to be called the balance of power. It is the substitution for one and the other of an international system, in which there will be a place for great and for small states, and under which both alike can be ensured a stable foundation and an independent development. . . . For the first time in history we may make an advance to the realization of an ideal. It is the creation no longer of a merely European, but since our kinsmen across the Atlantic have joined hands with us, of a world-wide polity, uniting the peoples in a confederation of which justice will be the base and liberty the corner-stone."

Mr. Asquith is right in his belief. The moment is past when peace could be made, to use his own words, on the basis of "nebulous and unctuous generalities." The "newer and truer perspective" inevitably challenges European eminent domain.

When we examine analytically and weigh dispassionately the arguments advanced for the maintenance of European eminent domain, we see that they are based upon principles which we have proscribed. They are the principles on the ground of upholding and defending which we have indicted the Prussian militarists and the German Imperial Government. For European eminent domain is the doctrine of the *Übermensch* put into practice. It has been established by races, who, believing themselves superior, have imposed by force their rule and *Kultur* upon inferior races. European eminent domain has no justification unless one believes

either (*a*) that our particular idea of civilization is so essential to the world's happiness and well-being that it must be built up and spread and maintained by force; (*b*) that "superior races" have the right to exploit, or at least direct the destinies of, "inferior races"; or (*c*) that the bestowal of material blessings upon people is adequate compensation for denying them the right of governing themselves. How, then, can a man be an imperialist and believer in "the white man's burden" and at the same time a sincere opponent of what Germany stood for?

The only other argument of the defenders of European eminent domain, that of color, was exploded when we took in Japan as an ally on equal terms. Are there "superior" and "inferior" races among the Mongolians? If so, why are the Japanese included among "Asiatics" in our immigration prohibitions? That we needed Japanese aid to defeat Germany, and that we feared that Japan would make trouble for us if we had not taken her in, are our reasons. But by doing so we created a precedent, and sacrificed the last defense of European eminent domain. And now we have China, Siam, Liberia, Haiti, to reckon with. This does not mean that we shall have to admit to economic and social and political privileges in Europe and America and Australia the Asiatic and the African, but it does mean that we can no longer claim the right to assume for ourselves economic and social and political privileges in their continents. For if we do, our society of nations will be constructed upon an unstable foundation and will not last. We shall still have before us the necessity of big armaments and the prospect of another, and not distant, world war.

There is one way to a durable world peace, and that is to be sincere in eschewing the principle that "might makes right." Do we believe that right makes might? If so, for the joy and glory and security of a righteous peace we must challenge European eminent domain.

The Peace Call

By EDGAR LLOYD HAMPTON

I am the voice of the uplands ringing from hill to hill,
Calling you back to action; hearken, and do my will.
Put up your spear and saber, smother the torch and brand,
Lay down your weapons of warfare; come back, for peace is at hand.
Back to your reeking workshops, turning again to toil;
Lift up the horn of plenty out of the teeming soil.
Shoulder the pick and shovel, kindle again the hearth,
Scatter the wheat and barley over the wasted earth.

For the cannon is hushed in the lowland, the order has been withdrawn,
And the sound of disbanding armies echoes from dark to dawn.
Up from the reeking byways come the sons and daughters of men,
Beating their swords and shrapnel back into plows again.
Over the waste of the valley the sound of an anvil rings,
And up from the fields of carnage a blood-red poppy springs.
And the shepherd is out on the hillside, calling again to his sheep;
And the song of the busy sickle awakens the earth from sleep.

For their god was a god of Mammon, venal, and low, and mean,
Crowned as a king of rage and lust over the Nazarene,
Shooting their hate in bullets e'en as they knelt to pray
Up to a god of human souls built from a bit of clay.
Claiming a strange exemption, oft as they did before;
Crying aloud their noble deeds, shoulder deep in gore;
Spilling the blood of mothers; laying the offspring low;
Turning the song at the cradle into a wail of woe;
Plowing the fields with shrapnel, mad in their last retreat;
Sowing the earth with corpses rather than corn and wheat.

But the dream they dreamed is ended, their labors were wrought in vain:
For the god they built of flesh and blood has crumbled to dust again.
The throne they sat a pack of lies, and nurtured through blood and tears,
Over the soul of a risen Lord, has tumbled about their ears.
Till their hands grew slack with slaughter, and their souls grew sick with fear,
For a voice that was not of Mammon came echoing down the year,
And a God not made of an idol's foot arose to set them free,
And the sobbing voice at the cradle was turned to a song of glee.
And the skies were filled with promise, and the earth was nurtured again
With the food and drink as in days of old, other than blood of men.
And the voices of happy children sang as a long ago;
For the hand of the grim crusader had turned again to the hoe.

There is no god of the Allies, there is no god of the Hun;
But he who is God of the kingdoms all numbers us one by one.
And they who do right are forgiven, but they who do wrong are slain;
For the soul of the Christ has risen, reigning on earth again.
And they who themselves exalted have passed, with their pomp and pelf;
For the truth lives on forever, but a lie destroys itself.
Thus they who are sick and broken shall sleep on the warm earth's breast;
For the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Hark to the voice of the uplands, ringing from deep to deep,
Calling to peaceful battle ere I again turn to sleep.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THREE questions men everywhere in the Western World have asked constantly in their hearts: Can Germany be beaten? When will peace come? What will happen after the war? The first is settled, the second has found its reply, the third is hard upon us. The answer will be a drama already prepared and set, with the curtain just rising—a drama of uncertainties. And the great uncertainties are: What will the soldiers want? Into what has the war made them? What will they do, British, French, American, when they come home?

No one knows, but many are speculating, especially, of course, in Europe, where four years of war have changed men, body and brains and soul, from their earlier selves. Three months ago, in London, an editor told me of a straw vote he had taken in a hospital ward to determine how many men there had changed their political allegiance. The percentage of change was high, and the Labor Party was indicated as the new favorite; but this is not the significant point in the story. Within the next few weeks that anecdote was quoted in several London newspapers, a little later it made the emphatic last paragraph of a political article in an influential American monthly, and I have seen it cropping up again and again since. It is clear that we are vastly ignorant of the real ideas of the soldier if a straw vote among twenty men is taken as evidence of the minds of the millions at the front.

Has the soldier definite ideas upon social reform or international relations or politics? Has he become radical or reactionary or pacifist or militarist? My own observation leads me to doubt it strongly. The Americans have been too busy with a new environment to think much. The British and the French have been too tired. I am writing, of course, of the representative man, private or officer.

More sensitive minds have been set strongly vibrating. Intellectuals have found trench life not unfavorable to speculation; but the army as a whole seems to live a simple, unreflecting life, spaced, as a British officer said, between disagreeable boredom and still more disagreeable danger. The soldier in general is fixed upon his single purpose, and not inclined to go beyond the next possible shell-burst in considering the reconstruction of the world. My chief recollections of conversations during two weeks spent with a miscellaneous group of officers are of the novelty of the surroundings, the interest of the new facts we had to discuss, and the platitudinous staleness of the general ideas proffered upon the war and the future. "Things are going to be different after the war" was about as far as we got. Indeed, active service, no matter how novel, is not usually a breeder of ideas. What it does is to form new habits of mind.

We need, of course, no psychologist to tell us that it is not new thoughts so much as the things behind thinking that bring about great changes. In habits of mind fixed by experience, not in random conversations or ideas shut off in the stress of argument, lies the birth of the new world, if one is to come after the war. The enthusiast is given free play in a time of general upset. Since with civilization at war anything seems possible, he sees a new heaven and a new earth, with no one to gainsay him. But we know well that when this lumbering old wagon of a world jolts back into the ruts again we shall jog on indifferent to the voice of the exhorter, even though the tears in his eyes as he spoke of education universal and poverty

abolished made our own moist with hope. Oratory and optimism, ideas no matter how burning, have little chance with use and want. But with habits the struggle is more equal. If we ask: How will the soldiers act? What will they want? It is to their new emotions aroused and made permanent, their new ways of thinking become habitual, that we must look for answer. No man in the armies of the world is living as he lived before the war. Only the most inflexible are feeling and thinking in just the same fashion. There is the vital difference, and it will determine the future.

What habits will Johnny bring home with him? He will bring military discipline, of course, a readiness in obeying orders, precision in executing them, respect for superiors, and a livelier attention to the needs of those about him. This may cure some of the slackness of the unmilitary nations; but I think it means little in itself that is fundamental. America and Great Britain in peace-times, now that we look backward, were not worse off, for all their lack of discipline, than Germany and France. Discipline, like a good accent, is an admirable thing unless one pays too much for it. Germany paid too much. I cannot believe that it is military discipline which is going to transform either Great Britain or America.

Nor do I believe in a veiled and powerful militarism behind this discipline which will change us, as some fear, body and soul. The Britisher, as many will tell you, is less militaristic than before the war. The American, who was not militaristic at all, will find himself unchanged, unless, indeed, the war ended so quickly that thousands of us remain overstocked with fighting spirit. The passion for modern war as such, which one finds bottled in many Americans on this side of the water, would be humorous if it were not potential of difficulties in the future. There should be some savage African district, well supplied with wire-entanglements, tanks, bombs, shrapnel, gas, mud, and lice, and garrisoned by a cannibal tribe trained by Prussian officers and needing extinction, the whole to be used as a cooling-ground for soldiers who came into war too late to discover what a horrid business it is when separated from lofty principles.

Habits of mind more deep-reaching than the discipline of drill and more general than left-over bloodthirstiness Johnny will bring back with him. He has been made simple, and he will demand simplicity in the life to which he is returning.

War introduces an enormous complexity in the business of running the state, but great simplicity in the life of the individual soldier. There is a window in the army and navy stores in London given over entirely to devices for simplifying life: a combination bed-roll and kit-bag that will carry everything the soldier needs; trench outfits in which the paraphernalia of a flat, minus the furniture, is reduced to essentials and tucked into a parcel; devices whereby all that is needed in the science of war hangs by hooks or wraps, by bands, around one. And the married man, with a house and a garden and a motor and a wife and two children and a thousand different articles belonging to and occasionally used by him, enters mentally loaded with them all, and leaves physically staggering under his kit, but bearing about him all that he needs for France or Syria, for a month or the duration of the war.

And this simplification of the means of life has its complement upon the battlefield in the simplification of the ends of life. The hopes, the purposes, the desires of the soldier, whose weight oppress in peace-time, are reduced to their lower limits. He hopes to win or to get a "good little wound" or merely to stay alive. His purpose is to obey orders, to do his bit toward winning the war, to get the approval of his superiors and companions. He desires food, sleep, the long-deferred homecoming; he desires promotion. It is all as simple, though more serious than, going camping, where your sole desire is to catch fish, keep warm, and have a good time; and it has the same effect of general brain clearing. Some men, notably, I believe, the mechanics of our industrial system,

whose life had already been rendered simple by machinery, passed into this new order with little change except an interest they had never felt before, accompanied by new hardship and pain. But for most men such an unshipping of life's wares, material and spiritual, means a transformation. For good or ill? Sometimes the one, sometimes the other; too long continued, almost always for ill. That, however, is not the question. Of more immediate importance is the effect of this new simplicity of existence upon the returning soldier, upon the world to which he is returning.

Others have doubtless observed that the British soldier at the front or on leave complains, when he talks at all of home affairs, of the "fussiness" and the "indirection" of the Government for which he is fighting. He wants to be rid of "politicians," and of people who "beat about" and talk without getting anything done. He is impatient with statesmen who "wobble" and interfere with immediate action. In fact, what he means by "politician" seems to be a man who debates and discusses instead of doing something with the directness and simplicity of an order from G. H. Q. It is worthy of curious note that the men most inclined to criticism of this nature are often the speculative, philosophic fellows who before the war must have spent many an hour in analyzing action and its motives. In the American Army, the critics of "Washington" display the same fine impatience with debate that may delay the order which sets men and things in immediate motion. These men have become habituated to a life of simple, direct action, and are impatient of any attitude toward the exigencies of the world more complex than their own.

It is not improbable that civilian life is too complex for efficiency, and the ratio of talk to accomplishment may have been in these years of war too large. All one can say is that in Great Britain's end of the war—our own is too young for judging, and as to France I do not feel competent—it is reasonably clear that the great errors have been about equally shared between the civilians at home and the military. This need not be debated here. What is more important for the future is, that Joe Brown, the machinist, and William Cosgrave, the lawyer, will bring back with them the habits of the soldier, with effects that will last longer than the physical disturbances of war.

It may be argued from this that we shall have an overturning of things as they are when the soldiers come marching home. Strong words may be expected of them. What a mess, they may say, our Government of wire-pulling and chit-chat has become! Let us issue general order number 217 and change it. What a silly confusion is our educational system, where pupils dawdle over work that should interest them and does n't, or are held down to study that can never do them any good! General order 325 will be a cure for that. Issue it. What nonsense that fat porker Jones should waste income he does n't earn, while Tom Reilly slaves on less than a living wage! Let the G. H. Q. at Washington act and act quickly!

Doubtless we shall get quicker, simpler action when the boys come home, but it is unwise to be optimistic if you are a liberal, and unnecessary to be pessimistic if you are a conservative. It is, after all, the simplicity of war that is artificial, not the complexity of peace. Efficient government, effective education, social justice, are all very difficult things to achieve. They cannot be brought about by general orders. The difficulty is not, as our more rigid advocates of "preparedness" supposed in 1915, that the civilian world is too undisciplined and will not obey; but rather that one cannot advance civilization by ordering it forward. If Hill Number 217 is taken as a result of a general's commands, it is taken; that is all there is to it. Hill Number 221 then becomes a possible objective. But a general order to redistribute wealth might have results no man can foresee. War stands in the same relation to normal life as the simple desires of a child to the complex and often self-defeating motives that actuate a man. When Johnny comes marching back he

will find, like General Grant, that his peace world doubles and twists away from his simplifications. A just government and a happy family life are more difficult to capture than the enemy's trench.

Let us give over, therefore, expecting Utopias, socialist or otherwise, and look not at dim prophecy, but at definite accomplishment. What the war has done to the world is not yet evident; what it has done to men begins to be clear, though not, of course, the extent or the durability of the changes. I shall be content in the paragraphs that follow to note a few simple observations on the front and behind the lines which seem to me significant and better worth recording than prognostications, because, if they are true, they point to new habits, new emotions, that will function in the future, and be among the shaping forces of the world that lies ahead.

The remarkable thing to me about the psychology of the soldier, especially the young soldier, is the definiteness with which he faces the future. And this is due, I am sure, to simplicity in that military life of which I have been writing. War has crystallized his mind. The vagueness of twentieth-century youth, the blind and wasteful groping which we teachers knew so well, has given place utterly to a habit of crisp decision that will remain.

Two illustrations will serve to make clear my meaning. I was en route on a French railroad near Commercy when a lieutenant of aviation got into my compartment. I had known him well only twelve months before, an eager, "literary" boy, alive with aspirations that kept jostling one another, so that one week he was writer, the next a social thinker, and the third mere waster of time. What his people wanted him to do was in sharpest conflict with his own desires; but just what these desires were neither he nor I could say. And I found in the train that day a simple, cheerful boy, fascinated by his work, rather expecting to be killed, but not bothering about it, quite ready to do the thing that most appealed to him without considering the cost or what might come afterward. What he will want after the war I do not know; but *he* will know, and know quickly. His mind had cleared.

The other was a man of my own age who had already a reputation for scholarship in a difficult subject. Esthetics was his field, but he had thrown it over for artillery organization.

"This generation," he said, as we talked one night on a steamer, "is done with analysis of the past. Definite, constructive work on bridges or politics or airplanes or social reform is what men will get their minds on. I 've put a period in my work. I 'm beginning over again"—he pointed at the nose of a gun—"with this." Perhaps he is right; perhaps, as I believe, he is far too absolute; but at least his mind also had crystallized under the stress of war.

I did not at first connect another quality of the soldier mind with this new decisiveness, but reflection shows that both spring from the simplicity of military life and its escape from the complexities of peace. I mean the frank sincerity of the soldiers, especially the young soldier. Every one who has moved through France and England comments upon this, and, indeed, the soldier poetry which is coming back abundantly has frankness and simple sincerity for its prime qualities. Among young Americans the result has been to lift the ban upon the emotions, especially where danger has been mixed in the cup. In a month at the University Union in Paris I heard young college men talk more freely of religion, beauty, fear, affection, and the passions generally than in years of ordinary college experience.

And this has been furthered by the breaking down of racial barriers, for each race has its own special reservations which have become conventional, and the discovery that other nations express them freely has had a salutary effect. The Englishman seldom talks of what he has done and how he feels about it; the Frenchman is silent upon family life; the American speaks only shamefacedly of his intellect and his esthetic emotions. What a surprise it has been for our boys to hear their French masters in the science of war talk,

literature, music, art, and philosophy in dugouts and trenches! What an experience (and perhaps a release) for the Englishman to join upon equal duty with an American in whom genial effusiveness clearly did not indicate inferiority! All such experiences, and danger most of all, join with a simply directed life to unlock the natural man and promote sincerity. We may be sure that the soldier will come back more honest in saying and knowing what he feels; more truthful, therefore, in living; and readier to shatter conventions. And the effect of this is bound to be evident in politics and social relations as well as in talk and in literature.

What puzzles me most is the commonest of all experiences in the army and wherever the war comes close to the heart. I cannot tell whether its intensity is due to the brutality of war, which it offsets, and will dim with the recurrence of normal times, or whether, indeed, a new emotion has been stirred in human nature, as in the early days of the French Revolution, and will last for decades. I mean this time the release of friendliness in the war. I do not mean the effusive sentiment of public speakers and writers of propaganda. That is well enough in its way, because it is probably more genuine than ever before. What I am remembering is not compliments, but the thing itself; that curious affability which has spread through the Allied world until an American finds friendly moods, which mean more than friendly words, in every railway compartment in England or France. Confidence is at the base of it—confidence that you and the machine-gunner and the clerk in the Admiralty and the expert on the Shipping Board are all wanting the same big things and subject to the same possible misfortunes. It is a mood, indeed, of misfortune, like the sudden friendliness in a house where death is threatening. For the war has been bad fortune in some sense, even when a release or a stimulus, to us all.

Have governments ever been friendly to their citizens before? But how else can the "nearest-friend" provision of the British War Office be interpreted, whereby the wife, the child, the mother, or lacking these, the near friend of a dying soldier was sent at government charges across the channel to ease his last moments? An acquaintance of mine, a worker in a club for soldiers on leave, had been kind to a lonely soldier. A message came to her one midnight that he was dying in Flanders, that he said she was his only friend, that the Government wanted her to go over. And she went, but arrived too late.

Hospitals, especially base hospitals, are organized in this war on a basis of friendliness. It is not merely the carefully planned color schemes and decorations of the wards that betray friendly consideration for the personalities as well as the bodies of the sick and wounded. Nor is it only the fixed policy of "cheer up" in which every attendant is drilled. No; they are clubs, these hospitals. There are men and women in all of them whose business it is to be friendly to the inmates, to be interested in their personal troubles and happinesses, and at least at the great Third London General Hospital, at Wandsworth, discharged patients have not merely the right, but a request, to return for a bed and a meal, and the privileges of a club in which they have become, so to speak, non-resident members. The "nearest friend" of an Irish soldier was brought from Ireland to see him before he was to lose a leg by amputation. He fretted after she had gone, and so they brought her back again, to marry him; for, said he, "Sure, she might n't do it after she saw my cork leg." Institutions have souls now.

Very few men will come back from the trenches and the prison camps, the hospitals and the service of the S. O. S., few men or women from the vast departments of civilian labor and relief, without new friends and new friendliness to make up in part for their privations and the abnormality of their war years. It will be like the experience of life in an American college, which also, in its less vivid, if more agreeable, fashion, brings men and women together in a common relationship of labor and desire.

Johnny comes marching home, then, with a fine new sense that life can be mobilized and made simple if he wishes it, a scrutinizing sincerity, and a new consciousness of kinship with his fellow-men. What happens? It will depend, I suppose, upon what he finds when he gets home, for the civilian mind has been changing also.

I wonder if we realize how much it has changed. I think, perhaps, that one has to be away from America for a while among the British, where change has been ground into the flesh, then return to find his home world still in the mold and form of earlier days, and yet already in a few months enormously altered. It is not the war and war fever and patriotism that have made the difference. They were all there before, latent, dormant. To become vehemently patriotic was an effort, but not a change, for the American. His alteration has come through doing, not merely by thinking and feeling. His change has been in national consciousness, not in national character. Conscious service to the state, in which the majority have had some part, has brought it about. The familiar words conceal the significance of the new public-mindedness here in America. We shall never go back to the fences built round our own business, our own home, with their signs, "no thoroughfare—except for politicians and philanthropists—to the world without."

This public-mindedness leads to a crystallization of ideas for the civilian also. What man (or what woman) at home does not find his ideas more definite, his decisions quicker, his demands in politics, in social life, in religion, in morals, crisper, clearer, more positive than before the war? The material of new political parties for example, is already here, visible to the observer, although it has scarcely as yet begun to trouble the old organizations. Conservatives are becoming more definitely and more thoughtfully conservative; liberals more constructively radical.

In a sense this means that the bourgeoisie are beginning to disappear, by a process less violent, to be sure, than the Russian method of extermination, but more likely to benefit the state. The true bourgeois, I take it, is the man who, having no strongly felt class interests, has therefore no civic loyalties except to his family and vaguely to the land of his birth or adoption. The laboring man above the lowest grade escapes by his sense of class union against the capitalist. The aristocracy, where there is one, escapes through its sense of caste; the intellectual by apprehension of world-wide relationships; the professional man through *esprit de corps*. But multitudes of the middle classes, both in Great Britain and America, were self-contained and self-centered before the war. Their lives were fat; their brains were fat; their obligations to the community, except as buyers or sellers, weak and languorous. All this is changing. A talk in any trolley-car or hotel lobby or post-office or club proves that. It is difficult to live in wartime and remain thoroughly bourgeois.

Generalizations upon communities must be a little abstract, for communities, unlike the army, are not simplified, centralized, made perforce uniform. Nevertheless, it will be freely admitted that home has changed; and therefore we may return to the soldier. He will come back with his comradeship and his desire for quick, simple decisions into a civilization that is at least aroused to the need of change in the present and change in the future; and what will happen?

It is easier to guess what may happen in Great Britain, where the war has run through the whole social fabric, than in America, where the process has little more than begun. The British world has been plowed deep. Minds there have been turned up like buried seeds, and are ready to sprout freshly. The rich are prepared to be less rich; the one-time idler expects to continue working; the haters of change are prepared actively to resist it; the forward-looking have left speculation for action. England is electric with energy and indignation and determination and thought.

On a long and windy road I met a lean figure with shy, burning eyes, the fore-

head of a thinker, loose clothes that flapped in the wind. He dismounted from a dusty bicycle and sat beside me to rest. A school-teacher, an Oxford man, a conservative, he was organizing the farm laborers in southwestern England in order that they might take advantage of the minimum wage, which had been allowed them in theory, but in practice withheld. He did not, on the whole, believe in unions; but the minimum wage was an insurance against misery and discontent. He made it his business until those more fit should succeed him.

My road ended in the park of a great house where I had tea with a "woman of rank," as they used to say in the eighteenth century, and a labor leader, representatives of the two classes least affected by the spirit of the bourgeois.

"What are you going to do with a place like mine," she asked, "after the war? It is very expensive. We can never pay your taxes; and yet it is beautiful. You would miss my week-ends."

"We 'll make you a government hostess," he returned quickly. "We can't get along without manors and the kind of people that live in them. We 'll have to find a way."

It was banter, of course, but fundamentally both were serious. Like the dark-browed, grim enthusiast on the bicycle, they were forward-looking.

Again, in Oxford last June, I was given an opportunity to study the results of a questionnaire that had been carefully prepared by experts and sent to a list of workmen all over Great Britain, selected for their shrewd independence of thought. One of the questions had reference to the relations of labor and capital after the war. The replies agreed with absolute unanimity that the "truce" between them would end with the war, and that the struggle would be renewed and fought to a finish; but they also agreed, with almost as complete a consensus, that there were definite grounds of agreement, conciliation, and compromise such as had never existed before. What are these grounds? The writers did not specify. They may have meant the Whitely Report and the earlier labor-and-land legislation of Lloyd George. I do not think so. They seemed to be aware of something far more important—the spirit of coöperation that the war has made necessary in England; and still more important, the knowledge of how to coöperate, which every factory and organized industry has had to acquire.

These men also were forward-looking; and so is the army, which has learned cooperation far more thoroughly and added thereto the sanctions of comradship in danger and toil. The army way doubtless is far too simple. It will not work in peace. The desire to carry on the direct and simple action of war-time will strike upon the complexities of the civilian world of privilege and upon the rights of man and property, and shatter; but the force of the blow may drive England into a new social order where the value of work gets a juster assessment. When the soldiers come back with their ideas of quickly mobilizing the muddled world they left behind them, they will perforce divide into a dozen parties, but each will find action under way waiting for men to drive it on. England will not be militarized, for militarism is not the kind of simplification that England wants. She will probably become more radical, for vast numbers at home and abroad seek change. She may become more conservative, for the forces of reaction and of cautious, thoughtful delay have strengthened in opposition. But muddle, which is trying to be both conservative and radical without plan or object, will largely disappear.

A young American officer outlined to me his idea of America after the war. We were to apply the principle of conscription to labor. The Government was to guarantee all wages and enforce production. The fighting army was to become a working army. A simple, well-rounded scheme this, eminently adapted to the idea of business as the supreme good; but a flat contradiction of that liberty of action which even though we may gladly sacrifice it in times of crisis, and rightly limit it for the benefit of the community, is still sweet. And this

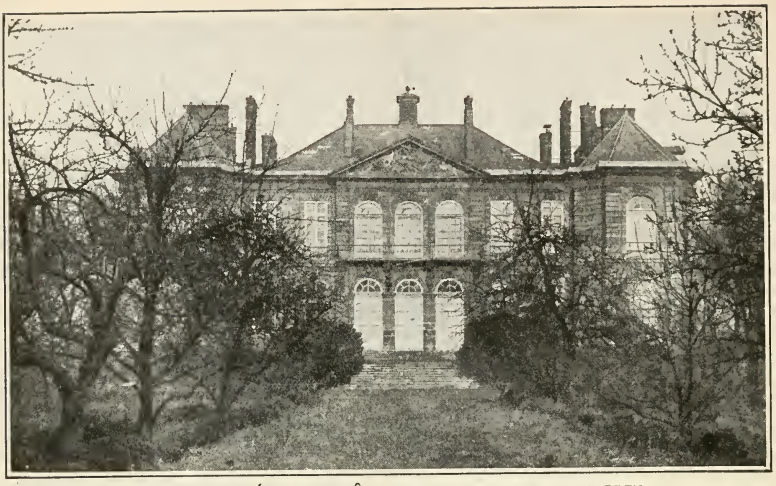
is precisely the kind of simplification which many a man will bring back with him, and find power to apply, too, if we at home are not ready with some better means of reorganizing our world against muddle and inefficiency and exploitation by the privileged of the unprotected.

And that great sweep of friendliness which has embraced our troops as well as our comrade armies has its dangers also. Let the returning soldier find a backsliding America, as anxious to get back to conditions before the war as she was to go upon a war basis, and what is fine emotion may become self-regarding and a menace. Friendship made the Grand Army of the Republic, and the power of friendship made it a political force for such exploitation of pensions as the world had not hitherto seen. We want opportunities for service, not service pensions, for the veterans of the great war. And that means an America where public-spiritedness and the desire for interesting action, qualities that belong to a soldier, are given their chance. You can accomplish this in war-time by general orders from a government in danger, loved, and respected; but when the corporation, the railroad, the department store, or the university again becomes the employer, the thing will not be so easy. There must be a stake and a share in the control of the enterprise for all of the workers. Nothing less will guarantee loyalty from men and women who have learned by experience how a sense of pride in service and of equal opportunity sweetens hardship and toil.

Great Britain, in the stress of 1917-18, when relative starvation threatened far more nearly than the ignorant realized, when at times there was only six weeks' food in sight, allowed the working-man who needed much food to buy double the rations permitted to others with more money, but less muscular fatigue. This is honest, useful democracy. Great Britain is preparing definitely and carefully to house her laborers, to employ them, and to educate them in reconstruction. Radical conservatives and radical liberals are joining in the determination that such simple truths as the needlessness of poverty and the necessity of recreation should be made true for England. You cannot, as Lloyd George said the other day, make an A1 nation from C_3 inhabitants. The British soldier returning from a simple, though dangerous, life may hope perhaps to find one simpler than hitherto and more agreeable awaiting him.

What are we doing in America against the time when Johnny comes home? Are we still satisfied with congested slums in a land of broad spaces; with masses of alien illiterates in a country where education is general; with degradation and ugliness and vulgarity in the richest country in the world? Is the soldier who has been kept clean, made healthy, and taught that his importance to his country is measured by his ability, not his bank-balance, to be asked to accept the old system as a complex necessity? After he has been paid in respect and thankfulness and honor for his services, is he to be content in the future to spend his life being thankful for a wage or a salary that enables some one for whom he cares nothing to become richer than necessary? Is it possible that after a war in which money as such has long since lost its value we shall still believe that money-making in the future as in the past is the first duty of America?

The war lasted too long for Europe. It has brought, with much good, misery and soul failure and degeneration unnecessary to write of here. In one sense it lasted too long for America, since it has destroyed much capital and more lives, actual and potential, than we can yet reckon. But it has ended too quickly if we have been merely stirred out of our arm-chairs of individualism to sink back with peace. When the soldier comes home he should find us awake. I saw in a back street of London a sign, "business as usual during alterations," over the door of a house crushed down, powdered by a bomb from an air raid. The American mind is doing a dangerous amount of business as usual during alterations. Take the sign down before the *alerte* sounds and the boys come home.



THE RODIN MUSÉE, IN THE HÔTEL BIRON. VIEW FROM THE GARDEN

Rodin's Last Gift to France

By WALTER PACH

WHEN death ended the long career of Auguste Rodin in November, 1917, his position was one of such eminence as perhaps few, if any, artists had ever before attained in his day. Many of the great cities of the world had acclaimed his work, and there was scarcely a museum where modern art finds a place but was proud to show some example of his sculpture. In Paris, Tokio, New York, or Buenos Aires, in Stockholm, Prague, Nancy, or London, every one who cares for art knows where he can go in his own city to study the work of Rodin, either in the open air, if there is a public monument by the sculptor, or else in some gallery.

Fame such as this denotes might seem to be the part of some pet of fortune, but those who have read even a short account of Rodin's life know that his acceptance came only in the teeth of bitter antagonism. Articles that have been appearing in Paris since his death show that the same spirit of hostility to his genius that fifty years ago caused his first masterpiece, "The Man with the Broken Nose," to be refused by the jury of the Salon exists to-day.

Let us not confuse it for a moment with the attitude of those genuine admirers of Rodin who seek to retain their critical balance and who protest against the lack of discrimination of the enthusiasts who couple their master's name with that of Michelangelo, an artist of a period so different from our own. Rodin was peculiarly a man of his century. If it were our purpose to enter upon a discussion of his art, we might well consider him as the sculptor of the Impressionist movement, that development, wrought by the men born about 1840, in which light, realism, science, and the restless modern interest in fleeting appearances mingle to form a new expression. To-day the men who keep up the advance already find it old, but in its great examples it rises to that plane of art in which the words "new" and "old" are meaningless.

So much has been written on the work of

Rodin that at present the Vale we speak to the departing friend need be only an account of his last gift to his country, one of which little has been heard in America.

When peace comes, and we think of Paris again in her accustomed rôle as leader of the world's art thought, visitors to the capital will find that she has given another proof of her right to the title by preparing a new museum while the war was in progress. It is the Musée Rodin, the creation of which was voted by the Chamber of Deputies shortly before the outbreak of hostilities. It will contain a carefully chosen group of the sculptor's works, and the collections that he formed with a pride and affection second only to that which he bestowed on his own production. With Rodin already an old man and in the eminent position we have noted, the class of men who had always opposed him challenged the acceptance of his gift. The struggle of the great sculptor's admirers to obtain this final recognition of his importance lasted for over two years. It was therefore in a very justifiable mood of triumph that M. Armand Dayot, Inspector-General of the Ministry of Fine Arts, wrote to a friend in America of the passage of the bill, which he had steadily defended.

The honor which was offered to Rodin was as great as his most ardent supporter could desire, and for the sculptor himself it must have outbalanced the memory of those hardships that he went through during the first fifty years of his life. One who rejoiced over it most was Mme. Rodin, who lived to see this greatest tribute to her husband. If some of the original clay models in the museum could speak, they would tell of the care bestowed on them by this devoted woman. Many a winter night, when the sculptor was resting for his labors of the following day, Mme. Rodin kept the clay damp with cloths dipped in warm water, and thus prevented the ruin of his work by freezing in the studio he was too poor to heat.

It is pleasant to linger for a moment over this personal side of the event. Its importance to the world of art will have to be judged when we visit the museum, for only Rodin himself knew the full extent of his collections, and he had vast numbers of studies and even many complete works that are unknown to the public. The accession to the nation's store of ancient art is considerable, and we know that the French will not undervalue it. That enthusiastic student of Italian art, Gabriel Mourey, said in connection with the Rodin Museum, "Paris more than ever has need of beauty." It is this sentiment which prevailed in deciding the expenditure necessary to add one more museum to the capital already rich in them.

But what was most significant in the affair was the determination to recognize the art of a man still alive, seventy-five years old though he was. It marks a long step in the direction of establishing that accord between the public and the artist that was one of the characteristics of the Renaissance. We need to rid ourselves of the idea that the words "classic" and "past" are necessarily related. The great master is as much a classic in his own day as in the after time. The dedication of a whole museum to a living man was a recognition of this; and when such an idea takes hold of a people, there must be stimulated an interest in contemporary work which will lead to a surer distinction between the good and the bad in that work. The nineteenth century afforded only too many examples of the failure to make this distinction. I believe it is not too optimistic to see in the honor to Rodin a sign that the present century is going to have a greater consciousness of the truly vital forces in its art.

It may be objected that too loud acclamation of a contemporary means changing the judgment of him later on, just as surely as does neglect of a great man during his lifetime. Sir Joshua's dictum about the works which have stood the test of centuries has lost none of its truth; but when one has said that a kind of interest attaches to the work of living men which not even the great past can offer, one is in no sense encouraging the approval of mediocre things. When we are prepared to give

praise to the men of our time as high as that which we give to the men of the past, we shall be forced to use a finer kind of discernment in choosing those who may receive the honor.

The Hôtel Biron, which has become the Musée Rodin is a beautiful work of the late French Renaissance. Its architecture is due to Jacques Gabriel. In 1775 the residence was acquired by the Maréchal Duc de Biron, whose name it retained. Since then it has belonged to the Duc de Lauzun, to the Russian embassy, and the nuns of Sacré Cœur. Failing to the Government after the final separation of church and state, it would have been demolished to make room for some more profitable building, financially speaking, had not Rodin taken up the defense of the beautiful old relic of the great days of the St. Germain Quarter and, with the support of the leaders of French thought, artistic and political, saved it for the nation. Poincaré, Clémenceau, Léon Bourgeois, and Briand were among those who aided in having the Hôtel Biron classed as a "monument," and so cared for by the state.

In 1908, Rodin obtained the use of it, and he worked there until his death, his preëminent standing and his constant services to the Government, such as his recent work of arranging the new Luxembourg Museum, being considered ample reason for granting him the privilege.

The bill which Paul Jacquier and Marcel Sembat presented and supported in the Chambre des Députés provided that Rodin should be *conservateur* of his museum during his lifetime, and that for twenty years thereafter the collections should be kept as he had arranged them. After that they will go to the Louvre or other museums, and the Hôtel Biron will be put to such uses as the Government of the period may dictate.

The collections of ancient art which the sculptor gave to the nation are very properly a part of the Musée Rodin, for we know men through the works they buy almost as well as through the ones they produce. No one who has collected or watched the development of a sincere collector has failed to observe how taste is led from the more ordinary to the finer things. Rodin's taste was at once that of the artist, the connoisseur, and the philosopher. As an artist-collector we shall find that he chose every work for some phase of beauty which it contains. His range was broad. While the Greeks were his earlier passion, he showed later on his profound appreciation of the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Gothics, and of modern sculptors and painters as well. The museum will present one unique feature—that of having its commentaries written by the great man who called it into existence. Indeed, we find the key to many a passage in Rodin's various talks and essays on art among the works he had about him for twenty years before his death. While museums were a life-long study with him, it was only in the last two decades that he had the money to purchase the things he cared for. Latterly, when a Greek or Egyptian statue was to be sold, Rodin was at once thought of as a possible buyer; even when he did not take it himself, his incomparable knowledge of how the material was treated at different times and places gave authority to his opinion throughout the world and brought the best of purchasable works before him.

Of the master's own production what can be said here? A lifetime of passionate effort, of prodigious ability, of struggle, and of soaring aspiration will be before us. Rodin was of those artists who lay bare in their work the innermost workings of their mind, and thus, with the principles of his art, which he carried far, with the portraiture of his epoch, which he more than any other man placed before the world, we shall have as nearly as may be the measure of a noble personality, and not until we have long pondered the Musée Rodin can we know how great its nobility was.

Palestine: Lights and Shadows

By JOSEPH KOVEN

Sketches from a Traveler's Note-Book

II

A NUMBER of old men were sitting under a gnarled fig-tree that could no longer bear fruit. One of them was sitting somewhat removed from the others, near a little table, and making phylacteries. All looked up as I passed and one called out, "Sholom!" I turned and approached the group.

"Sholom alechem!" they all said together.

"Alechem sholom!" I answered.

"Whence cometh a Jew?"

"From Jerusalem."

"Good, Jerusalem. But from where are you?"

"From the colony of Petah-Tikvah."

"Good, Petah-Tikvah. But from where do you *come?*"

"From America."

"America!" They looked at me with awe.

"America is a rich place, no?"

"The richest place on earth. You can pick up all the money you could possibly use from the streets." The old fellows could not see that I was joking.

"Didn't I tell you!" the old man who was sitting at the table called out to the others.

A BEAST OF BURDEN

"So you come from America!" piped one, shaking his head.

"Tell me," called out another; "perhaps you know my nephew. He was the best scholar at the Ishiba and such a good boy! I wanted him to marry his second cousin, but he left us all of a sudden and went to Amer—"

I interrupted him quickly at that point.

"Sorry," I said. "I don't happen to know him in America."

The old man was disappointed, but that did not cause him to lose interest. All of them pestered me with questions about the people of America, the conditions of the climate, the manners of earning a living, and were eager to know whether the Jewish people keep the Sabbath.

All had preconceived notions about life in "golden America"; I did not care to disillusion them. Instead I allowed my imagination to run wild, and painted an extravagant picture of the golden land.

"Tell me," said one, finally, "a foolish question. If the common people all eat

white bread, then the Mr. President must never eat any bread at all."

It was becoming very hot, and I was tired; but the situation amused me. So I sat down under the tree, and all, even the white-bearded old man, surrounded me.

We talked of America's finance and trade, of her machinery and inventions. Every trifle interested them, and the mention of every new thing brought on fresh arguments.

Finally one of my auditors asked what time it was, ostensibly to see if I had a gold watch.

"I left my watch at Petah-Tikvah," I said. The white-bearded old fellow shaded his eyes and glanced at the sun.

"Do you know," I broke in, and all turned to me again—"do you know, a great discovery was made recently. The sun stands still, and the earth moves around it."

There was a pause.

"Impossible!" exclaimed one.

"Impossible!" echoed another. Then a discussion arose as to whether the Bible accounts for such a thing. And if the Bible did not account for it, then surely it could not be. I left them while they were still arguing.

I was very thirsty. Two women were sitting before a little house peeling potatoes. I approached them and asked for a drink. Both women looked at me sharply.

"Do you think he 's a Jew?" one asked the other in a low voice.

"Must be a heathen," answered the second. "Can't you see he 's shaved?"

The first one turned to me.

"Go!" she said. "We have no water for the enemies of Israel."

"You yourselves are the enemies of Israel," I told them in their own language as I turned away.

"Well, what do you think of that!" said the second, with embarrassment, and ran to fetch the water.

"Come, here is water. We made a mistake," both shouted after me; but I did not return.

I turned down a side street and found myself at the entrance to the market-place. Imagine yourself entering a dingy tunnel. These were the narrowest streets I had even seen, and the filthiest. A sort of ceiling through which a light entered here and there ran over every passageway and seemed to bind the houses together. The stones were strewn with every sort of offal. Buying and selling was carried on in a hundred tongues and dialects by ten times as many men and women, all in loud voices—children's voices, women's voices, men's voices, camels', donkeys'; in French, Hebrew, Arabic, English, Russian, Italian, etc.

I twisted, turned, and ran to avoid getting a broken rib. I found myself in a clean street without a roof. I breathed a sigh of relief and stopped to mop my forehead. I found myself alone and began to wonder. Suddenly I felt a hand seize my collar.

"No Christians or Jews allowed here," a voice told me in French, and I was pushed around a corner and released.

I told a gendarme what had happened. He laughed, and said that I had been in the forbidden street, Via Dolorosa.

A little distance from the tomb of Rachael an old man sat, and begged the passers-by for alms. A young fellow, no doubt a Turk recently converted to Christianity, dressed in European clothes, was walking toward Bethlehem. He seemed to be watching something high in the air. I also looked up, but saw nothing. I suddenly heard a groan from the mendicant, followed by loud laughter from the Christian Turk. The latter had spitefully stepped on the beggar's foot.

"Why did you do that?" I asked him in English.

"No likey Jews," he answered, somewhat cowed.

"Why?"

"Kill Christ."

A word about the picturesque Arab. Most of those that I encountered, and there were many, I found to be filthy, lazy, impudently aggressive, and, as a rule, would rather steal than work. Their ability as liars is proverbial.

Instead of silken robes and girdles and silken turbans, I found them in sackcloth and ragged garments that had served the heirs to more than one generation.

And the native women carried no "airs of mystery" about with them, and did not "walk in beauty like the night." As a rule they were ugly and dirty. Ignorance, avarice, the hot sun, and trachoma had not failed to leave marks upon their faces. Their traditions and marriage laws make them slaves, some almost from the cradle, to the men, who regard them merely as commodities or beasts of burden. It was no unusual thing to see an Arabian woman dragging herself over the dusty road laden with the household utensils, the tent-poles and boxes, and with a child on her back, while her lord and master followed at a leisurely pace behind her, comfortably perched upon a donkey and chivalrously swinging his gun. Should the woman pause for a rest, her husband would ride up to her and not very gently prod her with the butt of his gun, calling out to her to make haste.

Speaking of Arabs and donkeys, here is something to interest every true member of the S. P. C. A. It is a trifling thing, perhaps, and yet enough to make one stop and wonder.

It had been raining for several days, and the roads were filled with mud that reached to a man's knees. A Turk who, according to my estimation, weighed pretty nearly three hundred pounds, was sitting astride a little donkey all "skin and bones," surely weighing half as much as his master.

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

COFFEE-SHOP

They came to an unusually muddy part of the road, and the donkey would not proceed. The Turk began to utter words that would certainly curtail his supply of beautiful women when he ascended to the infinite. But the donkey was not moved by words of any description. Seeing that curses, threats, and kicks failed, the Turk began to force a long, sharp nail into the donkey's neck, using his palm as a hammer. At this the dumb beast decided to advance. He staggered under his load, was almost drowned in the mud, but managed to reach a better part of the road.

When I examined the donkey's neck, I found a great raw wound near the spine where the poor beast had received his hurts numerous times before. When I remonstrated with the Turk, he looked at me with surprise.

Sad to say, these methods of coercion were nearly always employed upon the little animals, and saddest of all is the fact that civilized Jews and Christians were not averse to it.

It grew dark as I walked out of my hotel and through the street that led past the Tower of David, now a Turkish barracks, down the road in the direction of Bethlehem. I was lost in a wilderness of my own thoughts, and oppressed by many vague longings. I was angry with Jerusalem for being what it was instead of what I expected it to be.

Under the sheds, against the flat-roofed, plastered buildings, squatted Arabs in rags and Turks in coarse and gaudy costumes. They were drinking coffee and smoking hookas. They seemed lazy and dull. Black-robed priests passed me hurriedly, and belated tourists following their guides.

Lights were springing up in the narrow windows, dim, mysterious lights; and it seemed that I could look through the walls and see the men and women who dwelt with the gods of their ancestors, following the tenor of their ways. I wondered what the inner lives of these people might be. What were their aspirations? I asked myself. I stared up at the dimly lighted win-

Photograph by Gardner Hazen
UNMARRIED WOMEN WITH HIGH HEAD-DRESS IN BETHLEHEM

dows, but only shadows flitted by the light, and my question was unanswered. I heard coarse laughter coming from beneath the sheds, and I thought of Jerusalem in the daytime.

A terrible thing happened yesterday, and young and old were standing in little groups about the synagogues or near the Wailing Wall. The old men shook their pious heads and talked in quiet tones.

A young apostate, long ago stamped by the people as a bad man, had unknowingly killed his own father. The young fellow had given himself up to the police, and was in a Turkish prison awaiting trial. The case interested me very much. I did not know why, but I felt a great sympathy for the unfortunate young murderer, although I had never seen him. It might be because the people here condemned him. I resolved to visit him in his prison-cell and talk with him.

I saw him and spoke with him. He told me that I was the only one who had come to him. At first they would not permit me to see him, but I showed good credentials—a starched collar, starched cuffs, and patent-leather shoes, and a bribe of seventy-five cents.

Ben Ishia had never known his mother. When he was still too young to understand, he was abandoned by his father to the imperfect care of strangers. He was raised without love, brutally misunderstood, and still more brutally abused. When he was eleven years old he grew tired of blows and left his adopted parents to shift for himself. He became a symbol of "unreligious bringing up," and the people refused to consider him a son of Israel.

However, when he was approaching his thirteenth year some pious Jews in Jerusalem decided that, although he was an outcast, he had had a Jewish father; so he was taken in hand and prepared for confirmation. But before he had ritually assumed responsibility for his sins he grew tired of a charity that was begrudged him, and disappeared. The old Jews shook their heads, spoke a good deal about ingratitude, and forgot him.

In the meantime Ben Ishia had been picked up by some missionaries, with which the Holy City abounds, and was immediately baptized.

For two years he ran errands for the clergy and swept the chapel yards. But his spirit would not bear this form of ser-

vitude, and the following six years found him drifting from Bethlehem to Jericho, from Tiberias to Nazareth, working in the fields, driving camels, carrying water, or digging trenches. He had learned to play the flute, and one could see him of an evening, dressed like an Arab, piping a dozen scrawny cows back from the marshes.

He eventually found one friend, a middle-aged Turkish widow who possessed a modest fortune. She grew passionately fond of the boy, and he began to love her. For two years they lived together as man and wife. To avoid the wrath of her co-religionists, the woman sold her house in Tiberias and settled several miles from Samach. I remember the house distinctly, having passed it several times while on the train. It was a little flat-roofed building, made of stone and plaster and painted sky-blue. Two gigantic date palms towered above it.

Photograph by Gardner Hazen
STREET SCENE, BETHLEHEM

For three years Ben Ishia did not want for anything; but the woman's modest fortune gradually dwindled. She fell ill with the smallpox and died in the boy's arms. But shortly before she died she drew from her bosom a knotted handkerchief and gave it to him, saying:

"This I saved for you. It will help you." The handkerchief contained a heavy gold crescent set with two small diamonds.

Thus Ben Ishia became an outcast once more. He began to take his food where he found it, by fair means or foul. He associated with no one, spoke little, and brooded all the time. But it never occurred to him that he might part with his one dear possession, the gold crescent. He even feared to look at it, lest some one see and take it from him. He kept it tied up in the same handkerchief, safely hidden away in his bosom.

This year found him in Jerusalem. His own people did not recognize him, nor did he care to disclose himself to them. The Turks and Arabs feared him as being "strange," and tourists were afraid to intrust themselves or their baggage to him because he had "a queer look in his eyes, like that of a madman." For two days he starved, and slept in a trench near the road to Bethlehem. He could not bring himself to stretch out his hand for alms, and the thought of selling his precious token never entered his mind.

Hunger and the exposure of a few days brought on malaria, and for a day and a night he lay against a wall near the Tower of David, while people passed and repassed and never took notice of him. The last night a storm began to threaten in the east. Very feeble and wan, he dragged himself back to the streets of Jerusalem. He sought out the shop of a pawnbroker and offered up his last and only dear possession.

"And what will you take for this?"

"Twenty-five napoleons," Ben Ishia answered.

"Twenty-five napoleons!" The little dealer held up his hands in consternation, while his small eyes blinked furtively at his visitor. "Twenty-five napoleons!" he repeated. "A whole fortune! For what, hey? For this?" He snatched with an emaciated hand the crescent that Ben Ishia was nervously fingering. He examined the jewel by the feeble light of the

candle that spluttered in its antique candlestick on the counter. He laughed, not because the price demanded for the jewel was too high,—he, the old usurer, knew the worth of jewels,—but because in his heart he felt it must irritate the unfortunate man.

He held up the diamond against the light and gloated over it. He rubbed it on the lapel of his threadbare coat and chuckled.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, "a pretty plaything, a pretty plaything indeed! Twenty-five napoleons, he says—twenty-five napoleons for a toy!" He chuckled again.

The miser's attitude began to nettle Ben Ishia. Anger and hatred followed the first feeling of fear with which the dealer had inspired him. He tore the jewel from the miser's greedy hand and slipped it into his bosom.

"Old man," said Ben Ishia, bitterly, "at other times, maybe, I would not part with this for all your money. I know what it is worth, and so do you. It is ten times the beggarly few napoleons I am asking for it; maybe more. And you talk to me in this way! Why? Because you see how sick I am, and you know that if I tried to sell this to a respectable man he would think I stole it."

There was so much despair in the young man's voice that the pawnbroker stopped laughing for a moment. He leaned forward and hissed in Ben Ishia's ear:

"Where did you get it? Where, hey?"

The young man was silent. A mist passed before his eyes as he thought of the only friend he had known. And his mind troubled him as he remembered the place and the hour that he had received the precious gift he was about to surrender for a trifle. The hard lines about his mouth grew deeper; his uneven breath became a laboring sigh.

"You," he began to the miser—"you should be the last one to stand and bargain with a sick man. You are old. The Eternal Eye is closing over you; your feet are in the grave." A flood of irrepressible anger swept over him. "Heaven will refuse you entrance, and hell does not need your gold."

The dealer was laughing again, slowly, mechanically.

"And do *you* speak to me this way? Fool! *I* keep the word of the Lord and praise His goodness. Do you?"

The morbidly sensitively chords of Ben Ishia's nature had been strung to a frightful tension. A tide of bitter emotion swept over him. The tears began to roll down his cheeks in tiny streams. He cried silently, and his pain reached a point of almost pleasurable calm. All the hatred he had charged against the world, all the pity he felt for himself and the regret at having to part with the thing that reminded him of one bright day, even his anger against the mercenary pawnbroker, were expressed in silent weeping.

"Well! well! well!" cried the old man, unmoved. "Back to business, my man. It is waxing late, and I expect more customers. Hurry! You will spoil my trade. Let me see that trinket of yours again." He held out his hand to receive the gem.

With a gesture of resignation Ben Ishia rose from the stool upon which he had been sitting and, taking the crescent from his bosom, looked at it once and quickly gave it up. Then he sat down again, one elbow resting on his knee, his chin in the palm of his left hand. He bit his nails as he watched the dealer going over his former methods of examining the jewel.

The old man began to chuckle again, looking to the other to note the effect of his manner upon him. Ben Ishia's anger began to rise. His face became paler, he bent forward, one foot under the stool, the other set firmly before him. All traces of weakness were gone.

"Sixty-five francs," said the pawnbroker, slowly; "not a piaster more." Then he waited.

Ben Ishia balanced his entire body on one foot.

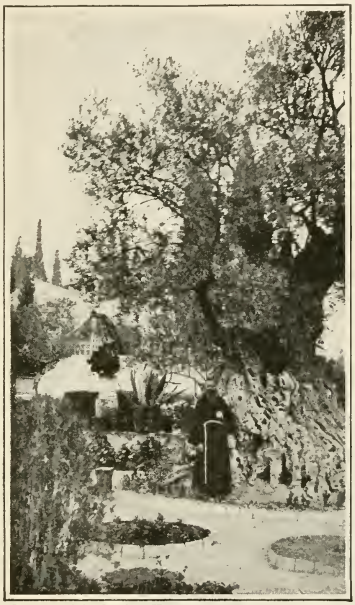
"I have said it," replied the old man, taking a step backward in alarm.

The old man struggled vigorously, scratching Ben Ishia's face and hands, and gasping hoarsely. Ben Ishia wondered

that so withered a body should be possessed of so much strength. Finally the miser stopped struggling and sank to the floor. With a great effort Ben Ishia threw him over the counter, extinguishing the waxen taper in the act. Then he covered him with an old coat and stood alone in the center of the room.

When Ben Ishia reached the first guard-house, situated near the Tower of David, he gave himself up.

During the preliminary court proceedings certain papers and letters produced evidence that Ben Ishia had killed his own father. And the old people here shake their heads and continue to mumble something about the vengeance of the God of Israel.



Photograph by Gardner Hazen

PRIEST IN ROMAN CATHOLIC GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

Spring is in the air; my thoughts turn homeward, to the din and the dust and the old, familiar faces. I am thinking of the East Side and the pale faces of shop girls brightening with the approach of spring.

My little hostess is busy preparing for the Passover; the town looks as if it had just been washed and combed. Pots and pans are being transported from Petah-Tikvah to Jaffa; and there by the shores of the Mediterranean men in long robes, women in *sheitels,* and little boys with earlocks are scouring the unclean dishes and purifying them for the Passover.

I should like to approach the men and women and lay my hand upon their heads and look into their eyes and ask them if their souls had been purified for the Passover. I think they would look upon me as mad, for what has one's soul to do with pots and pans and their cleanliness? I should like to ask them the meaning of Pesech. I know they will say that Moses led the Jews out of slavery. But has he really done so—free from *slavery?* How clean are your souls, my brothers? Have you yet been freed from the thraldom of your own primitive senses?

Here is an old man, very old, with a great white beard and a "venerable brow," as our poets would say. He sits by the sea, the waters of which are reflected in his sad eyes. No doubt he must be thinking of Babylon, the harp, and the willows. I approach him and say:

"Well, uncle, what are you thinking?"

He looks at me and answers without hesitation:

"I 'm trying to figure out how much *matzoths* I 'll have to buy this Pesech."

No, pots and pans and *matzoths* have nothing to do with Babylon or the harp of David. For that matter, the Mosque of Omar and the Wailing Wall,—which is always wet with tears, so the more brilliant say,—and the tombs of the kings or the prophets are really pots and pans, in a way.

To-day a group of young Zionists arrived from Odessa. They came in all haste to Petah-Tikvah to attend the Seder night feast. What splendid energy they display in all their gestures! Everything interests them, even if only a leaf from an orange-tree. They walk past the orange-groves and take deep breaths. They stand on the hills and look up exulting to the sky. They laugh at the camels and donkeys and pat all the dogs they meet. One has pro-

cured a fez, and wears it proudly tilted over his left ear. The bearings of all are firm and decided. Something prompts me to approach them and speak to them, but I pause. I have nothing to say to them that they would now listen to. Instead, I contemplate them in my heart.

Gather about me, young, strong heroes of Zion! We will journey together as brothers. We will raise our heads, that have been bowed with centuries of oppression. We will drink together the sweet wine of Rishon and Rochovort, we will feast on the golden oranges of Petah-Tikvah.

Drunk with the wine of Rishon! I will join my voice to yours, and we will sing a haunting, melancholy song, which is the voice of the desert wind, the jackal, the night bird, the voice of your own souls, seeking the light and freedom of a new life.

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EASTER—CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER

Together we will stand by the tomb of Rachel; together we will contemplate with emotion the glories of the old and new Jerusalem; together we will drink in the sunlight and the air of the sacred hills of Judea, bathe in the waters of Galilee, give wing to the ideals that have carried you far across the sea to the land of your dreams.

A mellow sun will set over us, and innumerable stars will come out. The heat of our day's sublime orgy will pass. We will retire to rest and solitary contemplation.

A new sun will stare a new day into consciousness. Clear-headed, clear-eyed, eager, restless, and full of a great aspiration, you will awaken to confront the new life in the land of your dreams.

My host came home from the synagogue early in the evening. He had dressed himself in his finest and had groomed his lordly beard very carefully. I remember him as he walked up the hill to our little house. In the prime of life, tall, massive, and genial, with a scholarly stoop, a melancholy grace that told of the many years of toil and trouble for his beloved, ungrateful Zion. He wore a soft shirt with a badly frayed collar, a black bat-wing tie which I had given him for the occasion and of which he was very proud, a pair of striped cotton trousers, washed and pressed that very day by his busy little housewife, and an ancient frock-coat that had begun to turn green and shiny about the tails and was a bit too tight for his magnificent shoulders.

It was just before twilight, and the distant hills were moody. Over their heads hung blue-gray clouds, like prayer-shawls. They seemed to be whispering to the lowlands the meaning of the Seder night. The little orange-trees planted by my host, and which covered the few acres that surrounded the house, seemed also to be preparing themselves for the festival. They shook their heads, and there was a busy rustle among the leaves. One could imagine the older trees saying: "Quiet, children! Quiet! We are about to begin the Hagoda." Even the faithful Pleva appeared to feel the importance of the coming event. He had stopped chasing the jackals in the neighboring grove

and was following his mistress about from the kitchen to the living-room, where the Passover feast was to take place.

It was quite dark when we sat down to table. Everything had been carefully prepared earlier in the day, the wine, the sweet and bitter herbs, the *afkoimen,* even the "thrones" for the king and queen to occupy. My host had stripped himself of that relic of antiquity, his frock-coat, and had robed and girdled himself in one of more ancient lineage, the *chalat.* He sat at the head of the table, I at his right, and his little boys on each side. The "queen" had reared her throne at the farther end, not so much out of custom, but because that part of the room was the most convenient as it was nearest the kitchen door.

MOVING DAY

I think I shall always remember that night, my sad-eyed host, and the simple ceremony.

The white cloth; the amber and red wines; the simple, almost rude plates and cups; the white walls; and the tall, narrow windows with unpainted sashes; the tall candles, suggestive and bright; the little boys eager and expectant; and my little hostess, with the immaculate kerchief over her head—all these presented a picture not soon to be forgotten. The smile of felicity on my host's lips and the very bright gleam in his eyes made me respect him the more. Even his frock-coat, which had been carefully hung up on a nail near the door, assumed a second meaning in my eyes.

My host opened the Book of Legends, aimlessly turned the pages for a minute or two, then closed it again. He looked at me and smiled.

He turned to his elder child, a boy of ten, and said in Hebrew:

"Do you know the significance of to-night's feast?"

The boy looked up and answered bravely:

"I know."

"But do you feel it?"

The boy lowered his head and did not answer.

"And you, Mishinke?" My host addressed the younger.

The boy slowly put his elbows on the table, rested his chin in his hands and said:

"Because God led the Jews out of Egypt and made them free."

My host smiled wistfully and turned his eyes to the ceiling.

"Made them free," he repeated. "God of Israel, you have made us free!" He shook his head dolefully. He slowly opened the book once more and began to read.

He uttered the words slowly and clearly; the cadences rose and fell as he swayed back and forth. The candles spluttered, and his shadow grew and diminished upon the wall. Sometimes his shadow loomed up on the kalsomined ceiling, and I invariably thought of Michelangelo's colossal statue of Moses. I was lulled by the rocking monotone of his voice; I was charmed by the many-colored images and pictures his words conjured up.

The little boys did not grow sleepy. They followed their father with excitement; they understood his ancient language and seemed to live through the miraculous events of those far and fabulous times. When the time approached for the elder boy to ask the Four Questions, the youngsters became eager and excited. Finally the desired passage was reached. The boy arose, but instead of reading from the text, he asked the question in his own way:

"Why is this night different from all other nights? Why is it that to-night rich and poor are equal in the sight of all Jews?

Why is it that to-night we pray sorrowfully and feast exaltantly, eat bitter herbs, which are unpleasant to the taste, and drink sweet wine, which is pleasant? Why is it that God has given us a beautiful night in which to celebrate His might and everlasting goodness? The orange-trees are giving off a sweet perfume; the air is like melted honey; the sky is blue and full of beautiful stars. We know why that is, Father."

The boy had learned his lesson well. My host and his little wife rocked to and fro and answered:

"Father, we know why that is." Once more there began praises to God and the wonders of His world.

It was eleven o'clock when the feasting began. The world's ills and sorrows lifted themselves from my host's broad shoulders. As we ate and drank we talked of many things: politics, art, religion, Spinoza, Darwin, the Bible. He insisted, and cleverly maintained his point of view, that all human knowledge was anticipated by the Bible, and that there was nothing essentially new under the sun. The little boys told us of the life of the bee and the wonders of the orange blossom's mating. My hostess flitted from the kitchen to the dining-room, bringing a dish, dropping a word here and there to show that she was interested. And Pleva crunched bones under the table. We drifted from one thing to another, laughing, repeating anecdotes, conjecturing what the other half of the world was doing. The wine was from Richon le Zion, and we drank plenty of it.

The children fell asleep one at a time, and my hostess began to nod. The former we carried into their little room and put to bed, and the latter quietly, but very happily, said good night.

My host drew me outside, and for two hours we walked about among the orange-trees and listened to the "voices of the Seder night."

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

TIBERIUS AND SEA OF GALILEE

To the south of us lay the town of Petah-Tikvah, and here and there in the distance we could see the silhouettes of men and women at the windows; but they were bright windows that for once smiled a genial welcome. Pleva followed us several yards away, too sleepy to answer the cries of the jackals.

My host and I did not say much to each other. I was thinking of America and the folks at home, wondering how they would be celebrating the Seder.

"Tell me," my host ventured finally as we were returning to the house, "as a poet, you understand, not as a Jew, is n't it better?" By *it* he meant Seder night ceremony.

"It is different," I answered, "much more beautiful than to sit in a stuffy theater and listen to stupid ranting or even more stupid jokes; but what about those who have neither hearth nor home nor money with which to buy a welcome among you?"

My host shrugged his shoulders and mumbled good night.

Palestine is a land of dreams, a place where pious old people may come to spend the remaining days of their lives in retrospection, and the young people to fritter away their magnificent energies in dreams. Not the sweet visions that awaken in the soul after the serene and holy contemplation of a beautiful thing, but such as are heavy, sensual, meaningless, showy; dreams that come from hashish and opium, and call up pictures of endless wastes of desert sands, of dried marshes, and of lazy-flowing rivers infested with slow and slimy things.

I continued to travel about from place to place. I was bewildered, disappointed, and unhappy. Every new phase of life among my fellow Jews led to my disillusionment. I hoped some day to wake up and find myself on board a ship returning to America.

Imagine yourself standing outside the ruined eastern wall of the city of Tiberias. To your right and upward stretch high, barren hills dotted here and there with the graves of Hebrew or Moslem cemeteries. Lower and to the left you can discern the old Turkish houses of the Heilquellen. For many hundred years, they tell me, the steaming and sulphurous waters of the well have been flowing from the heart of the mountains and mingling with the sweet waters of the Galilee. The sun has disappeared, but it is still light. In the greater distance you can see the narrow Jordan where it enters into the Galilee. A fisherman is dozing in his boat, one hand resting on his oar, the other holding the torn meshes of a net the end of which is trailing in the water.

Far to the east the snowy summit of Mount Hermon faintly gleams; across the Galilee and a great distance from the placid shore stand the mud-built Arabian villages of Samach.

To-day for the first time I spoke to my hotel-keeper's son. He is seventeen years of age and three years ago was married to a pious little Jewess of thirteen. Their child is very little for a boy of two, and very anemic, but he has his father's lofty forehead and curling ear-locks. How old in spirit that boy of seventeen is! And how strongly, although secretly, he rebels against the customs and traditions that keep him fettered to his little grocery store and to the synagogue! He asked me to accompany him to prayers and was rather pleased when I refused. I told him that *my* God was not to be found in four-walled, shingle-roofed houses, but that he dwelt eternal and omnipotent in the spirit of the universe and that His holy ark of worship should be in the heart of living man. It is difficult to describe the enthusiasm with which he greeted my words. When he left me he made me promise that I would send him a Jewish translation of Robert Ingersoll's speeches, which he had often yearned to possess.

(To be concluded)

A Nation of Hamlets

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOURCE OF THE MISERY OF RUSSIA

By L. E. MILLER

THE following story is told in Russia as an incident of the Revolution of 1905:

Two young men, having escaped capture on the barricades of Moscow, were later arrested in some neighboring village. Tried by a court-martial, they were found guilty, sentenced to die, and left in the village inn to await execution. A soldier was placed at the door to guard the prisoners. When the firing-squad appeared at sunrise to place the doomed men against the wall, they found them engaged in a heated discussion whether the dictum of Karl Marx decreeing "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" was to be considered only as a temporary measure of the Revolution or as the final stage of socialism. The soldier left at the door to guard the revolutionaries was fast asleep in the other room, and all doors of the inn were wide open.

After the prisoners were put to death, the guard was placed on trial for gross neglect of military duty, as nothing would have prevented the prisoners to escape if they had wanted to. When called upon to defend himself, the soldier guard, so the story goes, explained to the court that one of the prisoners was a Bolshevik, the other a Menshivik. As soon as they were taken to the inn they began to discuss the platforms of their parties, and so he knew he could safely go to sleep. And the soldier was acquitted.

In this story you find the Russian character, Russian life, the key to Russian history, to most of the great tragedies of Russia. When Shakspere conceived his *Hamlet,* the Prince of Words, he felt instinctively that his own race, the Anglo-Saxon, would not furnish the necessary anatomy for the image of weakness, that his own country would make a poor background for a living symbol of indecision, and he went to Denmark for his hero. Had he known Russia, he would not have gone to Denmark. His *Hamlet* would have been a full-blooded Russian, not a Dane.

One need not go over Russia with a plow, or go through its people with a sieve, to get there the tragic victims of the diseased will. They are spread over the whole country; they are the nation. It is a cruel charge against a whole race, but it is not ours. It is an indictment of Russia by Russians, by the greatest Russians.

One may entertain all kinds of views and theories about things Russian except one, and that is Russian fiction. Russian literature still remains unique and supreme. While one can learn a good deal about England from English fiction, much about France from French fiction, very little of America from American fiction, nothing at all about Germany from German fiction, one can learn all about Russia from Russian fiction. Fiction is for Russia what religion was to Egypt, art to ancient Greece, and law to old Rome.

Russian fiction is the Russian encyclopedia. There one finds its social structure, its political ideas, its religion, its psychology, its economic problems, its philosophical ideals. Above all, one finds there the Russian himself, his soul, his mind, and all that goes to make up his individuality.

This apparent superiority of the Russian fiction is more symptomatic of spiritual poverty than of abundance. Its dazzling surface resembles the brilliancy of the Oriental, all of whose wealth is on his person. In other countries ideas are expressed as they are conceived in the various fields of human endeavor. The statesman has his own field for his theories and practice;

economists have a field of endeavor for themselves; men who have a message to deliver in social work, religion, philosophy, or practical education have spheres of their own, a literature of their own, and mediums of their own.

In Russia all that was mostly suppressed or greatly hampered by autocracy. No new word, no new thought would be tolerated unless it was helpful or at least neutral to the existing tyranny and reaction.

Fiction only, because of its fictional nature, was comparatively free from the heavy hand of the censor. Here was the only nook of life where Russian spirit and Russian genius found a refuge of comparative freedom, if not of absolute security.

Thus it happened that the fiction of Russia became a sort of clearing-house not only for all new ideas in literature and art, but also in religion, politics, and even in social and economic sciences; and in this fiction of Russia a student can find more light on every phase of Russian life than anywhere else.

The Russian literature began its life as, what they call in Russian, an "exposing" literature, which meant literary efforts to bring to light all that was base, stupid, and dark in Russian character and life.

This was done sometimes in the form of drama, sometimes in poetry, occasionally in the form of the fable, but most usually in the form of the novel and sketch, and often in the form of literary reviews and criticisms, which reached in Russia the plane of fiction itself.

And while the "exposing" literature has in some instances, as in Gogol's "Dead Souls," reached artistic summits of dizzying height, and its effect upon the intellectual growth of the country was great, it has not carried the nation along, because, like Dickens and Molière, it has occupied itself with the external forms of life, with the formal appearance of man, and not the real one.

The real man of Russia, together with his soul and mind, giving the Russian character, one can find in his most perfect expression in Russian fiction, which in its classic form is the realistic novel of to-day. This Russian fiction, which raised the banner of artistic realism long before Balzac and Zola, essayed by symbols of language not only to give contours and images of the inner and the outer Russian, but also to divine the laws controlling the hidden forces that create those images, and run the destinies of the spiritual and moral selves as reflected in their character.

As this is not a history of Russian literature, but only a study of the Russian character as it is shown in Russian literature, we may select only limited numbers of works necessary for the purpose. But the limited number of the works we shall take up will be from the standard works of the standard writers of Russia, the masterpieces of the master minds whose genius, truthfulness, and unbounded love for their country and race are beyond question.

The first products of Russian literature were an attempt to depict the negative and destructive types of Russia in a manner in which Molière depicted the negative characters of his French contemporaries, and also an attempt to give something in the form of a positive and sympathetic "hero," as Griboyedoff's comedy, "The Woes of Wisdom." This was the first real attempt of a great Russian writer to contrast the Russian rottenness, stupidity, and barbarism with something, also Russian, but which was big, high, and true.

The hero of that play, *Chatsky,* is a young man brought up in the great centers of culture of western Europe, but heart and soul a Russian, with love for his country, and a passionate desire to serve his people. At the very first encounter with Russian realities, which he discovers to be not only cold, but also mean and stupid, he throws up his hands and runs away in order not to see, not to hear, the triumph of the knaves and fools. He could have crushed his opponents, for he is able, his intellect is of a much higher order, and his knowledge of men and things is wider and deeper. He loves a girl whom he would have no difficulty to win for himself; but he is of too weak a character to struggle, and clears the field for the enemy, bewailing the fate which made him a Russian.

Chatsky, of course, was not *Hamlet,* and simply because Griboyedoff was not Shakspere. But the idea is there, and the man is there. The birth cry of the Russian realistic literature was the first curse to the diseased will of Russia.

Much more in relief, and in lines drawn with more strength and precision, the same idea was later expressed in the two great novels of their time by the two great Russian poets, Pushkin and Lermontof.

Pushkin, in his classic romance, "Eugene Onyegin" (written in rhymes and later turned into an opera by Tchaikowsky), and Lermontof, in his novel, "The Hero of our Time," give us two Russian characters, and though neither of them has anything in common with the other, both are children of the selfsame diseased will of their race.

Eugene Onyegin is a curious mixture of Griboyedoff's *Chatsky,* Byron's *Don Juan,* and Goethe's *Faust. Pechorin* (in the "Hero of our Time") is also a cross-breed of Byron's *Childe Harold* and *Manfred,* and while each is a specimen of the idealized form of the highest Russian intellect, both stand as realistic symbols of man's will in its condition of non-existence.

They are Russian *Hamlets,* though neither themselves nor their authors nor the public nor the critics of that time realized it.

Only the followers, the disciples of Pushkin and Lermontof, the famous pleiad of Russian writers of the forties, began to scent the kinship in character of the Russian Intelligentzia and the tragic hero of Shakspere. Since then the consciousness of this national Hamletism was turned into a sort of a literary credo of a specific fatalistic cult among the thinking classes of the country.

Since the discovery the hero of Russian fiction ceased to be a hero in his own home —in the novel and the drama. He became a subject of scorn, satire, but most usually of lamentations, of pity. Russian literature became a literature of flagellants. Self-scourging became the virtue of Russian art, the expression of the highest form of civic duty.

The classicists of this school, Pissemsky and Gonchareff, no longer idealized the Russian Hamletism, as was done by their predecessors. In the standard novels of that period, as "The Straw-Bag," "Oblomoff," "The Precipice," and others, the heroes were not only shown up as victims of the diseased will, but also held up to scorn and contempt for their lack of character and virtue.

Still, it did not give a complete picture of the Russian character as we find it today. While the writers mentioned before divined it rightly and grasped it in every aspect of their individual manifestations, they have not treated it as a general trait of the race, as one of the ingredients of their history and life. This broader view and deeper understanding of the real tragedy of Russia we find first in the novels of the two great masters of the Russian literature: Dostoyevsky and Turgenieff. They have not only immortalized the *Hamlet* character of the Russian, but have established it as the striking national trait of their race, which they laid as a foundation for their respective philosophies.

There is not much in common between these two great writers; no common ground in their philosophy, political aspirations, or ideals. One, with his face to Western civilization, the other, with his back to it, they disliked each other even personally. But the moment they are out of the political arena and out of the clouds of their metaphysical systems, with their hearts in their art and the eyes in the soul of their race, one sees these two antipodes of Russian genius gradually and unconsciously converging from different angles to the same source of Russian misery—to the diseased will power of Russian manhood.

Of the hundreds and hundreds of the various types and characters brought out by Dostoyevsky in his numerous novels, sketches, and short stories, there is not one character whose tragedy one cannot trace directly to his diseased will power. The only conspicuous character of Dostoyevsky who is apparently a man with strong power of will and capacity to act is *Raskolnikow*

in "Crimes and Punishment." But this very *Raskolnikow* is the most striking illustration of our theory of the diseased will power of the Russians, because, with his conception of will and his ideal of a Napoleon, he has just enough will power to make one step in the direction of his desire and collapses immediately thereafter, not having sufficient power of will to carry out his plan to the end.

Passing from Dostoyevsky to Turgenieff, we find that there not even an attempt was made to find in Russia a man with a healthy will. Turgenieff knew that it was useless to essay Russian life in any other form than as the life of a people with a diseased will of the individual man and with no will of the nation.

His first great novel, "Rudin," is a plain declaration in that direction. His other novels were an elaboration of that idea. His story, "The Hamlet of Chirigin County," while on its face an attempt to localize the horrid disease of Russia, is at the same time an agonized cry of despair of a great mind who sees his own country devoured by the ghastly disease, for which the genius of the race has not yet found a cure.

Daunted by his critics, who charged him with slandering the youth of his race, Turgenieff wanted to retrace and recant, and wrote the two famous novels, "Virgin Soil" and "Smoke." In these works he undertook to bring out men capable not only of talking, but also of acting. To do this he had to go in one case to Germany and in the other to Bulgaria. In Russia he could find no models for the heroes he wanted to portray. Shakspere had to go abroad for his *Hamlet;* Turgenieff had to go abroad for his *non-Hamlet.*

Passing from all these great writers to the greatest of all, to the "God of the World's Fiction," Leo Tolstoy, we find that in his case we do not have to dissect his heroes to reach the germs of their diseased will. The author himself, his whole philosophy of man's life and mission in this world, the entire theory of non-resistance devised by him, are virtually direct outgrowths of the wretched Russian realities founded upon the diseased will of the nation. It is, like the religions of savages, founded upon pestilence and other scourges of mankind that they cannot overcome.

Superficially, it may appear as an accident or coincidence that the theory of non-resistance in its modern form was born in Russia. But a little study of its history and circumstances will show that there is blood kinship between this theory and life in Russia. There were stoics everywhere and at all times, but those were only teaching how to kill man's wishes, not man's will. A philosophy of how to murder a man's will could be born only in the country of *Chatsky, Oblomoff,* and *Rudin,* and could be embraced only by a nation of *Chatskys, Oblomoffs,* and *Rudins.* It is therefore perfectly natural that while Russia has not given to the world one single philosopher of note, not a single philosophical system of any consequence, it has evolved the philosophy known to-day as the theory of non-resistance, which is in all its essentials the diseased will of the race idealized by one of its victims.

We undertook in this essay to establish the Russian character as it is given in the Russian literature, independent of everything else in Russia; but we believe it would not be entirely amiss to glide over the general contour of Russian history, and see to what extent the images of art portray the concrete forms of life, and open the real soul of the nation, which is the ultimate source of all.

The histories of all countries give the characters of their men in a greater or lesser measure; not one as palpably in relief as Russian history.

The history of Russia begins officially with the date of the day when the prince of the ancient town of Kieff resolved to embrace Christianity, and commanded his loyal subjects to follow suit.

In other countries, among other nations, historians write that the road from heathendom to Christendom is ever strewn with corpses, plains and hills soaked in blood, the old gods struggling bitterly and dying hard.

Not so in Russia. There, so the history

runs, the great prince of Kieff, Vladimir, issued an ukase that all the citizens of the town smash their idols, disband their pagan clergy, and come to the Dnieper for baptism. And the good citizens of Kieff smashed their idols, drove out the pagan priests, and went to the Dnieper to receive Christian baptism without a murmur, without a question, in a quiet, dignified, and solemn form, which later became the characteristic feature of the Russian-Greek Church.

When some centuries later the Russians, after having tried hard to live the life of a well-ordained Christian community, failed, they concluded that they were not a nation fit for self-government, that they needed some one to rule them with an iron hand. They also made another discovery: that such a man can never be one of their own race.

So they sent a delegation to foreign countries to find a ruler. The delegation found such a ruler in Prince Rurik. The words of the Russian delegation to the prince, as chronicled by history, were, "Our country is large and of plenty, but we cannot keep things in order; so do come and govern us."

And the good prince came to govern the Russians, and establish there the dynasty that brought the country directly to Nicholas Romanoff. And the humble request of that delegation addressed to a foreign despot became the Magna Charta of Russian autocracy until the days of Kerensky, Trotzky, and Lenine.

The more recent events of Russian history are too well known to dwell upon them here. When the committee of the Duma informed Nicholas Romanoff that he had to abdicate, he, the autocrat of all the Russias, without inquiring of their right or might, immediately signed his abdication, applied for citizenship in the new republic, and begged for the privilege to subscribe for the liberty loan of the Revolution.

It is known that extreme cold and heat produce the same sensation. The adbication of Nicholas Romanoff, started as a tragedy and wound up as a farce, stripped bare the roots of the diseased will of the nation.

Were there no men, are there no men, in Russia with a healthy and strong will?

Historians mention some. They speak of Ivan the Terrible as a man with a will, they mention the terrible Pugatcheff, who was, by the way, the first man in Russia to start a Bolshevik revolution in the eighteenth century, as a man with a will.

Men with a diseased will may sometimes in a paroxysm of faith perform something very heroic. The history of the Russian Revolution is full of such deeds. Like Mucius Scævola, they might place their hand on burning coal and smile; but they would fail miserably should they decide to get up every morning at five o'clock or give up smoking. Still, what we call civilization, the progress of mankind, was not promoted by spectacular flashes of man's will power, but by its continuity, steadiness, and dynamic, rhythmical action.

It is hard to tell why the tragedy of *Hamlet* should have become the national tragedy of the Russians. It cannot be attributed to the racial characteristic of the Slav. There are Slav countries that are free from this disease. Again, it cannot be explained by the Tatar blood that flows in the veins of many Russians, for there are many Russians free from that blood.

If the theory of Darwin, applied to other faculties of mind and character, can be taken as a basis for the philosophy of will, we have a ready answer to the question. In the course of their entire history the Russians simply had no occasion to exercise the will of the individual man, which, in its final form, must be the foundation of the will of the race.

The Bolshevik movement is perhaps the first movement in Russia predicated upon the consciousness of the necessity of the masses to exercise their will power. But it happens that the principal leader of the Bolsheviki, Leon Trotzky, is not a Russian.

But one need not go very deep into the deeds and misdeeds of those men to discover that what appeared in them as strong will were in reality paroxysms of will alike

to the convulsions of the muscular tissues of dead frogs when in contact with an acid. Ivan the Terrible had the will to kill his son, but he fell prostrated immediately thereafter in a fit of cowardice. Pugatcheff, an illiterate convict, having declared himself to be the resurrected Czar Peter III, raised the entire country from the Ural to Saratoff, dispossessed and killed off the nobility, smashed one army after another, forced the terrified government of Catharine II to conclude a hasty peace with all foreign foes. But when he was caught, Pugatcheff cried bitterly and repented. It was proved that he was a tool of a gang of thieves and cutthroats, that he was devoid of any personal initiative, of will, of action, and that he was a victim, and not the creator, of circumstances which attended his bloody adventures.

There was one man in Russia with a will of his own. It was Peter the Great, though the most brilliant biographer of that ruler, Merejkowsky, denies it. But the very material used by that historian to prove Peter's diseased will shows the contrary. The man who killed off Russian barbarism through his own barbarity as he did could not be a man of a weak or diseased will.

But the very achievements of Peter the Great prove our theory better than any and all other facts mentioned before. When Peter set out with his program of reforms, which historians do not call revolution, because they were called forth by royalty, to a man the whole country rose against him.

The nobility stood against him because he was against them. The officialdom, the bureaucracy, whatever there was of it at that time, came out against him. The powerful Russian Church accursed him as the Anti-Christ, and the whole nation, led by the nobility and the church, believed it. There was not one class, caste, element, nay, there was not one Russian, that did not hate him, wishing his destruction. His own wife was against him. His sisters tried to organize a revolt, and his own son and heir to the throne, the gentle Alexis, believing, like all the people, that his father was doing the work of Satan, entered into a conspiracy to destroy him.

Yet in face of this general hatred and resistance, Peter took history by the throat, turned the country upside down from the Caucasian Mountains to the shores of Nova and from the Black Sea to Kamchatka, because there was not another Russian with a will strong enough to meet the will of the czar and combat him, although he stood alone, isolated, and accursed.

When this war is over, and a critical analysis is made of the military operations of the Russians on their several fronts, and particularly of those stages of the war when the Russians had reached the plains of Hungary and were almost within cannon-shot of Königsberg, the things which are to-day considered by the world as the most stupendous military blunders will turn out in reality to be nothing more or less than an illustration of the tragic will of the nation.

Designedly, we characterize the failing will power of the Russian as a "diseased will." It is because the general conception of a weak will will not interpret Russia as fully as what appears to be a diseased will of the race. Psychology has not yet given us a clear distinction between these two forms of the abnormal will power; still, there can be no question that things happened and are happening in Russia that would be utterly impossible upon the theory of a weak will, but are perfectly consistent with a diseased will.

Seventeen

By ZOË AKINS

Ah, wayward, sad, and diffident you were
When you beheld the world beyond your door—
The great strange world that waited with its store
Of mysteries for you! And now a tear
Lay on your cheek; now some prophetic fear
Made you yearn backward; and the spoken lore
Of those, your elders, who had gone before
Was like a tale you would not trust or hear.

Was there a melancholy of the brain
You did not know? Was there a morbid song
You did not love? Or any mood of youth,
Profound, perplexed, that did not give you pain?
And what wild ways you wandered, blind and wrong,
Seeking the beauty that to Keats was truth!

You loved before you knew; you closed your eyes
And held some vision of a distant face
Safe in their darkness, while you built a place
Within you dreams to lodge it. With what lies,
Tender and beautiful, you changed surmise
Into a certainty of radiant grace!
What rituals your phantom love would trace
For one made holy in your dreams' disguise!

The boys and girls who sought romance together,
Whose hands you touched, were not so real as those
Far ghostly friends and loves whose company
You kept in the eternal misty weather
That, like a silver veil, in silence blows
From shores that never were and shall not be.

One night you took the ribbon from your hair
And held it for a long time in your hand;
Then folding it away, you left the land
Of your first youth forever. You would wear
Your hair, so bound, no more. His words came back
Over and over while you stood alone,
Remembering his kiss with heart of stone,
And wondering at love and at its lack.

You tried to understand what it could mean,
This mortal sadness that your spirit knew
At that first secret kiss at seventeen,
This shattering of something dear in you.
As well have sought the meaning of the whole,
A chart for life, an answer to the soul!

The Holy City

By HELEN DAVENPORT GIBBONS

IN the Little Gray Home I was marooned. I tried to rent a pony and cart; then I let it be known among the peasants that I was in the market for the purchase of a horse. Military people, congressmen on joy rides, and endless bands of folks inspecting seem to be the only ones that move about quickly and easily.

In what category am I? Convoys do not always have provisions. To be able to offer a good meal at any time means giving aid and comfort to the soldier. Food I must have, and there is only one way to get it—buy it from Uncle Sam. The colonel says he is going to make me a mess sergeant. Until rations are sent to me I must forage. Yes, I am military.

When the meat-truck from the hospital passed, I hailed the driver.

"Coming along with you, Tony, this morning," said I, climbing up to the seat and sitting down beside him.

"Sure you are!" Tony profited by the stop to light a cigarette. "Off for the Holy City," he said, putting his overcoat on my lap. "That 's the nearest we 'll get to home for God knows when."

As we bumped over a grade crossing, an M. P. stepped out. Holding up his stick, he shouted:

"Girls ain't allowed to ride on motor-trucks!"

Tony looked at me.

"Thinks you 're a French *mademoiselle,*" whispered Tony. "Gosh! Mrs. Gibbons, you 'll have to get me out of this!"

I leaned over and smiled at the M. P.

"Come here, boy," I said. "Put your hand in mine."

He did it, slowly and wonderingly.

"If there 's ever anything I can do for you, I want you to tell me," I said. "I 'm thirty-five years old. No one has called me 'girl' for years. I 'm flattered and touched."

The M. P. put his stick back of him. He backed.

"Y—Y—yes, ma'am," said he.

Since then no M. P. has stopped me. Word has gone up and down the line, "Better not touch that woman; she 's loaded."

We were approaching the Holy City.

"I 'm proud to be an American when I look at the work our men have done here. I have been doing this route for a year now. Every time I go through this town it looks more like Jersey City."

"It did n't look like Jersey City when the first Americans landed, Tony. That was the month before you came over. The censorship thought the great event could be concealed. No mention in the newspapers of this or any other port. But we all knew about it beforehand, *concierge* as soon as cabinet minister. Of course I jumped on a train with my husband, and we came to greet the boys. Dear me! how homesick that first bunch was inside of twenty-four hours! The Holy City was n't any holier then than it is now, but it was very strange and foreign. Those two adjectives, you know, are the same in French. The end of June, 1917—scarcely a year ago! And to follow this long road for miles to-day, flanked on each side with American camps and depots and endless railroad tracks, where there were only cattails last year, to see these ships with the American flag,—more American ships than I 've seen together at one time in all my life before, and I know East and North rivers well,—it makes me feel that Aladdin's lamp has been rubbed. Aladdin's lamp *has* been rubbed by Uncle

Sam, and if he 's done all this, it 's because not one genius appeared, but millions. You fellows are the genii, Tony."

"I don't know what that may be, Mrs. Gibbons, but we 're it all right if you say so."

A motor-car passed us quickly in the other direction. Shouts. Arms waving.

"Again?" said Tony, dejected. "They 're stopping."

A long-legged fellow with a black mustache was running back toward us.

"They want us," said Tony. "It 's a captain. You ought to get the chief M. P. to make you out a pass and stamp it proper'."

"Here you are," said the captain. "I 've been looking all over France for you. Did you ever get letters from me?"

"I certainly did, Whit, and answered them, too."

"What are you doing here, Helen?"

"Spending the summer."

"Far from here?"

"Not very. Just came from there this morning. How long have we been, Tony?"

"An hour," said Tony.

"An hour by motor-truck," said Whit. "I can make it in half an hour. I 'll come up to see you Sunday if you 'll be there."

"Come for the week-end, Whit," said I, "and make friends with my children."

"I 'll do that if you don't make them call me uncle, and if you let me bring Johnny along."

"Be there Saturday afternoon, then, with Johnny, whoever he is."

"Johnny is a pal of mine, prince of a fellow, if he did go to Princeton. You 'll like Johnny."

"I certainly shall; but I am surprised at you, fifteen years out of Yale! You 're still the kid I used to know—with that Princeton stuff."

"Strange, is n't it, that I should have said that? But over here we older fellows, living with the youngsters, get right back where we were in 1900."

"Come, Tony," I said; "the waiting-line at the commissary will be getting too long."

"Wait," said Whit. "Why don't you lunch with me to-day? Meet me at Marie's restaurant at twelve-thirty. I 'll arrange my work so we can show you the shops this afternoon."

"Shops? What kind of shops?"

"Railroad shops, of course," said he.

"Of course," I answered. "Whitfield, you are one of the few people I know that knew what they were going to be from the beginning. You have stuck to your choo-choo cars since you wore knee-caps and hated to get your ears washed."

"Ain't it funny," said Tony, when we started on, "how we find old friends over here? I 'm doin' that all the time."

"Yes, Tony," I answered. "I 've called that captain's mother Aunt Louise ever since I can remember."

"You sure must go with him to see the shops. I got an early start this morning. I 'll wait at the commissary till you buy your stuff, and I can take it out and leave it at the Little Gray Home as easy as not. And it 'll save you the trouble."

"All right, Tony," I answered. "I do hope the captain has his children's pictures in his pocket. I 've never seen them."

At luncheon in the restaurant, at the table next to ours, were two ensigns and three second lieutenants. The restaurant girl said:

"Quel vin désirez-vous, blanc ou rouge?"

"Pas de vin."

Marie brought carafes of water and, laughing as she puts them on the table, said:

"Du vin americain, alors!"

Before the American invasion, if people lunching there had refused to buy wine, Marie would have been mystified or angry. Now she receives with equanimity the *"pas de vin."*

When Whitfield paid for the lunch, he gave Marie a hundred-franc note. While we were waiting for the change, he said:

"My hundred-franc notes are not money to me; they look more like bills of lading."

"Choo-choo cars again."

When the captain's motor drew up in front of the shops, we saw a colored fellow

riding a mule. He was directing a detail of negro soldiers unloading heavy triangular steel frames for bridge building. The negro corporal jumped down off the mule and saluted the captain.

The mule was restless.

"Halt!" the corporal commanded. The mule stopped. He walked around the mule and cried, "At ease!"

"Did you get that?" said the captain. "Negro troops are an endless source of amusement to me. Nigs love paraphernalia; they take military stuff theatrically."

"Yes," I said; "their tools are stage business."

"But they play their rôle well," said the captain.

The negroes were carrying one of the steel frames now.

"Git yo' shouldahs a'gin' dat!" commanded the corporal, "You-all done tole Uncle Sam you would. Push now, you-all Yanks!"

"We ain't Yanks," protested one. "We 's f'om Virginia."

"Easy now! Mind yo' co'ns!" said the corporal.

The burden slipped into place on top of a pile, and the negroes slouched along singing:

"Gawd don't have no coward soldiers in His band.
Ah 'm goin' to climb up Jacob's ladder some dese days;
Eve'y round goes higher en higher.
Gawd don't hev no coward soldiers in His band."

"That 's one of their working-songs," said the captain. "Heavy work moving steel, but they do relax between times."

We went in the office to pick up Johnny, and met the colonel in charge of the stevedores.

"Been watching your black soldiers working," said I. "Listening to their talk makes me homesick."

"Great boys," said the colonel. "The other night I was n't feeling very well. Dog-tired after a hard day. Had my boy wash my feet and give me a rub-down. A nigger makes the best orderly in the world. There is something of the old mammy left in many of them. I 've seen my boy come back after he had settled me for the night and ask, 'You sick?' And when I 'd ask him why, he would reply, 'Don't know; 'pears to me you is oneasy and too quiet.' I was lying there, and he was rubbing my back, when he broke out with:

" 'C'n'l, is dere any chance fo' me to go to de front?'

" 'What do you want to go to the front for, Nelson?'

" 'When Ah j'ined, Ah thought Ah 'd be daid befoh dis, en Ah jes well go now.'

" 'Nelson, I 've read in the paper to-night that the Germans cut off the ears of all colored troops captured.'

" 'You doan' say, sir!' Then after a silence, he added: 'C'n'l, Ah wants to go, anyway. Dey cain't cut um off'n all ob us.' "

Johnny was not to be found. We left a note for him to join us later.

In the shop a locomotive body, held high in the grip of a mighty crane, was lowered slowly and put into place on waiting wheels. The captain was delivering a lecture on choo-choos.

"Got to know the laws of physics to understand the load she will pull," said he, finally.

"When do you put on the stack?" I asked.

"About the last thing—smallest part; but, I suppose, the most obvious to a layman."

The captain and a soldier mechanic walked up the tracks with me to a completed engine. A girl in grimy overalls and with a heavy hammer in her hand passed us. The soldier glanced around, then lagged behind to talk to the girl.

Running to catch up with us again, the soldier said:

"Captain, guess folks back home would n't believe me if I told them I was in love with the village blacksmith."

The mechanic jumped on the engine.

"Fired up, is n't she?" asked the captain. "2047 was put together yesterday.

We 'll test her now, if you like. You may start her. Pull this hard."

I pulled hard. 2047 glided slowly out of the shop along the river track.

"Speed her up, Fred," said the captain.

2047 carried us swiftly out into the country.

The captain and Fred pulled levers, made calculations, kept their eyes on the gage.

"You can ring the bell at the grade crossing," said the captain. "Pull this string."

The test was finished.

"Take it easy going back to the shop," said the captain.

"I 'm told American soldiers call French locomotives tea-pots," said I.

"No," replied Fred; "peanut-roasters."

"There are fewer accidents on French railroads," I suggested.

"That may be, but look at their mail service. We oil up an engine and put her in the pink of condition, then run her like the devil to save four hours on a mail run. Hard on the engine, I grant you; but what 's wearing out an engine if you can beat a record? Competition 's fierce in the U. S. A. No; the French save the engine and lose the contract."

"Let us off at the lower road, Fred," said the captain. "I want to take Mrs. Gibbons over to the mess to get some tea. Mind the yard is clear for outgoing engines at seventeen-thirty."

"I see you use the French time-schedule," I remarked.

"Got to hand it to them when it comes to their way of telling time—that and the metric system."

The soldiers' barracks in this camp are the oldest American barracks in France. Before one I saw a little dooryard. The path was picked out with smooth cobble-stones, painted white. A soldier was sitting on the bench by the door. We stopped a moment to speak to him.

"Why did you paint your house black?" I asked.

"Locomotive color," answered the boy.

"Are you responsible for this pretty dooryard?" I asked.

"Well, some," he said. "These here morning glories are camouflage; they 're to make us think we got a garden."

We found Johnny in the officers' dining-room.

"Don't let 's have tea here," he said. "Let 's run the car over to the hospital. I know a nurse there—"

"Who will give us tea?" said Whitfield.

"Sure," answered Johnny.

We waited in the garden of the hospital for Miss Smith to come down. We had tea at a little table under a tree. Convalescent soldiers were sitting about smoking and talking. Some strolled about, sunning ugly wounds.

After tea Whit and Johnny went back to the shops. Miss Smith was going to a hospital-train that had arrived at the railroad station with men invalided home.

"Let 's walk over," suggested the nurse. "One has to wait so long sometimes to get a chance at an ambulance."

"What do you do when these trains come in?" I asked.

"I go down when I can. There is always something one can do, if it is only to light a cigarette."

"How do the boys feel about being sent home?" I asked.

"I see only those at our own hospital and those on the trains that are directed to the dock. When they first arrive at our hospital there is talk about going home. It is in the air; men are sad or surly about it. Some are bitterly opposed. When they have had the medical examination and the decision is made, the blow has fallen. Then comes a period of adjustment, and when the findings of our examining committee are accepted, men go over their little possessions. They are wondering how much of their 'junk,' as they call it, they will be allowed to take along."

"What on earth do they pick out to take?"

"Souvenirs and dogs," she answered, smiling. "One boy set great store by a setter he called Liberty. He had actually brought that dog with him from America. When he was told he was to go to the States after his stump healed,—his leg was

amputated—he buried his face in Liberty's neck, and I heard him say, 'When you and I left Chicago we had a round-trip ticket and did n't know it.' "

We mounted the hospital train, and seated ourselves on the edge of a bunk. Two orderlies were making up bunks at the other end of the car. Stretcher-cases were being carried out tenderly and placed on the platform to wait their turn. Ambulances were plying to and fro between the station and the docks.

A Y. M. C. A. entertainer with a lovely contralto voice was singing. A soldier was singing with her. The loss of his right arm had not changed the quality of his tenor voice.

"You see how they are," said the nurse, drawing her blue cape about her. "Once they know their bit is done, they sing. If a man is booked to leave with a certain transport, and at the last minute his sailing has to be delayed a week, his heart is broken. We had to post a sign on the door to the office where the lists are made up:

"If you want to wait two weeks longer to go home, come in and ask us if your name is on the list for to-morrow's boat."

I stepped into the next coach, where men were waiting for the stretcher-bearers.

"I had a pal," said one. "We used to go to dances together in Denver. He 'll never dance again, that bird. Right leg shot off; was with the marines up the line. He sailed with the last bunch."

"Was he glad to go home?" I put in.

"Was he glad! Better than staying here in France, planted in the ground and wearing a wooden kimono!"

"I ain't glad," said another. "I 'd rather go and bump off a few more Dutchmen than go home now."

"Won't you be glad when there 's no more corn-willy?" said I.

"Corn-willy won't kill a soldier," laughingly said the boy. "But listen; we fed some to a dog. He went over, planked down, and *fini!"*

"Corn-willy has n't been popular in your outfit since then?"

"No, ma'am! We all felt catchy after that, I 'll tell the world."

Two streams meet at the Holy City. The incoming stream, thousands of troops debarking every week, brings victory. When our boys arrive, they look so young. I have become accustomed in France during four long years to fresh faces with the light of youth in their eyes, but yet with the indelible traces of suffering. The smile of the new-comers gives me courage sorely needed. To see them is more than a sparkling vision of home; it is the assurance that the future is good.

Does not the outgoing stream also carry back to America victory? There are scars, regrets for pals, but a new vision of life. No man that goes down into the shadow of the valley of death is the same afterward. Broken bodies, wrecked nerves, you say? Ah, but tempered souls. The message they bear in their bodies is a message of triumph. They, who have paid the price, are the vanguard of the returning victors. Vanguard of the victorious A. E. F. in both directions.

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THE WILD WEST AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

From a painting by William Jean Beauley

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Homesick

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

A CHINESE gentleman, with his arms tucked up inside the brocaded sleeves of his satin coat, stood one day with one foot in China and the other upon European soil. From time to time he bore with alternate weight upon the right foot, on Chinese soil, and then upon the left foot, upon European soil, and his mental attitude shifted from right to left accordingly. The foot upon Chinese soil reflected upward to his brain the restriction of Chinese laws, the breaking of which was accompanied by heavy penalties. The foot upon European soil reassured him as to his ability to indulge himself, with no penalties whatsoever. Therefore, after balancing himself for a few moments first upon this foot, then upon that, he gave way to his inclinations and resolved to indulge them. In certain matters Europeans were more liberal than Chinese.

From this you will see that he had been standing with one foot in China, where opium traffic was prohibited, where heavy fines were attached to opium-smoking and to opium-buying, where heavy jail sentences were imposed upon those who smoked or bought opium, while the other foot, planted upon the ground of the foreign concession, assured him of his absolute freedom to buy opium in any quantity he chose and to smoke himself to a standstill in an opium den licensed under European auspices. In his saner moments, when not under the influence of the drug, he resented the European occupation of certain parts of Chinese territory; but when his craving for opium occurred, which it did with great frequency, he was delighted to realize that there were certain parts of China not under the authority of the drastic laws of China, which prohibited with severe and heavy penalties the indulgences that he craved. The shop was capacious, but dark. He stated his requirements, and they were measured out to him. A large keg was withdrawn from its place on a shelf, and a gentle Chinese, clad, like himself, in satin brocades, dug into the contents of the keg with a ladle, and withdrew from it a black, molasses-like substance, which ran slowly and gummily from the ladle into the small silver box which the customer had produced. The box finally filled, with some of the contents running over the edges, the gentleman withdrew himself, having accomplished his purpose. Tucked into the security of his belt, it was impossible to detect the contraband as he again stepped over the boundary-line that separated Chinese from European soil.

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Half an hour after he had stepped across the boundary-line into the native city with a large supply of opium, part of which he would retail to certain friends who had not had time to step across into the European concession to buy it for themselves, a young Englishman stood, by curious coincidence, upon the same spot recently occupied by the Chinese. He also stood with one foot upon Chinese soil, with the other upon the soil of the foreign concession, and regretted with considerable vehemence that at this dividing-line his efforts must cease. For perhaps a mile he had been pursuing the proprietor of a certain gambling den whom he wished to apprehend. At the boundary-line, which the Chinese had reached before him, his prey had escaped. He was off somewhere, safe in the devious lanes and burrows of the native city. Therefore the Englishman stood baffled, and, making his way back into the settlement along the quays, finally reached his rooms. He pondered somewhat over the situation. That which was permitted on Chinese territory was prohibited in the foreign holdings, and the reverse. It just depended whether you were on this side the line or that as to whether or not you were a lawbreaker. Morality appeared arbitrary, determined by geographical lines, a matter of dollars and cents. Lawson walked slowly along the bund, turning the matter over in his rather limited mind. Take the opium business, he considered. The Chinese considered it harmful, and wished to abolish it. Very good; yet the foreign concessions made money out of it and insisted upon selling it.

Take another example, he reflected—gambling, his job; or, rather, his job was the suppression of gambling in the foreign holdings. The Chinese considered it harmless, a matter of individual inclination. Very good; but the foreigners considered it a vice, and he, Lawson, was appointed to run to earth Chinese fan-tan houses in the concession and suppress them. Yet his own people, the foreigners, gambled freely and uproariously in their own establishment, at the races, and at certain houses that they maintained for their pleasure. True, these houses were not in the concession,—for some reason the foreigners had set their face against gambling in the concession,—yet they maintained their establishments, showy and luxurious establishments outside the concession and upon Chinese soil. They must pay a handsome price for the privilege. Yet it was difficult to reconcile. What was right and wrong, anyway? What was moral or immoral, anyway? Lawson, of very limited intelligence, walked along, sorely puzzled. Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander; well, two very different kinds of sauces, composed of very different ingredients, as far as he could see. Lawson was greatly puzzled. It begun to look to him as if morality was not an abstract, but a concrete affair. Things which the European permitted the Chinese forbade.

Just then he passed an opium shop and considered again. That surely was a nasty game, yet his Government encouraged it, and made money from it. But the Chinese, on their side of the boundary-line, were doing their best to suppress it. It was very difficult for them to make headway against it, however, since opium-shops flourished and were encouraged by the foreign concessions, over which the Chinese had no control. Topsyturvy, anyway. No wonder that a person like Lawson was unable to understand it. It all resolved itself into a question of money. For, after all, money was the main object of life, whether on the part of an individual man or of a government. And since all governments were composed of individual men, and reflected the ideas of men, there you were.

By this time young Lawson had become bored with life in the far East. The romance was gone, and it offered little variety. One day was like another, and every day, winter and summer, it was the same thing or the same sort of things, and there was an intense sameness about it all. By day he did his work. That goes without saying. One has to work in the far East; that is what one comes out to do. Otherwise, why come, unless one is a tourist, a missionary, a buyer of Chinese an-

tiques, or has had an overwhelming desire to write a book upon international politics? But, after all, why not such a book? It reaches, if it reaches at all, a public still less informed than the author, and misinformation is as valuable as no information at all when we desire to interfere with the destiny of the Chinese. In his leisure moments Lawson had tried his hand at such a book until he suddenly realized that he had been in the Orient too long to make it a success. He knew just a trifle too much about affairs, and found himself setting forth facts which would lead to his undoing as a minor official in the international settlement if he gave them publicity. He could not afford to lose his position, and he was by no means sure of the deep, unerring sense of justice, the innate instinct of the masses, to rally to his support. He had his own opinion of the ruling classes, but he trusted the masses still less.

"HE DUG INTO THE CONTENTS OF THE KEG WITH A LADLE"

Lawson's lodgings overlooked the harbor, and he laid down his pen and moved from the table to the dark window, trying in vain to see what was going on without. Below, the long line of quays was outlined by long rows of electric lights, swaying and tossing from their poles, and illuminating the shining wet asphalt of the bund. He was very, very tired of it all. Many years he had been out, and the same monotonous round must be gone through with over and over again day after day until he made money enough to return home; and as a salaried clerk, a court runner, whose duty it was to enforce the laws against gambling in the settlement, the day seemed very far distant indeed. Whenever he heard of a fan-tan place,—and he heard of them every day,—he must investigate, see that it was closed, and the keepers, if he was lucky enough to catch them, duly punished. And the players as well. Now, to eradicate gambling among the Chinese is a difficult task, futile and ridiculous, a good waste of time and money. He wondered why his Government should attempt it. Foolish thing for his Government to do; yet what would become of Lawson if the

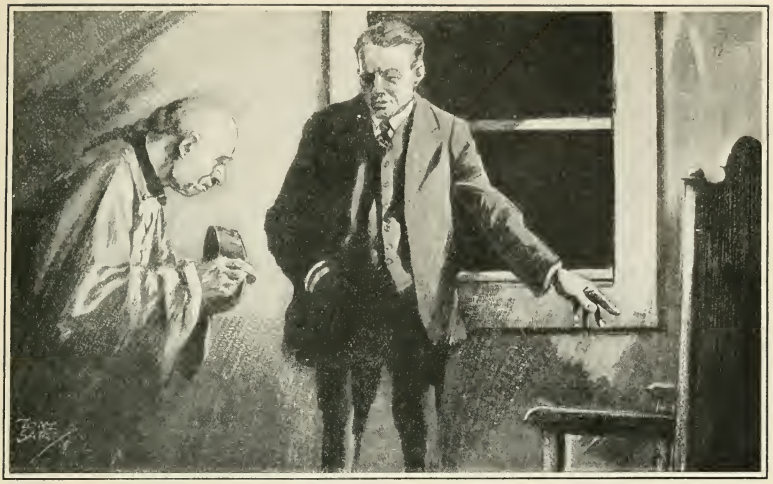
undertaking should be abolished? Taste tea, probably; apprentice himself to some tea merchant, and learn all the nasty rôle of tea-spitting. From this you will see that Lawson was squeamish about some things, and did not envy those of his friends who had become tea-tasters, and who moved all day up and down a long table, filled with rows of stupid little cups.

No, the work he had was better; but he was tired of it. He leaned against the dripping, cold pane, and regarded the lights below, shining on the wet asphalt of the quays. He was thirty years old, and ten years in the East had about done for him. The East does for many people. Yes, he reflected bitterly, it had about done for him. It undermines people in some mysterious manner, and in Lawson's case there had been little to undermine. He had little imagination, and could never picture the larger possibilities of life and what he had missed; therefore the undermining of his character was of small account. He was aware only of an intense boredom, and to-night the boredom was accentuated because of the weather. He was too inert to splash about in such a driving rain in quest of a friend more weary than himself.

If he could just get out of it all! By which, understand, he had not the adventurous spirit of the beach-comber, the adventurer who combs pleasure and profits from the ports of the China coast. He was not that sort. He had no desire to take a sampan and row out to the nearest cargo-boat and ship away to the Southern Seas, and sink himself in romance north or south of the line. No, the mystery of the East, the romance of foreign lands, made no appeal to him. And the everlasting monotony of his daily work, of his daily association with his few wearied friends, all minor and unimportant cogs of the big machine overseas, offered him nothing. Very decidedly he was homesick. But his tired mind came upon a blank wall: he had no home to be homesick for, nothing compelling, nothing to return to; all, such as it was, had been broken up long ago, long before he had come out to the Orient. Yet he was longing for the sight of his native land again. Yes, that was it, just the familiar sight of it. It offered him nothing in the way of tie or kin, yet he was longing to see it again, just his own native land. He was exiled in China, and he was exiled at home, when you got down to it; but to-night his home land drew him with overwhelming insistence.

What can you do, I 'd like to know, when you are like this? Along the outskirts of the settlement stood big houses, cheerful with lights, with home life, with all that the successful ones had brought out from home to establish home in the Orient. But Lawson had nothing to do with them, with all the pompous, successful ones, who ignored him completely and were unaware of his existence. They were all superior to him, with all the superiority that new-found money brings, and they looked down upon him as a cheap court runner, told off to round up the fan-tan playing Chinese. You see, Lawson was common; he had sprung from nothing and was nothing. But these others, these successful ones, they, too, had sprung from nothing; but out here in the Orient they had become important. Through the possession of certain qualities which Lawson did not possess they had become large and prominent in the community. They referred to themselves among one another as "younger sons," which left one to infer that they were of distinguished lineage. But Lawson knew better, and knew it with great bitterness. Like himself, they were indeed "younger sons"—of greengrocers. Therefore, for that reason, perhaps, they went home seldom, for at home they were nobodies. Whereas out here, by reason of certain qualities which Lawson did not possess, they were important and pompous and lived in big houses, with lights and guests and servants and motors.

Therefore Lawson resented them because they thought he was common. And he was common, he admitted bitterly, but so were they. Only they were successful by reason of certain qualities which he did not possess. They ignored him, and left



"'SIT DOWN,' HE COMMANDED"

him alone in the community, and it is never very good to be too much alone, especially in the far East. True, they provided him with his job, with his wretchedly paid little government job, which they maintained for no altruistic or moral reasons. To suppress gambling among the Chinese? Perhaps. Incidentally, on the surface, it looked well, he considered, coming from those who never helped the Chinese in anything else; who exploited them in all possible ways and undermined them—undermined the Chinese, who, as a people, were pretty well done for, anyway, by nature, since they were Chinese.

No, he reflected savagely,—he had heard the story,—one night some big personage living in one of the big houses to which he was never invited had given a big dinner, with much wine and fine food and many guests and all the rest of it, and what happened? No servants, or, rather, many servants without liveries or clothing of any kind, everything having been pawned the evening before over the fan-tan-tables. Therefore he, Lawson, was employed by Government to suppress these gambling houses, to keep the servants from stealing and pawning their liveries, making embarrassment in the big, foreign-style houses, making amusement and consternation and scandal. He had happened along shortly after this affair, and so obtained the appointment.

Lawson leaned his forehead against the cold glass down which the rain poured in sheets. The lights of the French mail glimmered intermittently through the darkness; to-morrow she would weigh anchor and be off for Marseilles, for home. Not that he had a home, as we have said; but he longed for the familiar look of things, for the crowds all speaking his own tongue, for the places he knew, the well-known street signs, and the big hoardings. And he could n't go back. He had not money enough to go back. Every penny of his little salary went for living expenses, and living comes high in China. A gentle cough behind him made him turn round in a hurry. His China-boy stood expectantly in the doorway.

"What is it?" demanded Lawson, sharply. Ah Chang drew in his breath, not wishing to breathe upon his superior. The indrawn, hissing noise irritated Lawson greatly. He had been out ten years, and in that time had never learned that Ah Chang and the others were showing him

respect, deep proofs of Oriental respect, when they sucked in their breath with that hissing noise to avoid breathing upon a superior. To Lawson it was just another horrid trait, another horrid native characteristic.

"Man come see master," observed Ah Chang, addressing space impersonally. "Heap plenty important business. You see?"

Anything for a change this dreary evening. "Very well," said Lawson; "I see."

In a moment or two a tall Chinese shuffled into the room, bowing repeatedly, with hands on knees; after which he passed his long, slim hands up into the sleeves of his satin coat and waited quietly till the boy withdrew. He gave a swift look about the room, a glance so hurried that it seemed impossible he could have satisfied himself that they were alone, and then he began to speak. Lawson recognized him at once as the keeper of a house he had raided the week before, a big, crowded place, where the police had captured a score of players and much money.

It was an important haul, a notorious den, that the police had been after for a long time. Only it changed its location so often, moved from place to place each night, or so it seemed, that Lawson had spent months trying to find it. It is not easy finding such places in the crowded, native streets of the concession, and he had stumbled upon it by a piece of sheer luck. And the proprietor had been heavily fined and heavily warned; yet here he stood to-night, silent, respectful, hands up his sleeves, waiting. For once in his life Lawson's imagination worked. He foresaw something portentous looming in the background of that impenetrable mind, revealed in the steady, unblinking stare of those slanting Chinese eyes, fixed steadily and fearlessly and patiently upon his.

"Sit down," he commanded, with a sweep of his hand toward an upright chair.

After his visitor had departed, Lawson stood lost in thought. He was not angry; yet he should have been, he realized. Assuredly he should have been angry, assuredly he should have kicked his visitor down-stairs; but as it was he remained in deep thought, pondering over a suggestion that had been made to him. The suggestion, stripped of certain Oriental qualities of flowery phraseology and translated from pidgin-English into business English, was the merest, vaguest hint of an exchange of favors. So slight was the hint, but so overwhelming the possibilities suggested, that, as we have said, Lawson had not kicked his visitor down-stairs, but remained lost in thought for several moments after his departure. As he had stood earlier in the day, with one foot in the foreign concession and the other on Chinese soil, considering the different standards that obtained in each, so he stood now, figuratively, on the boundary-line of an ethical problem and swayed mentally first toward one side and then toward the other. The irony of it, the humor of it, appealed to him. It seemed so insanely just, exactly what one might expect. He had been asked—that was too definite a word—to forego his activities for a few brief weeks, and during these few brief weeks he could repay himself week by week on Friday nights.

Lawson meanwhile balanced himself back and forth over the problem. If his efforts during the next few weeks should prove fruitless, and that was possible enough considering the wily race he was dealing with, in exchange, once a week on Friday nights, he could slip outside the boundaries of the concession to a large, foreign gambling house kept by and for his own people—by his own people, the Europeans, who employed him to eradicate gambling among the Chinese. Do you wonder that he shifted himself back and forth morally, first to this point of view, then to that? His own people objected to gaming when it involved the loss of their servants' liveries, but they had no such scruples when it came to their own pleasure. Therefore, for their own pleasure, careless of the inconsistency, they had established a very fine place of their own

"THE PLACID EYE OF THE ORIENTAL FIXED HIS FOR THE FRACTION OF A SECOND EVEN AS HE CALLED OUT THE WINNING NUMBERS"

just outside the boundaries of the foreign concession. Lawson had heard of the place before, the most famous, the most notorious on the China coast, kept by the son of a parson, so he had been told, a university graduate. Once, ten years ago, he had gone there and lost a month's pay in an evening; but now it was to be different. He could go there now every Friday night and reap the reward of his inability to discover Chinese dens within the concession.

For nearly an hour he remained undecided, then determined to test the offer made him, though offer was too strong a word. And his salary was so meager, so abominably small! And the people in the big houses would have none of him; they never invited him; he was left alone to himself. He was intensely homesick. Therefore, still on the boundary-line, but just out of curiosity, he went to the telephone and called up a certain number. In a confident manner he asked for a limousine, then got into his overcoat, muffled himself up well around the ears and nose, for the air outside was cold, with a biting north wind, and the rain still drove slantwise in torrents. In a few moments Ah Chang announced that the "calliage" had come.

Round the corner from his lodgings, on a side street and in darkness, stood a big car, with the motor puffing violently. It was a handsome car, very long, and on the front seat sat two men in livery, one of whom jumped down briskly to open the door. Lawson entered, and sank down into the soft cushions, for it was very luxurious. The car moved on briskly without any direction from himself, and Lawson leaned back upon the cushions and took pleasure in the luxury of it, and of two men in livery upon the front seat, and enjoyed the pouring rain that dashed upon the glass, yet left him dry and comfortable within.

"They will only think it 's inconsistent, that 's all," he said to himself, "if they ever find out, which is unlikely."

Beyond the confines of the settlement the motor rapidly made its way, slipping noiselessly over the smooth, wet asphalt, and then out along the bumpy roads beyond the city limits. All was dark now, the street lamps having been left behind with the ending of the good roads, and the car jolted along slowly over deep ruts. A stretch of open country intervened between the settlement and a native village of clustering mud huts. Lawson, having no imagination, was not impressed with his position. People did all sort of things in China, just as elsewhere; only here in China it was much easier to get away with them. His coming to-night might be considered inconsistent, he repeated over and over to himself, but nothing more. Every one did it, he reassured himself.

The car stopped finally before a pair of high, very solid black gates, and the footman jumped off the box to open the door. Lawson was aware of a grill, with a yellow face peeping out, backed by flickering lantern light; of a rainy, windswept compound, with a shaft of light from an open door flooding the courtyard. Then he was inside a warm, bright anteroom, with an obsequious China-boy relieving him of overcoat and muffler, and he became aware of many big fur-lined overcoats hanging on pegs on the wall. Beyond, in the adjoining room, were two long tables, the players seated with their backs to him, absorbed. Only a few people were present, for the night was early. There was no one there he knew; even had there been, he would not have cared. He drew out a chair and seated himself confidently, while a China-boy pushed a box of cigars toward him, a very good brand. And behind came another boy with a tray of whisky and soda, while a third boy carried sandwiches. It was all very well done, he thought absently. The proprietor, being a parson's son and a university graduate, did it very well. There was no disorder. He wondered what amount of squeeze the Chinese received for allowing such a fine place to remain undisturbed on Chinese soil. A very big squeeze, certainly. They would surely be very grasping, considering the warfare waged upon their own establish-

ments by the Europeans. It was all very interesting. Lawson considered the matter critically from various angles, knowing what he knew. He sorted his chips carefully. It must pay the parson's son well, he concluded, to be able to run such a fine place in such style, with so much to eat and drink and all, and with all those motors to carry out the guests. All this in addition to the squeeze; it must really be an enormous squeeze. And the people for whose amusement this was established were the people who were employing him.

For a fleeting moment his eye rested upon the calm, unquestioning face of the Chinese at the wheel, brother of the proprietor of the big fan-tan place that he had raided a week ago. The placid eye of the Oriental fixed his for the fraction of a second even as he called out the winning numbers. There was no recognition either way, yet Lawson felt himself flushing. The wheel spun again and slowly stopped, and he found himself gathering in thirty-five chips, raking them in with eager fingers over the green cloth. It was all right, then, after all.

Lawson was going home. Speaking about this, some said, it was enough; he has become incompetent of late. Getting stale probably; unable to discover the obvious, losing his keenness. Ten years in the far East about does for one. But with Lawson the situation was different. He had become tired of boundary-lines, of perpetual swaying back and forth from one to the other without conviction. Geographical and moral concessions, wrong here, right there, had blurred his sense of the abstract. All he was aware of was an overwhelming desire to leave it all and go home. And now he was going home. He was very glad. It hurt to be so glad. He was going away from China forever. He was going back to his own land, where he was born, where he belonged, even though there was no one to welcome his return. There was no roof to receive him save an attic roof, rented for a few shillings a week; for though he had plenty of money now, he still thought in small sums. He was glad to be going home; the joy was painful. His chief praised him a little at parting, and said he had done good work and hoped his successor would do as well. He regretted his departure at this moment, since that old fellow who kept such a notorious den was breaking loose again, more villainous, more elusive than ever. Lawson heard this with astonishment, with great regret. Wished he could have stayed to see it ended.

He was going home. It hurt to be so glad. In all these years he had been utterly lonely, utterly miserable. His few companions came down to the landing-stage on the bund to see him off, to wish him luck. They were rather wistful, for they also knew loneliness. They had tried to forget about this longing for home in the many ways of forgetfulness that the East offered; nevertheless they were wistful. Lawson understood; he felt great pity for them. He advised them to get away before they were done for, for the East does for many people in the long run. The launch, waiting to take him down the river where the steamer lay anchored, grated against the steps of the landing-stage as if eager to be off.

"I wish," said one of his friends, "that we had your luck, that we, too, were going home."

Lawson's heart ached for them. He had experience, but he possessed no imagination.

"Yes," he said, "it is very good to be going home."

To the Utmost

By ANNA HAMILTON YEAMAN

Illustrations by Albert Matzke

MRS. VAN BEUREN, glancing up at Peter for the third time, wondered what was on her son's mind. She was acutely sensitive to the play of invisible forces. Now she felt apprehensive.

Peter stood, with his elbow on the mantel, looking fixedly at the leaping flames.

"Mother, I 've got something to tell you."

"Yes, Peter."

After a moment of silence he said:

"I am going to be married."

"O-h-h."

It was just a breath. Its vibrating sympathy concealed any leap of surprise or hurt. Was it, after all, Rebecca Hatch? Lately there had seemed no justification for this hope. Mrs. Van Beuren's eyes swept Peter's face hungrily. Still he did not look at her.

"I 'm going to marry Vera Barclay."

"Vera—*Barclay?*" The name trailed puzzled wonder after it. "I did not know you even *knew* her, Peter."

"I did n't six weeks ago."

Her breath caught in her throat. What had she heard about "these impossible Barclays" and their noisy, glittering vulgarities? The name visualized certain dismissing shrugs of the shoulder, silences that eloquently condemned, smiles that scorned. But she had not heeded. What had people like that to do with her?

"Tell me about her, Peter."

Peter slipped boyishly to the floor cushion at her feet.

"Vera 's quite a beauty. You 've seen her pictures in the paper?"

"Yes, she is pretty."

"Wait till you see her on a horse. There 's something so radiantly well groomed about Vera. It just expresses the clean directness of her character."

"Ah."

"I know this is awfully sudden, Mother, your not even knowing we were friends; but Vera is splendid, the fearless, loyal kind. You 'll love her when you know her."

"I am sure of that, Peter."

Peter could not see how her eyes probed the future, or how her tender mouth grew firm with pain.

"I must go to see Miss Barclay."

"Yes, I wish you would. And, Mother,"—Peter hesitated shyly,—"you 'll know how to make her feel welcome? She 's sensitive, you know, and spirited."

"I shall like her all the better for that."

Peter nodded.

"And being comparatively new-comers, *you* know, they have n't quite found their place yet; and Vera—well, Vera does n't take any patronage. Her come-back is swift and deadly." He laughed reminiscently. "But you can steer Vera into knowing the *nice* people?" His voice was almost an appeal.

"I 've never failed you yet, have I, Peter?" Her voice, too, was an appeal.

"Never."

There seemed suddenly little to say, but when they parted for the night, and Mrs. Van Beuren was alone, her surging emotions sought no relief. She, who could gracefully dissimulate to the world, was inexorably frank with herself. She scorned self-delusions. There was always a definite cause for every result. What, then, was the hidden reason for this cataclysm that threatened Peter's future? Every

finding of common sense pointed to that. Peter would deteriorate or he would harden. Either was unnecessary.

What had she heard of the Barclays? With an effort she recalled certain fragments and pieced them into something of a whole. Mr. Barclay, beginning as a hand in a nail factory, had gradually risen to become one of its chief owners. As foreman he had married one of his workers, an ignorant farmer's pretty daughter. Now he had retired, and diverted himself with fruit-farming. Their town house was one of the most expensive in the new district. Mrs. Barclay was considered shy and impossible; Vera Barclay was said to combine a sensational beauty with a crudity of personality. Harmless crumbs of gossip till you had to eat them!

She picked up a photograph of Peter and gazed at it with stern detachment from maternal sentiment. No, the answer was not here. Peter at twenty-six gave that definite assurance of character and ability his childhood had promised. The photograph proclaimed that tempered quality of hardy thinking and significant living that is the evolution of good breeding. Peter had never gone off on tangents. Ah, but there was a quixotic strain in him! It might be that. Then she rallied sharply. She must not be morbid over what was doubtless a commonplace in the experience of motherhood. As to the Barclays, she would suspend judgment until she had met them.

But from her call the next afternoon Mrs. Van Beuren extracted little comfort. While waiting in the Barclay drawing-room, her sensitive glance retreated at the impact of the room's profuse equipment. Where it did not gleam, it seemed to glitter, chiefly with an abundance of silver photograph frames. From these Vera, in gowns of a daring make, which emphasized her slender loveliness of figure, compelled attention. Her beauty was arresting. What troubled Mrs. Van Beuren was the defiant complacency in her face. She was so very young for that! Then she rose to greet Vera, with a smile that radiantly blessed Vera as she folded the girl in her arms.

"You must let me love you," she said tenderly. "I never had a daughter, and it will mean so much to me."

Her salute was returned with a brisk peck and a metallic little laugh. Vera was dressed in a smart gown of black satin, yet she was oddly conspicuous. She would, Mrs. Van Beuren thought, have been the dominant note in a dense crowd. Probably it was her crinkly red-gold hair, which brilliantly framed the fair skin, and gray-green eyes, with their inky lashes and thick lids.

"I 'm sorry mother is out. She 's doing errands for me. There 's so much to think of. Peter 's voluntcering in an engineering corps and sailing in January does n't leave much time to prepare for a December wedding. But I 'm not one to let the grass grow under my feet."

"I have n't heard much about plans," murmured Mrs. Van Beuren, vaguely.

Vera glanced up in sudden understanding.

"I told Peter," she said, "it was a shame to put anything like this over on you so suddenly—an only son being engaged. I am sure *I* should n't like it at all." Vera spoke with a staccato emphasis.

Mrs. Van Beuren laughed softly.

"I see you have imagination, and that is a fine thing; but you are mistaken. I always hoped Peter would marry."

Vera nodded briskly.

"Yes, men need responsibility to tame them down. That is what *I* say. Much better for them than batting about and getting spoiled."

Inwardly Mrs. Van Beuren blinked, but her serene voice murmured:

"Peter never has batted about, exactly, but I think every man is happier and better for having his own home. You must come and see ours. I hope you will want to make it yours." Then, seeing a resistant look dart into the girl's eyes, she hastened to add, "I have always told Peter that when he married I should go to live in our little house out at Parkway Bridge."

"Oh, thanks awfully; but I should n't dream of turning you out of the home you 've lived in so many years. Besides, father 's going to build one for us on the Upper Boulevard after Peter returns from France. I fancy the war 'll be over very soon, now *we 're* in it."

Mrs. Van Beuren blinked again.

"I 'll have the plans all ready and the furniture selected by the time Peter gets back. And I think I 'll let Priscilla Morgan decorate the house. She has lots of style, and I like a house with some pep in it; but of course I sha'n't leave it entirely to her. I 've got lots of my own ideas."

"I 'm sure you have; and you would n't want to farm your home out to another personality."

"Well, I guess I always was pretty independent." Vera's brittle voice softened a little.

From her mesh-bag Mrs. Van Beuren drew a faded velvet box.

"I 've brought you a little gift," she said. "I hope you will take pleasure in wearing it. You 'll be the third Van Beuren bride to have it. My husband's father first gave it to his bride, and when I became engaged, my husband gave it to me, and now I want to give it to you."

She held in her hands a quaint pendant of yellow diamonds surrounded by small pearls set in dull finely wrought old gold. Leaning over, she clasped it about Vera's lovely neck and kissed her forehead.

Vera's color deepened, but her eyes lit with a disturbing satisfaction that baffled the older woman.

"Thanks awfully; it 's tremendously nice of you, I 'm sure. I 'll wear it the day my engagement is announced."

"Yes, I was coming to that," said Mrs. Van Beuren. "I want to give you a dinner, if I may, to announce it. But first I hope you will come to us—just ourselves—for dinner to-morrow. We live in Brewster Square, you know, quite the old part of the town. Please come very early, so we can have a cozy visit. I 'll expect you at five." No, she could not stay for tea. She was already late for an engagement.

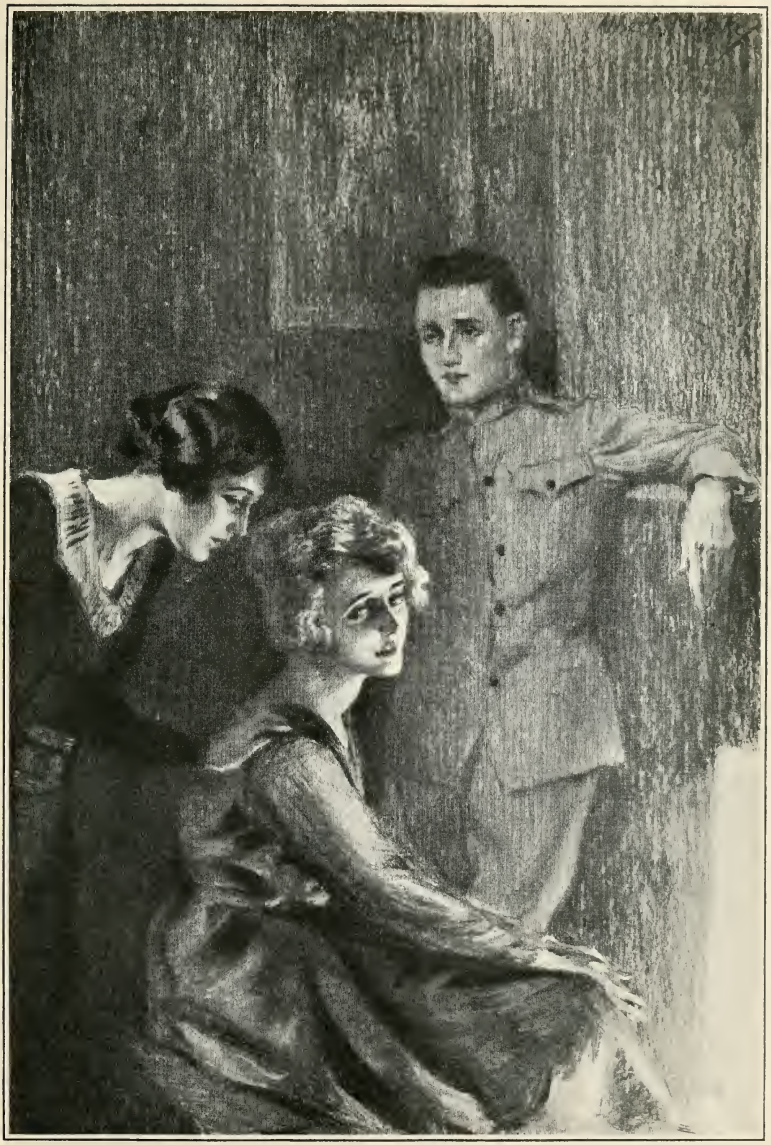
Mrs. Van Beuren reached home, to learn that Peter was dining out. She retired, and lay with tired lids closed over sleepless eyes. Her elasticity was spent. She felt unaccustomedly futile.

Mrs. Van Beuren's useful life lay deeply rooted in a sincere and seasoned culture. She had trod quiet paths of dignity. She was steeped in standards the touchstone of which was worth. Now her only son was to marry into a family whose poverty of background, whose pitiful vulgarity, was a byword. It was an ironic flick of destiny. Life was suddenly lawless.

Amid the turmoil of her rebellion and pain there came a memory of her Aunt Cornelia. The memory was strangely akin to a sense of presence. It was almost as if she might reach out and touch her Aunt Cornelia.

Mrs. Van Beuren felt suddenly stilled; then quietly something stole over her. At first it was a mere refrain of memory, soothing her like a familiar organ prelude. "But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering; for against such there is no law." Of course one knew that; one had always known it. But suddenly the words seemed charged with a living hope and high promise. Against such there is no law. What did that mean? If she expressed to this girl, who casually despoiled the fairest planting of her life, love and joy, if she met this situation with peace and long-suffering, would good prevail? Well, she would try. She fell asleep, and dreamed she was groping through a tangled woods. Aunt Cornelia held her hand. She awoke with a vivid impression of certain words. "Look deeply into the heart of a matter; there you will find its hidden good." Had Aunt Cornelia once said that about something? She could not remember. The words haunted her.

Vera, glancing about the Van Beuren library, decided there was nothing about it you 'd notice particularly. The Van Beurens did not do much with their money; that was clear. Mrs. Van Beuren



" 'IF IT 'S *BEFORE* PETER SAILS, PLEASE LET ME HELP LOTS? I 'M REALLY USEFUL WHEN IT COMES TO ERRANDS. JUST TRY ME' "

was pouring tea in quaint old cups of lavender luster. They were faded, Vera noticed. She saw to it that her mother kept up with the latest. Nevertheless, something of the room's mellow serenity and established harmony invaded the girl's self-consciousness.

"You won't mind the fire?" queried Mrs. Van Beuren. "I 'm so often alone, I quite depend on its good cheer. My other companions are silent, but I feel their sympathy." She nodded to the portraits above the book-cases. "Now you are here, you must meet the family. These are Judge and Mrs. Van Beuren, and on the other side are Grandfather and Grandmother Berkeley. Peter says there are no relatives so satisfactory as dead ones."

Vera glanced briefly at the portraits. They were rather dingy, she thought, and Grandmother Berkeley lacked style.

"It 's an old house, bearing the impress of other lives," continued Mrs. Van Beuren. "Now you will create a fresh home unmarked by the past. That will be a wonderful experience."

Vera nodded.

"I never wanted to live in any one's else house. It seems like wearing other people's clothes. And they never suit me."

"To know what you do want in life, that in itself is a gift—not to have to experiment."

"Oh, I 'm always that way; about people, too. If I don't like them right off, I don't bother; that 's all."

"Oh, you must be very intuitive."

"Dad calls it prejudice sometimes, but I tell him, whatever it is, I don't eat humble pie out of any one's hands."

Mrs. Van Beuren's light laugh revealed no dismay, but she found herself listening for Peter's footstep. When finally he came, he brought the relief of fresh conversational currents.

"Hello, people. It 's jolly to come home and find you two waiting for me. Vera, you are a gleam of brilliant modernity in our dim old cave of antiques—and their nibs, our ancestors." Peter waved disrespectfully to the portraits. Vera tinkled a little laugh. "By the way, Mother, I ran into Rebecca Hatch on the way home, and I kidnapped her for dinner. She insisted she 'd have to run home first. You know how they are, if they belong to the sex that powders its nose: you can't break them, even to eat, eh?" He wrinkled his nose at Vera. She tinkled again. "Rebecca 'll be dropping in about seven."

Mrs. Van Beuren buried a still-born gasp. Why had Peter done this quite incomprehensible thing! Would Vera resent it? But, turning to the girl, she noticed a triumphant complacency.

"That 's very nice, Peter. You must know Rebecca, Vera. She 's quite one of us. She 'll make the fourth at the table; an empty place is something of a rebuke, is n't it?" Mrs. Van Beuren slipped out to speak to the waitress.

"You see," said Peter, blithely, his hand under Vera's chin, "what I accomplish in the way of well-trained mothers? She always approves of what I do."

"I sha'n't always approve. It 's very bad for husbands, I think. I 've never met Miss Hatch."

"No; that 's what I thought. And since we 're all to be such good pals, this seemed a good chance to begin; much better than meeting her out in public for the first time. I told her," Peter added significantly.

Vera nodded. She was quite content. She had suspected that Miss Hatch had rather avoided meeting her. She knew the Hatchs "stood for quality," and lean-pursed, serene gentility nettled Vera. Moreover, every one had assumed that Peter and Rebecca might marry. Then Vera "happened along." Well, Miss Hatch was welcome to come to dinner. She would learn a thing or two.

Mrs. Van Beuren returned, bringing Rebecca Hatch with her. A slim girl she was, her body all grace, her face aglow with interest. She vibrated with a sympathetic capacity for living. She was not quite pretty, perhaps, but distinguished in carriage. Her wide, brown eyes sparkled with light; her mouth was ready to smile

at life. She went straight to Vera, both hands outstretched.

"I am so happy! I know you are going to have enough good wishes to last several lifetimes, so I 'm glad to tuck mine in before all the others avalanche you. Was n't it beautiful of Peter to let me share you to-night? Peter, I never gave you credit for being *half* so generous."

"Oh, you never gave me credit for being half so nice as I really am," said Peter.

"Really? And yet the family say I exaggerate so."

She slipped into an easy-chair, smiling at Peter.

"Now," said Peter, "you shall go without dessert for that."

"Oh, no, please! You can't think what an awful day I 've had."

"How?" demanded Peter.

"Oh, there was n't enough of me to go around. I wished I were twins; four arms would have been so useful. You see," she said, turning to Vera, "every one is n't home yet, and we 're short at the Red Cross rooms. We 've rushed to get supplies off on Saturday's steamer for France and Belgium. It 's all the defenseless little children so tragically stripped of happiness who wring my heart. I want to go right over and comfort them."

Rebecca's eyes grew misty.

"You 'd be just the one to do it," said Mrs. Van Beuren, softly.

"I want to go awfully, but—" she hesitated, and turned to Vera. "You are interested in the war?"

Vera shrugged her shoulders.

"I guess I 'll have to be interested, since Peter 's determined to go; but I hate war. I disapprove of it, and it seems very buttinsky for America to get into this European squabble. They ought to settle their fuss without calling on us; that 's what *I* say."

The briefest silence fell upon them all. Mrs. Van Beuren paled under a surge of emotion. Rebecca, glancing up, met Peter's eyes. She was suddenly aware he had been looking at her for some time. Peter's mouth had grown very straight.

"When I was a kid, Vera," he said quietly, "there was a brute of a bully who lived on this block. He was as strong as a giant; not one of us could lick him alone. But one day three of us got together, and we took turns at him. When we had him thoroughly tired out, we united, and bound his arms with clothesline. We led him home on a leash, and tethered him to a tree in his own back yard. He did n't give any more trouble."

Vera was silent. Rebecca turned swiftly to Mrs. Van Beuren.

"Does n't Miss Barclay remind you of Vardman's lovely 'Autumn'—the wonderful girl with red-gold hair, her arms full of oak-leaves?"

Mrs. Van Beuren nodded.

Vera quickened with interest.

"I always thought," she said, "that if I ever had any portrait painted, it would be in black velvet, cut V."

"With a trail of green somewhere in the composition?" coaxed Miss Hatch.

"I had thought of emeralds." Vera's voice seemed to caress that gem.

Mrs. Van Beuren thoughtfully recovered a dropped stitch. Peter's eyes were on the fire.

When they rose later from the dinner-table, Vera's spirit floated in a nimbus of self-content. A gentle courtesy had confidently assumed the high worth of that unknown quantity, Vera's best self. Not least among her satisfactions was the conquest of Rebecca Hatch, whom she found herself unexpectedly liking. Rebecca's glance was a tribute to her beauty; her quickened interest in Vera's remarks implied their consequence.

Upon their return to the library the telegram came. Peter, excusing himself, read it, then handed the message to Vera. Vera read it, paled, and then flushed.

"I 'm sure I don't see how you can report in Washington in a week and be ready to sail in a month. I thought they gave you till January. Where do *I* come in?"

"Where do any of us come in?" said Peter. "This is n't a time for personal preferences, but of large necessities."

"I am sure," said Vera, "things have come to a pretty pass when the Government takes your life in hand and tells you to come and go at its own convenience. I 'd just let them know they 've gone too far. Tell them you 're going to be married, and can't be ready before January." Tears glistened on Vera's lashes. Peter looked at her, and then into the fire. He had handed the message to his mother.

"I almost wish," Peter said quietly, "that I had gone to Plattsburg and trained last spring."

Rebecca found he was looking at her.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Oh, the whole thing is so overwhelming, the need so colossal for all a man is, for all he has to give, that this volunteering in an engineering corps seems now, the way things are going, a cushy job. It 's chiefly a question of transportation from the ports to detraining outposts. I may never see the firing-line."

"I think it 's very nice the way it is," said Vera; "you 're being perfectly patriotic, and still you 're quite safe."

"I don't care," said Peter, "about being safe." He had quite detached himself.

"Well, *I* care," said Vera.

"The wires," thought Mrs. Van Beuren to herself, "are all crossed."

"I think," said Rebecca, "I know how you feel—it 's the way *I* feel,— that if you are just there in the heart of the worst of it, you can perhaps give more, give *all* there is to give, and so help to the utmost."

Peter nodded. "That 's it," he said—"to the *utmost.*"

Mrs. Van Beuren's eyes sought Vera.

"It would be quite possible, dear, if necessary, to have a very quiet little wedding in ten days or two weeks, would it not? Just the two families? So many people do."

Vera shrugged her shoulders.

"Just as Peter wishes, I 'm sure. Nothing 's ready; it would be an awful scramble."

"That decision, Vera, is entirely up to you. When I marry, the tissue-paper and silver-ribbon business does n't figure much. Happiness to me is n't just organ preludes and—" Peter stopped suddenly.

Rebecca, meeting his eyes, rose. She felt suddenly superfluous. She went to Vera and took both her hands.

"I hope you 'll let me know what you decide to do. And if—if it 's to be *before* Peter sails, please let me help lots? I 'm really useful when it comes to errands. Just try me."

"I was going to ask you to be a bridesmaid, but *now*—" Tears filled Vera's eyes. Back in her mind was that satisfying vision of "society" packed into St. Peter's, she walking, superb in her beauty, down the aisle as Mrs. Peter Van Beuren, Rebecca Hatch receiving honorable mention in the rear.

"That was sweet of you," said Rebecca; "but we will think now only of what is the happiest under the circumstances."

Mrs. Van Beuren's arms went around Rebecca as she bade her good night.

"Rebecca, you are very—satisfactory," she murmured. Rebecca smiled.

Vera left soon after; the evening had lost its savor. She kissed Mrs. Van Beuren good night.

"We 'll talk it over, and Peter will tell you what we decide. May I come and see you sometimes? You won't mind if I —just drop in?" Vera added shyly.

The elder woman's smile wrapped the girl as if in a benediction.

"Oh, that *will* be nice! I 'm nearly always home and alone in the afternoon. Don't keep me waiting, will you?"

Mrs. Van Beuren waited in the library for Peter. So he was to sail in a month, and probably before he sailed he would marry this girl. What an evening it had been! How intensive life had suddenly become! Well, with the whole world anguished in the travail of a new birth, she ought not to mind having her life rocked in the upheaving turmoil. But she did mind. She had built so securely, for so high a purpose! She closed her eyes. Peter's first born lay in her arms. She had often thought of that day. Ah, well, perhaps nature, working for democracy,

" 'THAT IS BEST,' SAID VERA, LIFELESSLY. 'I—I FEEL BETTER NOW' "

intended to check any ultra-refinement of their too supple, wiry gentility. But the evening had revealed such barrenness of soul in the girl! Well, she would marry him, little doubt of that; possessiveness was one of her strong attributes. Then Mrs. Van Beuren dozed. A familiar presence dimly invaded her consciousness. A thought took strange possession of her.

"Bitterness of soul never helped any situation. Keep your spirit a clear channel, and let the infinite Will work out its purpose."

She started, and murmured, "Aunt Cornelia?" But she was quite alone. Peter's latch-key was in the door.

"Mother."

"Yes, Peter."

"I stayed to talk things over a bit. I find Vera 's rather disappointed over the prospect of a hurried and quiet little wedding, with none of the stage-settings. I guess these things mean more to a woman than to a man."

Mrs. Van Beuren considered.

"Vera is young, Peter, and very beautiful. She is proud of you. It is the day of her life, and she does n't want it hidden under a bushel."

"Yes, I know. I think, though, it 's only fair to Vera to announce the engagement a few days before I sail; so, if you want to give that dinner? Then we will be married upon my return. The chances are I shall come back, unless we are torpedoed; it 's a safe enough job." He spoke contemptuously.

"I think that is wise and it is perhaps more dignified." Then she added: "Your Vera is very lovely, Peter. She will be a strong, fine woman."

Peter nodded.

"I was sure you would see that."

Mrs. Van Beuren waited a little hungrily for her crumb of praise.

"I thought things went off easily—before the telegram came, I mean; and that Vera seemed to feel at home?"

"Oh, I 'm sure. Things always go off easily when Rebecca is around," which sent Peter's mother to bed, to think before she slept.

The next morning he proffered belated comfort, a remark Vera had made to him: "I think your mother is perfectly corking. I 'm crazy about her."

During the next two weeks there followed an intensive companionship between the two women. Mrs. Van Beuren wondered sometimes what the harvest could be, but she was touched at the evidences of the girl's increasing affection for her. Vera, who scorned guidance or suggestions, made tentative little appeals for Mrs. Van Beuren's approval of this decision or of that selection. Sometimes she brought a bit of work and sat through the twilight, occasionally remaining for dinner. In these intimate hours Mrs. Van Beuren, silently reaching for inner guidance, felt herself curiously directed. She listened with interested serenity to the gaseous explosions of Vera's opinions. She neither combatted nor set right her crude judgments.

The girl never suspected the desolation of hope these visits wrought, yet a faint new life was stirring in her own consciousness. It was a delicate awareness that life held expanses her experience had not compassed. It was an uncrystallized willingness to be something she suspected she was not.

"I wish," said Vera one afternoon, "you 'd tell me all about Peter. You must know heaps more about him than I do."

Mrs. Van Beuren laughed.

"You will know more about him than ever I have; that is the essential thing."

"Still," persisted Vera, "you, being his mother, must know lots of things I can't know."

Mrs. Van Beuren started mentally. Vera constantly made just such swift plunges at truth. But the older woman shook her head.

"I made up my mind long ago that if I ever had a son and he married, I 'd begin a new era in mothers-in-law. Now you tempt me to catalogue Peter. No, dear; it 's better for you to do your own surveying."

Vera turned a sharp corner, as she often did conversationally.

"Did you know Carol Bennett and Philip Martin were engaged? I never knew two people so unlike in their tastes." Mrs. Van Beuren was silent. "But I suppose lots of people just as unsuited as they are do marry. I wonder if they are happy."

Mrs. Van Beuren dropped a stitch.

"Happiness is *right,* don't you think?" Vera kept on.

"Right? Oh, it 's the *rightest* thing there is. That 's why I fancy it does n't hold itself cheaply."

Vera considered. Her eyes had suddenly grown misty. She veered again.

"I think Rebecca Hatch—we 've motored together lately—I think *she* has it in her to make happiness."

Mrs. Van Beuren considered.

"Rebecca," she said softly, "does n't pursue happiness. She just expresses unselfish love." Then Mrs. Van Beuren wondered why she had said a thing like that to Vera.

"You must have lived a whole lot," said Vera, "to say the kind of things you do."

And then Rebecca walked in upon them. Her face glowed.

"I am going," she said.

"Abroad?" queried Mrs. Van Beuren.

Rebecca nodded, slipping off her gloves and reaching for her cup of tea. "You know how I wanted to ever since I knew how things were over there—all those heart-hungry little children needing love. A month ago my going seemed utterly hopeless. I had all the requirements except"—she hesitated shyly—"except the independent income; then somehow Uncle Marshall heard of what I wanted to do. He says it 's just one way of helping."

"Belgium or France?" asked Mrs. Van Beuren.

"France, I think. Oh, is n't it wonderful how things work out? I felt this would if it were best. The thing that is really right just has to happen, if you are only willing and don't block the way, don't you think?"

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Van Beuren, slowly. "You dear girl," she added gently, "every child you touch will be blessed."

Rebecca's eyes filled. Vera rose suddenly.

"I must go. I 'm awfully glad for you, Miss Hatch. I think it 's just splendid; wish *I* were that useful."

Two days later Mrs. Van Beuren placed upon the hall-table the dinner-invitations which would announce Peter's engagement. She passed wearily to her chair by the library fire.

"Love, joy, peace—against such?" Well, she had to admit that this three-weeks intimacy brought no light to her darkness. Of the complete unfitness of this marriage she had not a moment's delusion.

Mentally, one struck bottom with Vera at once. Of spiritual or artistic value she seemed devoid. Yet there was something in the girl's personality, particularly recently, that compelled interest and inspired affection; something that bespoke a potentiality which experience might knead into worth. Mrs. Van Beuren wondered if Peter had been aware of this. When she told him of Rebecca's going abroad, he accepted the news with a strange silence.

"May I come in?"

Mrs. Van Beuren turned to welcome Vera. The girl came straight to her chair.

"You are alone? I must talk to you. May I?" She seemed charged with a militant intention. She sat very erect.

"Just lately I 've known I should have to tell you sometime, because"—she paled and her breath quickened—"because you 've been so terribly decent to me. I 've seen it all—you 're just taking for granted that I am so many things I 'm not. I do know now that there are differences in people. I 'm different from you and Peter in a way I never thought about. I simply have n't got that something else. I have always been opinionated and proud of it. But I did n't come to say all that. It 's only this—Peter never loved me for one moment." Her hands twisted tensely. "*I* brought the engagement about."

Vera caught the dazed pain and wonder in Mrs. Van Beuren's face.

"Oh, I know how it must hurt you," Vera blurted out, "but it hurts me much more. I wonder if I can make you understand. Please know it 's the only time in my life when I have n't played perfectly square. It—my wanting Peter—was just bigger than anything else. We 'd played, you see, through the tennis tournament up to the finals. We had flirted rather recklessly, and things had gone pretty far, but I knew very well that Peter did n't care really. Then one day,—oh, it was such a silly little thing, something Peter said about our doing splendid team-work together and winning out and keeping on,—and I don't know what got into me, but I deliberately pretended I had misunderstood and that I thought he was serious. And I suppose I showed my real feelings. He saw I cared, and he imagined he had made me—that it was all his fault. He played right up to the situation, and he persuaded me it really would make him happy if I married him, and I let him seem to persuade me, because I cared too much to—to let him go. And there was another reason, too. No, I want to tell everything; *please* let me. When I came home from school I was determined to make a place for myself—a place that even the high-brows would have to respect. Boarding school was a grill of snubs, believe me, except from the money-toadies. Well, I just meant to put myself where society could be a footstool if I chose. I really don't care a rap about parties and going, but I do care awfully about the position I hold. And I knew jolly well no one would ever undertake to snub Mrs. Peter Van Beuren. So, you see, I wanted desperately all that Peter stood for; but I wanted just Peter himself more than I ever wanted anything in life. I"—her voice broke pitifully—"I did n't know caring *could* be like that." She paused a moment.

Mrs. Van Buren laid a hand on her own tensely clenched one.

"Don't, dear! I think I understand. You give yourself such pain!"

Vera shook her head.

"I know lots of men would have gotten out of it, just gradually dropped off or something; but Peter 's so terribly decent. It frightens you to think he could let his sense of honor carry him so far. I 've never known any one like that." Suddenly she stiffened.

"Have those dinner-invitations been mailed yet, Mrs. Van Beuren?"

"They are all ready, waiting on the hall-table."

Vera rose, passed swiftly to the hall, gathered up the little handful of notes, returned, and knelt before the fireplace. Mrs. Van Beuren flung out a detaining hand, but it was too late. Vera had firmly thrust them under the blazing log. A hungry little flame licked them; they were a blaze of glory, and were gone.

"That is best," said Vera, lifelessly. "I —I feel better now."

Mrs. Van Beuren held out her arms to the girl. Vera sank at her feet.

"I 've thought and thought," she whispered, "and there 's no peace in thinking, only in *doing*. Now I 've done all I can. I guess love is only love when you can let it go." Her head lifted. "I want you to know that it was *because* of you that I came to see how awful it was—of me."

"I—I just mean, that if you had treated me the way I deserved to be treated, the way I was all ready to resent, I 'd have married Peter and gloated over it—oh, I would! But you did n't; all the time it was as if you were believing in something beautiful in me. Suddenly I found I could n't go on. I did n't even want Peter as much as I wanted to feel right with myself." She rose. "I 'm going away tomorrow for a while," she said dully; "I 've written to Peter explaining everything."

She paused a moment, hesitating, with downcast eyes. Then she ventured shyly:

"Do you think, Mrs. Van Beuren, I could possibly make something really worth while—out of myself?"

Mrs. Van Beuren took the girl's face, tragic in its new beauty, between her hands.

"Oh, my dear," she murmured reverently, "you have done *that* already."

The Messenger

By ELIZABETH ROBINS

Illustration by Hamlin Gardner

CHAPTER XX

WHATEVER it was she had heard from Germany, Nan presently unpacked her trunk and installed herself in a flat in Westminster, with a servant, two aged Belgian refugee women, and the grandson of one of them, a little boy of five. Despite the intimate friendship Madge had set up with Miss Greta's "little friend," for the most of that bewildering, tormenting autumn Napier had only fleeting glimpses of her. The first of these after Miss Greta's departure was the occasion of Julian's last appearance in that house in Lowndes Square where the McIntyres had made him welcome. Ten minutes after the older people had sat down to luncheon, Madge came in, bringing Julian and Nan Ellis. The girls wore that look of happy responsibility that had begun to shine on young faces in England.

"I 've joined the Emergency Corps," Madge announced.

"Your new excuse for being late for meals," Sir William exclaimed, with a *brusquerie* intended to strike a few enlivening sparks out of Wildfire. And she actually let it pass.

Lady McIntyre, in her fashionable mourning more shrunken and piteous than ever, went on addressing to Julian her polite inanities, couched for the most part in that form of acknowledged intellectual poverty, the question. Did Julian think there was any chance of a Zeppelin raid on London?

"All that talk in the papers,"—Sir William hurriedly forestalled any agitating admission on the part of the guest,—"all that is a concession to panic. Like the nonsense about what the submarines might do. Nothing could suit Germany's book better."

"Except, I suppose, sinking our ships." For the first time Julian took some interest in the conversation.

"Sinking our ships!" quavered Lady McIntyre.

"I should have thought the loss of the *Aboukir* and *Cressy*, those awful casualty-lists, might have made people a little less ready to talk about our invulnerable navy."

"So"—Sir William laid down his knife and fork and fell to seal-rattling under the table—"so you 've come now to doubt the power of the British Navy!"

"I 've come," said Julian, "to see the danger of not doubting it."

The seals joined the general silence.

"I wonder," Sir William remarked dryly, "what your father would say to your views."

"I could tell you, sir, if it mattered."

"If it mattered! God bless my soul!" Sir William looked at Julian for the first time with cold dislike.

As they came out from luncheon, Napier said to Nan:

"I never see you now. Are you still too devoured by the Belgian locusts to have anything left for your older—friends?"

"Locusts! How *can* you? I am not at all devoured. Or, if I am, it 's by something *quite* different." She said it with her air of new importance. "But in the midst of it all"—she lowered her voice, and spoke now as one positively beset by weighty affairs—"I keep worrying about Julian. Just because"—she glanced back at him as he stood talking "Emergency Corps" with Madge—"just because he

does n't in the least worry about himself. Have you heard about the way his relations are behaving? And some of his friends, too. They cold-shoulder him in private and in public; they cut him!" Her eyes gleamed with anger. "If they think that 's the way to discourage Julian, they know very little. Even his father—to go and cut down Julian's income!"

Napier had n't heard that, but he expressed himself "not surprised."

Nan was looking at him with that post-Greta look.

"You take it as a matter of course!"

"Another, *upon* my word!" An envelop fluttered from Lady McIntyre's hand to the waste-paper basket. She held an open paper in her hand.

"Another what, Mum?" Madge left Julian to lean over her mother's shoulder. "Oh." One glance was enough for Madge; she turned away. But one glance did n't suffice for Lady McIntyre.

"It 's too, *too* much! Look at this, William." The two elders stood talking in lowered voices.

Nan's inquiring look met Madge's offhand explanation:

"Another of Greta's bills. That makes a hundred and sixty pounds just for furs."

"Oh,"—Nan's movement toward Lady Napier was arrested in an access of shyness,——"ask your mother to let me have it."

"No good." Wildfire shook her mane. "She won't. She thinks you 've had enough of 'em sent direct to you."

"Your mother does n't understand. It 's all right. I 'm taking care of these things for Greta."

"Have you had another letter?" Wildfire demanded.

"No. I told you she 's nursing her father day and night. She has n't time to; besides, it 's understood."

"Why do some of the bills come to us and some to you?"

Nan stood nonplussed an instant and then said:

"It 's all right, I tell you."

"You mean you think she 's going to pay you back?"

"Well, of course." Nan crossed the room and stood a moment in front of Lady McIntyre with hand extended and speaking in an undertone.

"You may take it from me"— Sir William did n't moderate his tone—"Miss von Schwarzenberg *won't* pay the money back." His voice rose higher over the low protest. "For one thing, she can't."

"You think she has n't got it?" Nan inquired.

"Oh, I have n't much doubt she 's *got* it; but even if she wanted to repay you, she won't be allowed to send money out of Germany."

"Surely she 'll be allowed to pay her debts?"

"Miss Greta would tell you, "No trading allowed with the enemy.' " Sir William dismissed the matter with decision.

"You hear that, Julian? Not *allowed* to pay her debts!"

Nan's instinctive turning to Julian for sympathy and understanding was no more lost on Napier than Julian's comment:

"There 's no end to the little wickednesses of war as well as the great central one." He threw down the illustrated paper he 'd been glancing at and took up his hat. "Come along," he said to Nan under his breath. "They 'll be expecting us."

She started.

"Expecting me, too?"

"Yes, expecting you."

The girl glowed. No more urging was needed.

Napier had even then a fairly shrewd idea of who was expecting them. A deep disheartenment laid hold of him. Napier discharged his double duty to Sir William and that to the O. T. C. with impatience at the length of time it takes to improvise an officer. He watched the gradual putting in khaki come over the male population of the United Kingdom; watched regiments marching gaily by day to the tune of "Tipperary"; marching by night very quietly, on each man's shoulder a long, white bundle, like a little canvas bolster—men on their way to entrain for the front, following in the wake of that

fourth of the Expeditionary Army that had already fallen. With as little publicity as possible hospitals multiplied. People began to look upon wounded soldiers in the streets without that shuddering first passion of pity, that mingled gratitude and anger at the price exacted of those maimed men.

Napier was seeing nearly as little in these days of Julian as of Nan. They had had high words over the development and intensification of Julian's opposition to the war and in particular over his strictures on the Government. Napier had studiously avoided all reference to Nan Ellis, but by this side wind and that he gathered that Nan was being swept into the little pacifico-philosophic group, and was as thick as thieves with certain men and women whose names were beginning to be anathema to the general public. Strangely to his own sense, with far more bitterness than he resented Julian's notorious anti-war work, Napier would, as he knew now, resent the harnessing of the airy spirit of the girl to that lumbering and ill-looked-on car.

More than ever he felt this, sitting opposite Nan at dinner in Lowndes Square the night following on the German Spy Debate in the House of Commons. The topic in the forefront of every mind was ignored by tacit consent. Conversation fell for a few memorable minutes on the appalling statement, just issued officially, that there had been 57,000 casualties in the British Expeditionary Force up to the end of October. How many had fallen since in the bloody struggle about Ypres, fiercest of the war, and how many on either side would survive the stark misery of the first little-prepared-for winter in the trenches no one present had heart to ask. But the question, urged in print and cried from platforms by Julian and his friends, was there in the girl's face.

Sir William seemed to answer by saying it stood to reason this sort of thing could n't go on. The one redeeming feature was that it was too awful to last. The Germans must see they have failed.

"Why?" the girl asked, with her candid eyes on her host. "If the Government believed that, why was Lord Kitchener calling for a hundred thousand men?"

"Oh, *that*—that was to show the Germans what they had to expect if they *did n't* come to their senses."

While the dessert was going round, she got up, with a look at the clock and an apology. It was understood that she had an engagement.

"Always an emergency in these days," Sir William mocked pleasantly at the Women's Corps. "Gavan, see they get her a taxi, will you?"

The footman's whistle grew fainter as Napier helped her into her coat. They had n't been alone since those hurried moments on the platform after Greta had gone. Something now in her slight awkwardness as she struggled with her coat, her increased anxiety to be off ("I ought to have gone ten minutes ago. I can always find a cab quicker than a footman") gave Napier a feeling that he had misinterpreted her avoidance. Not the new Greta-born distrust of him, but distrust of herself. His heart rose at that quick conviction. Rogers would n't be long, he reassured her, and then:

"I wish he might, or, rather, I wish I had n't to go back to the House with Sir William. I 'd take you wherever it is you are going. He stopped suddenly.

"Would you? Would you really? That 's what I 've been longing to ask. *You* would n't sit dumb, helpless, like me, if once you 'd heard Julian—"

"I 'm under the impression that I *have* heard Julian."

"No! no! not just arguing with you. I mean at one of the meetings."

"I see. Where I can't answer back."

"And now you 're looking like that!" She turned away with nervous abruptness, but he had interposed between her and the door-knob.

"And you—have you any idea how unhappy *you* are looking?"

"Well, why not? If it is, as Julian says, 'such a brute of a world.'"

"*Julian* ought n't to think so," Napier said bitterly. "Julian has you—"

"Oh, has he! Poor Julian!"

"Do you mean he has n't?" They were both trembling.

"I mean whether he has or has n't, we are n't rid of the miserableness. Once you are started wrong, you can't get right, it seems. Not without—" Suddenly her eyes filled. A shower of words tumbled out in a shaken whisper: "At first—oh, for long, I thought you hardly knew I was there, at Kirklamont, in the world! Then, when you began to notice me, it was only to criticize me. Oh, I used to see you laughing; not with your mouth, with your eyes. You laughed at Julian for thinking I was all right." She broke in upon his protest, which was none the less horrified for being self-convicted.

"Yes, yes; you tried to prevent Julian from caring. I could have forgiven you that," she said, with her look of indignant candor; "yes, I could *easily* have forgiven you if you 'd done it from any *nice* reason, like jealousy. You did n't do it from a nice reason." Still under her breath she hurled at him.

"Hush! They might—" he glanced at the dining-room door.

"You thought I should n't 'do.' Julian —well, maybe you know what he thought. So I let him try to make up to me. He could n't, but I let him try. And what 's come out of it all is that Julian—"

"Yes, yes; I know, I know."

"I 've made him care! I 've made him build on me! And can't you see"— she seemed to arraign Napier's own loyalty as she stood there under the hall light, vehement, unhappy—"can't you see Julian needs his friends now as he never did before?" In the little pause her excitement mounted. "And besides that, Julian 's right about the war. And you are wrong. Oh, why *are* you!" she cried out of the aching that comes of conflict between love of a person and hate of his creed.

They heard a taxi stop. She caught up her gloves. "Do you know what I kept thinking at dinner? It 's what I always think when people talk like Sir William, about letting the war go on for Kitchener's three mortal years. I kept thinking that Julian won't ever come here again. And what a pity it was! Unless you—*do* come and hear him, Gavan, with me! Tomorrow afternoon. *Please!*"

"I 'd do most things for you," he said; "not that."

And then he went and did it. At least, he went alone.

Had the authorities not believed that outside the narrow—so narrow as to be negligible—limits of the League for a Negotiated Peace no general notice would be taken of so unpopular an enterprise, the open-air meeting would have been interdicted. The authorities had not reflected that unpopularity, if only it is great enough, is as sure a draw as its opposite.

Napier left the taxi and let himself be carried along in the human current to a place opposite that part of the improvised platform where a speaker stood facing the people. The thick-set figure of the ex-member of Parliament stood in a storm of booing, of derisive shouts and groans that ultimately drowned his appeal.

No sooner had they howled him down than a much younger man stood up there facing the crowd. It was Julian. He spoke for a good twenty minutes. His boyishness, and that something that compelled you to listen to Julian, held the people quiet through the earlier minutes, and held them muttering and threatening up to the bursting of the storm.

His voice reached Napier tired and hoarse:

You don't believe the Germans were encircled in a band of iron? You don't believe they had n't sufficient outlet for their immense capacities? Oh, no; the commercial greed of other nations did n't hem them in! Tell me, then, what 's behind this vast discovery of German activity in lands not their own? What about the difficulty even in England of combing them out of commerce, out of clubs, even out of Parliament? What about the hold they have in Sweden and Holland; in Genoa; in South America, not to speak of the United States? Now, notice. No other nation has so disseminated itself

about the globe in practical activities. What 's the reason? Can you answer that? Wrong. The reason is that energy must go somewhere. The Germans were n't to have colonies; they were n't to have sea ports, not openly. So they took them in the only way left. They took them by a vast, silent effort that has sown the German broadcast over the world.

Agreement as to that fact exploded in every direction. The speaker strained his voice to dominate the din:

They did n't specially love us—the Germans. No; nor we them, perhaps.

He was forced to wait till the enthusiasm which greeted that view had spent itself.

Now, just think a moment. The Germans—I 'm speaking of before the War, remember—they believed theirs was the only true civilization.

Wild derision from the English cockneys. The few soldiers scattered through the crowd appeared to have less emotion to expend than did the civilians. They listened stolidly. In the first lull the speaker went on:

Now, why—why did these notorious home-lovers turn their backs on what for them was the only true civilization? Why did they come here in such numbers?

"To spy!"

"To steal our jobs!"

" 'Peaceful penetration' for the ends of war!"

Listen! They overran us and other countries because we prevented the legitimate expansion of the German Empire.

High and clear over the confused shouting, "That 's a lie!" a voice cried angrily. The direct charge acted like a stimulant. The word "lie" was caught up by a score of throats.

"An' why ain't *'e* at the front?"

Above the increasing disorder Napier caught fragments from the platform:

Waste places of the earth, crying out for labor and development. Yes, in bitter *need* of something the German could give, *wanted* to give—

But pandemonium had broken loose, and reigned irresistible for some moments. As the wave of sound ebbed, those high, fife-like notes, conquering hoarseness for a moment, soared above the din and over the bobbing heads of the multitude:

Waste places! Yet we grudged even the waste places to that supremely hard-working people. Why?

A hail of answers, every one a stone of scorn.

As you don't seem to know why it was we grudged these places to the Germans, you 'd better let me tell you. We grudged them to an industrious people because the people were n't British people. What happened? No! no! *no!* Listen! The Germans—the Germans—

Cries of "Belgium!" mixed with booing and cursing, drowned the voice again and again till the moment when it rose with "they" in lieu of the word intolerable:

They *have* done what you say. I 'm not here to deny it. They 've turned the most fertile lands of Europe into wastes. Why? Because we refused them the places that were already waste. Energy must go somewhere. Energy that could have helped to save the world has gone to the devastation of Belgium, to the ruin of France. Gone to the torture and death of tens of thousands of British men. Whose fault? Ours, *ours,* I tell you!

A roar went up as the crowd surged forward. Napier, carried with it, saw men near the foot of the platform gesticulating wildly with clenched fists above their heads: "Liar! Pro-German!"

And still the penny-whistle voice

shrilled clear a moment over the turgid outpouring of muddy minds:

The vast crime, the unparalleled lunacy of war! If I have a private quarrel and I kill my opponent, I am hanged for a felon. If the Government I live under has a public quarrel, and at their bidding I kill some man I never saw before, I am a patriot. *No!* I am a murderer.

That was more than the soldiers could stand. They joined in the rush for the column. Yet, as Napier remembered afterward, the soldiers who by implication had been called murderers were less like wild beasts in their fury than the men who had stayed at home. The men were n't in khaki who strove, vainly at the first assay, by dint of climbing on other men's shoulders to storm the platform.

As for Napier, he would never have been able to get anywhere near the speaker but that his precipitation was taken by those about him for uncontrollable rage. Even with the aid of hatred to forge him a way he found getting to the front a cursedly impeded business. Then came that moment of sheer physical sickness at his closer vision of the pack of wolves ravening below the unfriended figure. It was long before Napier would shake himself free of that impression—Julian, facing the onset, facing the hate-inflamed eyes in heads just appearing above the platform.

Ruffians with villainous faces, and simpletons fired with the responsibility of standing up for England, doing it so safely, too, by means of breaking the head of one young gentleman, up the platform they scrambled after their ringleaders and closed round the speaker.

In those last few hard-won yards Napier had collected a policeman. But up above the attackers had fought Julian to the edge of the platform. Napier had an instant's glimpse of him with a splash of scarlet down his cheek before they threw him over.

Upon that, a new emotion seized the crowd, a panic born of the consciousness of limits to police indifference. The mass swayed and broke away from where the figure had fallen. There were plenty of policemen now that the need for their intervention was past.

Napier shouted to them for an ambulance as he ran forward. Of the faces bent over the figure lying limp at the foot of the platform, one was lifted—Nan Ellis's.

"Wait!" Napier called to one of the policemen. "Get that lady out of this, will you?"

But the lady would come when she could take "him" along.

"A taxi, please."

Some one had given her a large-sized pocket-handkerchief. She made a bandage and tied it round the bleeding head. Some one else fetched a cab for the lady. And the ambulance would be there in a minute.

"Oh, he 'll hate the ambulance! Help me to get him to the cab!" she besought.

His eyelids opened, and he moaned a little as between Napier and one of the policemen Julian was carried through the alley which had been opened in the crowd. As the limp figure was borne past they muttered and jeered.

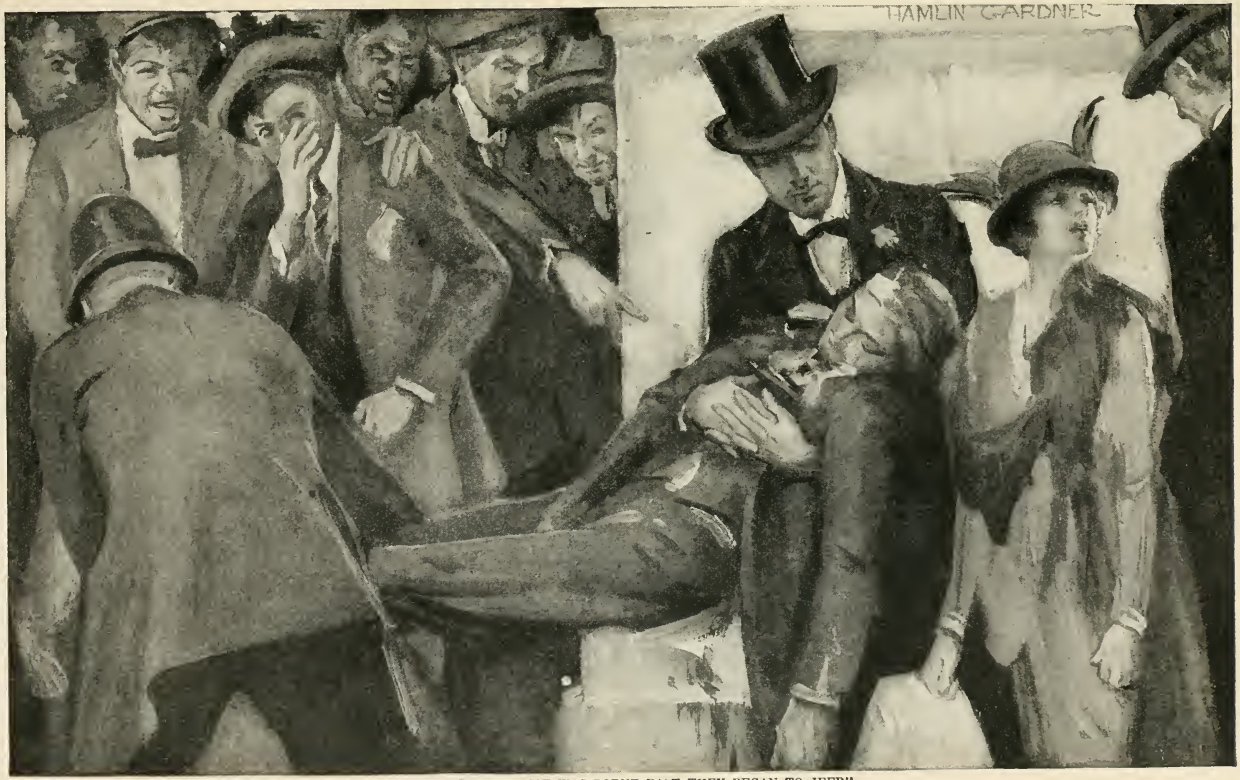
CHAPTER XXI

Late that night Gavan left a note in Berkeley Street, to be given to Lady Grant in the morning. He told her that he had got a doctor and a nurse, and "Julian has come off better than I could have believed."

Before ten o'clock the next day Lady Grant appeared at her son's new lodging with the avowed intention of taking him home and seeing that he was properly attended to. Julian, in a fever and many bandages, flatly refused to be moved. There was a grievous scene.

In the midst of it in walked Miss Ellis. The same evening, comfortably established in his old Berkeley Street bedroom, Julian put Napier in possession of the issue of that encounter of the morning.

"Nan turned against me. She and my mother together are too many for me."



"AS THE LIMP FIGURE WAS BORNE PAST THEY BEGAN TO JEER"

In those next days Gavan ran in whenever he had a quarter of an hour, to find a Julian very weak, yet in bewildering good spirits, visited daily by Nan, and even, for the term of the exigency, received back into his mother's favor.

"Do they meet, those two?" Arthur asked.

"My mother and Nan? Rather. They get along like a house afire."

If Napier had doubted that before, he doubted no longer after a little talk down in the drawing-room with Lady Grant on a certain gloomy evening toward Christmas. Whispers had begun to be heard in privileged circles of British shell shortage at the front. The Germans had shells to spare. They had been bombarding Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby; five hundred casualties, the papers said.

Julian was better. You could read that news in his mother's face.

"I believe he 'll be able to go over to America early in the new year," she said.

"To America!" Napier repeated, slightly dazed.

"It would be everything to have him out of England till the war is over." Julian's mother had broached the idea to Miss Nan. "I 've had my eye on that young woman. It 's true she takes Julian's mad ideas for the law and the prophets, but a wife should. Julian might do worse, don't you agree?"

"So—they 're engaged!" was all that Napier could bring out.

"Not properly engaged, I gather. But when was Julian properly anything? The girl 's no fool. She has naturally thought we should n't like it, so I took occasion to say a word to her. She looked rather confused," said the lady, reflectively. "She *must* have been confused, for what do you think she said? That I had misunderstood. That she had never said she would marry Julian. I told her he was an odd creature, but I was sure that was what he wanted. 'And I can't be wrong in thinking you care for him,' I said. And then she burst out with: 'How can I *help* caring about anybody with such a perfectly beautiful nature as Julian!' Was n't that American?" Lady Grant smiled. "I told her I would make Sir James see it as I did, and that it would all come right."

Julian's way of helping it all to "come right" was to employ his convalescence in carrying on the propaganda from his sick bed with unabated ardor.

That name of "Messenger" which Napier had secretly given Nan recurred to him again and again. Messenger, indeed, carrying contraband, not to say high explosive, to and from the sober precincts of Berkeley Street!

The worst of it was that Nan showed no sign of revolt against being made the agent of this traffic. The cold truth was that she liked it. That was the heartbreaking thing about the whole sorry business. She would come back from private talks with Julian's revolutionary friends, from semi-public meetings, electric with excitement, brimming with her news. Julian's eagerness to hear and hers to tell did not always await the more private hour.

Nan's air of tumbling it all out, equally without selective care and without consciousness of offense, did much to ease the situation between Julian and his mother. Their relationship had been too embittered to allow them any more to discuss these things. And here was some one wholly forgetting, if she had ever heard, that constraint-breeding, melancholy fact, some one who pronounced the words abhorred in an even, every-day voice, smiled the while, and sat at her ease. Too newly Julian had skirted death for his mother not to make shift to endure that which first brought back the hues and lights of life to the corpse-white face.

Lady Grant did, to be sure, tighten her lips and stiffen her back in face of some of the talk that went on across her son's paper-strewn bed-table.

During one of Napier's visits he had seen her rise and leave the room. When she came back she found Julian laughing as he had n't for many a day. Ultimately Lady Grant was able to confront the familiar mention of persons ostracized and

implications outrageous with that patience women know how to draw upon in dealing with their sick.

Sometimes the messenger did n't spare the mixed audience in Berkeley Street a graver, more passionate mood.

"I told you," she said suddenly to Julian, soon after her entrance one evening—"I told you Mr. Oswin Norfolk's book was practically finished. Yes. Well, the authorities are n't going to let it be published."

"What!" Julian very nearly leaped out of bed. "Suppress the greatest contribution to sane thinking since 'Progress and Poverty?' To dare to ban the 'Philosophy of Force' and pretend we are fighting for liberty!"

"You ought not to have told him," Lady Grant said to Nan.

Julian caught her up.

"Not tell me? Of course she had to tell me. She knows if she did n't bring me the news here, I 'd have to go where I could depend on getting it."

His mother exchanged looks with Gavan.

"I told them what *I 'd* do." Nan said it with that little catch of excitement in her voice. "I 'd get Mr. Oswin Norfolk's book over to America. They would n't be afraid to publish it over there."

"Why should they? The *Americans* are n't standing in the breach," said Lady Grant, with heightened color.

Nan looked away. Her mouth quivered a little. It was clear that she was reminding herself, Julian's mother!

"America! The very thing!" In the baggy dressing-gown Julian had twisted the upper part of his thin body sidewise, leaning toward the messenger.

"The trouble is," she began in a lower voice, and then hesitated.

"What 's the matter?" Julian demanded. His impatience made him irritable. "You are n't so silly as to suppose we can't say what we like before Gavan and my mother?"

"No, oh, no," she answered with a haste that convicted her. "I was just going to tell you Mr. Norfolk seems to think"—her voice sank—"the mails are n't safe."

"Not safe?"

She shook her head.

"Not any more. Mr. Norfolk says there 's a—a supervision already."

"What?"

"Oh, not openly."

"A secret censorship! Hah! Hear that?" he challenged his friend. "That 's what your policy 's come to!"

"What makes Norfolk think"—Gavan began at his calmest.

"He does n't think. He knows." There was a little pause. "Things don't get through. And the things that don't get through, they 're always, he says, things of a certain kind." She broke the strain of the next moment's silence. "I said if they did n't trust the mails, why should n't Mr. Norfolk take his book over along with your 'League of Nations Manifesto' that they 're all so wanting to get into President Wilson's hands. They asked me what I thought the inspectors would be doing while Mr. Norfolk was walking about with contraband literature under his arm. Did you ever hear such an excuse? I said: 'Do you think the inspectors would stop you? Well, the inspectors would n't stop *me!'* Yes," she added in a slightly offended tone, "they laughed, too. I did n't mind that so much as to see them accepting the—interference, and just sitting there. Talking! It made me wild. 'Do you really *want* to get that into the President's hands?' I asked them. 'Very well. You give it to me.' "

"You 'd take it!" The involuntary exclamation slipped over Gavan's lips.

Julian had n't needed to ask.

"You darling!" He held out his hand.

"Not at all," said Miss Nan, with flushed dignity. "And, anyhow, Mr. Norfolk won't trust me with his precious book. 'Let me take Mr. Grant's 'Manifesto,' then,' I said. But they seemed to think the 'Manifesto' was still more what they called 'inflammable material at this juncture.' 'It would be better for you to be found with a bomb in your trunk,' they said."

"They are bound to consider the question of personal risk," said Gavan, seriously.

"*What* risk? Nobody can tell me that. I 'm an American. The British Government has n't any right to tell me what I may carry to my own country. Besides, they would n't find it. And suppose they did, the English could n't shoot me. I told them this afternoon. '*I* 'm not bound by your horrid war regulations.' But, no," she said lugubriously through the others' smiling, "they won't send me. Everybody 's afraid."

"Except you and me, Nan." Julian held out a hand again, his eyes shining in his moved face. "It 's a great bond."

THE last time Gavan was ever to see those two together was one evening toward the end of January, about half past six. Julian's convalescence, not so rapid as his mother expected, was steadily progressing. The newsboys, at that period still vocal in London streets, were shouting: "Zepp raid! Bombs dropped on King's Lynn!" as Gavan was admitted at the Grants' door. Nan was coming downstairs.

"And where are you off to this time?" He led her into Sir James's library. "I suppose I shall hear of you on the Nelson plinth next, being pelted."

She seemed not yet to have received that mandate. But again she was full of America, what America was to do for the war-maddened world, America and the labor parties everywhere.

Away from that slavery to sick-room sensibilities, Gavan could n't bear it. With a vehemence foreign to him, he poured out his indictment against a divided national policy, against the treason of weakening the home front. He flayed the stop-the-war people as though a prince of the peacemongers were n't lying in the room above. Their colossal ineptitude in thinking they alone really want peace! They had sent deputations to Sir William, who had just lost his second son!

"Not Niel! O Gavan, Niel!"

"Yes, blown to atoms at Soissons."

"Niel! Niel, too!" she cried. "If only they had been able to stop it in time!"

"Stop it! Stop men from going into a war like this! I 'm not an idealist myself," —he could n't, to save his life, keep bitterness out of his voice,—"but I do know there have been men who went into this war to defend the weak and to right wrong. A good many of those men can't speak for themselves any longer—" For a moment even Gavan could n't speak for them. He began again in a level voice, "In those casualty lists—nearly every friend I had."

"Not the greatest friend of all; not Julian."

"Except Julian," he said dully, "our lot is practically wiped out. And now the younger men, the boys, Niel and the rest. They go and they go." He turned on her with a vehemence that cloaked his emotion. "I 'm not saying that all the men out there feel the same about the war, but they fight on, some of them because—other men have died and must n't have died in vain. The dead are the best recruiters. It 's the dead who call loudest, 'Come, join up!' "

The tears stood in her eyes, but she shook her head.

"The dead can't speak for themselves. I wish they could. Soldiers—people who 've been in it—are n't half so hot for going on with the struggle as a civilian like you."

"I 'm *not* a civilian. I 'm gazetted to the Scottish Borderers. This is the last time I 'll see you."

"O Gavan!" She held up her shaking hands.

He longed to beg her forgiveness, to say he had n't meant in the very least to tell her like that; but all he could do was to explain, "The last, I mean, till I get my first leave," he ended in his most casual voice.

"O Gavan!" she repeated. And then she turned abruptly and went out of the room, leaving him without a good-bye.

IT had been hard enough for Gavan to arrange it even before that awful news about Niel.

"You are n't fit," Sir William had stormed. When he calmed down a little, he went and had another talk with the doctor. No medical man who knew his business would pass Mr. Napier, Sir William was told; but the need for officers was great. Mr. Napier would have his way. In the final issue Sir William had his.

Something, Sir William said, that Gavan could do for the country that the country needed more than it needed another amateur officer at the front. Gavan was to go to America on a secret mission by the first ship.

The newly commissioned officer protested with all his might. He had no experience of missions, secret or otherwise; he had no experience of America. Nevertheless, there were others in high places who agreed with Sir William.

As usual in case of projects with which Sir William McIntyre had most to do, this one was quickly shaped and smartly carried through. Time was the essence of Napier's mission to America not only in view of the needs of our men in France, but in order that neither the other neutral governments nor the Central empires should know of the attempt to tide over the interval of scarcity before the munition plants of Great Britain should be established and the output secure.

The night before he left England Napier received his final sailing orders during a tête-à-tête dinner with Sir William at the club. The privacy of those last minutes was broken in upon by Tommy Durrant, hot-foot on Sir William's traces. Tommy was just back from the front. Something ought to be done, according to Tommy, to lessen the ineffectiveness of the inspectors of refugees crossing over to England. He retailed the story then going the rounds about a man who spoke Walloon all right, arm bandaged, sling, all that sort of thing. Somebody on the boat did n't like the look of him, and had the wit to ask to see his wound. He was very sensitive about showing his wound. It was not unnatural, "doctor's orders," and that kind of thing. An R. A. M. C. man got the landing authorities to insist. Fearful shindy! Fella's arm as sound as Tommy's own. Did n't Sir William believe it? Very well, then. Not five hours ago, as Tommy was waiting to get through the barrier on this side, he had noticed a Belgian nun. He 'd seen lots of nuns. Why should he have noticed this one? Could n't make out till she turned her head with a backward look just as she disappeared. "And it was that woman who used to be at your house, Sir William; the governess."

Napier's heart failed him for one sick moment. To be leaving England at the very moment of Greta von Schwarzenberg's return! Tommy was asking Sir William why "a lady *like that*" should be coming here in disguise. Surely there was something very fishy about it.

"Well, you say you 've reported to Scotland Yard. Let them deal with it!" Sir William rattled his seals impatiently.

Poor Tommy was having no success at all with his news. It was plain that Sir William was more annoyed at being made a participant than at the fact itself. Napier could n't refrain from warning him.

"She 'll be trying to get into communication with Miss Ellis — with Madge."

"She won't risk that, whatever 's the explanation of her slinking back. She 'll lie low for a while, anyway." Tommy registered his conviction: "She saw I 'd recognized her, and did n't love me for it."

CHAPTER XXII

A good part of that last night in London Napier spent in writing Nan a full account of the results of Singleton's visit to Lamborough. He wound up by warning her that Greta was in London, disguised as a Belgian refugee. Moreover, Scotland Yard would have full and accurate knowledge of those with whom the woman held any communication.

He sealed the letter and left it in the trusty keeping of his servant. The packet was not to go out of Day's hands except to be placed in those of Miss Ellis.

Napier's own secret was well kept. His own family had so little idea of his change of plan that until he had cabled them from New York, they supposed him to have vanished, in the familiar way, into the B. E. F.

Before ever the Atlantic liner left the docks Napier's eyes, or rather, his ears, in the first instance, began to open. What they took in was the fact of the singular pervasiveness of the German tongue. On examining the speakers, they were seen to be men young or youngish and certainly *Kriegsfähig*. The stamp that the German system sets on the person who has been trained to military command differentiated certain of these foreign-speaking passengers from the ordinary reservist. There were at least four Germans of good military rank on board, no doubt calling themselves "Americans returning to their American homes." Here was a chance to observe at short range one of the greatest difficulties of those days: how was England to safeguard herself without wounding the susceptibilities of a friendly, but officially neutral, nation?

As he shouldered a way among his alien enemies, that new, involuntary hatred of the Teuton accent may have played some little part in the rapture with which his ears greeted a voice not English, indeed, yet sounding for him its special harmonies.

He turned with a leap of the heart toward the voice that floated up from the crowd pressing to the gangway, a voice that called out to a porter something about a "green suit-case." Looking down from the height of the tall ship, for all his hungry eagerness, he could n't see the face that went with that voice, nothing but hats: men's soft felts and hard bowlers; the feathers and ribbons of ladies' head-gear. Then came a moment when, among them all, a little cap of brown came slowly up on its golden wings till it landed Nan Ellis on the deck.

This latest manifestation of the cap of magic produced in Napier's mind a medley of instinctive joy, an utter bewilderment, and that readiness of acceptance, apparently without effort or cost, with which we greet those strokes of fortune the strangeness of which throws us back on the essential mystery through which the most commonplace of us daily threads his way.

Her first words in another mouth would have been an intolerable irony:

"So this is how you go to the front!" He was glad of the quick flush that rose to ask his pardon.

"To accept the worst construction on my being here," he answered, smiling, "I am not the only shuttlecock."

She evaded the explanation of her own presence with a speech that even at the time struck Napier as being more odd than her apparition on board the *Britannia*.

"Forgive me for saying that. I know, wherever you are in these days, you *are* at the front."

It was something. It was undoubtedly too much, and yet it comforted. The eager hope rose in him: she had come to know of Greta's return. Without Napier's intervention, she had come to know of matters in that connection which had made her flee. Hardly was the hope framed when it was dashed.

"I got tired of waiting to hear from Greta," she explained. Besides, she had a feeling she could n't go on. She 'd written him that. To show him she really had got off, the letter was to be posted from Queenstown. It was in—Heavens! where *was* the green suit-case? Seeing him had put it out of her head.

Oh, Napier would look for, he would find, the green suit-case.

But, *no*, she dashed after him. "Certainly not," she faltered as she caught him up, unless by any chance she should n't find it in her cabin. With consternation in her face, she flew down the companion-way.

Serenity had returned when Napier met her a quarter of an hour later.

"It 's a wonder I knew you," he said, "in a different hat."

"Can't wear the Mercury on board ship. But I won't have you mocking at it." She stood with several letters in her hand.

"Why may n't I mock at a Mercury cap if I like?" He remembered he had n't

waited till now to commit that indiscretion.

"Because my Mercury cap is your responsibility."

"My—"

"You 've forgotten already!" As they went down she reminded him of that time she appeared in the blue hat with Michælmas daisies. "You perfectly hated it." Yes, he remembered he had n't liked it. And Julian had quoted Herbert Spencer. Nobody was ever satisfied with hitting on the right thing.

Miss Nan supplemented "But my same-shaped hat *has* been made again and again, and you never noticed! *That's* all I get."

It was only to himself that Napier said: "No! no! She got more—more than was wise or well."

"Did you find the green suit-case," he asked, "and my letter?"

"Oh, yes. But the letter was hardly worth showing."

He claimed the sealed envelop, and opened it on the spot. He read:

> Dear Gavan:
>
> This is to say good-by. Since my talk with you I have n't felt I could go on staying here in England. So, as I have no news from Germany and hear that my mother is in New York, I 'm moving heaven and earth to get off to-morrow in the only really good boat sailing this month. I wish I need not think of you over there in France, but I don't know how I can help that.
>
> Yours,
>
> NAN ELLIS.
>
> P. S.—Perhaps you would n't mind writing me. N. E.

She gave a New York address.

Only to himself he put the question, on what terms had she left Julian? What lay behind the delight in the eyes that welcomed Napier? Ask? Not he. He would try not so much as wonder.

They found their places in the haphazard way of the first luncheon, before the seating is arranged. By ones and twos others came in till the table, at which Nan was the only woman, was full. The strangers at her end seemed disposed to silence. Such words as fell audibly, though English and addressed chiefly to the waiter, bore out the impression given by the faces. Napier saw the steward about it afterward. There were to be no Germans at his table as finally selected. He wished afterward he had added, and no American actors. In which case Miss Nan would n't have come up from dinner with Mr. Vivian Roxborough and walked the deck at his side a good half-hour. If it were only for Julian's sake, she could n't be left to Mr. Vivian Roxborough. Napier made it his business to avert the chance. That next day—forever and forever the sunshine and the sweetness of those hours would leave something of their flavor and their light behind. If only they could go on sailing, sailing, and never land! Napier said to himself as he hurried back on the second afternoon, after a talk with the captain—a talk somewhat marred by a flickering fear as to whether that actor chap might have appropriated the guardian chair. No, one of those Germans! Napier's change of table had not prevented Nan from bowing to some of the men she had broken bread with during that first meal on board, and did not prevent chance conversation, initiated by one or other of the Germans upon that promising opening, "You are American?"

Even Nan knew that the handsome, big man who stood by her now was an officer. He may have been thirty-eight, and he was certainly in the pink of condition. In the midst of whatever it was he had been saying Napier carried the lady off to the lower and less-frequented deck.

"How they must laugh at the stupid English, those Germans!" he muttered as he strode along at her side. "Here we are, six months after the declaration of war, and enemy aliens still going back and forth as easily as in times of peace. Those that don't find their way back into the German Army—"

"How *can* they!"

"What 's to prevent them? Anyway.

those who don't take the popular pleasure trip, New York to Genoa, and so to Germany, can be trusted to advance the German propaganda in the two Americas. But they won't find traveling so easy after this."

"Why? Who will prevent them?" Her questions had come quickly.

"The British Government will prevent them after the Intelligence Department gets my report." He took out of his pocket a paper destined to have an effect the least part of which was to give Napier many a sleepless night months after he had posted it.

The first eyes to rest on the report after Napier's own regarded it, as he felt even at the time, with something more than disapproval.

"Don't send that!" the girl urged. She added reasons in the words of which Napier heard Julian's voice. Oh, he had well indoctrinated her! As Napier listened, obviously unmoved, there came into Nan's earnestness a note that gave Napier more uneasiness than her "opinions"—a note of anxiety, a note of something very like panic. "You *can't* send that! It—it might make such trouble not only—not to people you call your enemies." She caught herself up. "As Julian says, 'The reactions from that kind of tyranny—' "

Napier said quietly he must accept the reactions.

"But you *can't!*" she repeated. "It 's the greatest mercy you 've showed it to me. O Gavan, you don't want to make trouble between England and America? You *will* if you send in that report. I do *beg* you—"

Napier had seldom known more difficult moments than those that followed. As she stood beside him on the saloon-deck, near the companionway-door, he glanced through at the mail-box near the purser's window. Its open brass mouth seemed to bray a warning: "If you don't post that letter now, you never will." Napier stepped inside, and dropped the envelop through the slit.

Nan sat down on a folding-stool near the ship's railing and dropped her chin in her hand. Napier went back and stood silently by her for a moment. Then he said:

"Give me what credit you can. I don't remember ever doing anything harder than that."

To his surprise, instead of reproaching him or punishing him with silence or with tears, she said:

"What do you expect your Government will do?"

"Oh, I don't know." He did n't try to keep the touch of impatience out of his voice. "Regulate the traffic a little better, perhaps." He would have left it at that but for a trifling occurrence. The head of the German officer whom they had left for a few minutes before on the upper deck appeared just then out of an open port in the dining-saloon. For the merest instant it was there, only to be withdrawn. And why, pray, *should n't* a man of any race look out at the sea from a public window, even, come to that, glance out at a pretty girl? Napier said, with decision:

"People may as well know that the British Government has come to a point where it will be obliged to exercise its censorship openly and thoroughly instead of—" he frowned in the direction where the offending head had been—"I doubt if these fellows on board here have even been asked to make a declaration, let alone been examined."

"Why *should* they be examined?" The voice beside him rose indignant. "On the open sea, bound for a neutral country!"

He looked at her with different eyes.

"The British port was the proper place," he said. "And perhaps people *were* examined. You know better than I."

"*I* know?" She stared at him.

"You know if they asked you to make a declaration before you came on board."

"*Me?* A declaration! About what?"

"As to what you are taking over." He heard his own stern voice as if it were some one else's.

"They asked," she said, with her chin up, "if I were taking over any letters to people in America."

"And what did you say?"

"That I *was n't* taking over any letters." Her note, like his, had grown less and less patient. "Though I don't call it their business to ask an American going to America if she—"

"Do you mean," the interrogation went on, "they did n't look for themselves?"

"Look! Look where?"

"Look through your luggage, your handbag, your 'green suitcase.' "

"Certainly not."

"Well, they ought. And I shall see that next time they do."

Not anger only, and not only spirited revolt, appeared on the face Napier loved. The something else he had been vaguely aware of showed there clearer. He glanced sharply round and then bent over her.

"What would happen if they did their duty? What if they were to search you?"

"To search me!" She stood up.

"'Sh!" He looked round again.

"They can't!" she triumphed. "Not now."

"Ah!" The emission of breath came as though forced out by a sudden physical anguish.

"What 's the matter? What are you thinking?" she cried.

"I 'm thinking that I wish to God you 'd go and get all that infernal stuff of Julian's in the green suitcase and throw it overboard."

"I have n't got any 'infernal stuff,' " she said, with the pink rising in her cheeks.

To Napier's further characterization of "the stuff," his bitter denunciation of this using of English good faith to hamper, if not to betray England, the girl had her defense. Or, rather, she had Julian's, reinforced by the American's innocent belief prior to 1917 that to the citizens of that favored land no Old-World rules need apply, no Old-World danger was a menace. "Americans don't recognize," was one of her phrases. "We make our own rules. You are talking in the air. I am not carrying over any letters."

"Look me in the eyes, Nan, and say that you are not carrying something that I would prevent from reaching America if I had the power."

"You treat me as if I were a little school-girl."

She got up and walked alone toward the stern of the ship. As she turned to come back, Vivian Roxborough rose out of his chair. Before he reached her side, a capped and aproned figure darted out of the narrow corridor, near the smoking-room, and spoke to Miss Ellis. The girl and the stewardess went below. No sign of Nan for the rest of the afternoon.

At six o'clock Napier sent a note to her cabin. He wrote:

> I hope you 're not feeling out of sorts in any way. But if you are, may n't I see you a moment?
>
> Yours ever,
> G. N.

The answer came back:

> Not out of sorts at all, thank you,
> Yours as always,
> N. E.

When he did n't find her at the dinner-table,—she had been punctual hitherto,—Napier went back to the upper deck and waited for her near the companionway. Ten minutes went by. She must, after all, have been below somewhere, and was no doubt at dinner by now. He went back to the saloon and looked in. She was not there. As he returned again to keep his watch on the corridor leading from her cabin, the same stewardess who had carried the girl off early in the afternoon came laboriously up from lower regions, carrying a tray.

"Oh—a—you are the one who is looking after Miss Ellis, are n't you?"

"Yes. I 'm taking in her dinner."

"Oh, I see." But it was n't true. He did n't see in the very least why he should be punished in this way, a sulky way, moreover, and singularly un-Nan-like, as he told himself.

Just after the luncheon-bugle sounded the next day, Napier met the same stewardess again. Again she came toiling up the companionway, tray-laden.

"You are taking that to Miss Ellis?"

Yes, she was.

"She is ill, then?"

"No, she is n't ill. Just having her dinner in Number Twenty-four."

"Twenty-four is n't Miss Ellis's number."

"No, sir. It 's the number of the lady who is n't feeling very well, though she does eat well. I 'll say that for her." The woman pursued her way with that access of vigor that a dash of vindictiveness will sometimes generate.

He had not so much as a glimpse of Nan until evening. Going down to dress, he met her coming out of the library with an armful of books.

"Well, at last!" He tried to take the books. She backed.

"No, no, thank you. They 're just nicely balanced."

"Look here, what have I done?"

"You 've barred my way." She tried to pass.

"It is n't like you to take a mortal offense and not say how or what."

"I have n't—taken offense." She leaned against the wall, hugging the books.

"Then why do you stay in your cabin the whole blessed time?"

"I have n't been in my cabin. I 've been in— I 've been looking after a lady who was n't well when she came on board and who is a very bad sailor. So as I 'm rather a good one—she *will* wonder what has become—" and before Napier could gather his wits, Nan was flying down the corridor.

The next day, the fifth out, bringing calmer seas and heavens, the same program was continued, except that Napier hung much about corridor and companionway waiting in vain for even a glimpse of the flying figure. While walking the deck he had located Number 24, noting with surprise that a passenger who was ill, especially a woman looked after by Nan, should keep her port closed in fine weather. He had of course looked up the number on the table diagram. Twenty-four was occupied by Mlle. La Farge, the devil take her!

A restless, wearisome day followed. He knew it an ill preparation for sleep. He turned up the light over his berth, the fierce, unshaded light, and read till his eyeballs burned. He extinguished the horrible glare and lay in the dark, turning and tossing, seeing in the renewal of his Nan fever a punishment for defective loyalty to his friend. Twelve o'clock came. Is she asleep? As for him, he was wider awake than ever.

It was one o'clock in the morning. It was n't to be borne. The real trouble was that instead of taking a proper amount of exercise, he 'd hung about waiting. What was the night, the morning, rather—what was it like? He could n't bring himself to turn on the fierce flood of light. He felt his way to the port. Yes, a gibbous moon, rolling lopsidedly among the cloud-rack over a corrugated-iron sea. Was it hot or cold away from the stifling steam heat? He opened his port and breathed deep. He was not the only sleepless passenger. Two heads showed dimly, two figures in long ulsters leaning against the rail. Presently he heard a voice:

"Now a little more walking, and you 'll feel better."

Nan! Good Samaritanizing! She was supporting the shorter figure, her arm round the thick waist. They started down the deck in the direction of Napier's open port, but thought better of it. They turned and went the other way in face of the wind.

Napier pulled on some clothes and hurried out. When he got to the other, the colder side, of the ship, there they were, going at a good round pace for an indisposed person, pounding down the deck locked in that embrace.

Well, women were odd beings. Here was evidently some frantic new friendship started. He drew back in the semi-darkness and leaned against the wall, smoking. The two heads hatless, with motor-veils tied round them, were close together. The invalid ceased speaking as they passed. Nan's voice was blurred, troubled:

"There *must* be some mistake—" The rest was lost.

As they turned to come back, the mild, intermittent shining of the moon lit the two faces for a passing moment—lit one delicate-featured, pale, eager; and the other, full, pink-cheeked, with heavy, handsome outlines and prominent eyes. By all the gods, it was— No, it *could n't*— Something worse than a headache must be the matter with Napier when he could imagine so startling a likeness.

"I don't know how to get any more," Nan was saying.

"You can borr-*ch*-ow some," said the other in remembered accents.

When the figures turned to come down again, the shorter of the two halted suddenly. Napier had come out of the shadow and stood in such dim light as there was, with his back against the ship's railing, waiting for them.

It was the invalid who first caught sight of him. She turned about, and before one could much more than blink, she had wrenched open the weather door and disappeared.

Nan stood still for a bewildered instant while Napier went forward.

"So *that 's* why!" he said. "Very well, then, you 've got to know!" Leaning on the railing there beside her in the windy moonlight, he told her what Singleton had found in Greta's room.

Before he had gone far Napier was acutely aware of the girl's stiffening; aware of a withdrawal, infinitesimal as expressed in the body, a chasm as between their souls. He could feel that she was thinking: "Gavan looked on! He allowed that baseness at Lamborough!" That he should put a false construction upon what was found was the least of his misdoing.

"Oh, yes,"—she turned sharply away,— "she told me you 'd say that!"

Was it anger or suppressed tears that clouded her voice? Napier did n't know.

"What Greta must have suffered those horrible last hours at the McIntyres'! All to spare me, to save me the humiliation of knowing how you could treat my friend! She knew what that would mean to me. We"—she gave him her eyes again —"we at home treated Greta like a princess. And she deserved it." As Napier made no attempt to rebut that view, she dropped her head, struggling an instant with some new enemy to self-control. "Greta puts me, too, to shame. That longing to see me again that made her risk coming back to England! Only to find that she might do me an injury, might compromise me! Imagine Greta in a thick veil, waiting about in the dusk to catch a glimpse—saw me coming out of the shipping office with Madge. And when she found I was sailing on this boat, dropped *everything* to come along! *Greta* understands loyalty." She fell back upon ground evidently prepared for her. *"Is n't* it trying to undermine, *is n't* it poisoning the mind, if you ask me to put the worst construction on innocent things? Greta's diary! As she says, if you 'd read my diary to my mother, you 'd have *me* in the Tower. Oh, she is fair and just. She 's been saying to me only to-night, that since I 'll be going back there, perhaps living among them, I 'm to remember it 's only to the Germans the English are perfectly horrible. She was quite willing to leave me my illusions about you all till you yourself tear them away."

"Do you mind telling me how I 've done that?" He tried to stem the torrent.

She steadied herself with an elbow on the railing.

"Have n't you told me yourself about going through my friend's trunks when she was n't there? Oh, that — *that,* Gavan, was—" She turned suddenly and buried her face in her arm.

"Yes, it was a mistake."

She lifted a wet face up to him in the moonlight.

"The alternative," he said miserably, "would have been better. Instead of the private one, a public examination, Greta von Schwarzenberg in prison instead of free—"

"Then she is right!" Nan stood back, clear of the railing, facing him. "You do want to be revenged."

She fled through the weather door.

(To be continued)

Might Have Beans

By L. CABOT HEARN

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove

SECOND LIEUTENANT George Vandegrift clumped up the steps of the 000th, Aëro Squadron's orderly-room on a hot morning in the Texas spring. The door was open, and a corporal rose from one-finger typing as the officer entered.

"Lieutenant," said Corporal Wasson, grinning cheerily, "you 're ordered to Washington, sir."

"Wha-a-at?"

Vandegrift whipped off his campaign hat, and began to fan his flushed face with it. His o.d. shirt was stained with perspiration.

"Yes, sir. Sergeant-major at headquarters 's been trying to get you. Post-adjutant wants to see you right away."

"Well, I 'll be—" remarked Lieutenant Vandegrift. "Hear that, Mike?" He turned his head toward the door labeled "Commanding Officer."

Lieutenant Michael Wells, within, raised a cadaverous face from protracted and gloomy inspection of the latest special orders.

"I hear you, son," he growled. "Better buy your spurs right now to keep your feet from slipping off the desk. Remember Uncle Joe Cannon."

It proved only too true, alas! The rest of that day was a running-down of various sweating officers whose necessary signatures must be attached to certain blanks provided to the late adjutant of the 000th, namely, George Vandegrift, Second Lieutenant A. S. S. R. C. There was a cot, with bedding, to be turned in to the supply officer, and a number of memorandum receipts must be satisfied. Vandegrift toiled in his quarters thereafter, cramming his locker-trunk, bedding-roll, and duffle-bag. He found he could not "clear" till the next morning, and that night he tossed on another bunk, just vacated by an officer on leave, his mind filled with flashing fancies.

His talents were being recognized; he had been singled out for important and arduous duty at the front. The chief signal officer (for this was before the separate organization of the Air Service) would probably take Lieutenant Vandegrift into his own private office upon the lieutenant's arrival in Washington, and, closing the door and tiptoeing about, would begin:

"CRAMMING HIS LOCKER-TRUNK, BEDDING-ROLL, AND DUFFLE-BAG"

"Lieutenant, there is a very special mission that only as watched and trusted and

efficient an officer as you are will be able to perform for the United States Army. It concerns—"

Here the tense voice would sink almost to a whisper. Vandegrift, standing rigidly at attention, would salute with a snap as the final question was put to him.

"HE COULD SEE HIMSELF IN THE MIDST OF THE BARBED WIRE"

"Yes, sir," his youthful, but resonant, voice would ring out in steady tones, "I will save America."

Or something like that. A rough sketch, but an enthralling possibility. The shavetail groaned with excitement, and sat up in the moonlight of his dusty frame quarters. At last! He would beat his own squadron overseas by months, *he,* a mere ground officer! Ha! The fliers would have nothing on him. Special mission. Ha!

He could see himself dashing in tin hat and Sam Browne Belt—and a few other clothes—through the ruins of a French town, an automatic spitting death and destruction from each hand. He could see himself bending at night over a map, with the "papers" clutched tight in one hand, yes, in the very same apartment with General Pershing. He could see himself in the midst of the barbed wire taking a telephone instrument out of a pseudo-beer keg and sending frantically the latest news of invasion by the German hordes. He could see himself—why, of course he could see himself. He had been to the movies.

Or it well might be—but here his heart gave a sudden sickening flop. All his past sins of commission and omission rose before him. He was to be reprimanded, cashiered from the army, dishonorably discharged, disgraced. He remembered the adjutants' school, where he had once been late to draw his pay, and had also been caught in the washroom during a morning inspection. He remembered yesterday when he had forgotten to salute Major Gruff as he entered the porch of headquarters. He also remembered Major Gruff's remarks on that occasion. That was it! He had been reported to Washington. This was his punishment. What did the judge-advocate-general think of him, he wondered. He got out of bed and drew from the top layer of his duffle-bag his brown old manual for courts martial. There it was. H-m. "Any crime or offense made punishable by the Articles of War." Had he been offensive? He had not meant to be offensive.

"(c) the death-penalty can be imposed only when specifically authorized." "Well, that was a hope, a glimmer.

He flopped the pages. A-a-h, there it was. "Sixty-third Article. 414: Any person subject to military law who behaves himself with disrespect toward his superior officer shall be punished as a court martial may direct." H-m. "Disrespect may be conveyed by opprobrious epithets—" No, though he had said something to Mike the other day after the intimate abusive fashion of old friends. He now regretted it. H-m. Ha! "Disrespect by acts may be exhibited in a variety of modes—as neglecting the customary

salute, by a marked disdain, indifference, insolence, impertinence, undue familiarity, or other rudeness. . . . It is not essential that the behavior be intentional."

Gosh! Yeah, he had known that Mike was his superior officer. "Undue familiarity." Well, great gravy! he had known Mike in civil life for about five years. Look here, do you suppose it was possible that Mike—oh, what rot! Of course not. But had Major Gruff thought him indifferent, insolent, impertinent? Gee! you never can tell with those hard-boiled ones. Major Gruff had the reputation for being awfully hard-boiled. Oh, well, might as well get some sleep. He had tried to do his duty. He had stood reveille for that darned Mike *twice* now. He would face them erect, unafraid, his pale young face set in a look something like Nathan Hale's. He would say to President Wilson, or whoever it was who presided over a "general" of this very grave type:

"Mr. President, I appeal to the bench!" That was what you did, was n't it? "I appeal to the bench, Mr. President. I have served my country. My only regret is that I have not ten lives to lay down—" No; that was really swiping Hale's own stuff too much. What would he say, then; what could he? Second Lieutenant George Vandegrift slept.

"'NO THANK YOU, SIR. WITH ME IT IS ALWAYS "DUTY FIRST." I SELDOM SMOKE CIGARS'"

As the lieutenant strode up Pennsylvania Avenue to the State, War, and Navy Building he glanced witheringly, between spells of saluting one hundred and seventy-five majors and colonels, at the evident "swivel-chairness" of the officers thronging the thoroughfare. *He* was from field service. The black-and-gold cord on his service hat was dulled by the dust and rain of Texan weather. He did n't have to wear spurs. His cordovan puttees and polished brogans showed the stains and strains of life in the open, between the hangars and the post exchange. His salute cocked a soldierly elbow, and was whipped away with a snappiness that these mere desk-men could never understand. Had any of them, do you suppose, ever hiked before breakfast? Had any of them ever sweated blood, as he had, over a morning report? Ah, what knew they of the *Sturm und Drang*—no, by George! he ought n't to think in German — of the regular army, oh? Lieutenant Vandegrift had now rejected the theory that he was to be summoned to appear before a board. In the bright sunshine of a Washington May he decided that the "special mission" was absolutely the least they could ever offer him. He signed in at the State, War, and Navy, and was directed to the office of the chief signal officer. He confidently expected to talk with the general in person. There might even be a cigar offered. Should he accept the cigar?

"No thank you, General," he would say in an erect and soldierly manner; "no thank you, sir. With me it is always 'duty first.' I seldom smoke cigars." No, after all, that might not be the proper thing.

But he was spared this terrible decision, for he did not see the general. He saw a lady, who made him true copies of almost every paper upon his person. He saw a captain, who obligingly witnessed them. He was told to report to the Bureau of Aircraft Production, "over opposite the

Union Station." He was slightly taken aback, a fact he concealed by strenuous effort. The "special mission" was taking a circuitous path.

"Life's whirlpool!" thought Lieutenant Vandegrift a week later as he toiled away at the statistics of "Ring Sights," "Wind-Vane Sights," and "Rotary Gun Mounts." "Life's whirlpool!" He also thought other things; in fact he had been rapidly thinking them for the last seven days. They would not do to print. After all, this magazine goes into the home, and realism is a terrible thing.

He was occupied with reports and statistics for several months after that. He muzzled his several soul-pangs and tried to keep his stenographer busy. He scratched dirt and scribbled. He gradually acquired all the known, and a few of the hitherto unknown, ways of "passing the buck." This is not said derogatorily. Lieutenant Vandegrift did as well as he knew how. He learned of a thousand things for the first time. He educated himself as well as he could in regard to all the wood, fabric, dopes, metal parts, engines, lubricants, armament, instruments, and accessories necessary to our modern air fleets. In the evenings he would lie upon the bed in the small second-floor back room of his Georgetown boarding-house and waft himself in fancy through leagues of sparkling ether strewn with sausage-balloons and darting Spads. He was by turns pilot, gunner, observer, director of artillery-fire. He lay and dreamed all the heady dreams of a mute inglorious Guynemer. Or he was with the old squadron, establishing hangars near the front—oh, always very near the front. Had they gone over yet, he wondered. Why did n't that devil of a Mike write? Maybe Mike was already en route for Hoboken. How the devil did one ever get transferred out of this deadly bureaucracy? He simply must get transferred. Why, he would never be able to look himself in the face again. They had all advised that it was too early yet, all the real friends he had made. He wondered if they would n't possibly *now* pass his eyesight for flying. Well, why could n't he get a chance as adjutant with a squadron going over? By George! he would work his job into some kind of systematized shape, and he would apply.

"HE PUT BACK A DAMP HAND AND SUPPORTED HIMSELF WEAKLY BY THE EDGE OF A CHAIR"

In a week he had systematized his job. He was sure they could spare him now. He could have done this long before. He should have. He drew up the official-looking document, and at lunch spoke in measured accents to a friend of his in the Personnel Department. Well, if his colonel would approve it—

He took his courage in his teeth and went in and spoke to his colonel. That gentleman was not much of a man-eater, after all. He leaned back in his chair, after listening, and regarded Vandegrift rather quizzically.

"Young man," he said. "I understand how you feel. Don't you suppose we all—"

"Yes, sir; but — I 've simply *got* to—I beg your pardon, sir; but I was a squadron adjutant down in Texas. That 's the work I was educated for. I—oh, I must—"

"Um-m," said the colonel. "Well, I 'll send your application along."

A-a-h, he was going over! They would

send him to Hoboken to join an overseas squadron. Perhaps he had better begin packing to-night. No, after all, better wait. It might be some few days in coming through.

He waited two weeks.

"Colonel Hogue wants to see you," said a first lieutenant at his elbow as he toiled at a column of figures.

He stood before that officer.

"Vandegrift," said the colonel, "I 'm sorry to say the Division of Military Aëronautics has turned down your application. There have been too many of these applications, and officers are not to be allowed to seek transfer for personal motives. We all have to pull together, you know, for the good of the service. As I said before, there 's not a man in Washington who does n't want to be in France right now. We must n't rock the boat. I 'm sorry. You—I believe you said you would like service in the field—er—anywhere, preferably, if this did n't go through. What?"

"Yes, sir. I—I 'm a squadron adjutant, you know." The keen disappointment began to soften off into a vision of camp life again, always with the possibility of being thrown in with an outfit whose destiny lay overseas. "Yes, sir. I 'd like field service." Texas! Had n't the colonel just murmured Texas? Well, so be it, Texas. For all the black dust, for all the endless level waste, for all the semi-hysteria of that routine, Texas, the hangars, the big ships droning overhead, a squadron, a service hat again, and an o.d. shirt, some pretense at actually being a soldier, some chance, some chance—

"Tell Captain Downs I wish to see him," said the colonel to one of his assistant officers. Captain Downs made his appearance. He wore shell-rimmed spectacles.

"Sit down," said the colonel to the captain. "You want a man to go to Texas, you said."

"Yes, sir, or to Georgia. We need inspection of the small planters—"

"Lieutenant Vandegrift," said the colonel, nodding. "You know, doubtless, of the three million gallons of castor-oil the Government needs by next July, and that castor-oil is the only oil that can be used to lubricate rotary engines. You know that many thousand acres are contracted for in Florida, Georgia, Texas, California, and so on. Now, the castor-bean crop—"

Castor-oil! Castor-beans! Field service!

Lieutenant Vandegrift heard no more of the colonel's explosion. He put back a damp hand and supported himself weakly by the edge of a chair. His jaw dropped, and his breath came in gasps. In a daze he shook the hand that Captain Downs offered at the designation of the colonel. He never quite knew how he got out of the colonel's office after that. Castor-oil! Castor-beans!

Cheerily, cheerily the mocking-bird flutes its clear reveille over the shining and oleaginous acres. Briskly the farmers roll from their bunks, strive into their jeans, and fall out for morning roll-call with upright hoes and rakes. With what a martial note the sun glances from the plaited bushel-baskets, from the soldierly hats of tattered straw, from the military rows and furrows of planted seed and the graceful tendrils of the shimmering vine! "Present —*hoes!*" The command of execution is barked by the First Sergeant of the Vine-dressers. The sturdy ranks wheel into column of squads and are off down the white turnpike to the fields. "One—*two;* one—*two!* Hep! Hep! Hep-hep-hep! Get that cadence!" The snappy file-closers exhort the rhythmic column. The field is reached. Some to the crushers, some to the furrow, some to the tender vines. Bean after bean rushes from its allotted earthy cubicle and dresses up into line at the oily commands of its sergeant. Every beanish eye whisks to the forward stare at the brisk command of "Front!" The roll is called. Woe to the bean or to the seed of a bean that lies still slumbering within the soft brown mold. To battle, to battle, beans of the world! Desperately they defile into the earthy trenches. Wave after wave they go up against the relentless gleam and flash of the oncoming hoes.

"KNOCKS AND ENTREATIES FROM HIS LANDLADY LATER ELICITED THE MUMBLED INFORMATION THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE THAT, 'NO, I AM NOT SICK' "

Mere engine-fodder, they pour into the gigantic crushers, rendering up their patriotic oil.

Lieutenant Vandegrift sat at his golden-oak desk and stared unseeingly at his placarded blotter under its glass. Again we must omit his real thoughts. They were sulphurous. Real men were fighting, real men were dying; he was to grow castor-beans.

"My God, Harvey!" said Lieutenant Vandegrift to a captain he had known of old as he met him in the corridor at five o'clock. And he told him the whole story then and there, drawing him into a deserted office. "My God, Harvey!" he reiterated again, at the end of the conversation, "you 've got to do something for me!"

Captain Harvey Burke went to the window, turning his back upon his friend. His shoulders were shaking uncontrollably. Sounds came from him, hoarse, racked sounds that he endeavored, in kindness, to stifle. He bent over, and laid his forehead against the window-pane. He writhed over sidewise and held his side. He finally presented a contorted and almost apoplectic face to Lieutenant Vandegrift.

"I will," he gasped. "I sure' will, George; I sure' will. I really will. I know Colonel Hogue pretty well. And this—and this—and this is p-p-past a *joke!*"

As Lieutenant George Vandegrift surveyed the boarding-house meal before him that evening he started. He had been eating absent-mindedly. He now stared at his plate, and the saucer from which he had heaped it, with terrible eyes. He then muttered something violently, pushed back his chair, rose, and hurriedly left the dining-room. Knocks and entreaties from his landlady later elicited the mumbled information through the keyhole that, "No, I am not sick." The landlady, however, shook her head as she informed her other boarders down-stairs that she was sure those beans were all right, and yet it seemed like as if they must have disagreed with the "Lootenant."

George did begin to feel sickish at about ten o'clock that night. The nervous excitement of the day and his interrupted

evening meal had had a good deal to do with it. He came noiselessly down-stairs and sought a drug-store.

"Something for indigestion," he said.

"I know what you want," said the gray-haired clerk, wisely nodding. "Price has gone up, though, 'count of the war."

He returned with a bottle, which he handed George. He afterward said that he was never so surprised in his life.

"Whirled like that, he did, and thrun it out through the door. It smashed on a lamp-post. 'I 'll pay,' he yells wild-like. 'I 'll pay!' an' he throws down the price. 'But I 'll be eternally damned if I 'll take one drop of yer somethin' er other'—cuss words, real fierce, too, he used there!—*'castor-oil!'*

"And ye would think," continued the drawling druggist to his crony—"ye would think, seein' as how the Government has shut down so on outside sellin', an' it was the only bottle happened I had in stock—"

The crony agreed to that and the rest of it.

Captain Harvey Burke, however, kept his promise; but George was still in Washington when the armistice was signed. For one reason, he was glad it was *only* that. You certainly can't blame him.

" 'WHIRLED LIKE THAT, HE DID, AND THRUN IT OUT THROUGH THE DOOR' "

Anonymous Liberalism

A Study of

The New Spirit in Business

By GLENN FRANK

(*This is the second of a series of articles which Mr. Frank is contributing to* THE CENTURY. *The first article—The No Man's Land of American Policy—appeared in the March* CENTURY. *It was a study of some of the larger implications of the spirit of change that is now in the air as affecting the current policies of business, industry, education, government, and other fields of our national life. His next article will appear in* THE CENTURY *for May.*—THE EDITOR.)

When classes are exasperated against each other, the peace of the world is always kept by striking a new note.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Great economic and social forces flow with tidal sweep over communities only half conscious of that which is befalling them. Wise statesmen are those who foresee what time is thus bringing, and try to shape institutions and to mould men's thought and purpose in accordance with the change that is silently surrounding them.—VISCOUNT MORLEY.

The future of mankind will be greatly imperiled if great questions are left to be fought out between ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change.—JOHN STUART MILL.

THE war meant for American business quick and fundamental readjustments in those processes of production, distribution, and consumption upon which civil and military strength rest. To an unprecedented degree, private interests were adjourned, and the processes of business reassessed in terms of public service. For the time our factories and stores were looked upon less as distinct businesses, conducted for private ends, and more as coördinate parts of a national machinery for production and distribution. The spirit of common enterprise which the urgency of war evoked made possible many forward-looking things that in normal circumstances would have required a decade of agitation and split the nation into camps of competitive opinion.

This necessity for common action has not ceased with the ending of the war. The requirements of progress, no less than the requirements of war, demand a mobilization of the spirit of unity, coöperation, and concentration. Without unity, coöperation, and concentration as a basis of action, the policies of the immediate future, at least, will be the outcome of log-rolling compromise, a patchwork of reluctant concessions from conflicting interests. Quite clearly we shall not obtain this unity, coöperation, and concentration by the methods of governmental control that obtained during the war, for the general tendency will be from control to freedom the farther we get from the situation of emergency. This brings to the fore, as a question of national interest, the spirit and purpose which we may expect the leaders of American business and industry to bring to the issues of readjustment and development within the next few years.

The outlook for fundamental progress cannot be predicated upon the breadth or narrowness of political leadership alone; the breadth or narrowness of leadership in business and industry is an equally important factor in any such reckoning. A few determined political leaders with vision and strategy, supported by the degree of liberalism that exists in the national mind, will doubtless be able to swing the nation with them in the effecting of the clearly essential readjustments in our domestic policies; but we shall not, as a people, take full advantage of the peculiar possibilities of progress that inhere in a period of readjustment unless all of the processes of our common life, particularly those of business and industry, are guided by broadly conceived reconstructive policies, unless every man who holds a position of leadership in our social, industrial, and business life plays a courageous and creative part. The statesman, the prophet, the publicist, the leader with a synthetic mind who sees the varied factors and forces of our national life in their just relations, will be invaluable in the years just ahead; but such leadership will not achieve the largest possible results without intimate collaboration with constructive leadership in the fields of production, distribution, and consumption. The statesman will be hampered in his leadership unless the manufacturer, the merchant, the banker, and the labor leader constitute for him a sort of general staff, with the members of which he can establish a community of interests and an agreement on policy.

For these reasons it becomes necessary to begin a study of the probable contribution of business to the period of readjustment we are passing through with an assessment of the motive forces that promise to determine and direct the American business mind. With such an assessment made, one may think with a greater sense of sureness upon specific problems of business and industry. This paper, therefore, deals with standards of value, points of view, and motives that may be found in business circles, partly with standards and motives that are established and apparent, but also with standards and motives that are in process of formulation—standards and motives that have been stimulated by the circumstances and demands of the war.

American business men aspire to contribute to the processes of readjustment and revaluation more than mere shrewdness. American business men are not sentimentalists. They have not turned radical. But on every hand there is evidence in business circles of a tempered idealism impatient to translate itself into the concrete, an increasingly high sense of the function business may perform in these days that challenge, as few days have challenged, whatever of the creative there may be in a man. During the war men everywhere breathed the ampler air of service to causes larger than themselves or their interests alone, and whatever their early post-war reactions may be, these men will not long breathe easily in the stuffy atmosphere of narrow policies and purely self-seeking methods. I am under no illusion that the war has remade human nature. I am not under the spell of analogy to the extent of thinking that the spirit of dedication to, and sacrifice for, large common causes will be carried over undiminished into the period of peace. We are doubtless in for a good round measure of reaction. Men will want to shake off arbitrary restrictions that war imposed. There will be on all hands pleas for a renaissance of individualism; but I am sanguine enough to believe that this will be temporary—temporary not because the war has worked any miracle of transformation in the mind of the race, but because the whole temper of the times will cry out against it; temporary because even before the war an enlarging sense of its social function was getting hold of the business mind.

For several years now, years during which we have been consolidating the social gains from our muck-raking period, there has been going on in the American business mind a movement almost mystical in its essential quality and yet of the pro-

foundest practicality. This movement, which I want to discuss in detail a bit later, the facile criticism of the radical mind has frequently discounted and dismissed with a sort of can-any-good-come-out-of-Nazareth air. But these subtle alterations of mind and attitude, however unsatisfying to the type of mind that would rather play with a perfect theory than improve an imperfect world, constitute one of the important sets of operating influences with which we shall find ourselves dealing in the fresh ordering of our immediate future in this country. It is a commonplace that every such time of democratic advance as we are now passing through means the release and accentuation of certain fundamental human qualities. I am here listing as a product of the current purpose to humanize more fully business, industry, education, and politics what for want of better phrasing I have called anonymous liberalism or the new spirit in business.

Making Business a Profession

AN ASSUMED DISTINCTION BETWEEN BUSINESS AND THE PROFESSIONS WHICH IS BREAKING DOWN

I can perhaps describe this new spirit no better than by saying that American business has been gradually evolving from a trade into a profession. In our minds at least there has existed a definitive difference between a trade and a profession. Until recently we went about a classification of occupations somewhat as follows: drawing a line down the center of the page, we wrote the word "professions" at the top of the right-hand column and listed thereunder such undertakings as the law, medicine, teaching, the ministry, journalism—all of the so called professions; at the top of the left-hand column we wrote the words "business" and "labor" as blanket designations of all remaining undertakings of which the controlling motive seemed to be the money that could be made out of them. Between business and labor on the one hand and the professions on the other a great gulf was fixed—a gulf as sundering as the gulf that separated Dives and Lazarus.

This gulf was the product of a certain uncritical assumption that men enter the professions not primarily because of the money that can be made out of them, but because, in addition to a competence and some measure of surplus, professions give men automatic and accredited rank as public servants ministering to the higher needs of the society of which they are members. Business and labor, however, have not commonly come within the radius of that assumption. For years we have held in the back of our minds a conception of business and industry as an unregenerate section of our social order in which the law of tooth and nail applied of necessity. Whenever some one referred to a business man as being a public servant or benefactor, the picture that came involuntarily to mind was that of a man who in his early and poor youth had plunged into business, where by dint of exacting effort and ruthless concentration upon purely material ends he had accumulated a lot of money, and, when getting old and a trifle weary of the grind, had turned himself into a sort of glorified Santa Claus to society, giving his money away to all sorts of "good" causes. For years no one worried greatly about the sources of such benefactions, it seeming to be the assumption that the fact that a man did good with his money after he got it disinfected the methods of acquisition, if the methods needed disinfection.

All that is changing, is indeed changed, and not because any superconscience has evolved a theory of tainted money, but because also, and perhaps mainly, business men have come to believe that a business man's most important opportunity to serve society comes not after he has made his money, in giving it away, but rather while he is making his money, in the way

he makes it. Statesmanship in business has come to be adjudged worthier of a real man's mettle than philanthropy outside business. A business man's public service is seen to consist not so much in a number of benevolent chores taken on after office hours as in the way the business of the world is carried on during office hours. In other words, business is taking on the character of a profession. It has always been true that the social significance of business equals if not exceeds the social significance of any of the accredited professions, simply because business occupies more of the hours of the average man's day and touches life daily at more points than all other social processes combined.

John Ruskin caught this significance years ago when he wrote, in his essay on "The Roots of Honour," this statement, which has been quoted threadbare, but which is still valid and still merits attention. Ruskin said, with reference to the merchant, a term that he uses to refer to all who engage in any form of industrial pursuit:

> The fact is that people never have had clearly explained to them the true functions of a merchant with respect to other people . . . Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily, in every civilized nation:
>
> The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it.
>
> The Pastor's, to *teach* it.
>
> The Physician's, to *keep it in health.*
>
> The Lawyer's, to *enforce justice* in it.
>
> The Merchant's, to *provide* for it.
>
> And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die* for it. On due occasion, namely:
>
> The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.
>
> The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague.
>
> The Pastor, rather than teach falsehood.
>
> The Lawyer, rather than countenance injustice.
>
> The Merchant—What is his "due occasion" of death?

It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.

In even more pointed fashion, the professional implications of business have been stated by the late Professor William Smart of Glasgow, who was an employer of men as well as a teacher of economics. In his very stimulating volume, called "Second Thoughts of an Economist," he said:

> Personally I count it [the employer's function] the noblest profession of all, though, as a rule, it is taken up from anything but the noblest motives; and what I ask is—just this and no more—that the traditions of the professions be transferred to it—the *noblesse oblige* of living for their work and, if necessary, dying for it. If an employer has any faith in the well worn analogy of an "army of industry" he must believe in the necessity of Captains of Industry, who think first of their country and their men, and only second of their pay. . . . He must take the sins of his order upon himself and win back the confidence that meanwhile has disappeared. His task today, in fact, is very much that of a philosopher-king who comes to his throne after many years of misrule by his predecessors. He has no right to his honorable position but that he governs divinely.

Since Ruskin and Smart said these things, progress has in a measure at least answered their pleas. The traditions of the professions are at least in process of transfer to business. In saying this, I am neither falling victim to a merely pretty sentiment nor confusing fact with desire. Of course one runs the constant risk of failure to distinguish between a private wish and a public movement, as George Bernard Shaw has suggested; but I am trying in this paper to keep well within the radius of the findings of experience. I am basing my assertions regarding the professional tendencies in business upon things I have seen and heard in banks and stores and factories, fully aware, however, that I am reporting a situation that exists

among the creative few rather than among the routine many of business men. But these creative-minded business men who envision their business in its social relations are on the increase; they are the pioneers of a new business order. They are among the most precious possessions of a democracy of liberal intentions, for the tempered liberalism of one man whose hands are on levers of power may accomplish more essential progress than the more vocal and more clearly labeled liberalism of academic circles. In other words, there is an anonymous liberalism that frequently does the thing for which professional liberalism has set the stage. This is no cheap fling at the theorist, who is, after all, the most practical man alive, the man who blazes the trails that responsible executives later travel. This is simply a reminder that the cautious liberalism of the forward-looking business man and the more daring liberalism of theory are complementary rather than competitive.

THE EARMARKS OF A PROFESSION

But, to get to more detailed statement respecting the professional tendencies in business, most of the discussions of this matter suggest the peculiar characteristics of a profession, as contrasted with other occupations, as being these:

First, a professional career requires a preliminary attainment of knowledge, and in some measure of learning, as distinguished from the mere skill that comes from administrative experience.

Second, a professional career implies a sense of public function looking toward the accomplishment of certain social objectives as the final justification of any claim to public respect and support.

Third, a professional career involves adherence to a code of professional ethics.

These three things constitute the popular, though perhaps highly theoretical, conception of the recognized professions, such as the law, medicine, teaching, the ministry, journalism, and the like. Here and there throughout the United States I have seen these three characteristics of a profession happily illustrated in highly successful businesses worthily administered. I want now to suggest how these professional standards may become, are indeed becoming, characteristic of American business in its finer forms of expression. In doing this I shall do little more than report what I have heard outstanding leaders in American business and industry say in those self-revealing moments when men are off guard and expressing their real selves. Some one will say, of course, that it is not the club-corner conversations of captains of industry in an expansive after-dinner mood that give us an insight into the amount of anonymous liberalism that we may even tentatively reckon upon coming into play during our readjustment period; that the only dependable basis for such reckoning is the actual policies that have been and are under way in business and industry. Such sayings seem to me to spring from the most short-sighted of social analysis. A vast amount of reasonable progress has been checked by just such blindness and cynicism toward the hesitant beginnings of new points of view in quarters where they are least expected. The present expansion of the conception of the larger social implications of business that is taking place in the American business mind is one of those quiet works of the mind that have always preceded and must always precede the silent revolutions that lay most of the mile-stones of genuine progress. In an article on "Reconstruction" in "The Round Table" for September, 1916, Alfred E. Zimmern put this fact clearly when he said:

> We have always realized that outward changes are of no avail unless men's minds have been prepared beforehand to profit by them. We know that new social classes cannot be created in a moment to undertake the new tasks which may be ready for them. . . It is the quiet work of the mind that makes revolutions possible. Without a change of outlook all external change is meaningless. But if the inner change has taken place, everything is possible, even the moving of mountains. And it is this silent

inner change which is preparing the way for the new world after the war.

Variations of judgment as to its essential character and significance aside, the fact remains that a changing point of view in so strategic a class as that of business men is a real factor to be reckoned with in any attempt to assess the probabilities of future policy or progress. And, as a basis for forecasting the probable character of future business policies in this country, there is more significance in the discovery of the tender shoots of a finer point of view scattered about in a thousand and one places of power than to know of a few factories and stores in which the newer ideals of business have been worked out in fair fullness. It is always heartening to find brilliant exceptions, but doubly heartening to find the contagion of these brilliant exceptions beginning to spread. It would be easy to write a series of valuable papers descriptive of particular factories and stores in which business men with professional ideals have demonstrated with dramatic definiteness the practical relation between professional business and permanent profit, and I hope to do that at some future time; but in this particular paper I am more concerned to emphasize the fact that the ideals of such exceptional businesses are gaining a foothold throughout American business, even in many quarters where the tangible evidence is not yet apparent.

Let me try, then, to interpret as accurately as I may the opinions of certain business and industrial leaders of America with whom I have discussed the way business and industry should and may assume the four characteristics that have been noted a few paragraphs back as distinguishing a profession.

MODERN BUSINESS CALLS FOR BROAD INTELLECTUAL EQUIPMENT

First, it is evident that modern business, no less than the time-honored professions, requires a preliminary attainment of knowledge, and in some measure of learning, as distinguished from the mere skill that comes from experience. Mr. Justice Brandeis, in an address at Brown University in 1912, stated clearly the basis of such an assertion as this when he said:

> The field of knowledge requisite to the more successful conduct of business has been greatly widened by the application to industry not only of chemical, mechanical, and electrical science, but also the new science of management; by the increasing difficulties involved in adjusting the relations of labor to capital; by the necessary intertwining of social with industrial problems; by the ever extending scope of state and federal regulation of business. Indeed, mere size and territorial expansion have compelled the business man to enter upon new and broader fields of knowledge in order to match his achievements with his opportunities. This new development is tending to make business an applied science.

It is a far cry from the simple shops, small-scale production, and intimate personal-apprenticeship relation between men and masters to the present great stores and factories which involve in their administration intelligent coöperation with the laboratories of science, a continuous study of the temper and fundamental aspirations of vast armies of working-men whose content is an asset and whose restlessness is a liability, a knowledge of the changing forces that from time to time determine new adjustments of the relation of business to government, an insight into the currents of international politics that react upon business policies and profit, an understanding of local customs and native psychology in foreign markets, and the thousand and one things that go into the making of the environment in which the policy and practice of a given business must operate. Few, if any, of the recognized professions make as sweeping challenge to the intellectual ability and acquirements of a man as does modern business. In this respect at least business claims fellowship with the professions.

MODERN BUSINESS HAS A SOCIAL MINISTRY

Second, it is clear that a business career, if it is spaciously conceived and made permanently successful under present-day conditions and ideals, must imply a sense of public function in the business man that holds him to the accomplishment of certain social objectives as the final justification of any claim to public respect and support. The all too prevalent apostasy from ideals aside, it is true that members of all the recognized professions are obligated to regard their function as a public service rather than as a private venture alone. Walter Lippmann, in a brilliant essay on "New Incentives," put very pointedly the instinctive reaction of the public against non-business classes who show a blindness to their social responsibility in a paragraph that reads:

> The business man may feel that the scientist content with a modest salary is an improvident ass. But he also feels some sense of inferiority in the scientist's presence. For at the bottom there is a difference of quality in their lives—in the scientist's a dignity which the scramble for profit can never assume. The professions may be shot through with rigidity, intrigue, and hypocrisy: they have, nevertheless, a community of interest, a sense of craftsmanship, and a more permanent place in the larger reaches of the imagination. It is a very pervasive and subtle difference, but sensitive business men are aware of it. . . . So the public regards a professor on the make as a charlatan, a doctor on the make as a quack, . . . a politician on the make as a grafter, a writer on the make as a hack, a preacher on the make as a hypocrite.

I have quoted Mr. Lippmann in this connection both because he states the social responsibility of the professions succinctly and because his statement gives a good background for the special emphasis I desire to place upon the fact that the gap between the ideals of the professions and the ideals of business is rapidly narrowing. Every day the conviction among business men is becoming more definite that the real tone and temper of American life is perhaps determined more fully by the way the work of the nation is done and by the way the business of the nation is conducted than by any other single set of factors. As I have said before, business and industry largely determine the quality of our common life simply because the primary processes of production, distribution, and consumption touch life at more points and oftener than all other social processes combined. Certainly a perversion of business and industry can nullify the purpose and influence of the teacher, the writer, the physician, the minister, the artist, and even the statesman. It is the growing recognition of this fact that is prompting a larger and larger number of business men to feel that business is more than simply an instrument with which the business man can gain the personal financial freedom to devote an increasing part of his time to disinterested public service, that business is in itself a field of public service that makes a challenging levy upon whatever the business man may have of statesmanship and public spirit. To put this matter concretely, the relative futility of the average business man's "public service" in outside activities as compared with the opportunities for really significant statesmanship inside his business finds apt illustration in a comparative consideration of Henry Ford's peace ship and Henry Ford's farm tractor. The former awakened the world's humor, the latter the world's gratitude. This is not a flippant criticism of Mr. Ford's peace ship. I should rather have in my record an earnest, although futile, attempt to do something toward the relief of the tragic circumstances of the war than the calloused indifference which many men carried through a time when civilization was at the cross-roads, and no one could tell which direction it might take. This is simply a statement of fact, that by an act of invention and business promotion, Mr. Ford, in producing and selling his farm tractor, is laying the foundation for

a revolution upon the farms of the world, the implications of which are endless, not alone making possible an increased productivity, with all that means in the forestalling of food shortage and the consequent removal of one of the fertile sources of revolutionary discontent, but also making possible an increase in the margin of leisure for the farmer and his family, which is essential if our farms are to develop men as well as acres.

Mr. Ford, happily, is a man who visualizes in advance the full round of social implications involved in his business policies and acts, and for that reason he is able to find in business the same professional satisfaction that Alexis Carrel must have found in his work on the suturing of blood-vessels and the transplantation of human organs for which he received the Nobel Prize in 1912. But the social and economic influence of the farm tractor would exist although Mr. Ford were blind to its larger meaning. For that reason this reference to the farm tractor illustrates with peculiar directness the way in which business men may, without taking to the pulpit or turning reformer, affect through the actual processes of their business the social, intellectual, moral, and esthetic quality of our common life.

And I have found throughout the business life of America men in whose minds something approaching a definite philosophy of the social function of business is taking form. Forward-looking business men see that business, in addition to the making of profit and, indeed, in order to make profit permanently under the conditions that are obtaining, should contribute toward the realization of three large ends in American life; namely, (1) greater efficiency in the production of wealth, (2) greater justice in the distribution of wealth, and (3) greater wisdom in the consumption of wealth. These are social objectives which business men will feel increasingly obligated to work toward as the final justification of their claim to the esteem and support of the nation. It is worth while to glance at these three objectives in passing:

INCREASING THE EFFICIENCY OF PRODUCTION

In the first place it is clear that a democracy cannot endure unless the average man in it is an efficient producer of wealth. A democracy rests upon uncertain foundations as long as one element of the population plays the parasite on the productive power of the other element of the population. A time is doubtless coming when we shall withhold our respect from the man who so far forgets essential justice that he claims the right to the possession of wealth upon any other ground than that he has produced it. Those who are in possession of wealth upon any other basis are doubtless holding it upon grounds which their children's children at least will regard not only as unjust, but as fundamentally immoral. For, however disturbing to our complacency it may be, the fact remains that vast and hitherto inarticulate masses in every country are now thinking and saying that the only justification for the ownership of wealth is the production of wealth. This of course does not mean, except to the revolutionary confiscator, that one has no right to the private ownership of a dollar's worth of property except that he has produced in return for it a tangible something that can be sold on the market for a hundred cents. I once heard an extremist deliver an address on "American Parasites" in which he suggested a list of the classes in America that he regarded as non-producers. In this list he included clergymen, concerning whom he said, "We are through with the preacher until he can justify himself from an economic standpoint." He was saying in effect, "Let 's deify the man who raises the wheat of the country, but let 's damn the man who raises the moral standards of the country." It is quite evident, however, that the man who raises the moral standards of a community is as truly a producer of wealth as the man who raises the wheat of a community; that the artist who adds a touch of beauty to a world all too sordid to the many, or the thinker who flings one

creative thought against the sky of the future is as truly a producer of wealth as the puddler in a steel plant. It is nevertheless a healthy sign that men everywhere are feeling more and more that one has no right to the possession of wealth unless in return for that wealth he has helped make his city, his state, and his nation either a materially richer, a more just, a more intelligent, a more beautiful, a more moral, or a more healthful place in which he, his fellows, and future generations can live.

LARGER JUSTICE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

In the second place, it is clear that although every man in America were an efficient producer of wealth, the development and stability of a genuine democracy would remain an uncertain quantity if the wealth of the country were not distributed justly. No society can reckon upon stability if one extreme of its population consistently gets more than it earns and the other extreme earns more than it gets. We are in a time when contagious revolution is in the air. Glaring injustice in the distribution of a nation's wealth produces just so much inflammable material to feed the fires of revolt. Even the most conservative of business men are reckoning with the fact that progress toward greater justice in the distribution of wealth, far from being a radical measure, is an essential element of that sanely conservative program which all true liberals are counting upon to insure for America healthy progress in the next few years when reckless revolution will plead its case at every street corner. But aside from this self-preservation motive, there is more in the cause of just distribution to challenge the finer impulses of a business man than there is in many of the conventional causes to which he gives his time and money. It certainly offers a bigger challenge than does charity. It is small challenge to a man's genius to respond with a check to the appeal of need. But the thing that makes charity unsatisfactory as an exclusive expression of a business man's public spirit is that it is a "time-and-again" service; it is a job that can never be finished. If one had all the wealth of all the multimillionaires of the United States, one could doubtless make comfortable, if not happy, all the poor of the United States; but if in addition to such benefaction one did not make certain fundamental readjustments in the social and economic structure and processes of American life, one would have to do the job all over again when the present poor died and their children came on the stage. Leonardo da Vinci would probably have painted "The Last Supper" with little enthusiasm had he known that with the last stroke of his brush the picture would fade from the canvas. Yet that is what happens in the case of the business man who is indifferent to the problem of the just distribution of wealth and centers all of his out-of-office interest upon charity. The just distribution of wealth is a "once-for-all" service. In almost exact proportion to the nearness of our approach to perfect justice in the distribution of wealth will the number of our disturbing social and industrial problems be diminished. Injustice in the distribution of wealth, either real or fancied, becomes a breeding-ground for political, social, and industrial difficulties. Remove the cause, and the effect will disappear. Of course there are in every society a certain number of congenital revolutionaries with whom revolt is a major sport; they would organize a Red Left in Utopia. But the average American is at heart conservative and is immune to revolutionary appeal unless actual conditions give some measure of validity to the revolutionary appeal. The conservative business man (I use the word "conservative" in its finer sense, not as equivalent to "reactionary") sees that constructive effort toward greater justice in the distribution of wealth is a challenge to real public service in that it will mean essential progress for society and at the same time cut the ground from under the revolutionist. And, after all, the poor of America—not the shiftless poor, but the involuntary poor—do not want charity. Given justice, they will

manage to get along very nicely without charity. And certainly the aim of our democracy should be to make charity an unnecessary virtue. This whole argument I have found being threshed out among our business men of insight.

EDUCATING THE AMERICAN APPETITE IN THE INTEREST OF WISER CONSUMPTION

In the third place, it is clear that even though every man in America were an efficient producer of wealth, and American wealth were distributed with mathematical justice, if there is such a thing, still democracy would in time tumble like a house of cards if the wealth of the country were not consumed wisely. That fact is leading many business men to emphasize the responsibility of business in the education of the appetites of the nation. Advertising is one of the evident instruments which business must use in such education. The social significance of advertising will receive increasing attention from the business men who aspire to make their businesses minister to the public welfare as well as to private profit. Advertising serves a higher function than the mere increase of sales; it lifts the tone of a society by increasing the sanity of consumption. Charles Frederick Higham, a London advertising man who has a large and constructive conception of his profession, in his engaging volume on "Scientific Distribution," says:

> One thing is absolutely certain, and that is that the general public do not appreciate in the least the value which advertising has for them. They seem to consider it an entertaining extravagance on the part of business men. They remain childishly unaware of the influence it has upon their own choice and taste and welfare. Such criticism as they put forward is summed up in the phrase, "Who pays for all this?" And the answer implied is, "We—the public—do." But broadly speaking, modern scientific advertising. . . produces such a growth in the volume of business that it saves in the cost of production in the end, and so increases the profit by decreasing the selling costs. It is unscientific advertising if it does not produce these results.
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> The influence of advertising upon taste is in the right direction. . . This is what happens. A shoe manufacturer wishes to increase his market. He therefore decides to advertise. But before he embarks upon that expense he makes sure that he is making a shoe of a superior kind. It must be cut from good lasts, be a shoe that keeps its shape, wears well, looks smart, and has about it an air of distinction. All these points he puts forth boldly in his advertisements, thus throwing out impressions of what a really good shoe ought to be—impressions that stick in the public's mind . . . With the result that many people become dissatisfied with the cheap, unwieldy shoes they usually buy. So much so that they agree to pay the higher price; and thus *they learn the secret of true economy*—which is always to buy the best that one can. . . Despite all the weakness and vulgarity of trade to-day—its labor problems, its bad organization, the ugliness and feebleness of its craftsmanship—I honestly believe it will work out its own salvation; and that advertisement is the great tool with which this will be done. . . The influence of advertising upon the public welfare lies in its power to raise the standard of living all round. . . Advertising has helped to standardise goods; to socialise manners; to individualise taste. It has beautified dress, democratised luxury. It fosters a healthy dissatisfaction with anything less than the best.

Of course concern with sane consumption is abortive unless linked with concern for just distribution. The hopeful thing is the increasing number of business men who feel that the advertising which business does, if it is not to be parasitic, must make for increased sanity as well as increased size of consumption demands.

It is needless to say that it is the exceptional business man who has formulated anything like the definite conception of the public function of business that I have here reported as having found among cer-

tain American business men. The real significance lies not alone in the fact that a growing group of influential business men hold these views, but also in the fact that public opinion and mass pressure are turning these principles into the form of demands upon business. And the basis of hope is that the instinct of self-preservation among the many in business will join with the vision of the few in bringing these things about. At any rate, here are currents of thought making for professional standards in business.

MODERN BUSINESS IS EVOLVING PROFESSIONAL ETHICS

Third, business is likewise coming to demand adherence to a code of professional ethics. And in this respect business promises to outdistance the professions, in which professional ethics too frequently means only professional etiquette. American business in certain quarters is evolving standards of professional ethics in the sense that business men are attempting to think out fundamental morality in terms of business activities; trying to analyze just how it is possible for business men, through the complicated interdependence of modern business, to lie, to steal, to despoil virtue, and to hold slaves by indirect, long-distance, and impersonal methods; trying to set up standards that will rule these essential immoralities out of American business.

Thanks to the literature of exposure that was in vogue a few years ago, it became clear that business men might, while adhering to the strictest standards of private morality, commit all of the sins of the decalogue by indirect and impersonal methods. In fact, interdependence came so swiftly upon the heels of individualism in this country that "good" men found themselves doing a number of "bad" things in business and industry before they fully realized the implications of their acts. Some cynic, with more cleverness than insight, once remarked that Mr. Roosevelt discovered the ten commandments and gave out the fact as news. But the truth is that the ten commandments need to be rediscovered for each generation. Quite clearly the decalogue needed reinterpretation to a generation in which men might slowly poison a nation with adulterated food-stuffs, a method less dramatic, but no less reprehensible, than the quicker methods used by medieval monarchs with disloyal courtiers; to a generation in which men might steal through monopoly control, a more refined, but no less effective, method than Robin Hood employed. There is a long list of now trite comparisons between the impersonal sins of a society of grand-scale industry and the more direct and easily recognized sins of the simpler and more individualistic society that preceded it. These comparisons are no longer the exclusive property of the muck-raker. They are part of the common thought of modern business men who know that their morality is more than a question of personal habits, that it must rest upon a carefully thought-out application of the fundamental principles of morality to the complicated processes of modern business. It is the moral duty of a nation to keep its economic and ethical development neck and neck. Otherwise there is constantly a "twilight zone" in which men who adhere to the accepted standards of ethics will commit socially immoral acts because the moral implications of such acts or methods have not been thought out and standards raised against them. This is ground so familiar that it needs only a gesture calling attention to it as a field in which business is evolving professional ethics.

It is loyalty to such large aims as these that will make business truly professional in the sense that business will consciously promote the social virtues of efficiency, justice, and sanity while dealing with the material processes of production, distribution, and consumption. These professional ideals in business, it should be said once more, have been here sketched not as the finished picture of accomplished fact, but as the assessment of emerging motive forces which, if sedulously cultivated by the business and industrial leaders of

America, will exert determining influence upon the quality and rate of progress in the period of readjustment we are passing through. And there is more than naïve optimism upon which to base the hope that these ideals will gain vital currency in the years just ahead. Forces of self-interest will supplement the innate idealism of the American mind in making these ideals more fully operative. These forces of self-interest have been suggested throughout this paper, but it is worth while to deal more specifically with them at this point.

Business and Social Discontent

A CHOICE BETWEEN STATESMANSHIP AND FORCE AS INSTRUMENTS OF BUSINESS LEADERSHIP

Business men find themselves under the necessity of deciding what their attitude is to be toward the restless discontent which is to-day manifest throughout the world. If really intelligent self-interest determines that attitude, we may expect the formulation of policies worthy of truly professional business. This discontent is not a passing temper provoked by the stage tricks of a small group of professional malcontents; it is one of those tidal movements of social aspiration that now and then sweep over nations, with the nations too frequently only half aware of what is happening. Viscount Morley, referring to such movements, said, "Wise statesmen are those who foresee what time is thus bringing, and try to shape institutions and to mould men's thought and purpose in accordance with the change that is silently surrounding them." This is pertinent counsel for business men as well as for statesmen in these times, because nothing less than this statesmanlike attitude toward the current forces of unrest and change can protect business; certainly nothing less can afford guaranty of healthy progress. Business statesmanship is the one effective instrument that can bring constructive economic results out of a radical hour; simple opposition cannot. John Stuart Mill once said, "The future of mankind will be greatly imperiled if great questions are left to be fought out between ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change." This statement might well be printed on the desk calendar of every American business man, for it suggests the key not only to business statesmanship, but to business success as well in these days of discontent and revaluation. Autocratic indifference to the aspirations that are moving the masses of a nation has spelled bankruptcy of authority for governments throughout history; autocratic attempts to suppress such aspirations have spelled revolution throughout history. These lessons of political leadership are not lost upon far-sighted business leadership. On every hand I find business men saying frankly that it lies pretty largely with the leaders of business and industry whether change shall be disruptive or constructive.

If a stupid conservatism should attempt to revert to "big-stick" methods in dealing with labor difficulties, one would need either courage or blindness to contemplate the future with an easy mind. Calling in the police, mobilizing the militia, employing detectives, arresting labor leaders, blocking discussion, and forcing passions underground are not only undemocratic methods; they are unintelligent methods; they are played out. The business executive who uses them may think he is protecting his interests, but his firing-squad type of mind does not see far; in using such methods, or even in taking an undefined attitude of emotional denunciation toward a labor difficulty, he is playing directly into the hands of the revolutionary. Constructive conservatism, on the other hand, by refusing to employ these methods, forces the radical leader to attempt to present a satisfactory program to his followers; for an average group of Americans of whatever class can be held

together only by one of two methods, common action against a common antagonist who flaunts his antagonism in their faces or common action in behalf of a program that captures their imagination and appeals to their sense of justice. The increasing recognition of this fact promises to help materially toward lifting the whole question of labor unrest out of the atmosphere of a test of strength alone. Business men realize with a definiteness that is relatively recent that capital loses even when it wins in a fight with labor, simply because business cannot be permanently successful and permanently profitable unless its relations with labor are cordial,—especially with the numerical strength of labor becoming politically articulate,—and its relations with labor cannot be consistently cordial as long as labor unrest is dealt with upon the basis of a tournament rather than a parliament. A system of relations between employers and employees that usually breaks down when the issue is of fundamental importance and forces both parties to threaten and fight their way toward a decision is clearly inadequate for the sort of times we are coming into; it is a costly system, as all expedients are costly; it generates and leaves behind too many sullen antagonisms that may be played upon by destructive radicalism. Alfred E. Zimmern, in an article from which I have quoted earlier in this paper, says:

> Collective bargaining is clearly an advance on the old unequal system of individual wage-contracts. But collective bargaining between large-scale organizations of employers and workmen involves a piling up of armaments on both sides not unlike that of the rival European groups before the war. At its best it preserves the peace by establishing a precarious balance of power; at its worst it precipitates a disastrous conflict; and, in either case, whether it works well or ill for the moment, it is non-moral and inhuman, for it has no basis in a sense of common service or public duty. Hence it creates a feeling of divided interest and permanent estrangement which has been all too visible to the rest of the community during the recurring industrial crises of the last ten years. In this vicious situation a great national responsibility rests upon the leaders of both groups of combatants.

BUSINESS LIBERALISM IS BUSINESS FORESIGHT

The costly inadequacy of the present system of employer-employee relations, coupled with the fact that there exists today throughout the world of labor a heightened determination to secure a larger share in the profits and a larger voice in the management of industry, means that business men, purely as a matter of good business, must take the initiative in a sincere collaboration with labor in effecting a saner organization of industrial relations. It is interesting to note that this is just what is happening in England, for instance, where responsible business men are contributing leadership to the movement for forms of industrial self-government, which, administered in the newer spirit, should not only satisfy the basic aspirations of labor, but also put business and industry upon a more dependable and profitable basis than ever before. The implications of industrial self-government both to employers and employees, as they are worked out in the literature and discussed by the leaders of that movement, I shall take up in detail in a later paper. All I am concerned in doing at this point is to suggest that self-interest is making for constructive conservatism and making against stupid conservatism, which knows no mood but denunciation, no instrument but the policeman's club or an injunction. And this means the greater development among business men of that genuinely professional spirit which is one of the best guaranties of orderly progress during our readjustment period.

All this may appear to be only a dissertation upon the strategy of concession, by which the leaders in business and industry may keep things running smoothly for a time by granting just enough in a

given situation to keep labor quiet and satisfy a progressive public opinion, and repeating the manœuver whenever industrial relations become strained. And such tactics will doubtless be used in certain quarters. Certain short-sighted leaders of business and industry will attempt to dilute discontent with half-measures. But the more far-sighted leaders see that as a false and costly procedure. The trouble with it is that there is no end to it. The appetite of labor, no less than the appetite of capital, grows by what it feeds on under a system of periodic strikes and periodic concessions. The preservation and promotion of sound business demands, therefore, that business men take into full account the freshly awakened and increased aspirations of labor which until some better method is established will attempt realization through demands that hold the latent threat of a strike; and having taken these aspirations into account, and realizing that the situation cannot be met adequately either by benevolence or piece-meal concession on the part of employers or by usurpation on the part of employees, boldly face the problem of some new and better organization of the human side of industry.

It is fortunate that affairs have, in our day, assumed a posture that closes every other avenue of orderly progress. Unintelligent resistance to-day spells revolution; creative leadership spells progress.

This discussion has been purposely directed toward motive forces rather than specific policies, because the logic of events is leading toward more broadly conceived policies, but whether the logic of events will produce its perfect work depends upon the attitude which leadership takes.

Summary

To summarize, then, the simple thesis of this paper which I should hesitate to discuss at such length except that its current implications strike so closely at the heart of the total problem of American content and progress that reiteration may be pardoned in an earnest search for emphasis:

American business and industry rendered history-making service during the war, because in response to emergency demands and governmental edicts and under the inspiration of a challenging cause business and industry were dedicated to the accomplishment of a great social objective, and business men brought to their work the same professional spirit that the doctor and sanitarian carry into a fever-stricken region that is to be reclaimed for civilized life. Both the insuring of orderly progress and the working out of a permanently successful business order, under the conditions the war has produced and left behind, require the continuance and development of that professional spirit in business. In normal times we cannot count upon a hot-house growth of the professional spirit in business, fostered by governmental requirements, but must depend upon the natural development of such spirit in our business and industrial leaders. That makes a study of the motive forces behind the business thinking of the country fundamentally important.

Before the war, the professional spirit in business was on the increase. Business was more and more demanding a breadth of knowledge and an intellectual preparation which equalled if not exceeded the demands made by any of the time-honored professions.

Business men were more thoroughly visualizing their business in its social relations; they were becoming more concerned that, in addition to making profits, their business should make some ultimate contribution toward increasing the efficiency of the production, the justice of the distribution, and the sanity of the consumption of American wealth.

Business men were erecting standards of business ethics as the result of seeing that the complicated interdependence of modern life makes it possible for business

men to commit all of the old sins by new methods that are indirect and impersonal.

Wherever these professional ideals have been brought into full and intelligent play in American business institutions, it has been proved that they are not simply idealistic but costly ventures that business men may afford to undertake, in a mood of benevolent paternalism, after a business has succeeded and piled up a surplus; rather that they are the corner-stones of permanently successful business.

Now that the war is over, business and industry face the problem of a mass restlessness which in some quarters has a definite program, in other quarters simply a medley of undefined but active aspirations. Because the masses throughout the world have during the war become more keenly conscious of their political power, should they organize and use it, the inadequacy of mere make-shift concessions is apparent, and business leadership is challenged to make a fresh and constructive approach to the problem of industrial relations.

The primary inspiration of such a fresh and constructive approach to the problem of industrial relations may come from either of two groups—the men at the top, or the salaried men who do the actual job of administration in factories, mines, and stores. There is a fairly general disposition to make the man at the top the scapegoat for all of the injustice and conservatism that may mark a given industry. I have no desire to lift emphasis from the responsibility that the man at the top, by virtue of his position, must carry; but sound analysis demands recognition of the fact that frequently the salaried manager, who is administering the affairs of a local unit of an industry, is just as jealous of his perquisites of power and authority and just as averse to any broadening of the base of control as the man at the top. In fact it will usually be found, in an industry where the administration of the human factor is unenlightened, that a hierarchy of resistance to any really forward-looking and creative policy respecting the human side of industry runs all the way from the directors' room to the office of the local boss. It is far easier and more dramatic, in a study of the relation of business leadership to social unrest, to point an accusing finger at a conspicuous director or financier and say, "Thou art the man!" But the application and administration of business liberalism is a more complicated matter than the mere preachment of business liberalism. It must take into account all the men and all the factors in the entire organization of industry and reckon in advance with the strength of opposition and support that may be expected or secured. The key groups, however, in the determination and application of any large policy in industry, as now organized, are the men at the top and the salaried managers who stand in daily contact with the work and the workers of the industry.

A better organization of industrial relations may, therefore, come from the action of either of these groups. The successful administration of a new order demands, of course, a collaboration of these two groups. A new note in the human side of industry may be struck, and struck quickly, if the men at the top assume the full educational responsibilities of their position and deliberately inspire the salaried managers of industry to as consistent concern in the human side of industry as they already evince in the technical side. On the other hand, it may be that the new order will come more slowly as a result of pressure upon the men at the top by the younger salaried men who manage, men who have carried into their work the education and the ideals of the modern engineer who is not so unscientific as to leave out of his reckoning the human factor in any enterprise.

This much should be said, in passing, as an explanation, if not a defense, of the salaried man's slowness in experimenting with the human problem of industry: in the main, the salaried men of industry have not been made to feel that the men at the top were as deeply interested in the human as in the financial problem of industry. Therefore, it is for the men at the top, at this time when sound business judgment prompts it, to create in the minds of the

salaried managers of American industry the impression that a discovery on their part of a better way of handling the human problem of industry will receive as hearty welcome and as careful consideration in the directors' room as will a new method of extracting ore, let us say. The men at the top are now challenged by the present situation to create among their men the atmosphere for sane experiment with the problem of industrial relations upon exactly the same base of reasoning that prompts them to set scientists at work in their laboratories.

I think I could name twenty leaders of American business and industry who at this moment hold it within their power to determine the course of industrial relations in this country for the next twenty-five years at least. What I mean concretely is this: There are twenty outstanding leaders of American business and industry who have always been classed as conservative men concerned primarily with the financial problem of industry; if these twenty men should pool their brain-power in a study of the labor problem with the same sustained thought they have given to financial problems, if they should counsel with students of labor as they have counselled with students of chemical, electrical, and other problems that touch their business interests, and if they should take the initiative in making a sincere and exhaustive study of the whole area lying between the extreme forms of private capitalism and the extreme forms of State Socialism in order to find out whether or not there is a middle ground of industrial self-government on which both labor and capital can stand in a co-operation that will minister to the legitimate aims of both, I have no hesitancy in saying that they—these twenty business and industrial leaders—could with dramatic suddenness invent a new order of industry. I am not being carried away with rhetoric. I have seen enough instances of industrial self-government at work to know that the tested principles of free, responsible, and representative government can be adapted to business and industry in a manner that will go far toward eliminating the waste of labor conflicts, uncovering hitherto unused reserves of enterprise and ingenuity in the working force, largely freeing the time of executives from the administration of discipline which today drains away valuable executive energy that should be employed in the larger creative tasks of policy and expansion, and actually making business and industry more profitable. The twenty or more men whom I have in mind today have it in their power to create history as truly as did the men who formulated the Declaration of Independence or the men who drafted the Constitution of the United States. In fact the requirement of the industrial situation today is very much the same as the requirement of the governmental situation then. The labor problem today is not a problem of workingman psychology, as the attitude and policy of many men would seem to indicate they think. The labor problem is a constitutional problem. The constitutional problem that our political fathers faced, our business men face today in business and industry under the name of the problem of management or control. Until that problem is solved by genuine business statesmanship, the labor problem will doubtless continue as a balance of power game of see-saw, and in the midst of every labor conflict we shall hear the familiar jibes that labor's only interest is in shorter hours and higher wages and that capital's only interest is in longer hours and lower wages, jibes that fly wide of the mark simply because no one faces boldly the real challenge of the labor problem. The American public is waiting for a business statesmanship that will attack the governmental problem in industry.

One does not wish to believe less than this: American business men of vision, face to face with the emergency demands of an era of change, will be an important party to the task of creating in this country a constructive liberalism that will restrain reckless radicalism by formulating and putting into effect a program bounded only by the frontiers of economic wisdom and practical justice.

Racial Relations in America

By FRANCES RUMSEY

PEACE has come to us all with a sense of its convulsion rather than of its repose. It is not the gift we have prayed for in the last four years. The lives given and the sacrifices lavished, the pure sustenance of the thousand split rays of a shining freedom, have left us something more fundamental than quiet. Around us all the earth is breaking up not only into new nations and new forces, but into new restrictions and new freedoms. The terms of our acceptance and rejection, and the level of all our standards, have changed. They have a wider and at the same time a more inexorable significance. We realize what has been bought for us, and that the Marne and the Somme, Château Thierry and Ponte di Piave, were the doors to another world of values.

We are still in the state of understanding this by negation. Our chief sense, for the instant, is of what is no longer true. We have an instinctive dissatisfaction in political quibbles. We are restless behind all boundaries, and we feel the absurdity of an insistence of hierarchal and dynastic force. One hears in these days a constant question as to whether we shall see a declination of morale now that the immediate tonic action of danger and sacrifice is past. What is evident is that however many instances of such decline exist, the standard set for us cannot decline and that the old terms of life in 1914 are forever condemned to inanition because the moral spirit of 1914 showed us their insufficiency. All the sentiment of our aspiration is changed. We instinctively refuse restriction. We have passed permanently beyond the individualistic, and nothing enlarges a national mind more than that passage. However we revert to occupy ourselves with all our former forms of self-seeking, personal accomplishment has come to mean something purer than personal imposition. The people whom we have seen pass hourly to an immortality of heroism have given us some of this immeasurable quality, an extension of beauty far beyond the extension of a personal performance. Our constructive sense is clearly against such a limitation, and we refuse it with the same intolerance with which we refuse the merely individualistic point of view.

The world has seen before now this application of the creative imagination, but never to so great an extent, because never both so vastly and so practically as now. Nothing is more interesting to-day than the fact that as individualism itself has died or ceased to be valuable for us, it has passed into the wider realm of the personal. All the qualities that makes personality have been visibly illustrated for us. We have seen how personality is made—all that devotion and piety can breed, and all that a country can put into the human soul. It is in this sense that we understand the personal qualities in nations as never before. The personal aspects of each national genius have flowered into illustrable acts. We have seen that the British have the best secret service in the world because of their understanding of sport; that in that they applied science more consistently, the French were better aviators; and that all the American gallantry was none the less in need of the stiffening of an applied discipline. The nations have themselves assumed personalities not in loose generalities, but in our recognition in each one of them of the compact genius that can be so personal. The sensitive imagination sees both the science and the poetry of their conscious

construction of themselves as never before; and it is this, more than anything else, which gives at the moment the thrill to our outlook, which has lifted from us the weight and pressure of the obvious, and disturbed the thick crust of habit. We shall fall back into concessions and into abuses, as we shall fall into manipulations that are temporary and combinations that are fugitive; but we shall not lose the vision of the vision, the intoxication of an applied world sense, any more than we shall forget that to some of the men we have seen die it has been given to grasp the stars.

Whatever combinations of people one sees made as a result of the conclusion of peace, not only the form of those combinations, but also their essence, will be racial. This will be due to more than a reaction against the purely political and against the impositions of any merely nationalistic purpose. There has come to be a new meaning in the term nation—a meaning which penetrates frontiers and overthrows any attempt at localization, and which demands recognition of basic qualities. Of all the wider forms of freedom that the war has given us none is so wide as this. It holds the germ of a creation, and for reasons which treat the term racial not merely in its physical sense. We can trace back to the dimmest ethnologic facts more clearly than we can trace and define what are their results—those fundamental affinities and repulsions, which determine whether a people will cling together, with the same capacities and the same aspirations, or separate into the sharpest antagonisms. Men are divided by character, as we know, far more definitely than by circumstance; and in the tests of actuality to-day, what constitutes the importance of racial affinity is not so much its cause as its result. Identity of racial origin generally predetermines and enables us to verify that which unites people and the lack of which disassociates them, that is, the identity of their expression.

This may not be wholly expression in language. There is sometimes an affinity between the way men's minds work far deeper than between the grammatical values of their speech. Vocabulary and construction may be so changed, so temporized with, and so debased, that they show virtually nothing of the original identities. What stands for men's likeness is their response in like terms of instant reaction to principles and aspirations that have for them a like value; that delicate quality which comes from common terms of living, and for which the best name we have is human mutuality. Here lies the creative possibility in the new alinements of peoples. For the first time it is recognized that what holds men together is the identity of their reaction in regard to common experiences of life, and that a common expression of action and motion mean probable unity.

The conditions by which this likeness can be determined are relentlessly practical. As we know that men differ very little from their original tendencies, so we know how eminently traceable the logic of origin is. The head of any great industrial plant can testify how useless it is to work basically antagonistic men in the same shop; there is nothing more final than the ostracisms of unsympathetic races in small communities; and the whole theory of vocational education is based on the recognition of the individual person's sympathy for his calling, which is only the personal application, in a smaller way, of the person's sympathy for the person. Science has never fused the repellent atoms in these human elements, and the hardest experience seldom permanently disassociates them. Where we have always recognized emotional affinities, we have only now begun to define affinities more developed and extensive—that fitness of a man for his work and his fellows which means a clearly practical increase in his efficiency. In the present shift of peoples we have begun to ask why these differences exist, from what they rose, and what various forms they are likely to extend to; and if anything is of such importance in planning the machinery by which human beings are to work and subsist as a

recognition that the forms of men's action and emotion are the forms by which they live.

It is solely in America that these identities of expression can be tested now and coexistently. From the crudity of the old idea of the melting pot and of an enforced system to make other races like themselves, Americans have begun to be aware of the unique strength and responsibility of their position. It is all the magnificence of the country that this should be the case. Each nation has in some definite principle the expression of its particular genius; and the genius of America is its capacity for formative growth. Whatever the phases of illusion and disillusion through which she passes, she stands definitely and nobly committed to this constant formation. She has it as a declared principle to accept and incorporate in her own life the lives of other peoples, whether in their attempted idealisms or in actuality. All the hard, individualistically spiritual quality of the American people is set on it. They have often been fooled by the misapplication of the principle, with a keen contempt for their own foolishness; but it is part of the extension of the national imagination that they should be indifferent to their blunders and to the set-backs of their misjudgments. Europe has come to see not only the dignity and simplicity of this inclusive principle, but also that it is a dignity which no temporary vulgarisms and no isolated obtuseness can permanently obscure. America, unlike France, does not live by her intelligence. It is part of her austerity scarcely to admit its exercise. But she puts into intelligent application her ideality. It is in the eyes of the American soldiers—*"quelque chose de jeune et de pure,"* as the French have seen. Her fight in this war has been peculiarly for that ideality, and enough of both its largeness and its directness has appeared to make the older and riper races regard her no longer as a precocious child, with that hardness of sophistication that only a child can make most terrible, but as youth itself in both the beauty and the tragedy of adolescence.

It has been the American imagination that has created this peculiar condition and has made from immigration integration. Both its matter-of-factness and its sense of poetry have carried the country to this creative height. The national consciousness has seen—and more than ever under the pressure of to-day—not only what it wants, but what it needs; and in this gradual stir of a cohesive sense of construction the depth and penetration of the possibilities of race amalgamation have become apparent. This amalgamation cannot proceed superficially, in the terms of the theorists who consider that naturalization is its only aim and end; nor can it proceed brutally, as it has so often proceeded in the past, and show no results but the exploitation of immigrant labor in sweated industries. The old view of quantitative absorption has passed with the old view of inferiorities of race. There is something peculiarly intelligent and perpetually generous in America's sense of what she has to learn from her immigrants. She may not differentiate their subtleties or disentangle the values of their traditions, but she is finding acute instruction in the fact that these races have made many of her own experiments: that Armenians tried democracy three thousand years ago; that Greeks can point to instance after instance of representative government, which test the principles of her own; that Russian ideality and Russian instinct for science in their usually contradictory combination can be so tempered and composed as to make ideality more concrete and science more imaginative. The country has learned how to learn. The practical processes are all before it; but as the sense of America's isolation from all other national experience has passed with the sense of an artificial geographical isolation, so she has also realized her own comparative proportions of strength and of ignorance. She has felt stir in her the sense of a personal responsibility for the organized construction of her future that is the moral expression of great peoples.

On the other side of the shield nothing

carries an appeal at once more poignant to the sense of tradition and to the sense of creation than to see these races tested by American conditions and by American freedom. With fairly steady consistency difference of race means complete difference of character. All these differences are more than ever marked in the American surroundings and in both the crudity and splendor of her pitiless light. The history of each foreign-born race in America, the more one penetrates it, shows the histories of their own significant personalities. These racial personalities, in the test of close contact with those of other races here, become more than ever marked. Their nationalistic traits, together with their nationalistic sense, is usually exaggerated. Their sense of form is particularly noticeable because of its sudden removal from tradition and from the closeness of a religious hierarchy. The only way it can manifest itself is in their various fraternal and benevolent organizations. There are 408 foreign-born national racial and fraternal organizations in this country, and far above 23,000 local racial organizations, and virtually every male adult of the millions of foreign population belongs to one. Their compactness, both socially and politically, is immensely increased in this way, and the compactness of their thought is equal. But chiefly because of the new opportunity for individualistic expression, the foreigner, little by little,—and it is all according to his receptivity,—assumes not so much the American ideas as the American movement of mind. There is a rise of his curiosity, a pace quicker here and slower there, an instinctive combination of his own sense of poetry—peculiarly the expression of ripe races—with the sense of romance which is peculiarly American. One sees him turn back to test and judge the traditions from which he came and to apply to them his new individualistic ambitions. He makes these judgments not only in the contrast and context of his own condition with American conditions, but with the conditions of all the other races in America. He finds himself in a vast laboratory, with excellent material for the experiment. As the result of these comparisons, and with the gradual rise of his independence of mind, he feels more keenly not only the grip of his past, but the immeasurable possibilities of his future. The country has at first disappointed him. He has seen its difficulties and its bareness, the hard facts of its living and the ugliness of its life, the faults of administration and of exploitation. But in itself this discrepancy between his hope and actuality is his incentive; and in instance after instance one sees his admirable practical sense turn intelligently to fulfil its part in the ultimate American creation.

The process of race amalgamation presupposes as its essential condition that it should be accepted as and operated as a science. The terms of both its construction and its application must be highly conscious. We have seen enough in the past of the evils which can result from loose and accidental absorption, and from fortuitous terms of formation. There must be deliberate and intensive selection. To apply this selection physically is a problem that the future must deal with, along with the problem of selective immigration. But what it is essential to remember is that physical selection must be unintelligent until we have first applied selection mentally, and until we understand not only what we need from each particular people, but the essence of and the causes of their particular genius.

It is peculiarly difficult to operate this principle of selection in America. The American mind is not only without the habit of definition, but without the instinct for it. It fundamentally fears the quick French aptitude for definition, and it admirably understands, on the other hand, the way a phrase can imprison and obscure meaning. The American tendency is all toward looseness of thought and toward the confusion of looseness with freedom. There is not that instinctive passion for perfection which is the basis of scientific action. But there is the passion of quest and the instinct of vision; and on the occasions when he puts these

into precise application, the American has a particular and inimitable strength.

The bases of race amalgamation have been laid for the first time in America and have been laid along definite lines. The principles on which they rest are two: on the one hand, the scientific definition of the qualities of each foreign race; on the other, the establishment of the principle of reciprocity.

The Department of the Interior is selecting for each race a racial representative, to act in concert with it in all matters which concern the racial, educational, and industrial activities of his own people resident in America. This representative becomes the logical means of communication between this group and authoritative American action. He is in constant touch with his own press, with the educational needs of his people, with their organizations, whether social, religious, or fraternal, with their industrial conditions, and with their various conferences and conventions throughout the country. He traces the origin and strength of their factional differences and difficulties; he urges the learning of English as a means of development and self-protection, and investigates the conditions and facilities regarding this; he creates an intelligent appreciation of naturalization; he sees that his people have adequate representation on industrial committees; he keeps in constant contact with the growth of their constructive needs. This representative has, as advisory to him, a conference group of twelve members of his own race. These men are chosen from as wide a field as possible; they include representation of educational, literary, journalistic, industrial, commercial, and labor interests, and keep the representative constantly informed of the growth and changes of opinion in their own groups. This means a clear and continuous flow of information not from various scattered sources, but from these sources to one central and uniting point.

The first task of each representative, on his assumption of office and after establishing relations with his foreign language press and his own racial organizations, is to prepare for the Government a statement of the present status of his race in their country of origin, both historically traced and in the forms of its present existence. This statement is made from the points of view of, first, culture, by a study of their typical traditions, beliefs, arts, and literature; second, economics, by analysis and computation of the bases of their economic production; third, science, by investigation of their contribution to science; fourth, political science, by comparison between their social relations, the forms of their institutions and their political ideals. There is thus recorded not only the past achievements of this particular race in these directions, but there is also predicated and made practical the probable lines along which this people can most freely develop and the ways in which their genius is most likely to express itself successfully. This statement is followed by a technical one, which defines the present status of those of the race resident in America, where and how they are settled, where and how employed, and how far their integration into American life has proceeded.

Half the circle is thus completed. An intelligent and authoritative source of information is established, one which will by the very terms of its existence be constantly enlarged and enriched. It is possible to trace not only the needs of the foreign race, but the historical and traditional evidence as to why those needs exist; to understand the instinct of segregation here and the instinct of disassociation there; and to lay the way to repair misunderstandings and antagonisms, as well as some of those ignorances which have forced men and women into employment for which they were temperamentally unfitted and in which, for this reason, they often signally failed. The third statement of each representative goes a step further; it finally rounds both the investigation and the operating principle. This is a report on those ways and means which will best interpret America to his own race; which will best give them American standards and best coördinate their own development with that of their adopted country.

In dealing with all questions between the two peoples there are thus established the methods of analysis and comparison before any attempt is made at selection and application. Points of contact are traced which will contribute to reciprocal integration and fusion. Sympathetic traditions and tendencies of thought are defined in American culture; there is a statement of such processes in the foreign economic production as can be used and developed in American production; there is mutual study of such special characteristics of both peoples as determine the forms of their scientific achievement, and an application, wherever possible, of this knowledge to American science; and there is tested the identity between the bases of social relations in both nations, and between the function and operation of their political institutions.

The reciprocity which is thus created is complete not only between a single race and America, but between the various foreign races in America themselves. Some of the drama of the constant American recreation plays through this amalgamation. For the first time these races see one another under larger terms than the terms of factional difference. They have to measure, because of new frictions and new stimulations, the terms of their individual responsibility. Those things which the foreign-born looked upon in the older world as utopian principles here become the society's rightful contribution to every one: what he received as charity has here become for each man a practical right; what he formerly claimed as benevolence he can now insist on as a basic justice. From the American side the gain is limitless. It is not only the gain for industrial and commercial life, of the inventive genius, the high operative practicality, the thrift and the steady capability of the foreign-born. There is a growth even more fundamental. In culture there is apprehension of the texture of another national mind; in economics there is the discovery of differences and identities of values; in science there is the establishment of like terms of definition; and in political science there is created a like sense of the coherent development of peoples. This means nothing less than the education and application of America's sense of composition.

The reëducation of our selective sense, in racial fusion, bids fair to put into more constant operation the selective principle. We have fallen back on a keener consciousness than ever before of what is essential—what in the throng of opposing currents of action and principles of thought will always stand for strength and for the power to perpetuate. What gives us pause in democracy is its profound mediocrity, its too general inclusiveness, its sacrifice, through the necessary leveling of opportunity, of character and quality. Every clean operation of the selective sense works against this mediocrity and against reversion to type; and as such it works against ultimate sterility.

The new adventure of the West is not to be inclusive alone. If it is to contain the real element of adventure, it must be of the newer adventure, the inner conquests and discoveries, and the application of these to the vast American machine. The application must be no less conscious and conscientious than the selection. There are two ways for a people to strengthen and concert their national genius, either by an intensive power to refuse, like the French, or by the power to accept and incorporate, which is significantly American. This power must be made intensive in its application. All the play of America's perpetual vision cannot exist without a scientific foundation. To this end there must be on both sides a ceaseless and fearless recognition of all that is involved, the weaknesses and the strengths and the basic reason for them; there must be a recognition that sees not only the elements which separate, but the spirit which joins —a recognition that, as it has defined without passion, selects without the personal, and accomplishes as its result not only an identity of interest, but a respect for the unlikenesses of mind and soul.

The Larger American Navy

By REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES J. BADGER, U.S.N.

NOW that the armistice conditions are being fulfilled and a peace congress has assembled, it becomes advisable to discuss and, as far as possible, to decide what our policies are to be in regard to the departments of the Government most affected by the war, in order that we may return as soon as possible to an economical administration of the country's affairs on a peace basis.

The problems connected with the navy are complicated by the fact that international as well as national considerations are of peculiar interest and importance. The navy has been rightly called our first line of defense, and care must be taken that we, in our eagerness to economize and to return to paths of peace, do not ourselves break that line.

In 1865, at the close of the Civil War, the United States possessed a large and, for its time, powerful navy. Its expansion during the war was comparatively as great as has been its expansion during the one just ending; indeed, perhaps greater. We had just passed through a long and terrific struggle, we were saddled with an enormous debt, our people were war-weary, and many, as now, believed that there was little likelihood of our ever being involved in another war. Our merchant marine had virtually disappeared from the high seas, and in our interest in other great national problems the navy was permitted to dwindle away until by 1870 it consisted only of a number of obsolete coast-defense monitors and a few wooden frigates and cruisers long past their days of usefulness. The power of our navy in the seventies and for many years after was negligible in comparison with the more important navies abroad, where progress had been maintained, wood in the construction of ships abandoned for iron and steel, and a tremendous advance made in armor and armaments.

Everlasting credit is due the naval officers of that day who through that depressing period kept the morale of the personnel at a high standard, never lost hope, and never ceased their efforts to bring about such a rehabilitation of the navy as would restore our sea-power to a plane commensurate with the rights and interests of our great country.

The time came, indeed, in the early eighties, humbly enough, to be sure, with the construction of the much-discussed despatch-boat *Dolphin*. In 1883 the cruisers *Chicago, Boston,* and *Atlanta* were authorized, and later these three vessels, with the *Dolphin,* formed the "White Squadron," which, under the command of the late Rear-Admiral J. G. Walker, U.S.N., cruised abroad. The enthusiastic and widely published accounts of this small squadron did much to arouse public interest, and from that time the building of a new navy has been assured.

In 1890 the battle-ships *Indiana, Massachusetts,* and *Oregon* were authorized by Congress; but so great was the prejudice against having anything but a navy for coast defense that they had to be designated as "coast-line battle-ships" to satisfy the critics of an extended building policy. Opposition to a continued expenditure of large sums for construction and maintenance has always existed and at times made itself extremely evident, but a majority of the American people and of Congress has generally favored a navy adequate to the protection of our rights and the forwarding of our just policies.

Since 1890 the building of a new navy has more or less steadily proceeded. At the present time our sea-power may be roughly estimated as half that of Great Britain.

The General Board of the navy, to which I shall frequently refer, was created in 1900 by John D. Long, secretary of the navy at that time, and has been continued by all succeeding secretaries to the present time. The admiral of the navy, George Dewey, was the first and, indeed, only president of the board, for since his death two years ago no successor has been officialy designated. The board is advisory in its character and has no executive power.

The study of naval policies, organization, progress, and employment at home and abroad, with recommendations to the secretary of the navy on these and such other subjects as may be referred to it, is its chief function. Throughout its career of eighteen years it has generally held the confidence and received the support of the secretaries of the navy and of the naval committees of Congress.

In February, 1903, the General Board rendered the following opinion as to the upbuilding of the navy:

The General Board is of the opinion that the defense of the coasts, insular possessions, commerce and general maritime interests of the United States requires the maintenance of a fleet based upon an effective strength of 48 first-class battle-ships. The numbers of other classes ought to bear a definite proportion to the number of battle-ships, and the General Board is of the opinion, further, that for every 4 battle-ships the fleet should be composed of 2 armored cruisers, 4 scout cruisers, 4 large, seagoing, quick turning torpedo-boat destroyers, together with the necessary auxiliaries, such as colliers, supply ships, repair ships, etc.

The General Board recommends the adoption of a continued naval policy to be pursued by Congress in making appropriations, whereby the strength of the fleet shall be increased regularly at the annual rate of four first-class battle-ships, with vessels of other types in the proportions named, until it reaches the limit above stated.

The building policy of the navy has since followed this course, though the average of four battle-ships a year has not been obtained.

In July, 1915, the secretary of the navy, Josephus Daniels, called upon the General Board for its opinion of the policy which should govern the future development of the navy, and the following was submitted:

The Navy of the United States should ultimately be equal to the most powerful maintained by any other nation of the world. It should be gradually increased to this point by such a rate of development, year by year, as may be permitted by the facilities of the country, but the limit above defined should be attained not later than 1925.

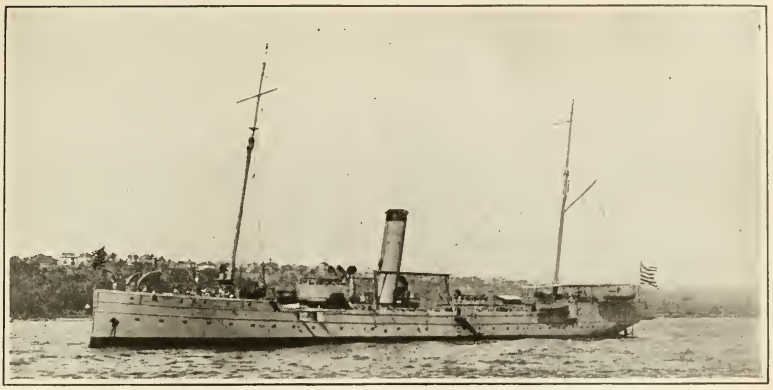
Since 1915 the General Board has uniformly had this policy in mind when making its annual recommendations for our naval construction. Some of the considerations in support of such a policy may be briefly summarized as follows:

Sea-power will always remain a factor of vast importance in international relations.

The United States is rapidly building a great merchant marine and again seems about to compete for a fair share of the carrying trade of the world. The logical reason for a great navy is to provide protection for the merchant marine of the nation to which it belongs.

Equality of sea-power does not necessarily mean the institution of a competitive building policy among nations. On the contrary, limitation of naval establishments beyond that necessary for self-defense and the maintenance of the peace of the world might be more easily arrived at by agreement under such a policy. Equality of sea-power should be preventive of, rather than incitive to, war.

In the event of the establishment of a league of nations for peace, naval power will be the principal instrument to give effect to its decisions; and the United States, because of its wealth and power, will be called upon, and should be able to supply its full share of the international police force to render such a league effect-



DESPATCH-BOAT *DOLPHIN*, OF 1486 TONS. COMMISSIONED MARCH, 1883

ive. After international relations become strained, increase of existing naval or military establishments cannot be made without danger of producing the very results such establishments with us are intended to prevent.

The United States should at all times be in a position to care for its own maritime and other interests without having to depend upon the good offices of a more powerful nation.

The great naval lesson of the war has been that the nation possessing the most powerful navy was able in a few weeks to drive the German merchant flag from the seas and to keep open her own trade routes. When the war began, Germany possessed the second most powerful navy in the world. The second best navy proved to be not good enough. The blockade, which she was not able to break, was the greatest contributing cause of her ultimate collapse. With her military preparations of half a century, if she could have kept her own ports or the ports of her allies open, or even partly open, for the importation of food and raw materials, the war might have been lost to the Allies. Certainly it could have been greatly prolonged. The relentless pressure of superior sea-power, without even a great and decisive naval battle, gave to the Allies freedom of the seas, gained time for the organization and transportation of their armies, and brought about a result which history teaches us was inevitable.

In the rebuilding of our navy, the so-called three-year program, strongly urged by Secretary Daniels, and embodied in the act of August 29, 1916, was a long step in advance. In a letter dated November 9, 1915, the General Board said, in part:

A navy in firm control of the sea from the outbreak of war is the prime essential to the defense of a country bordering upon two great oceans. A navy strong enough only to defend our coasts from actual invasion is not the only function of the navy. It must protect our sea-borne commerce and drive that of the enemy from the sea. The best way to accomplish all of these objects is to find and defeat the hostile fleet or any of its detachments at a distance from our coast sufficiently great to prevent interruption of our normal course of national life. The current war has shown that a navy of the size recommended by this Board in previous years can no longer be considered adequate to the defensive needs of the United States. Our present navy is not sufficient to give due weight to the diplomatic remonstrances of the United States in time of peace nor to enforce its policies in war.

The three-year building program referred to above provided for ten battleships, six battle-cruisers, ten scout-cruisers,

THE BATTLE-SHIP *CONNECTICUT*, OF 16,000 TONS. COMMISSIONED JULY, 1905

fifty destroyers, nine fleet submarines (large), fifty-eight coast submarines, and a number of auxiliaries—colliers, ammunition, hospital, and supply ships, tenders for destroyers, and the like. A lump sum of five million dollars for aircraft was also recommended.

The necessities of the war interfered with the construction of the greater part of the capital ships (battle-ships and battle-cruisers) authorized, but an act of Congress, approved June 30, 1918, provides that all these vessels shall be begun prior to the end of the fiscal year (June 30, 1919).

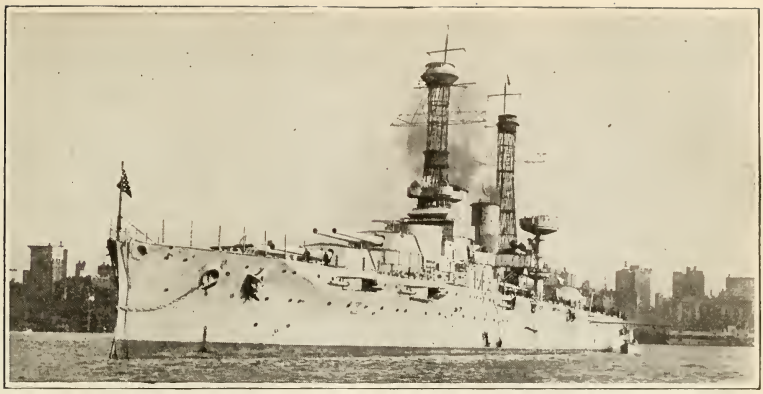
The institution of the German submarine campaign against the Allied and neutral merchant marines, an entirely unexpected use of a weapon previously untried in war, necessitated the immediate construction of small craft for anti-submarine work. Effort was centered upon the rapid production of destroyers, submarine-chasers, submarines, mine-sweepers, and other light craft. In addition, the great program of merchant-ship construction employed to the utmost the ship-building facilities existing or that could be hurriedly improvised. A great ship-building personnel had also to be provided and trained, making the whole a stupendous undertaking.

Capital ships projected for the navy necessarily had to wait. Because of the Allied possession of preponderating power in battle-ships and vessels of the large cruiser types this could be done with safety; but had we been fighting the war alone, the lack of such ships would have been serious, if not fatal.

For the 1920 naval building program, the General Board, before it was realized to what desperate straits the Central powers had been reduced, recommended an increase that would, in its opinion, bring the United States Navy to an equality with the most powerful navy maintained by any other nation. The completion of this program was recommended for 1925, and the board pointed out that the recent great increase in skilled labor and shipyard facilities afforded exceptional opportunity for the construction of naval ships when the demand for merchant ships lessened.

Now that the war is over, this program may be largely modified, and the recommendations of the secretary of the navy in his recent hearing before the House Naval Committee for a virtual duplication of the three-year program (act of August 29, 1916) would appear to meet the situation well.

This is an age of unexcelled mechanical progress, and the advance in the science and art of ship design, ship-building, and ship equipment, merchant and naval, has kept pace with, if it has not led, all branches of modern mechanical endeavor.



THE *NEW YORK*, A DREADNOUGHT OF 27,000 TONS. COMMISSIONED JUNE, 1910

The completion of the *Dreadnought* by the British Government in 1906 revolutionized battle-ship design throughout the world. The *Dreadnought* differed from previous battle-ships in that she carried a main battery of big guns of the same caliber in turrets disposed along the center fore-and-aft line, instead of a main battery of mixed caliber in turrets symmetrically grouped, some on and some off the center-line. The gain in both offensive and defensive qualities by the *Dreadnought's* arrangement of battery was immediately recognized, and the principle involved in the emplacement of the guns was adopted for all battle-ship construction to the present time.

Her name has been popularly used to designate vessels of her type of construction, and the older types of battle-ships are known generally as pre-dreadnoughts. The *Delaware,* authorized in 1906, was our first dreadnought, though there has been some controversy as to the classification of the *South Carolina* and the *Michigan,* authorized in 1905, which possess all big-gun batteries on the center-line. However, for certain sufficient reasons those two ships are now classed among the older battle-ships. Since the *Delaware,* thirteen battle-ships, each class in turn larger and of improved design, have been completed and commissioned, seven are under construction, and six have been authorized, though not yet begun, making twenty-seven in all. We cannot hope to have the full number completed and in commission before 1922-23. The British recently had thirty-three of these ships in commission. The Germans had nineteen in commission and seven building.

A recent study of the building facilities for capital ships in this country, not including establishments under the control of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, leads to the belief that all of the ships recommended by the secretary of the navy for a new three-year program can be laid down in 1920-21, and work upon them can be conducted simultaneously with that upon the unfinished ships authorized in 1916.

Class for class, our battle-ships compare favorably in power with those of any other nation. Nos. 49-54, soon to be laid down, are designed for a displacement of 43,000 tons, a speed of twenty-three knots, a main battery of twelve sixteen-inch guns (the weight of the sixteen-inch projectile is 2100 pounds), are heavily armored, and so constructed as to minimize the danger from torpedoes. Unless some one moves more quickly than we, these, when completed, will be the most powerful battle-ships in the world.

Criticism of and opposition to the battle-ship is frequently voiced. She is too large, too expensive, too unwieldly, with too many eggs in one basket. She may be de-

stroyed by a torpedo from a submarine or destroyer one fiftieth of her size, the David and Goliath argument, and so on.

There is force in some of these objections, particularly as to size and expense, but there is one overwhelming reason why the United States must possess battle-ships—a reason which applies with equal force to every other type of war-ship, large or small. It is that other nations have them, and we must be prepared to meet what can be brought against us in war. No one knows when war is coming, as can be seen by the suddenness with which the one just ending was precipitated upon the world. Too much dependence must not be placed in the torpedo or in the submarine from which it was launched. The British battle fleet has cruised at will in the submarine-infested North Sea for the last four years and has not lost a single battle-ship by torpedo attack.

The ship of the line has, in some form or other, always existed. She has been larger and less active than the other types in the fleet, but she has always represented concentrated power. The British Grand Fleet, to which a squadron of our own battle-ships has been attached for a year and a half, whether lying at anchor at its base in Scotland or in the Orkneys, or cruising in the North Sea, has been the bulwark for all the lighter Allied vessels operating near or far. Its position was analogous to that of a great army supporting its skirmishers and advanced divisions. There it was in its might and readiness, and the enemy's main fleet was rendered powerless for harm.

For future capital ship construction there are advocates of a so-called "fast battle-ship," combining the qualities of the battle-ship and the battle-cruiser.

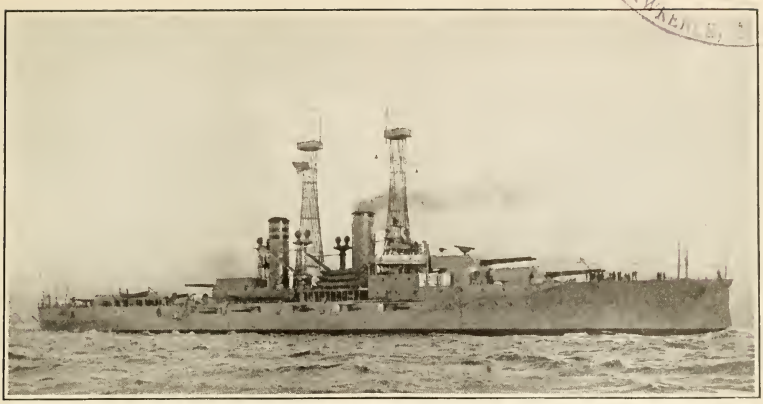
The General Board, after long and close study of this question, has recorded its opinion that it would be unwise to attempt at this time the construction of such combination ships, which would have a displacement of at least 54,500 tons as against the 43,000 ton battle-ship, less armor protection, and a speed of twenty-nine knots as against the proposed thirty-five knots for the battle-cruiser. The cost of the battle-ship of the 49-54 class is estimated in round numbers at $27,000,000 complete, and of the fast battle-ship at $37,000,000.

The battle-cruiser is a comparatively recent development of the cruiser type. Her size, cost, and offensive power are such that she is now classed as a capital ship. As with all other types of naval ships, the cruisers must be provided because other navies have them. Type must meet type. The battle-cruiser is in reality a glorified scout. She must have high speed and cruising endurance that she may overtake and bring to battle enemy vessels of similar type, and also that she may be employed in scouting, in protecting our own sea-transportation routes, or in raiding the enemy's routes. She must be heavily armed in order that she may successfully engage enemy vessels of similar type and may also be able to fight for information and break through an enemy screen or successfully support our own protective screen of lighter vessels formed to detect the approach of the enemy and guard the main body from surprise.

The effectiveness of battle-cruisers was well illustrated in the battles of the Falkland Islands and the North Sea (Jutland).

One of the greatest anxieties of the United States after entering the war, when our troops in great numbers were crossing the Atlantic, was that one or more of the German battle-cruisers might get on the transport route and sink many of the crowded transports. We had nothing of sufficient speed and power combined to overtake or even to chase away such a vessel. The damage possible by submarines under the conditions existing was small compared with the possibilities for havoc should a battle-cruiser appear on the transatlantic route.

The Navy Department took every possible precaution, and then could only wait to see what would happen. Fortunately, nothing happened. Why an attempt was not made we do not know, for the enemy must have understood the situation quite



THE BATTLE-SHIP *DELAWARE* OF THE DREADNOUGHT TYPE OF 20,000 TONS. COMMISSIONED JUNE, 1906

as well as we did. The United States has six battle-cruisers authorized and soon to be laid down, and the extended building program recommended by the secretary of the navy provides for six more. Great Britain has nine of these vessels in commission and four under construction. Germany had, when the armistice was signed, six built and three building.

In addition to the increase in size, with its attendent increase in armament, perhaps the most marked tendency in modern naval construction has been in the direction of increased speed. Twenty years ago a ship that could make twenty knots an hour was considered fast. To-day our specifications contemplate a maximum speed of thirty-five knots an hour for all vessels of the scouting class, including destroyers. Even for the submarine a surface speed of twenty-five knots is being sought.

The power required to gain an extra knot in speed after a certain point has been reached is very great. The horse-power needed to drive one of our latest battleships at twenty-one and a half knots is about 30,000. The estimated horse-power needed to drive a battle-cruiser, with much finer lines and specially designed for speed, thirty-five knots an hour is 180,000. To make thirty-five knots the 1200-ton destroyer requires about 26,000 horse-power.

Of modern scouting vessels fitted to cope in speed and sea-keeping qualities with the latest types abroad we really have none. Our cruisers, good ships in their day, many of them fully able yet to do what they were designed to do, are hopelessly out of date now. We have ten vessels of the scout-cruiser type building. In the near future that number should be largely increased. We need thirty more at the lowest estimate. The present accepted type of scout is about 8000 tons displacement and thirty-five knots speed.

A scout is an information-seeking and patrol vessel. This type forms the most efficient screen for the main fleet, for gathering information, for preventing surprise, and for guarding against the approach of torpedo craft. They are, so to speak, the cavalry of the fleet. Their uses in naval operations are innumerable. They take the place of the frigates, for which Nelson was always calling. In the absence of proper scouting vessels we have had to have recourse to our destroyers, which, besides not being well fitted to the work, have other important duties to perform.

The experience of the war has shown the torpedo-boat destroyer to be the best all around anti-submarine craft. The submarine feared the destroyer more than any other surface vessel. The estimate of the General Board in 1903 for one destroyer

to each battle-ship in the balancing of the fleet has long been exceeded, but the war, particularly in the development of submarine operations, has shown the need for large numbers of these valuable vessels. The beginning of the war found us with about fifty destroyers ready or nearly ready for service. The other day we had ninety-two in commission. There are now built, building, or authorized, 342. Great Britain has in destroyers and destroyer leaders, a larger type, built or building, approximately 516. Germany had approximately 225.

No one can forecast the future development of the submarine. Beginning as an accepted naval weapon only about seventeen years ago, with one hundred tons or less surface displacement, it has so developed that submarine vessels were reliably reported as being under construction in Germany with surface displacements of about 3600 tons, and when submerged in excess of 4000 tons; from surface speeds of six or seven knots and cruising endurance of a few hundred miles to eighteen or twenty knots and 8000 miles respectively. Submarines have been reported as having been absent from their German home ports without replenishing fuel or stores for fifty-five days. As we know, they crossed the Atlantic, committed depredations and laid mines close to our shores, even at the entrance to New York Harbor, remained for considerable periods of time, and returned safely to their own ports.

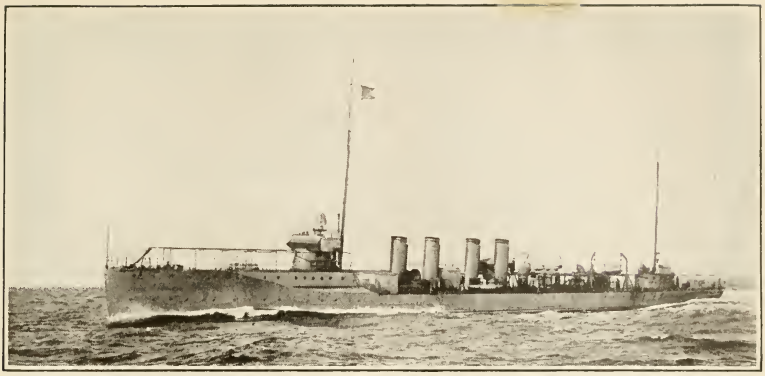
It will take a long time for the world to recover, if it ever does recover, from the horror and indignation excited by the unlawful and barbarous methods employed by the German submarines in their war upon merchant vessels of all nations, belligerent and neutral alike, and the misery and death heartlessly brought to thousands of helpless and innocent men, women, and children. The German doctrine of terribleness was nowhere better exemplified than in the operations of the German submarines.

The damage to allied and neutral commerce was enormous. Up to July 1, 1918, it is estimated that ships aggregating 13,916,965 gross tons were sunk. Tonnage built and German ships seized and appropriated to the use of the Allies reduces the net loss of world tonnage (July 1, 1918) to 2,620,226 tons. In trying to realize the greatness of the destruction wrought, from the material point of view only, we must not lose sight of the value of the cargoes sent to the bottom of the sea with the ships that carried them.

The mine-laying submarine, or at least the efficiency it reached, was another development of the war. Mines were laid and relaid in channels, in the mouths of harbors, along frequented water routes, in unexpected places, and so skilfully were these operations conducted that discovery of the invisible mine-layer was rare, though there were thousands of coast patrols and other anti-submarine craft constantly on the lookout. It is of interest to know that Great Britain alone on October 1, 1918, had 3383 anti-submarine craft of all types operating in the Atlantic, North Sea, and the waters adjacent to her coast, and 569 in the Mediterranean. The total of such for all the Allies and the United States in the Atlantic and Mediterranean was 5556, and this does not include the numerous air craft employed also on submarine patrol.

The astonishing thing about it all was the small number of German submarines actually on station at any one time in the Atlantic. This probably rarely exceeded twenty-five and was more frequently twelve to fifteen. The quality of invisibility at will makes the problem of locating the submarine, when skilfully handled, impossible of complete solution.

Nevertheless, as time went on and the hunters gained in knowledge and skill, the depth bomb, the gun, and the ram had their effect, and the destruction by submarines was being progressively reduced. It is estimated that 158 German submarines were destroyed during the war by Allied craft, by mines, and by accidents. Doubtless we shall soon be fully informed on the whole subject of German submarines, their numbers, their operations,



THE DESTROYER *WAINWRIGHT*, OF 1150 TONS. COMMISSIONED MARCH, 1913

and their losses. On August 1, 1918, it was estimated that Germany had built 331 submarines and had 147 operating, of which twenty-eight were in the Mediterranean. What shall be done about the future of the submarine? Perhaps the peace congress or some other international body can bring about some acceptable solution.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the Germans, in the use which they made of their submarines, knowingly offended against all the tenets of generally recognized international law, the letter and spirit of the Hague conferences, and the dictates of humanity. Her only excuse, if she ever takes the trouble to make one, will be "military necessity."

It will be difficult to come to a general agreement, as is sometimes suggested, for the abandonment in future wars of submarines, bombs dropped from aërial craft, and submerged mines, all now proved weapons of deadly efficiency.

A country with a large surface navy and a large merchant marine might be inclined to agree to the abandonment of all submarine warfare against merchant shipping, but, on the other hand, it might be of distinct advantage for a country maintaining a small navy to have the right to use the submarine or aërial bombing craft to prevent war or to carry it on successfully against a more powerful antagonist.

Similarly for mines, their use might be of inestimable advantage to a nation with a long seaboard and many ports, all of which could not be protected by the fleet.

The United States did not subscribe to the Declaration of Paris in 1856 because of its first article, which required the abolishment of privateering, unless immunity of private property on the ocean from hostile capture was also provided for. It was realized at that time that the operation of a weak navy were strengthened by the use of privateers, specially in a contest with a country possessing a strong navy and a large mercantile shipping.

All things considered, it is probable that these three weapons have come to stay. If no international police force is created, or even if one is, the wisest thing to do is to get back to pre-war standards of conduct and to foster a world opinion in favor of mitigating as far as possible the unavoidable horrors of war by the observance of international law as generally accepted by civilized nations at the outbreak of the present war. This may not work in the next war any more than it has in this, but at least it may have an educational effect and prevent a return to the savagery exhibited in the war just ending.

The United States now has, built, building, or authorized, 169 coast submarines and twelve fleet submarines. Under pres-

ent conditions it would seem unnecessary to enlarge this total, but it is altogether advisable to keep in touch with submarine progress and do sufficient development work eventually to replace the older submarines with vessels of modern types.

Of auxiliary vessels of smaller types, patrol-boats, mine-sweepers, of which fifty-four are building, tugs, etc., we now have enough. But with the patrol-boats and sweepers, as with the submarines, we should develop type vessels and keep the force up to date.

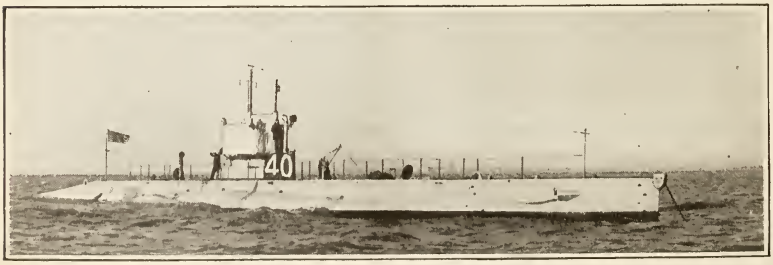
The airplane-carrier is another development of the war. It is believed that in the future operations in the air will precede the coming together of hostile fleets. Vessels specially adapted to the carriage of heavier-than-air machines for service with the fleet or on the scouting-line will be required. The British found employment for ten or twelve such vessels in connection with their fleet, and the Germans are reported to have had six. The United States has none. A type ship of that class should be developed without delay.

Of heavier-than-air machines we have enough for present needs, but great care must be taken that we do not get out of the line of progress. As with the submarine, no one can form the slightest estimate of what the development of aircraft is going to be. It is certain, however, that we are only at the beginning now.

The rigid airship (Zeppelin) has also come to the front in naval operations. Its value is being generally recognized by the navies abroad. Because of their vulnerability to attack with explosive bullets from heavier-than-air craft, their usefulness as raiders has been small, but for observation or coast patrol, where they can be protected by their own fighting aircraft, they have proved very valuable. A non-inflammable gas only slightly heavier than hydrogen has been discovered, and when that can be produced in suitable quantities, as now seems assured, the construction and use of the rigid airship will be revolutionized. The General Board has strongly recommended that the navy be provided with a small number of these airships for the training of a constructing and operating personnel and for operations in conjunction with the fleet.

The material of the navy has, after a fashion, been passed in review. Of the personnel no mention has been made, but the country may well be proud of the officers and men, one and all, who have ably performed their difficult and often dangerous duties in this great war.

The coming treaty of peace may provide some means by which a limitation of naval establishments may be brought about. If it does, the country will be relieved of a burden of expense hard to bear in these times of high taxation; but meanwhile the part of wisdom would seem to be to go steadily ahead with the creation of that greater fleet, which will put us upon an equality with the most powerful. In this way war may be avoided, but should it come, we shall be ready. After all, the expense is not great when the magnitude of the interests involved is considered.



THE SUBMARINE L-1. COMMISSIONED AUGUST, 1912

China's Case at the Peace Conference

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

OF the so-called weak nations whose fates may be decisively influenced by acts or omissions of the peace conference, China ranks with Russia as the more important. Her population, territory, and resources indisputably give her that place.

China has been a sick nation for many years. Only yesterday Russia was ranked among the great powers. Her rapid de cline shows how easy it may become to convert a nation from a power into a distracted and impotent country that is a menace to civilization. China is trembling on the brink of a similar abyss; or, conversely, she may as unexpectedly and almost as rapidly, by organizing her vast human and material resources, assume a respected place among nations. These alternative possibilities ought to be enough to obtain attention for her case.

But with regard to China's case at the peace conference, Americans should realize that they and their nation have very definite obligations relating thereto. Events daily remind us that we have become entangled with, and to some extent have become responsible for, the right settlement of European questions in which our national interests are not very clearly involved except on broad humanitarian and sociological grounds. There are no previous treaties or published agreements that commit the United States to any policy regarding the Balkan question or the disposition of Turkey or the reconstitution of Poland or the security of Belgium or the reconstruction of Russia; yet most Americans, on moral grounds, now feel a degree of responsibility for the solution of these issues, and the war has demonstrated how they can impair our peace and safety and property. Toward China the United States many years ago and recently assumed specific obligations and responsibilities, written into international treaties and agreements. Furthermore, almost every modern authority on the Eastern question has reached a conclusion that of all Western nations the United States, bebecause of geographical juxtaposition and modern economic propulsions, has the greatest practical interest in the future course of China, and also that no satisfactory future for China can be assured without the direct and active participation—some say, leadership—of America.

As the protagonist of the Hay doctrine, the United States is obligated to observe and to maintain the territorial integrity and administrative autonomy of China, and the commercial "open door" in China's territories. The American Government has itself signed several international covenants asserting these principles, and has been instrumental in inducing five other powers to sign similar agreements. During the course of the Great War the American Government has several times independently tendered advice to the Chinese Government relating to China's internal and international status, and also has at times so acted in association with

other powers. In the introduction to an official utterance by the State Department (July 29, 1918) about American participation in loans to China, it was stated, "China declared war against Germany very largely because of the action of the United States." In that phrase the word "action" can be correctly translated into "advice" and "urging" of the United States, given in circumstances that made such action tantamount to taking a serious responsibility to help China weather the reactions from becoming an Allied belligerent, in so far as the friendly offices and aid of America could do that. I was in Peking when China was induced, first, to sever diplomatic relations with Germany, and then to declare war against her; and I am acquainted with the conditions that existed and the motives that decided China's course then. Moreover, I know that a majority of Chinese are now looking hopefully to America to use its friendly offices in China's behalf at the peace conference; and if our Government fails in this obligation, it will forfeit the confidence and respect of the Chinese, and diminish its influence in far Eastern affairs for many years to come.

Since the American Government is thus obligated about China, and our nation has such an enormous stake in the future development and nationalistic impetus of that country, it obviously is very important for Americans to understand what China wants at the peace conference, what she purposes to ask of it, what justice demands should be given her, and in what the problem of stabilizing China during the reconstruction period consists.

Probably not even China's accredited delegates to the Versailles conference would be willing or able at this time to announce a specific list of what China wants. The Chinese, that is, the politically intelligent class, have a tolerably clear idea of what China wants; but opinion among them differs about the expediency of asking or demanding this or that. Some Chinese and foreigners think that China should be modest, and should confine her petition to the conference ("demands" does seem out of place in this connection) to a few essential points, without referring to some issues that are certain to arouse controversy and incite opposition. Others believe that the appointed hour has struck and that China must seize the opportunity to "demand," or at least forcibly to assert, her full rights; that unless she speaks now she may have forever after to hold her peace; that it is better to demand and be refused than to allow certain issues presumably to go by default.

I have followed these discussions with close attention, and without assuming to speak now with authority or any special private knowledge of China's official intentions, I feel that I can summarize the essentials of China's case before the conference as it will eventually emerge, unless China's voice and aspirations should be stifled in the mazes of secret diplomacy. There are two points of view regarding what China wants, Chinese and foreign. Even the most pro-Chinese foreign friends of China are scarcely willing to grant all that the radical pan-China element now asserts. In outlining China's case I shall try to draw the line of moderation, for I believe that the greater part of intelligent Chinese will approve a settlement that will also accord with the views of progressive foreigners in China.

First, let me set out China's petition as prepared in consultation with some eminent Chinese and foreigners:

1. Cancellation of all treaty provisions with foreign governments that grant or recognize rights tantamount to "spheres of influence" within China's territories, or any monopolistic privileges that cannot be available to all nations under the most-favored nation clauses.

2. Nationalization and international neutralization of all railways in China's territories.

3. Cancellation of all monopolistic mining rights accorded to foreigners or foreign nations in China, and of all other "concessions" that tend to limit and impair China's sovereignty and the commercial "open-door" principle.

4. Relinquishment of all leases of

China's territories to foreign nations, and the temporary substitution therefor of international control, with a proviso that they will revert fully to China on the fulfilment by her of certain stipulations.

5. Removal of all foreign troops from China's territories except those provided by the protocol of 1901, these to be also withdrawn on the fulfilment by China of certain stipulations.

6. Removal of all foreign posts and telegraphs from China, and foreign supervision over the Chinese postal service to cease on the fulfilment by China of certain stipulations.

7. Establishment of a uniform currency system in China, to be supported by an international loan under conditions tending to a gradual assumption of Chinese control.

8. Granting of complete tariff autonomy to China under certain specified conditions whereby China's fiscal administration will be gradually reformed.

9. Abolition of extra-territoriality in China within a specified time and on the fulfilment by China of certain stipulations.

10. Consolidation of the national debts of China; all outstanding loans, provincial and national, to be absorbed in a single loan or series of loans underwritten by a financial syndicate under international supervision.

11. Restoration of Chinese local administrative autonomy in all parts of Chinese territories where during recent years it has been insidiously subordinated to foreign authority.

The effort to obtain justice for China in the peace settlement has two aspects: the protection of China in her age-established territories and national life and help for the Chinese in changing their country into a modern nation, and the removal in China of those frictions and causes for antagonism among foreign nations that in modern times are the chief causes of war. Both of these conditions distinctly fall within the main and explicit purposes of the American nation in making war, as repeatedly uttered by President Wilson and scores of our public men, and also acceded to by other major nations in the Allied group. They embody the principles that constitute the essence of the famous fourteen articles that opened a way to peace.

The eleven articles of China's petition, as I have composed it, will, I think, be found to comprehend all essential matters and questions involved in the present very complicated situation of that country. Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 10 will cover the whole list of quasi-political foreign "concessions" that have been foisted on China in the last twenty-five years, including the Japanese loan and concession madness of the last two years. Although many of these loans and concessions were conceived and obtained by and through bribery, coercion, and intimidation, it is not now proposed to repudiate all of them, but to liquidate those which have any sound status in equity in a way that will remove them as a disturbing political factor in international affairs and as obstacles to China's internal progress. The means to finance this liquidation would be provided under Number 10, which also would provide for the currency reform mentioned in Number 7.

It is probable that the question included in article Number 4 contains serious difficulties; yet it should not if the principal powers are sincere and far-sighted in their recent professions. This article would embrace the leased territories of Kiao-chau (Tsingtau), Wei-hai-wei and Kwangtung (Port Arthur and Dalny), and in its complete meaning also would include the so-called "foreign settlements" at the various principal treaty ports. Attention, however, is called to the proviso that these leased regions and municipal settlements would remain under international jurisdiction until, according to stipulation, China should be judged capable of taking over the full administration. Such a system seems entirely compatible with any practical plan for a league of nations, which presumably must have a supervisory body and a method to deal with the affairs of the weaker and temporarily disorganized nations.

Article Number 9 probably will arouse greater opposition than any of the others in my list. It is certain that a majority of foreigners who live in and know China and who may be willing to grant all of the other ten articles will enter strong objections to the abolition of extra-territoriality now. But, I hasten to point out, the article as I have drawn it does not call for the immediate or even the early abolition of extra-territoriality. It is true that a radical section of the Young China party have taken this occasion to agitate for the immediate abolition of extra-territoriality, but they are getting little serious approval even among the Chinese. I am sure, from having discussed the subject with many of the politically intelligent Chinese class, that the substantial elements in Chinese society would not approve having the extra-territorial system abolished suddenly and before China has organized something to take its place. The present system, anomalous and galling to Chinese pride as it undoubtedly is, nevertheless does throw about even Chinese business and property safeguards that otherwise would be lacking. Foreigners residing in China and foreign business and property interests there would regard the early substitution of Chinese authority for the extra-territorial system as criminal recklessness. Yet in recent years I have become aware of a disposition among those foreign residents who reflect seriously about conditions there and the future to realize that the present system cannot be considered permanent, and there is a feeling that a plan should be devised that not only would promise to restore to the Chinese the full administration of law in their own country (such international promises already exist), but would also have a working method to bring such a condition about by aiding China to establish it. I know of well-considered plans that are designed to accomplish this, but they are too extensive to be elucidated in this short article. I do not hesitate, however, to say that I believe such a plan to be feasible, and that an accommodation of the peace conditions to meet the spirit of article Number 9 in the above list need not alarm foreign interests or enterprises in China; on the contrary, I think the eventual result will greatly benefit and extend foreign trade and investments in China.

For many years the American Government has desired, and at times has made efforts, to solve the difficulty embodied in article Number 2 of my list. The proposal of Mr. P. C. Knox, when he was secretary of state, to neutralize the railways in Manchuria, and its defeat by a combination of Russia, Japan, Great Britain, and France, will be readily recalled. But with the passing of time conditions in the world have changed, and, let us hope, some lessons have been learned. The powers that survive the Great War may now see the advisability of discontinuing the system of playing the railway game in China (and in other regions, too) for their own strategical interests, on the old theory of the balance of power. That will mean the complete and perhaps final abandonment by some of them of long-cherished imperialist designs and ambitions. They already have abjured these ambitions in pronouncement; will they now relinquish them in practice? In discussing the railway question with informed persons I have found a general belief that the old system must be abandoned not only in justice to China, but in the interest of world peace. While different men have different thoughts about methods, those with whom I have talked recently are almost unanimous in agreeing upon principles. In the article as I have phrased it, it asks for the "nationalization and international neutralization of *all* railways in China." Used in this connection, nationalization and international neutralization amount substantially to the same thing, or would accomplish the same results, working together. What I mean is, the railways to be nationalized under the ownership and administration of the Chinese Government, to focus control; while the foreign investments in them and the foreign supervision over them necessary to protect the investments and assure efficient administration should be neutralized, or, in other

words, made international in character, similar to the maritime customs and salt administrations. In drafting such a plan I can think of no better model than Mr. Knox's proposal about railways in Manchuria, advanced in 1909, as to the principle it displays.

To finance the various liquidations embraced in this case of China, and the administrative reforms which it contemplates, will require some hundreds of millions of dollars. Much of this sum would be used to retire debts now existing, and the remainder would be used to promote constructive measures. In this connection it is pertinent to point out that among large nations China is to-day, next perhaps to the United States, in the most solvent condition fundamentally. By this I mean that her debts, as compared with her realizable resources, are comparatively small. Unfortunately, however, it is not feasible now to entrust the Chinese Government with the exclusive administration of the country's fiscal affairs. The disturbed and divided condition of the country, the lack of modern administrative technic, and other causes combine to detain China as yet in the class of nations not quite able to dispense with outside help. Almost all educated Chinese, except a few of the radical Young China party, now openly say that China is at present incapable of straightening out her affairs, and that she needs foreign help. They want this help to be temporary, and given with a view to making China eventually able to dispense with it altogether. They realize that such foreign help will of necessity carry with it a degree of foreign assistance and supervision in China's administration, and they are ready to accept this. In view of the semi-dependent state of many nations that were recently proud and powerful, sensible Chinese begin to see that it would be a false and foolish pride that would pretend that China is independent of foreign influence, counsel, and aid.

But with regard to this matter of foreign financial and administrative aid and supervision there is one condition that is absolutely essential to make it acceptable to the Chinese. This condition is that the United States will be an active participator, if not the recognized leader, in its organization. It is safe to say that no international consortium that does not include the United States, or any plan that does not receive the approval and coöperation of America with respect to China, will now be acceptable to Chinese.

A careful analysis of the foregoing articles and the methods by which they of necessity would become practicable at once suggests the thought that such a settlement will in some respects extend foreign authority in China rather than diminish it. This is true. But foreign friends of China, and also enlightened Chinese, ought frankly to face the truth, that in order to deliver China from foreign quasi-domination it is necessary to use foreign administrative efficiency. We have this paradox, that to diminish foreign intervention in China's administrative processes it is first necessary to increase it. But the new conditions would be very different from those that have burdened China for the last half-century. They would differ not only in form and application, but in purpose. An enlightened foreign assistance, under the ægis of a league of nations, having the object of restoring China's complete administrative and fiscal autonomy by educating Chinese in modern methods and tranquilizing the country, would carry a real hope for that people and a real benefit to the world.

Article Number 11 of my list scarcely permits of qualification or extenuation, as most of the other articles do. It refers to a condition that is an open and flagrant outrage upon China, the usurpation in large regions of her administration functions, and their restriction under the intimidation of foreign military occupation. First introduced by Russia in connection with the policing of the Chinese Eastern Railway zone, the system was greatly extended by Japan when she by conquest secured the reversion of Russia's rights in southern Manchuria, and later extended over nearly the whole of Shan-tung province adjoin-

ing the German leasehold of Kiao-chau. This system has even been implanted in the heart of China by Japanese police supervision of coal- and iron-mines and plants in the Yang-tse valley, and by the installation of a Japanese garrison in permanent barracks at Hankow; and the beginnings of the system have recently appeared in Fu-kien province.

Put succinctly, China's petition to the conference amounts to an appeal to be delivered from the old system of predatory penetration by imperialist nations, and to be allowed, and helped, to work out a peaceful national destiny on democratic lines. Lest I might be accused of purposely failing to mention those matters, I will say that there is much to be criticized in China's conduct as an Allied belligerent, and that the Chinese themselves are to blame for many of their country's ailments and misfortunes. But to strike the balance of those issues would require an exposition of the parts played by foreign intrigues in China's politics.

Taking the case of China *in toto*, it presents almost an ideal test to apply the announced principles of the major nations in prosecuting the war and in making the peace. It contains as yet no extraordinary difficulties, as the case of Russia does; no conglomeration of national and racial problems, as middle Europe does; no such festering caldron of jealousies and hatreds, as the Balkan question does. Yet in the last twenty years China has been developing into a combined Russia, middle Europe, and Balkans, with the antagonistic ambitions of several powerful nations concentrated on a struggle to control her, or to possess the lion's share of her remains. What this situation leads to in international affairs has been sufficiently demonstrated by recent events. If China's case does not get sympathetic attention and just treatment by the peace conference, it will not be possible for any one who knows the realities of world politics hereafter to hear their altruistic professions without putting his tongue in his cheek.

Zionism and the World Peace

A REJOINDER

By ISRAEL FRIEDLAENDER

THE array of arguments advanced by Herbert Adams Gibbons against Zionism in the January number of the CENTURY MAGAZINE may be summarized under three headings: First, the Zionists have no right to favor British sovereignty over the Holy Land and to reject "any form of dual or multiple political control over Palestine." Together with the British, "they do not appreciate how the French feel about Palestine and Syria," and overlook the fact that "French Catholics and French imperialists are determined that Palestine shall not be British." Second, the great powers have no right to determine the fate of Palestine. In accordance with the principles enunciated by President Wilson, the destinies of Palestine must be left in the hands of the Palestinian Arabs. "Palestine is theirs." Third, the Zionists are altogether wrong in claiming a state or a commonwealth. "Why Palestine? Why a distinct nationhood for the Jews?" Why do the Zionists fail to comprehend "the words of the Palestinian Jew who said, 'My kingdom is not of this world'?"

I believe I shall follow a more logical line of reasoning if I apply myself to the last fundamental argument first and take up the others later.

"Why Palestine? Why a distinct nationhood for the Jews?" Mr. Gibbons, who is in the habit of quoting his Jewish friends, tells us that some of them had warned him against writing on Zionism, since, as a Christian, "he can have no conception of what Zionism means to the Jew." The Jews who spoke to him in this manner were entirely mistaken. From its very beginning Zionism has had a large number of Christian friends, thinkers, writers, and statesmen, among them men like ex-President Roosevelt and President Wilson, who have shown that Christians are well able to comprehend "what Zionism means to the Jew." The recent book by Dr. A. A. Berle, formerly professor of applied Christianity in Tufts College, on "The World Significance of a Jewish State," is a striking illustration of the ability of a Christian to appreciate the message of Zionism in all its depths and implications.

A misconception of Zionism is glaringly betrayed in several passages of Mr. Gibbons's article, in which the author confesses to be at a loss to explain why Zionism seems, on the one hand, "mystical and spiritual," why it is "from Alpha to Omega a spiritual movement," and why, on the other hand, it emphasizes the temporal aspect, and advocates "a distinct nationhood for the Jews." Without being aware of it, Mr. Gibbons has touched the vital spot of Zionism, and, for that matter, of Judaism. This is not the place to enter into theological or historical disquisitions; yet this much may be said, that the fundamental characteristic of Judaism which distinguishes it from Christianity is the very fact that, while anticipating Christianity by hundreds of years in proclaiming the great spiritual message of the kingdom of heaven based on the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, it refuses at the same time to accept "the words of the Palestinian Jew who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," insisting that the kingdom of heaven must be realized right here in this world, in the forms of human life and through human agencies. The prophets of Israel, who were the first to formulate the concept of one God and one humanity, be-

lieved at the same time passionately in the racial integrity of their people and in the absolute necessity for this people to express itself through the agency of an organized community life; that is, a commonwealth or a state. The Jewish prophets were not mere metaphysicians or theologians; they were "mystical" and "practical" at one and the same time. They were both universalists and nationalists, believing in the realization of the universal ideal through the channel of national existence. From this point of view the Jewish state appears both as a spiritual and as a material aspiration. It is not an end in itself, an agency for political aggrandizement and the injustice and oppression that goes with it, but it is a means to an end, the physical vessel for a spiritual content, the material agency for the consummation of the great ideals of justice and righteousness. The founders of the second Jewish commonwealth applied this prophetic doctrine to life when, in laying the corner-stone of the second temple, they declared, through the mouth of the prophet Zechariah, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

This fundamental attitude of the Jewish people toward its commonwealth has been essentially retained and developed by modern Zionism. True, Zionism includes among its rank and file as well as among its leadership many Jews who have drifted away from the religious moorings of Judaism. Yet, though refusing to acknowledge the metaphysical basis of the prophetic ideal, they passionately cling to the ideal itself. To them, too, Zion is primarily an opportunity for the Jewish people to express itself in accordance with its ancient ideals and aspirations. They realize that, while modern Jewry has made great material progress as a result of Jewish emancipation, and while it has contributed far more than its share to the spiritual life of the nations in which the Jews live, it has done very little for its own distinct culture and spiritual development. They point to the fact that, to mention a concrete example, while the Jews have furnished an amazingly high quota of musicians and artists to the world, they have failed to develop a distinct Jewish music or a distinct Jewish art. The Zionists, therefore, are forced to the conviction that if the Jewish people is to remain true to its highest interests, it indispensably needs a center in which it may have a chance to develop its ideals and to express itself in its own manner of life and thought, and thereby add its distinct contribution to the spiritual treasury of mankind.

Mr. Gibbons is entirely wrong when, possibly misguided by the information of his de-Judaized friends, he repeats the platitude that Anti-Semitism is the source of Zionism, and that the latter, therefore, has no right for existence in the new world order in which all Jewish disabilities are to be abolished. Instead of abstract arguments, let me state a concrete fact: the first public act of Russian Jewry after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, and after the declaration of the Kerensky government granting full civil rights to the Jews of Russia, was to convene a Zionist congress in Petrograd, which was held amidst extraordinary enthusiasm in May, 1917. The six million Russian Jews, while pledging their joyful allegiance to the new Russian republic, reiterated their demand for a national Jewish center in Palestine.

Mr. Gibbons is anxious to know "what Zionism means to the Jew." Let him study Jewish history and not rely upon the misleading information of his un-Jewish Jewish friends, and he will perhaps get an inkling of the extraordinary, nay, unparalleled position which Palestine occupies in the Jewish consciousness. He will then learn that the handful of Jews in Palestine of nearly 2000 years ago formed the only nation which, at the height of Roman power, dared to resist the invincible legions of Rome for four years, and made far greater sacrifices in the defense of their country than even did the heroic Belgians during the onslaught of the German hordes in the great World War, a patriotism so overwhelming that,

as a Roman historian informs us, many Roman soldiers deserted their ranks and joined the defenders of Jerusalem to die with them a glorious death. He will learn of the rebellion of Bar Cochba, in A. D. 135, in which the sadly reduced remnants of the Jewish people lost nearly a million men in another endeavor to regain their independence. He will also learn that when the Jews had been politically crushed by superior strength, they yet remained unshakably faithful to the passionate pledge of their psalmist: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." The entire consciousness of the Jew and his whole mode of life and thought have been permeated, to an extent which finds no parallel in the history of mankind, with the hope and the longing for the restoration of his homeland. Three times a day the Jew has prayed for the reëstablishment of Zion. In joy and in sorrow he has remembered its past glory and dreamed of its future splendor. At midnight he sat down on the ground, putting ashes on his forehead to weep for the destruction of Jerusalem and to pray for its rebuilding. And when he went to his eternal rest, his eyes were covered with the dust that was brought from the holy ground.

I know full well what Palestine means to the Christians. I know what it means to the Russian peasants, for whom Mr. Gibbons shows justifiable sympathy. I know also what Palestine means to the Mohammedans. But neither the Christians nor the Mohammedans can even remotely compare with the Jewish people in its undying affection for the land of its promise. To the Christians and Mohammedans Palestine is, after all, the land of the past, of a great and hallowed past, but, nevertheless, a past. To the Jew it is esssentially the land of the future. To Christianity and Islam Palestine represents a number of "holy places" which are connected in their memory with incidents in the life of their founders, and Zionism respects and scrupulously heeds these sentiments. But to the Jews Palestine has remained, as it is still called by them, *Eretz Yisroel,* "the Land of Israel."

Mr. Gibbons flies the facts directly in the face when he questions the loyalty of the Zionists of Zion, and declares that "in Zionist congresses delegates have frequently advocated making the United States 'the promised land,'" or that "Zionist congresses have discussed seriously setting up Zion in other places than Palestine." I have attended many of the Zionist congresses in person, and have read carefully the proceedings of every one of them, but I can not think of a single fact that would give Mr. Gibbons even the shadow of a right to make that charge. Though Jews all over the world love the United States as the land which has carried into reality the ideals proclaimed by their lawgivers and prophets thousands of years ago, and as the haven of refuge for many of their persecuted brethren, there has not been a single mention at the Zionist congresses of the United States in the rôle of a national center for the Jewish people.

When, at the Third Zionist Congress, in 1899, one of the Zionist delegates suggested that the Jews use the island of Cyprus as a stepping-stone to the Jewish commonwealth in Palestine, he was not permitted to proceed, and his resolution did not even come up for a vote. When at the Sixth Zionist Congress, in 1903, Dr. Herzl, under the effect of the terrible Kishinef pogroms, which had taken place a few weeks before, laid before the congress a communication of the British Government offering the Jews a Jewish commonwealth in Uganda, in East Africa, the Zionist delegates, despite Dr. Herzl's solemn declaration that Uganda should never and could never substitute Zion, and Dr. Nordau's masterly plea that Uganda was merely to serve as a *Nachtasyl,* refused to listen to their beloved and otherwise implicitly trusted leaders. Out of regard for the British Government and the motives which prompted their offer, the congress, after a memorably passionate debate, finally decided by a majority vote to grant the request of the Zionist leaders that a

commission of investigation be sent to East Africa, on the express understanding that no Zionist funds should be made available for this purpose. And yet the Russian Zionists, the victims of the pogroms, in whose behalf that offer was made, left the hall in a body. Those who were present at that congress and witnessed the indescribable despair which was stamped on the tear-stained faces of these delegates after the adoption of the Uganda resolution will cherish the memory of that scene as an overwhelming manifestation of the Jew's loyalty to Zion.

It is a well-known fact that Dr. Herzl's death was hastened, if not caused, by the storm of indignation which his offer had aroused in the Zionist world. And when after his death the Seventh Zionist Congress assembled in 1905, it adopted unanimously the resolution that "The Zionist organization stands firmly by the fundamental principle of the Basle Program, namely, 'the establishment of a legally secured, publicly assured home for the Jewish people in Palestine,' and it rejects, either as an end or as a means, any colonizing activity outside of Palestine and its adjacent lands." It was this resolution, and not the British protests, to which Mr. Gibbons refers in his article, which once for all removed the Uganda scheme and similar proposals from the range of Zionist politics.

Mr. Gibbons would make us believe that this loyalty to Palestine has recently been weakened in the Jewish camp, and he quotes as his authorities, as he is wont to do, some of his obliging Jewish friends. Here again Mr. Gibbons shows that he is hopelessly out of touch with the actual conditions prevailing in the Zionist movement. It is true that there are many Jews who have become estranged from the Jewish people and who, in the hope of seeing Judaism disappear in the vortex of humanity, violently oppose the Zionist idea, which aims at the conservation and rejuvenation of the Jewish people. But these Jews are an infinitesimal fraction of Jewry, and they have no right to speak for it. I do not know why, of all the numerous Jews quoted by Mr. Gibbons, Grand Rabbi Levy of France is the only one mentioned by name; possibly because his title might impress the uninitiated reader as representing an unquestioned authority in Jewish life. But I am constrained to say that if Grand Rabbi Levy is correctly quoted in stating that there are only 100,000 Zionists outside of America, he is as grotesquely ignorant of the Zionist movement as is Mr. Gibbons, and that in his disapproval of Zionism he speaks at the utmost for the 50,000 French Jews, most of whom have become thoroughly assimilated or are thirsting for assimilation.

As for this country, Mr. Gibbons somewhat contradicts himself when in one sentence he declares that Zionism has lost its hold upon American Jews, and in another sentence informs us of the fact, which would testify to a much greater power of American Zionism than can ever, or will ever, be claimed by it, that prominent Jews of America who have assured him privately "that they view the whole movement with the gravest misgivings," nevertheless "openly sponsor the project simply because at the present moment no Jew can without injury to himself throw cold water on Zionism." Neither Mr. Gibbons nor his courageous Jewish friends are correct in their statements. It is true that there are Jews in America who are anti-Zionists, and they are by no means silent in their disapproval and denunciation of Zionism; but it is also true that, outside of this small fraction of American Jewry, Zionism has made extraordinary strides in this country as well as in other lands, which may best be proved by the plain statistical fact that the annual budget of the American Zionist organization has jumped within a few years from $15,000 to $3,000,000.

Mr. Gibbons, it would seem, is completely out of touch with the Jewish quarter in Philadelphia, for had he been present at the Philadelphia Zionist Convention in June, 1916, or had he attended the American Jewish Congress that was held in the same city only a month ago, in De-

cember, 1918, at which the Palestine resolution was adopted amidst indescribable enthusiasm, with one dissenting vote against 357, he could not possibly have made a statement in such hopeless disagreement with the facts. In parenthesis it may be remarked that his Philadelphia friend, whom he met as an officer in the American Expeditionary Force, and who told him that, like Lord Rothschild, he was for Zionism only if he could be ambassador for the new state at London, is a little behind the times. For it was a Lord Rothschild to whom, as the vice-chairman of the English Zionist Federation, Arthur James Balfour addressed his declaration promising Palestine to the Jew.

But to proceed to the second argument of Mr. Gibbons. He challenges the right of the great powers to foist Zionism upon the Palestinian Arabs, and points out the danger of setting up a non-Mohammedan theocracy in a Mohammedan world. It is curious that Mr. Gibbons should be in favor of setting up a vast Mohammedan state in the near East, since he is insistent in his view of Mohammedanism as a "theocratic system of government" to the extent that, as he emphatically states,—a statement which will be indignantly repudiated by Mohammedans and those who are familiar with Mohammedan doctrine,—"it is always legally right for Moslems to kill non-Moslems," and that Mohammedans could never agree "to grant equality to *raias* (non-Moslem subjects)." If he believes that modern influences are bound to weaken or to modify the fundamental theocratic complexion of the Mohammedan state, why should he not make the same charitable allowance in the case of the Jewish people, which more than three thousand years ago proclaimed the doctrine of one statute for the Jews and for the stranger, and which less than a year ago, at the Zionist Convention held in Pittsburgh in June, 1918, placed the principle of "political and civil equality of race, sect, or faith of all the inhabitants of the land" at the head of the constitution that is to govern the new Jewish commonwealth?

But the idea that the Zionists wish to establish a theocracy in Palestine will cause a riot of mirth among those who are acquainted with conditions in modern Zionism. Dr. Theodore Herzl, to whom Mr. Gibbons occasionally refers in his article, would turn in his grave could he listen to the charge that he was the protagonist of a Jewish theocracy. Dr. Max Nordau, Louis D. Brandeis, Dr. Weizman, nay, even Ahad Ha'am, the famous champion of "Spiritual Zionism," and many other leading Zionists who are in the van of modern thought, will be amazed, or possibly amused, at this implication. Is it possible that Mr. Gibbons, who has so many Jewish friends opposed to Zionism, has never heard from them the stock-in-trade argument of Jewish anti-Zionists that Zionism is not sufficiently religious and much too secular? There is no question that the relation between religion and state will be one of the most momentous issues which will confront the new Jewish commonwealth, and those Zionists who are thoroughly permeated with the religious spirit of Judaism fervently hope that a solution will be found that will harmonize the ancient ideals of Judaism with the requirements of modern times; but I can assure Mr. Gibbons that there is no Zionist who wishes for the establishment of a Jewish commonwealth that will in any way contradict the ideas of justice and equality such as are at the bottom of every modern body politic.

But have the Jews a right to claim Palestine, when at the present time they number only 100,000 in a country which has 630,000 non-Jews, "of whom 550,000 form a solid Arabic-speaking Moslem block, in racial and religious sympathy with the neighboring Arabs of Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Egypt"? In the entire argumentation of Mr. Gibbons this is the only objection that is apt to command the serious attention of the Zionists, not only because of the weight of concrete numbers, but primarily because, in their desire to establish a commonwealth on the foundations of the an-

cient Jewish ideals of justice and righteousness, they are anxious to avert anything that might in the slightest degree conflict with these ideals. But is it true that these 630,000 Palestinian Arabs are "unanimously" opposed to Zionism? The fact of the matter is that the Mohammedan Arabs of Palestine, forming nine tenths of the Palestinian population, have heretofore been in favor of Zionism, seeing what the Zionists, under most adverse conditions, have already done for the rejuvenation of their desolate land; and the Greek-Orthodox Christians, who form an overwhelming majority of the Christian population of the Holy Land, have repeatedly expressed themselves in the same manner. Emir Feisal, the Crown Prince of the Kingdom of the Hedjaz, publicly assured the Zionist leaders that the Arabs are prepared to coöperate with the Jews in the development of the near East. Those Arabs who have spoken against Zionism are as a rule non-Palestinians, inhabitants of Syria or Egypt, who have no right to speak for the Palestinian natives. The protest of the particular Palestinian Arab referred to by Mr. Gibbons, which for very obvious reasons was permitted by the French censor to see the light of publicity, is the exception and not the rule, and is due to influences which have little in common with questions of justice and righteousness.

Mr. Gibbons tells us that "the argument of the Zionists that there is room for them, too, in Palestine, is absurd." *Is* it? It would be, did the Zionists fail to recognize "the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine." But is it absurd when these rights are safeguarded? Were we to accept Mr. Gibbons's point of view, with all its logical implications, then the colonial empires of France, Great Britain, and Italy are one gigantic injustice. Then, for that matter, the Pilgrims on the *Mayflower* committed the most stupendous crime in history when they set their foot on Plymouth Rock in the assumption that there was room for them, too, in America.

Mr. Gibbons overlooks the fact that Palestine is neither historically nor emotionally an Arabic country. When the Arabs dream of their ancient glory, which the writer, who is a zealous student and ardent admirer of ancient Arabic civilization, appreciates far more profoundly than does Mr. Gibbons, they think of Nejd and Hedjaz, the cradle of their race and religion; they think of the splendor of the Ommiads at Damascus, of the magnificence of the Abbassides at Bagdad, of the power of the Fatimites at Cairo; but they do not think of Jerusalem. Spain is far more intimately and far more gloriously interwoven with Arabic culture than is Palestine. During the twelve hundred years and more that the Arabs have lived in Palestine they have, despite their remarkable achievements in other lands, never developed an Arabic culture that is worth speaking of. Nor have the Christians managed to do so, although they have been backed by the powerful influences and resources of various European governments. But the handful of Jews who have come to Palestine as the land of their fathers and have been willing to brave the dangers and hardships, which can be paralleled only by the similar experiences of the early colonists of New England, have succeeded in setting up a civilization, or, rather, the beginnings of a civilization, which, in the judgment of all unbiased observers, is the greatest cultural factor in the Palestine of to-day. To mention only one example, in less than one generation the Jews of Palestine have performed the greatest linguistic miracle known in history by making again the ancient tongue of their prophets a living language, after its having served as a purely literary medium of expression for nearly two thousand years. The Jews, who are of the same race as the Arabs,—a kinship cemented by the profound and beneficent influence which their cultures exercised upon one another for many centuries,—have genuine sympathy with their aspirations, and look forward to the reëstablishment of ancient Arabic glory; but they see no reason why on the vast expanse of a new Arabic world which is now being set up

by the great powers they have no right to claim a little corner in which, in harmony with their fellow-inhabitants, they may rejuvenate the ancient glory of Zion.

Finally, to take up Mr. Gibbons's third, or, rather, first, argument, our author upbraids the Zionists for favoring British sovereignty over Palestine and not believing "in the internationalization of Palestine or in any form of dual or multiple political control." I confess that, as far as the political implications of the movement are concerned, I cannot speak with the same authority as Mr. Gibbons, who, as I learn from the newspapers, is American lecturer for the French Ministry for Foreign Affairs. I have no knowledge whatsoever of the negotiations between the Zionist leaders and the Government of Great Britain prior to the Balfour declaration, nor of their negotiations with the governments of France, Italy, and the other powers that subsequently indorsed it. Speaking without official authority and merely as one of the Zionist rank and file, I may be permitted to state the considerations which have guided the Zionists in objecting to "a dual or multiple political control over Palestine." The Zionists look with disfavor, nay, with apprehension, to such a contingency, for the simple reason that, hoping to see the Jews of Palestine live their own life and to remain true to the morally lofty as well as practically sound policy of the prophet Isaiah, "in sitting still and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," they do not wish to see Zion, the symbol of universal peace, become the hotbed of European rivalries and jealousies. They do not wish to see the frail craft of their infant commonwealth crushed or crippled by the impact of the huge vessels representing the great world powers.

As for the particular government under whose control Palestine is to be placed, Mr. Gibbons may be assured that there is no Jew anywhere who does not have a soft spot in his heart for the great French people, who was the first to extend the ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity to its Jewish citizens; but the Zionists cannot overlook the fact that, quite apart from the British conquest of Palestine, Great Britain was the first power to recognize "the distinct nationhood of the Jews," and that the Balfour declaration connects directly, across the chasm of twenty-five hundred years, with the edict of Cyrus, permitting the Jews to realize their national ideal. Knowing the history of the Zionist movement, in the course of which England has twice offered a Jewish commonwealth to the Jews, the first time in Wadi Al-Arish, on the Palestine-Egyptian frontier, and the second time in East Africa, and in circumstances which left no room for any possible suspicion of ulterior motives, the Zionists are firmly convinced that in its last and noblest offer Great Britain was prompted not "by the principle of political expediency severely denounced by President Wilson," but by considerations of justice and humanity, and by that profound sympathy with Jewish suffering and Jewish aspirations which has been manifested on so many other occasions in the course of English politics. It is not true, as Mr. Gibbons alleges, that "the Zionists have not interpreted the declaration of the British Government according to its clear wording." They have remained faithful both in letter and in spirit to the Balfour pronouncement, which was officially indorsed by M. Pichon, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, on February 12, 1918. It is not they who are responsible for the lack "of unity and purpose" between the great powers, but rather those who wish to play out the French imperialists against the British imperialists. The Zionists heartily agree with Mr. Gibbons that the near-Eastern questions must be solved in "a sense of justice and a spirit of self-abnegation"; but if these questions are actually to "be met squarely and solved fairly," then America must not allow the spirit of Prussian domination to raise its head again.

Before I conclude, let me touch on one general argument which runs like a red thread throughout the entire article of Mr. Gibbons. It is the argument, or

rather the warning, that if the Jews will not abandon their aspirations in Palestine, they will be overwhelmed by an avalanche of anti-Semitism which will undermine their civil position everywhere: in France, in Russia, in Poland, and—this is more hinted at than expressly stated—in America. This argument, which was evidently paramount in the minds of Mr. Gibbons's Jewish friends, including Grand Rabbi Levy of France, leaves the Zionists cold. The Jew who knows the history of his people is well aware of the fact that anti-Semitism is much older than Zionism. There have always been people who could not forgive the Jews for insisting on remaining Jews. The Russian czars, whose unlimited power seemed to be concentrated on the extermination of the Jewish race, did not wait for the appearance of modern Zionism, and the scientific anti-Semitism of Germany sprang into existence long before there was any trace of Zionism in the fatherland. The enemies of the Jews will never be at a loss to find reasons for their hatred. The Jews being a people of many millions, with alert minds and busy hands, some of them will always be doing something which will be displeasing to somebody. They will be attacked in Bolshevist Russia because they are suspected of being bourgeois, and massacred in bourgeois Poland because they are supposed to be Bolsheviks. The Jews claim the same rights and the same duties of citizenship as do the non-Jews. Like their ancestors in Babylonia, they follow the prophetic injunction "to seek the welfare of the city whither they have been exiled." They are ready to live and, if necessary, to die for the land of their birth or adoption. In the great World War the Zionists were the first to volunteer in the various armies, and thousands of them lie buried on the European battle-fields, witnesses to the loyalty and civic devotion of the Jews. In the "Lost Battalion," which covered itself with imperishable glory in the thickets of the Argonne forest, and was made up largely of Yiddish-speaking Jews hailing from eastern Europe, the overwhelming majority consisted of Zionists.

The Zionists are willing to be measured by the severest standards of loyalty and patriotism, and they are confident that they will never be found wanting. But if, despite their loyalty and devotion and despite their readiness to serve their country, the Jews are to be threatened with anti-Semitism merely because, in response to a tradition of four thousand years, they long for a small corner of the globe where a part of their nation, which has left its indelible impress upon the civilization of the world, may once more live according to that tradition, then by all means let anti-Semitism come. The Jews are a stiff-necked people. They have outlived the Hamans of antiquity. They have survived the tortures of the Middle Ages, of which modern Christianity is rightly ashamed, and they will survive the savagery, which some people wish to carry into the new world order, holding fast to their cherished aspirations, and waiting for the time when, in the words of President Wilson, the problem of politics will be "to satisfy all men in the arrangements of their lives," and "to realize for them, as far as possible, the objects they have entertained generation after generation, and have seen so often postponed." The Jews may not be in a position to accept the words of "the Palestinian Jew" who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," but they passionately believe in the time when, in the words of the same Palestinian Jew, there will be, despite all attempts to revive the injustice of the old world in the new, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

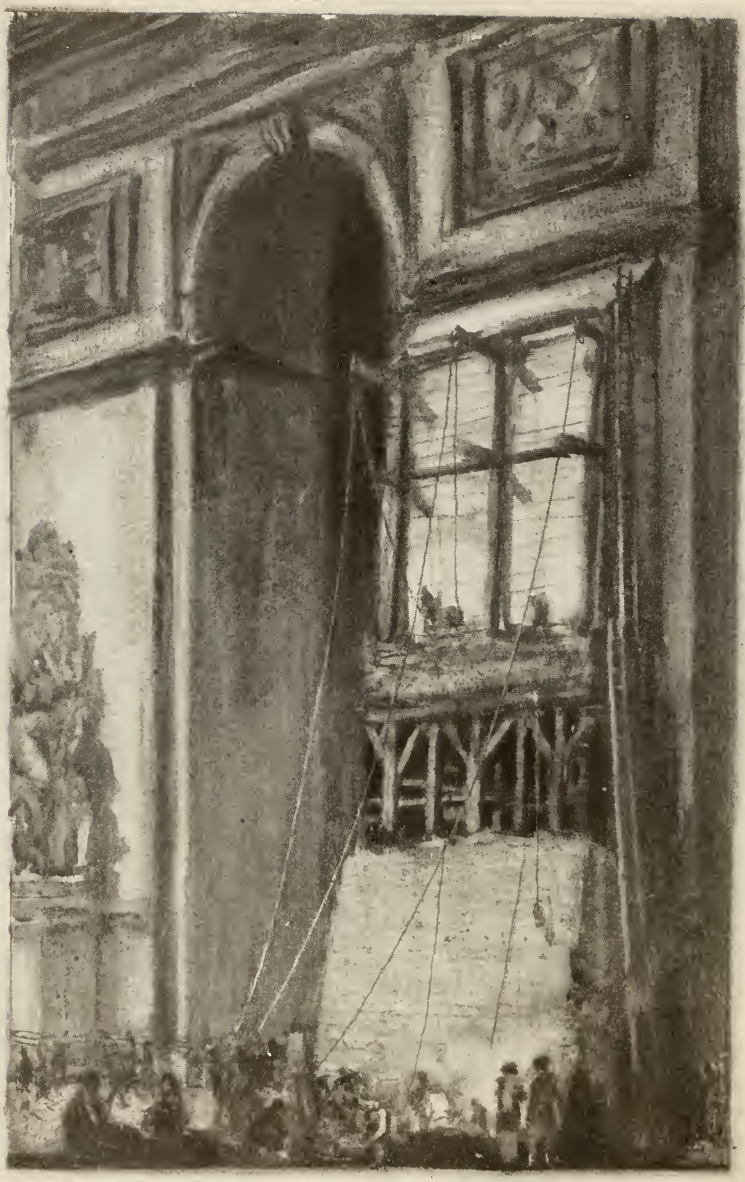
Napoleon I began the arch, but King Louis Philippe finished it, encouraging by his presence the workmen and artists employed there

Arc de Triomphe

Six pictures in monotone
by Orville H. Peets

Napoleon I, borne to his last burial, passed under it for the first time on December 15, 1840

Arc de Triomphe
before the
Great War



The statuary at the base of the arch protected by sand-bags from German bombardment

The arch in 1919

After the capture of Paris at the close of the Franco-Prussian War the German troops camped at the base of the arch. When they at last departed, the Parisians held a "purification" ceremony. They covered the ground about the arch, where the invaders had camped, with straw, and set fire to it

The Roots of the War

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS

In collaboration with
William Anderson and Mason W. Tyler

IX. THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE AND ITS GENIUS

N January 18, 1871, while yet the cannon were booming around starving and defiant Paris, there was a remarkable state spectacle at Versailles, the old residence town of Louis XIV, then occupied by the besieging Teutonic armies. Before a brilliant assemblage of German princes and generals in the famous "Hall of Mirrors," with the Grand Duke of Baden to lead the *"Hochs"* and *"Vivats,"* William I, King of Prussia, was proclaimed "German Emperor" in token of the fact that he had been accepted by all the other sovereigns and free cities of Germany as the hereditary head of the newly founded German Empire. From that day to this the interest and power of Prussia have largely merged in the greater interests and power of this imperial state which Bismarck and his sovereign had founded. For the next forty-three years the newly created empire remained the great salient fact for Europe and almost for the entire world. In the place of the old disjointed Germanic Federation, distracted by innumerable forms of particularism, the battle-ground for foreign armies, without colonies, merchant marine, or fleet, and economically far behind England or France, there was to be an enormous state, more populous than France, with the most formidable army in the world, consolidated and controlled by a remarkably efficient and energetic government, and speedily able to build merchant ships and battle-ships, to seize colonies, to meddle in the affairs of Turkey, Morocco, Oceanica, and China, and to compete with Great Britain in almost every form of economic enterprise. All this transformation was wrought between 1862, when Bismarck assumed the charge of Prussian affairs, and 1871, the year of French defeat and German unity and triumph. There have been few greater overturns in the history of the world.

Fortunately for the peace of Europe, Bismarck wisely and sincerely believed that after the conquest of Alsace-Lorraine Germany was "satiated," and that what she needed was not more victorious war, but peaceful consolidation and internal development. To be sure he kept up the strength of the army and took every precaution to protect himself against Russia and France; but he seized every opportunity also to proclaim that German greatness was no menace to the world's peace, and on the whole the world believed him. This was true until 1890, the year of his downfall; and what sane American in 1890 could possibly have said that his own country would ever be involved in an indescribably expensive and bloody war with Germany over an issue that nominally started in a quarrel between Vienna and St. Petersburg about the right of the czar to protect Serbia from the wrath of Austria? Yet twenty-seven years after Bismarck quitted power the unthinkable had become reality. Unconsciously in part, he and his generation in Germany had sown the wind. The next generation was to reap the whirlwind. To understand the causes of the debacle of 1914, one must also understand the genius of Prussia, which in 1871 gained the mastery of the German people.

This people of Germany was admittedly one of the predominant units of the human

race. In almost every form of cultural achievement it had either surpassed or crowded the other leaders hard. Music, art, philosophy, theology, the sciences, whether applied or theoretical—it competed or triumphed in all. But *in one great form of human endeavor the Germans had not triumphed: they had never played their due part in the human struggle for political liberty.* It is possible to find historical reasons for this in the failure of the medieval empire and the friction between the multifarious petty princes. But the fact remained. England had written very many chapters in the "Golden Book of Liberty"; so had the city republics of medieval Italy, the mountain cantons of Switzerland, and the stout burgher-communities of Holland and Flanders. Even in France under the absolute monarchy the memory of the medieval "States General" had never been forgotten, and was to revive magically in that year of wonder, 1789. Germany had added no chapters to the story. Her heroes had been either valorous paladins and princes like Frederick Barbarossa, or scholars and master-theologians like Martin Luther. The numerous "free cities" of her later Middle Ages had been free only as respected the control of some outside elector or duke. Within they had usually been governed by a privileged class of burghers or patricians, with little enough share at most times for the common people.

It might have been imagined that the Protestant Reformation, with its accent on the right of the individual man to select his own view of religious truth, would have given a great impetus to the development of political liberty also. It really did the reverse. Luther was intensely interested in the triumph of his religious cause. He cared little for political considerations and he greatly needed firm helpers against the pope. He therefore threw his whole enormous influence in favor of strengthening the power of the German princes. The new Lutherian Church was on the whole far more dependent on the Government than the old Catholic Church had been. Indeed, after Luther's death and the loss of the original impulses of his movement the Lutheran clergy, it is not unfair to say, became very convenient instruments in the hands of the average prince for keeping his subjects in order.[1]

About one third of Germany proper indeed remained Catholic, but this fact did not help to promote political liberty. Outside of the Austrian lands and Bavaria almost all the German Catholics were subject to "prince-bishops" (as in Mainz, Cologne, Würzburg, etc.), narrow-minded, petty, essentially secular despots, who were only too glad to use their spiritual authority to eke out their ordinary civil power. Thus both the old church and the new worked against the development of any kind of democracy.

In all German history down to 1848 there was never any well-matured uprising of a great mass of the people to secure political rights, although there had been some frantic and desperate revolts of the ignorant peasantry, as in Martin Luther's time, to secure redress from brutal oppression by the petty nobles. These beast-like revolts had been quieted in blood, and some of the princes had been wise enough to remedy the grosser evils; but there had been serfdom, accompanied by outrageous privileges for the nobility in Germany, down to Napoleon's conquests. The subjects of a German prince had often been not much better than biped cattle, such as were the miserable Hessians, whose ruler shipped them for a price to America when George III of England found it hard to get his own self-respecting subjects to enlist to coerce George Washington and his fellow "rebels."

The chief curse of Germany in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had been, of course, her ruinous subdivision into innumerable states. When Napoleon I went through the land, wrecking old institutions like a human whirlwind, there had been nearly three hundred principalities, little and great, free cities, etc., all

[1]The absence of bishops in the Lutheran Church, with their claims to secular consideration and social prestige, and the substitution for them of mere official superintendents, controlled completely by the prince, of course increased the grip of the governments upon German Protestantism.

pretending to be part of the disintegrating Holy Roman Empire. Some of these states had been comically small, as, for example, that of Count William of Bückeburg, who had dominions that could be crossed by a single old-style cannon-shot, but who solemnly built a pretentious fortress to defend "a range of wooden huts, an observatory, and a potato field." Some of the states, on the other hand, were respectable small countries, as Saxony, Bavaria, and Würtemberg. There was one, however, which was still larger, and had been growing between 1648 and 1800, to the great alarm of its neighbors, the most eastern large state of Germany—Prussia.

Prussia had been the creation of a line of remarkable princes who had seemed able to provide one fairly capable sovereign after another. In the seventeenth century the "Great Elector," Frederick William, had made his state of Brandenburg-Prussia, though it was still poor and territorially disjointed, into a fairly formidable military monarchy. Early in the seventeenth century this one-time electorate had become the Kingdom of Prussia.[1] Between 1713 and 1740 had reigned King Frederick William I, a hard, tyrannous, coarse, and crabbed man, but one who, after his lights, had labored with remarkable efficiency and success for the benefit of his subjects. "Salvation is of the Lord All else is in *my* province," he had asserted; and he had lived up to the dictum. He left a large and well-organized army and the nucleus of a powerful state to his remarkably able son, Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great (1740-1786) made Prussia one of the great powers of Europe. In two sustained and terrible wars he defeated Austria, France, and Russia, now singly and now with them all allied against him. He won a name as one of the great captains of history, worthy of a pedestal only a little lower than Napoleon's. Many of his traits were admirable. He not only won battles, but he wrought great things for the cultural advancement of his people. He was the model for "enlightened despots," though his methods were such as to constitute an evil example for his successors. International law, even as then know, and likewise treaties he violated most brazenly. He gained a name for bad faith which would have been his ruin had he not been a military genius. In 1740, without warning, he attacked Austria and seized Silesia, to which his claims were very flimsy, almost solely because Austria was in dynastic trouble and could not defend the coveted province. In 1756 he began the "Seven Years' War" by being the aggressor against Austria and France as soon as he believed conflict "inevitable"; and since he needed the helpless neutral country of Saxony for strategic reasons, he entered, violated, and exploited that perfectly innocent land as if it had been in league with his enemies.[2] He cynically confessed to a public immorality which most of his contemporaries had the decency at least to disavow. "The question of right is an affair of the ministers," he once wrote; ". . . it is time to consider it in secret, for the orders to the troops have been given." "Take what you can," he wrote again. "You are never wrong unless you are obliged to give back." This man, then, was what Macaulay called him, a tyrant "without fear, without faith, and without mercy." Yet his success was so great, his creative qualities enabled him to lift so high the fabric of Prussian greatness, that to his successors he seemed like a demigod. It was a species of treason to suggest that a given practice was wrong provided Frederick the Great had sanctioned it; and very many of Frederick's usages were to be revived in 1914.

After this king, Prussia fell on evil days. Napoleon defeated her, and maltreated her

[1]It was called "Prussia" and not "Brandenburg," the other half of the original state, because the province of Prussia was not strictly part of the old Germanic Empire, and its ruler might therefore claim royal honors without seeming to lord it too much over the other German princes who were still nominally subject to the Emperor at Vienna.

[2]The violation of Saxony by Frederick undoubtedly seemed a decisive and happy precedent for the German high command in 1914 when it decided on a similar violation of Belgium. Bernhardi, the Pan-German author, in 1911 took pains to commend the examples set by Frederick, especially the manner in which he struck boldly, and began his wars the moment they seemed useful to his policy.

worse than almost any other of his national victims; but at least the overrunning of virtually all Germany by the French brought the destruction of many old abuses. Of the three hundred-odd princes and free cities before 1800, nearly all the weaker ones were destroyed, and absorbed by the larger states. There were only thirty-five reigning "Majesties, Highnesses, and Serenities" left in 1817, and four free cities. Better still, serfdom was abolished even in ultra-conservative Prussia. Other modernizing reforms came to pass under the French whip and spur. In short, things were never so bad after 1814, when Napoleon departed for Elba, as they had been before the Corsican's shadow crossed the Teutonic lands.

Napoleon was driven back over the Rhine by a great alliance of the nations, but the Germans played a noble part therein. Made frantic by the outrageous oppression of the invaders, the Prussian people for the first time really asserted themselves. They almost coerced their timid king, Frederick William III, into drawing the sword; and they were the backbone of the coalition, with Austria, Russia, and England, which defeated Napoleon at Leipsic (1813) in the terrific "Battle of the Nations" and ultimately hurled him from his throne. There had been a strong hope among the leaders of this patriotic movement that as reward for the expulsion of the foreign enemy there would come the granting of a free constitution to Prussia. Frederick William III did indeed in 1814 and again in 1815 solemnly promise to his subjects a constitution; but the instant there ceased to be any need of conciliating them to get common action against the French, the king fell under ultra-conservative and reactionary influences. He lived till 1840 without redeeming this promise. In some of the lesser states of Germany constitutions, often not very liberal, were granted; but already Prussia embraced almost fifty per cent. of the German people, omitting the Austrians. So the first great opportunity for establishing a free system of government for the fatherland was lost.

In 1840 began the reign of Frederick William IV of Prussia, a brilliant, unstable, exceedingly opinionated man who was destined presently to become insane, and to die in 1861 after four years of confinement. This king met the rising demands of his subjects for a constitution with an angry negation. In 1843 he publicly asserted that he would never allow "to come between Almighty God and this land a blotted parchment [that is, a constitution] to rule us with paragraphs, and to replace the ancient, sacred bond of loyalty."

But the liberal movement in Germany was swelling to a point where it seemed likely to burst every barrier. Nearly all the intelligent elements of the nation were crying out for a real federal constitution for all Germany to replace the miserably weak confederation which had been founded in 1815 under the domination of Austria; also in each separate state, but especially in Prussia, they demanded a local constitution securing the essentials of freedom. The Revolution of 1848 in France, with the temporary establishment of a French republic, had its tremendous echoes beyond the Rhine. Popular uprisings shook every German throne and especially that of Frederick William IV. There was fighting in the streets of Berlin. The king and the lesser princes bowed before the blast. A national parliament was convoked at Frankfort to give a constitution to all Germany, and its members were chosen by popular vote. For an instant it seemed as if the fatherland was about to become a free country in the best sense of the term.

Then followed one of the greatest misfortunes in history. The 586 deputies were men without experience in debate or law-making. There were many professors of political science, each man full of fine theories that differed widely from those of his colleagues. There were very few practical men of accepted leadership. Upon a certain problem there were "nine projects and 189 orators." A dangerous amount of time was wasted over fine questions about "the bill of rights." There were radical

republicans who tried to declare a republic upon the spot and to send the princes to the scrap-heap. So the days crept by, ardor cooled, dissensions thickened, and it became increasingly evident that Austria would never consent, unless after a war, to any scheme which excluded her from the leadership of a revivified German Empire. This the German patriots could not grant.[1] They at last prepared a constitution for a federal empire of a pretty liberal type, and offered the imperial crown to Frederick William IV (1849).

That unstable prince had grown disgusted with the whole popular movement. He wanted, indeed, an imperial crown not by gift of the people, but by gift of the lesser princes, the only rulers whose rights he recognized. He rejected the proffer by the parliament of what he contemptuously called "a crown of mud and wood." "If any one is to award the crown of the German nation," he asserted, "it is myself and my equals who should give it." His action, the hostile attitude of Austria, which was very loath to let go of her general supervision over German affairs, and the jealousy of many of the minor princes toward any scheme to advance Prussia, made the whole project break down. The parliament sorrowfully dispersed. A few radical leaders induced some Baden regiments to obey them and started an insurrection in South Germany to establish a republic. A Prussian army put down this brave, but impracticable, adventure. Many republicans fled to France, Switzerland or America. Those who tarried were arrested, and some of them were shot. These were the days when Carl Schurz and many another of the best blood of Germany escaped into transatlantic exile. Great numbers of other Teutons, profoundly discouraged at the failure of their patriotic hopes and the miserable plight of their country, emigrated more voluntarily. In Prussia itself Frederick William IV was canceling his promised reforms and proclaiming the grievously illiberal constitution of 1850. It was a time of pessimism and anguish for every freedom-loving man in Germany.

Now all hopes of a liberal German empire had for the moment gone glimmering. The failure had not merely disappointed the aspirations of the liberals. It had apparently been caused by the sheer political incapacity of the liberals themselves. Hereafter the conservatives could openly assert that monarchy was the only government possible for Germans, because, as an ex-chancellor (Bülow) wrote in 1913, "despite the abundance of merits and the great qualities with which the German nation is endowed, *political talent has been denied it.*" Every future champion of liberalism had the pitiful failure of 1848-49 cast in his face. Not merely was the coming of genuine liberty to Germany postponed, but the chance for expansion beyond seas was lost. It was to be well after 1880 before the empire which Bismarck founded gained sufficient stability to pursue a colonial policy. By that time England and France had preëmpted the best parts of the African field, and Japan was growing strong in Asia. If the fatherland then desired really useful and promising colonies, they must be won by the sword.

After a period of anxious discouragement, liberalism lifted its head again, especially in Prussia. Grievously monarchical and oligarchic as was the constitution which in 1850 Frederick William IV had grudgingly conceded to his people, it was better than nothing. The liberal impulse was so strong that despite a franchise which peculiarly favored the wealthy and the noble, the Prussian Chamber of Deputies became a mouthpiece for protest and agitation. The majority of the members stood for greater popular liberties and drastic general reforms. In 1858, Frederick William IV's mind gave way. He ended his days in pitiful confinement. His brother and heir, Prince William (soon King William I) was proclaimed regent.

The new ruler was primarily a military man. He had, as will be seen, many personal virtues, but he had an intense dislike

[1]The chief objection to Austria was of course that she was "German" only in a minor fraction of her dominions. The Frankfort parliament was not anxious to see the new empire controlled by a state wherein the Magyars, Czechs, Croats, Slovenes, Poles, etc., were the largest element.

for liberalism. When he took over the government he proclaimed publicly, "what has already been promised shall be performed; what has not been promised will be withheld." There was little hope for a free Prussia in those words.

By 1860 it was clear enough that there were two things that the great majority of Germans wanted: (I) the union of all the land in a single effective federal empire, so that the Germanic folk might become a true nation, not a loose *Bund* of contending states, always bullied by Austria and sometimes kicked by France. (II) the establishment of a liberal political system both in the new central Government and the several federated states. However much the majority of the Junker Prussian aristocracy, champions of extreme monarchism, and even the royal house of Prussia itself, were in favor of the first proposition, they were utterly out of sympathy with the second. A kind of working hypothesis seems therefore to have possessed the Prussian aristocracy and the whole Hohenzollern governmental machine in the years which followed: they must secure unity for the German nation. This would be for their own glory, because they intended to dominate the new empire. By thus giving the people half of what they were craving, by giving them to boot a government which would flatter national pride by great victories, would increase the national wealth, raise the standard of living, fulfil, in fact, almost every material ideal except that of political liberty, the German people would be satisfied. They would drop their demand for free constitutions, because the Hohenzollerns and their Prussian army nobles were giving them better things than a liberal régime could manifestly give. Autocracy, in other words, must survive, because it was manifestly efficient.

No Junker statesman ever avowed this precise program, but Bismarck and his lieutenants certainly lived up to the spirit of it most consistently. Thanks to the execution of the policy, in 1914 William II had a much firmer grip on the Government than his grandfather possessed in 1858, and this fact caused much history to be written.

In 1861 William I and his advisers, to assure themselves that, if Germany was consolidated, it should be under Prussian and not Austrian leadership, began a radical strengthening of their army. The Prussian Chamber of Deputies, disliking the autocratic tendencies of the Government, refused to vote the needful money. The king, however, refused to drop his military projects. He appointed as prime minister an approved and devoted champion of the rights of absolute monarchy, Otto von Bismarck, a genuine Prussian Junker. Popular wrath was rising. The king was afraid for his throne and even for his head, but Bismarck offered to hold office despite hostile votes in parliament and to collect taxes without authority of law (1862). So long as the army did not actually mutiny, he was willing to snap his fingers at resolutions of censure. It was at this time that Bismarck bluntly asserted, "It is not Prussia's liberalism which Germany looks to, but her military power"; and again his famous dictum, "The unity of Germany is not to be brought about by speeches, or by votes of majorities, but by *blood and iron.*" And he held on his way. Protests by the parliament were not even received by the king. Liberal newspapers were censored or suppressed. Muncipal councils presented petitions to the sovereign; they were fined for their action. Public meetings were broken up. Feeling against the king and his despotic minister ran high, but Bismarck continued unfaltering, while his master, though often with fears, tenaciously supported him.

It seems strange indeed, but from 1862 to 1866 the ruler who was later acclaimed as Kaiser Wilhelm "der Grosse" and his minister who became the national hero of Germany were intensely unpopular among their people. All the best intelligence of Prussia, journalists, university professors, great capitalists, etc., seemed to be execrating them. Even Frederick, the crown prince, later Emperor Frederick III and father of William II, bitterly denounced

Bismarck for endangering the dynasty by his excessively arbitrary methods. But there was one element that stood stoutly by—the Junker lords; they supplied the army officers and kept the troops loyal to the autocratic régime. Once more Hohenzollernism and junkerdom displayed their indissoluble alliance, and all the time Moltke and Roon, a great general and a great war minister respectively, continued their reforms and the enlargement of the army until it was ready to astonish the world.

In 1864 Bismarck struck his first blow. He inveigled Austria into making an alliance with Prussia and expelled the Danes from Schleswig-Holstein, alleging that King Frederick VIII of Denmark was trying to "Danize" a nominally German land. In 1866 he was ready for his greater blow. Germany could never be united under the leadership of Prussia until Austria had suffered complete military overthrow. Bismarck's government was extremely unpopular in South Germany. Even in his own Prussia the liberals had little enthusiasm when he sounded the call to arms. He heeded this not. The new army was loyal, fit, and ready. On the fourteenth of June, 1866, Prussia broke with Austria and with nearly all the lesser German states. She had, however, Italy for an ally. On July 2, Moltke's new military machine blasted the power of Austria completely at the Battle of Sadowa. "Your Majesty," reported the victorious general to his king, "you have won not merely the battle, but the campaign." On the twenty-third of July Austria was so humbled that she asked for an armistice to save herself from seeing the Prussian Army in Vienna, and a treaty of peace soon followed. Austria was to quit Germany altogether. She was to leave the South German states (Hesse-Darmstadt, Baden, Würtemberg, and Bavaria) independent, and to let Prussia organize the rest of Germany into the "North German Confederation."

The new German Empire was *almost* made by this victory of 1866. Prussia hastened to round out her dominions by absorbing several of the smaller Northern states which had failed to bolster up her policies. Schleswig-Holstein she now annexed outright, likewise the free city of Frankfort, the principalities of Hesse-Cassel and Nassau, and especially the kingdom of Hanover. The wishes of the communities were in no wise consulted. Prussia completed her deed through mere arbitrary might.[1] Bismarck then, with great haste, organized his new "North German Confederation." At the time it embraced about seventy per cent. of all the population of Germany. The South Germans were still hesitant and distrustful. He could not bring them in, but he deliberately arranged that the constitution of the confederation should be capable, with a few modifications, of being expanded to embrace these Southern states also. This constitution of 1866 was therefore in essential points the constitution of the actual German Empire.

But Bismarck had achieved more than the humiliation of Austria by Moltke's victory. Austria had been defeated and so had the Prussia Liberals. They had watched him begin the war with intense misgiving, but now the glory of the victory, the enthusiasm over the partial unification of the fatherland, swept them off their feet. After all, had not "blood and iron" been the means to success? They could protest no longer. Many of Bismarck's old foes became his admirers. The army was exceedingly popular. It was impossible to brand as despots and usurpers the ministers who had won such an amazing success. Political theories must go down.

In the elections of 1866 in Prussia the Liberals lost seats right and left, and nearly all the gain was by the Conservatives, the deputies for the extreme monarchists and Junkers. Bismarck then boldly went before the Prussia parliament and asked for a bill of indemnity for having collected taxes without authority. It was voted

[1]Of course this was the annexation of German communities to people of their own kin, not like that of the Danes, Poles, and Alsatians. Nevertheless, the expulsion of the old kings was resented long and bitterly in Hanover. In Hesse-Cassel, where the prince had been tyrannical and unpopular, the change was accepted more readily.

230 to 75, many of the liberals concurring. By this act the Prussian liberals cut their own throats. They said in substance that a minister was sometimes quite justified in defying law and constitutional rights if only he thought his own ends were good. The old Prussia Liberal party, deprived of a common principle for which to battle, speedily went to pieces. There were still some protesting radicals, but a great number proclaimed themselves National Liberals, declaring that they would "sustain the Government fully in its foreign policy," though "maintaining in home matters the position of a watchful and loyal opposition." From such an opposition Bismarck had nothing to fear.

In 1849 German liberalism had sustained its first terrible defeat; despite an excellent opportunity, it had failed to unify the nation. In 1866 it had met its second overthrow; it had seen the nation almost unified, not by its efforts, but despite them, and it had been forced to condone the utter defiance of it principles. After Sadowa the Hohenzollerns and the Junkers had no reason to tremble for their power.

In 1870 Bismarck completed the work by precipitating the war with France. He believed that the common victory would sweep the South German states into the new federation,[1] and give to this young creation of his all the strength and enthusiasm for the future which might come with a great success. In this he was entirely right.

After Sedan there had been many negotiations between Prussia and the South German states. The latter had feared decidedly their great Northern neighbor and her masterful ways. Their people were more democratic than the Prussians, and some of their princes were not anxious to be overshadowed by their brother at Berlin. But the Grand Duke of Baden was strongly pro-Prussian, and at last King Louis of Bavaria, the most prominent ruler in the Southern group, outwardly took the initiative.

Bismarck had had the practical wisdom, when he induced the Southern states to come in, to grant special privileges within the new empire to Bavaria and, to a less extent, Würtemberg. Bavaria was to keep the control of her army in peace-time, of her post and telegraphs, and much of her taxation. Nevertheless, in any case, the practical effect of the Bismarckian régime was to tie the remainder of Germany firmly and effectually to Prussia. The South German states were still to preserve local autonomy, they were still to hold at arm's-length the immediate pressure of junkerdom, they were to enjoy state constitutions and popular rights that were, compared with Prussia, liberal; but notwithstanding all this, they were to contribute their economic and military strength to the glorification of the house of Hohenzollern, and to the advancement presently of the schemes of the Pan-Germans who, under the Hohenzollern ægis, were to bring about a world war in their efforts to dominate the planet. Therefore Bismarck could afford to be conciliatory. The new empire of 1871 really meant the complete subordination of the remainder of Germany to the iron hand of Prussia. It was wise to case that hand in a velvet glove.

An ex-chancellor of Germany in 1913 commended Bismarck because, when securing imperial unity "with incomparable audacity and constructive statesmanship . . . he left out of play the political capacities of the Germans, in which they had never excelled, while he called into action their fighting powers, which have always been their strongest point." [2]

From 1871 down to the outbreak of the Great War Germany was governed essentially upon the following system. The King of Prussia became *ipso facto* "German Emperor." [3] Since the offices of king and emperor were inseparable and Prussia was a hereditary monarchy, the kaiser-

[1] The South German states were already in military alliance with Prussia, and gave her effective help from the beginning of the war with France.

[2] Bülow, "Imperial Germany," p. 12.

[3] Bismarck shunned the title of "Emperor of Germany" to avoid implying that the Prussian King exercised direct sovereign power over Bavaria and the other "touchy" lesser states.

ship was also hereditary. The emperor could declare offensive war only after consulting the Federal Council, but *defensive* war he could declare on his own personal fiat. Since no modern government has ever admitted that any war it has had to wage was other than defensive, the emperor thus really held the supreme issues in his own hands.

Under the emperor was the *form* of a free legislature. The lower house of this parliament, the Reichstag, consisted of 397 members elected by pretty complete manhood suffrage. Bismarck was no lover of parliaments, but he understood the need of affecting to conciliate the liberal elements in his hour of triumph; he also understood the great value of a large "talking" body, to voice public opinion and to let off explosive ideas in a harmless manner—in short, of an imperial safety-valve.

The real governing body, and in truth Bismarck's masterpiece, was not the Reichstag, but the Federal Council (*Bundesrat*). Its functions were often executive and judicial as well as merely legislative. Its meetings were private. It initiated nearly all the legislation presented to the Reichstag, and its consent was needful to validate any bill the Reichstag might have managed to pass. The Bundesrat was, in short, the mainspring of the whole Bismarckian régime. It was not responsible to the people or elected by the people, but was a council of sixty-one members[1] *representing very strictly the princes of Germany*. Prussia had seventeen of these votes, Bavaria six, some of the lesser states two, three, or four, and fourteen of the lesser sovereigns, like the starving little prince of Schaumberg-Lippe, had only one apiece, as did the three free cities, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck.

These sixty-one "Excellencies" in the Bundesrat were mere dummies, or perhaps it were more respectful to say instructed ambassadors for their royal, ducal, or princely masters, appointed and removed at the respective august pleasures of said masters. Since Prussia now supplied over sixty per cent. of both the area and the population of the empire, it seemed a gracious concession for her king to be content with only seventeen votes, or fourteen less than a majority.[2] But the fact was that the Prussian Government, with its great influence, could almost invariably win over by means of very small favors enough of the lesser princes to command a sure majority. With a little tact in the Bundesrat, Prussia could always have her way; and thus by means of this monarchic, non-parliamentary, secret, and utterly undemocratic Federal Council the King of Prussia could place an absolute veto on all legislation, could hem in the Reichstag, and, since the Bundesrat had large duties of administration and acted often as a court of high appeal, affect a great part of the official machinery throughout the land.

The Reichstag undoubtedly served its prime end as "a debating club, and a debating club that had no power of seeing its will carried out." It was indeed required to pass on appropriations, and upon new taxes and forms of proposed legislation. Usually, for the sake of peace, the chancellor would refrain from forcing upon it very unwelcome fiscal proposals, and would allow minor amendments; but on great issues the Government did not hesitate to defy the Reichstag, and by dissolving it and seeking a new election, it could always get a more subservient body.

But under the Bismarckian system a very large part of the business of government was reserved for the different states, and the welfare of all the 40,000,000-odd Prussians in 1914 was quite as much affected by the doings of their Landtag as by the deliberations of the more pretentious imperial parliament.

If the Hohenzollern ministers had a firm grip on the central Government, upon the affairs of Prussia they had a strangle-

[1] Originally only fifty-eight, but three were added for Alsace-Lorraine in 1911. These, however, virtually were controlled by Prussia.

[2] Also it requires only fourteen votes to defeat any change in the Federal Constiution, while changes in the army and navy laws and in the most important tax laws were specifically made subject to the *absolute* veto of the kaiser.

hold. Prussia was governed, down to the Great War, by the sham constitution awarded by Frederick William IV in 1850, and every attempt to modify it essentially had failed. In fact, although the royal ministers themselves, rendered anxious by the popular clamor, had sometimes suggested liberalizing amendments, the noble Junkers who controlled the majority in both houses had headed off every effort to weaken the old régime. The king of course had an absolute veto upon all laws. He named the Prussian ministers and dismissed them at his good pleasure.[1]

The upper house of parliament (*Herrenhaus,* "House of Lords") was composed of princes, some very high nobles, and a large number of lesser nobles and magnates, all appointed for life by the king. Needless to say, no man unwelcome to the royal Government had this honor thrust upon him, and the Herrenhaus was always the ardent champion of "the altar and the throne," of the church and the government, each in its most conservative form.

However, there was a lower house (*Abgeordnetenhaus,* "House of Representatives") which gave a semblance of popular representation. No better system of confirming privileges under a few of the forms of democracy was ever presented than by this creation of the degenerating brain of Frederick William IV. The districts were, in the first place, allotted on a basis not really revised since 1860, with a few changes in 1906. Up to that time the great city of Berlin had returned only nine members; then it was graciously allowed to have twelve out of the total of 443.

Furthermore, the system of voting was deliberately calculated to keep the masses of the people just as completely out of power as possible. The deputies were not chosen directly, but by means of "sub-district electors" who were themselves elected by the people, and next all the electors from the sub-districts, meeting in a common body to represent the larger "district," proceeded to choose the local worthy to go to the Landtag. The original voters in every sub-district were carefully grouped into three classes, each choosing one third of its electors. In the first class were put the largest tax-contributors, who paid one third of the tax quotas of the districts, in the second class the tax-payers who contributed the second third of the taxes, in the third group all the rest of the *"Kaiser und König's"* loving subjects. The "electors" from these three groups were on terms of absolute equality in numbers and influence when they met to choose the district representative, and a bare majority of their electoral ballots always prevailed. Considering the extreme inequality in the distribution of wealth in Prussia, the main result was predetermined from the first. Shortly before 1914 there were 2214 "sub-electoral-districts" in Prussia where one third of the taxes were paid by *a single man,* who *therefore cast the entire vote* for the first-class electors in his entire precinct. There were 1703 precincts where there were only *two* first-class voters, "high-born" gentlemen, usually in happy harmony. The voting was open. Every citizen had to announce his favorite candidate. If a peasant or workman voted for a radical condemned as "dangerous" by his landlord or employer, the poor man had to take the possible consequences.

Considering the fruits of this system and the method of balloting, there was grim humor in Bethmann-Hollweg's remarks in 1910, when he said, "We are opposed to secret balloting because . . . it favors the *terrorism* which Socialists exercise over the burgher-class voters"!

In most of the rest of Germany somewhat more liberal conditions prevailed. In Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden there was equal male suffrage; in Saxony there

[1]The terms which Prussian court etiquette and usage insisted should be used in addressing the emperor-king indicate sufficiently the position he occupied in the minds of his loyal subjects. Thus Arnim, a very distinguished Prussian nobleman, addressing a petition to William I, appealed to the "Most illustrious, very powerful Emperor and King, Gracious Emperor, King and Sovereign." Prince Henry of Prussia publicly addresses his brother William II, "most august Emperor, most high and mighty King and Lord, illustrious brother." A standing official term for the emperor-king was "the All-Highest." In loyal circles frequently it was not proper to refer to the emperor's actions directly; many things were spoken of as ordered or initiated "from Above." This did not imply an act of Divine Providence, but of William I or II of Hohenzollern.

was the secret ballot, with five classes of voters, although here some of the extra privileges went to men of superior education or professional ability, and also to men aged over fifty.

However, the hand of Prussian Junkers affected even the liberal South Germans in a sinister way. Besides the fact that his own Prussian aristocrats were likely to have more influence on the emperor than Bavarians or Badeners, the imperial chancellor was also minister-president (head of the state cabinet) of Prussia. He must govern the empire and the great kingdom simultaneously. In the empire he might indeed control the Bundesrat through the great influence of the Prussian crown, and he could divide the factions of the Reichstag and defy them; but in Prussia he had to reckon with the solid and perpetual conservative majority in both houses of parliament. The Conservatives exercised the prerogatives of loyal friends of the crown; they were more royal than the emperor-king. They knew perfectly well that the Government could not defy them; otherwise it would be driven into the arms of the hated liberals. The Junkers provided the heads of the great civil bureaucracy, the diplomatic service, and, above all, nearly the whole officers' corps in the army.

This undemocratic Prussian Government between 1871 and 1914 was to exhibit almost uncanny efficiency, else it could never have strengthened its grasp upon the empire and reached out a giant hand for the mastery of the world. Under the system of districting, the majority of the Prussian Landtag was elected from the level agricultural lands east of the Elbe, and there converging on Poland lay the strongholds of the mighty Junkers and the original seats of their old masters, the Hohenzollerns.

A typical Junker was the owner of a great landed property with a picturesque and uncomfortable ancient *Schloss* for his residence, dominating a village or two where peasant children scrambled with the pigs and the chickens in the great dungheaps before the doors of the houses. He might indeed come to enjoy city life, the excitements of a visit to Berlin and such modern luxuries as his means would afford. He might improve his agricultural methods and be glad to invest his surplus income in factories, genteelly conducted through a manager, or to dabble in foreign investments. None the less he remained heart and soul a *country* aristocrat, with all the prejudices of a squierarchy; accustomed to curse his inferiors, to cane his servants, to despise all who lived by trade, and to bend only to the king.

The eldest son of such a Junker would of course ordinarily be the heir to the *Schloss;* but the rights of primogeniture were not so strict in Prussia as in England, and all the sons of a nobleman wore the "von" (the prefix of nobility) or the countly or baronial title. Only by exception would they look forward to any kind of productive career other than the always gentlemanly task of the remote oversight of farm-labor. Some would enter the civil service, some would be diplomats, but the career par excellence for a Prussian squire was the army. The army and the landed aristocracy never lost touch, and they were both absolutely essential to the crown. They literally made the Hohenzollern régime possible, and the "All-highest" was never allowed to forget the fact.

The Prussian régime being essentially military, the military spirit was carried out into the civilian population by a system of minute police commands and prohibitions such as was unknown in any other clime or age.[1] The cult of the infallibility of the Government became a prime element in secular education and religion. The elaborate school system was carefully adjusted to make every lesson in history a lesson in loyalty to the house of Hohenzollern; and, as has been seen, the Lutheran Church was a bulwark of the throne.

The zealous Government, through its

[1]The obedience of the civilian population was of course expedited by the fact that the greater part of the German youth passed years of their life under a compulsory military system, where they were subjected to a decidedly more severe discipline and taught a far more abject subservience to their officers than in any other western European army. It was quite easy to transfer their habits of implicit obedience to civil life

heirarchy of officials, provided for the regulation of its subjects from the cradle to the grave. The park benches of a Prussian city were carefully labeled with the classes and sexes of the public entitled to sit on each bench. The hours for piano playing were subject to police control, also the number of pedestrians that might walk abreast on the city streets. The size of the beer-mug, the sidewalks permissible for an infant's perambulator, the location of flower-pots on a window-sill—all these are random matters which a paternal government regulated for its people. Most of the regulations were indeed theoretically wise, but the Prussian genius never grasped the fact that nine tenths of them were superfluous and tended to make their victims automata rather than responsible men.

Had this absolutely inquisitorial and military régime been senseless and inefficient, it would have spelled its own ruin. On the contrary, it was directed by men who were within their limitations intelligent, patriotic, self-sacrificing, and, if anything, far too logical. Autocracy and privilege, on the defensive everywhere else in the world, half-consciously were trying in Prussianized Germany to show how much greater happiness and success they could bring to their nation than the easy-going, blundering, semi-efficient, and sometimes even corrupt and non-progressive liberalism of England, France, America, and other lands. The alliance between the Hohenzollern dynasty and the military aristocracy was absolute. The military caste hated the thought that the monarch should choose his ministers at the behest of a popularly made parliament. This was not from any fine-spun political theory, but because the Hohenzollerns could not have two masters, the officers and the people. "The dearest wish of every Prussian," said Bethmann-Hollweg, in January, 1914, "is to see the king's army completely under the control of the king, and not becoming the army of the parliament." A little earlier a typical Junker, Herr von Oldenburg, had stated this view of the case even more bluntly on the floor of the Imperial Diet itself. "The kaiser should be in a position to say at any moment to a lieutenant, 'Take ten men and shut up the Reichstag.' "

After 1871 this spirit of Prussian junkerdom was to enter into closer alliance with the monarchy than ever before and to hold back the rising wave of liberalism by giving the German nation almost everything a proud people could desire save only political liberty. The German folk were to enjoy the memories of a victorious past, the satisfaction of a prosperous present, and before them was to be dangled the hope of a yet more golden future.

So long as this alliance of modern material progress and medieval political privilege was to affect only Germany, the rest of mankind could simply look on in bewilderment; at length came the time when it was to affect the whole world.

X. THE OLD PILOT AND THE NEW CAPTAIN OF GERMANY

Between 1871 and 1914 the newly created German Empire enjoyed a material and economic expansion which astonished the world. Only the United States of America seemed growing faster in population, wealth, and prosperity; and in some respects German expansion, based as it was on an exhausted, limited soil, surpassed that of the Western republic, with its virgin continent and enormous area. Great as were the Prussian military achievements in 1866 and 1870, they seemed less startling than the Prussian economic achievements in the next generation.

Statistics are often repellent impersonal things, but they can tell a long and significant story in a very few words. In 1871 the population of the German Empire had been barely 41,000,000. In 1913 it was estimated at the very least at 66,000,000. This great increase in population, however, was being met by such industrial expansion, such opportunities for gainful employment, that Germans were not constrained in great numbers to emigrate beyond seas.

Until rather shortly before the unification of the nation by Bismarck, Germany had ranked as a decidedly poor land, main-

ly given to agriculture. Her wealth could not compare with that of England, France, or, considering respective sizes, Belgium and Holland. Amsterdam was for a long time a much more important financial center than Berlin. In 1913 the empire founded by Bismarck was second in its manufactures only to Great Britain, "the workshop of the world."

In 1871 the German merchant marine had been insignificant; in 1913 it was the second greatest on the planet, and was giving its British rival sore anxiety as regards supremacy in the carrying trade.

Naturally, since the extent of German arable land was fixed by the boundary-stones, there had been no corresponding expansion in the nation's agriculture. The great landed interests of Prussia, however, insisted on wringing every possible favor out of the Government, and they were never frankly abandoned, as in free-trade England, to the competition of American, Argentinian, and Australian wheat. But it seemed impossible for Germany to feed herself completely. She had to import about 4,500,000 tons of cereals a year to cover her home deficiencies. This did not seem to be a serious danger, however. The empire was not an island. If she was at war with Russia, a great wheat country, she could still import from overseas. If she was blockaded by the naval might of England, she could still draw abundant supplies from Russia. That Russia and England would both unite in warfare against Germany seemed, in view of the diplomatic situation, grossly improbable. Everywhere in the empire the cities grew by leaps and bounds. Such were the outward evidences, to be read by all men, of the mighty change that had come over the most powerful nation in Europe.

It was inevitable that a physical transformation as complete and dramatic as this should be followed by a more subtle, but none the less significant, change in the whole mood and temper of the German people. In the ages before Bismarck the nation certainly had suffered grievously from an excess of what might be called "other-worldliness." In the eighteenth century Voltaire had said that France had elected to rule the land, England the sea, and Germany the clouds. There was a germ of truth in this unfair sarcasm. For example, the supreme national hero for two thirds of Germany was not a general, a law-giver, or even a poet, but a theologian—Martin Luther. The fatherland had produced many giants in learning, letters, and art, but almost none of them, save the philosopher Kant, had come from the original provinces of Prussia. Lessing, Fichte, Luther, and Wagner were Saxons; Holbein and Dürer Bavarians; Goethe from Frankfort; Wieland, Schiller, and Hegel were Swabians; Beethoven a Rhinelander; and Bach a Thuringian. Prussia and its spirit had therefore never been the guide of Germany in matters intellectual.

Doubtless Germany had lived in the clouds too long, and a reasonable return to mother earth was very desirable; but what took place under the new empire was not so much a reaction as a revolution—a revolution that was to affect the entire world.

But whatever the criticisms, the new régime in Germany certainly produced an astonishing outward success. For the first time since the Middle Ages the Teutonic genius for practical achievement was to get full scope for its energies. The nation seemed politically united, if not politically free; its rulers might be autocrats, but they committed none of the clumsy blunders of traditional despotism. School, church, factory, army, diplomatic service, university—all were articulated in the great disciplined Prussian machine working together to make the fatherland rich and glorious. The reward came naturally as the result of the effort.

Nevertheless, public life in the strengthened fatherland had been by no means entirely overshadowed by economic activity between 1871 and 1914. It ran in its own peculiar channels; it certainly avoided those bewildering changes which mark the annals of countries ruled by parliamentary or popular majorities. The Prussian theory required that the Government should be "above all parties," listening to

their complaints and suggestions with paternal indulgence, but reserving the final decision for its own wisdom. A government, however, is, after all, a human institution. Between 1871 and 1914 it may be fairly said that two men successively constituted the disposing force in the Government of Germany: from 1871 to 1890 Otto von Bismarck; from 1890 to 1914 William II of Hohenzollern. To trace the deeds and policies of the twain is to trace the history of the empire.

William I, of course, was the emperor and king down to his death in 1888. He was a kindly, moderate man of limited talent and vision, and an understanding almost entirely confined to things military. But he was a man of keen personal honor, genuinely religious, and anxious for the best good of his people. He had two enormous assets, he was entirely aware of his own lack of genius, and he was able to select certain very great ministers, and to give them honest moral support in all they decided to do. As Bismarck said of him, "When anything of importance was going on, he usually began by taking the wrong road; but in the end he always allowed himself to be put straight again." This willingness to hearken to and to support good counsel brought him a magnificent reward. The reign of this unassuming soldier ended amid a galaxy of glory; as "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" he passed into official history, being thus put on the level of Alexander and Charlemagne by his enthusiastic grandson.

Between Bismarck and his Emperor the relations were of the uttermost friendship, not merely those of sovereign and minister. Several times the two men did not see eye to eye; then the chancellor would coerce the monarch by suggesting that he had better resign. "Never!" was always the emphatic answer; and the monarch gracefully yielded, and all went on as before. So long as William I lived, any displacement of Bismarck was inconceivable. He was virtually the dictator of Germany, and undoubtedly the most potent man in all Europe.

Bismarck and his sovereign were alike persons of moderation who did not let a great victory turn their heads. The chancellor, more fortunate than his contemporaries, Cavour and Lincoln, who died in the hour of their triumphs, had the great privilege of living twenty-seven years after the unification of Germany, and of seeing his creation grow from strength to strength. He looked on Germany as a "satiated state." It needed no new European conquests. He was not enthusiastic about acquiring foreign colonies. He saw no requirement for a great navy. In the nineteen years during which he remained chancellor after 1871 his main effort, therefore, was to preserve peace and to promote internal prosperity.

In 1873 Bismarck came to loggerheads with the Catholic Church over the question of the right of the Government to control education. The contest was a bitter one, because the chancellor had set his heart on making all the clergy of Germany, Protestant and Catholic, the convenient agents of the state. Catholic priests were not to be allowed to exercise their functions in Prussia unless they had spent three years in a university under government control and had received a government certificate. Priests and bishops who did not fall in with this program were subject to suspension from office and even to fines and imprisonment. Of course the Catholic clergy resisted with all the power at their disposal, and the pope encouraged them. In this "Kultur-Kampf" ("War in defense of Civilization") Bismarck persisted until 1878, when he found the rise of the socialists much more dangerous than the Catholics; then he gradually withdrew most of the obnoxious laws, and made a friendly treaty with the Vatican. The net result of the struggle was, however, not advantageous to Bismarck. In self-defense the Catholics had formed a solid political party, the so-called "Center" (Centrum). This soon had many seats in the Reichstag, and did not dissolve when the Kultur-Kampf was over.

He did not prosper much better in his second contest. The socialists were coming rapidly to the front, now that Germany

was industrializing itself. They wished not merely a liberal political régime, but an economic revolution. They were outspoken in their hopes for a republic in place of Hohenzollernism. Bismarck undertook to fight them the instant their propaganda seemed serious. Two unsuccessful attempts to murder William I, which the chancellor imputed, probably unjustly, to socialistic conspiracies, enabled him to carry an extremely severe law in 1878, prohibiting publications, meetings, and associations having for their purpose "the subversion of the social order," and authorizing the Government to proclaim martial law in any city threatened with labor disturbances. These laws were to have effect for twelve years, and the zealous German police understood excellently how to enforce them. The movement, however, though driven into hiding, was not checked. Secret societies, and papers smuggled in from Switzerland, continued to spread the obnoxious doctrines. There was an increased socialist vote at each election.

Bismarck's attack on the socialists was not, however, purely negative. He undertook to pass a number of measures to improve the lot of the working classes, frankly confessing that he was throwing a sop to the proletariat to make them contented with the Prussian régime. "Give the working-man the right to work as long as he is healthy," he said in 1884, "assure him care when he is sick and maintenance when he is old . . . *then,* if the state will show a little more Christian solicitude for the working-man, the socialists will sing their song in vain."

So long as William I, his bosom friend, sat on the throne, Bismarck's position was inviolable. He seemed one of the fixtures of Europe and an indispensable prop of the Hohenzollerns. By his system of alliances he had isolated France and made it impossible for her to execute schemes for "revenge," he had assured himself of the good-will of Russia, he had maintained official cordiality with England, and he had almost convinced the world that the enormous German Army was, as he had always proclaimed it, an engine solely to insure peace. In March, 1888, however, the emperor-king, a hoary veteran of ninety-one, slept with his fathers.

William I was succeeded by his son Frederick III, who had married Victoria, Princess Royal of England and eldest daughter of Victoria, the great queen. He had been on bad terms with Bismarck earlier, but for long they had been reconciled. Frederick, however, did not share the political views of his father. There is no reason for presuming that he would have proved a radical or a democrat, but he undoubtedly stood for a much more liberal parliamentary régime in Germany than had existed. Had fortune given him a twenty-year reign, he might well have so changed the institutions of the empire that the catastrophe of 1914 would never have been possible. Fell disease was upon him when his father died. He was proclaimed emperor on March 9, 1888. Already there had been a major operation for a malignant growth in his throat. The case was hopeless. On June 15 this ninety-six-day reign ended. There was great grief in Germany. The liberals had expected great things when Frederick came to the throne; he was a man of sufficient force and kindliness to have handled Bismarck with discretion and to have introduced reasonable changes.

For the second time in one year the Army of Prussia took oath to a new *"Kaiser und König."* Now the imperial power passed to a young man of twenty-nine years, with all the temper, ardor, and restless enthusiasm of the new, aggressive, and materialistic Hohenzollern régime. William II had been brought up to reverence the abilities of Bismarck, but the two men were of such temperaments that it was impossible for the one to wait until death should remove the great minister to whom he owed his imperial crown, or for the other to efface himself before the imperious young master. During 1889, while William II was getting into the saddle, there was no outward break, but the great chancellor found that his power was being under-

mined and that the emperor was open to other advisers. Then followed friction about the question of renewing the laws against the socialists, and the final catastrophe came over the issue of maintaining the regular usage that the Prussian ministers should report directly to the chancellor, as Minister-President of Prussia, and not to the emperor-king. William II was determined to take into his own hands all the control of the Prussian departments and so to strip the chancellor of half of his powers. In March, 1890, there was a famous interview in Berlin. The emperor explained his intention of making the change. The chancellor objected. The emperor was insistent that his will must be carried out, "if not by Bismarck, then by another."

"Then I am to understand, your Majesty," spoke the man who had made the German Empire, "that I am in your way?" "Yes," came the firm retort of the young man before him.

Bismarck bowed his head, took prompt leave, and departed to his residence, where he drew up a letter of resignation. He wished to take pains with the document and did not hurry it to the palace as the emperor wished. William sent verbally, urging its prompt despatch. It came not, and the next morning the emperor drove out in haste and caused Bismarck to be aroused from bed to meet his angry sovereign. William had heard that Windhorst, a politician he detested, had lately called upon Bismarck. He now told the chancellor he did not wish his ministers to meet parliamentary leaders without his permission. Bismarck denied that there had been any political discussion, and said he could not allow any supervision over the guests he invited to his own house.

"Not if I order it as your sovereign?" demanded the kaiser.

"No," spoke back the seventy-four-year-old man who had given his visitor everything. "The commands of my king cease in my wife's drawing-room."

After that no reconciliation was possible.

William II was born in 1859. He received that systematic and severe discipline in things military and administrative which the Hohenzollern princes always received to fit them for their great office, idleness and levity never having been among the Prussian sins. His relations with his father were not very cordial, with his mother even worse; but chilliness toward one's parents seems to be prerogative of Prussian crown princes.

In 1888 he began to reign. In 1890 he began to govern. From that time onward Germany was subjected more strictly to a personal government than almost any other great country in modern times. Bismarck was the first and last of his prime ministers who really dared to pursue an independent policy and tell him blunt truths to his face. None of the later chancellors were more than "handy men" to take the brunt of public criticism, to work out the laborious details of a selected policy, to dress up the emperor's ideas with smooth phrases, and finally to be dismissed promptly when they ceased to please their master or when public dissent with the Government became too warm.

It may be agreed at the outset that William II was a person of noteworthy abilities. In the Middle Ages he would have won fame like the versatile Frederick II, "the wonder of the world." He was also an honestly religious man. His frequent and seemingly patronizing references to the Deity as his constant associate in all worthy endeavor were probably perfectly sincere. It may be left to the theologians to settle whether his "God" was the God of Christianity or some survival of a tribal deity; but it is only just to say that his belief was probably without the least conscious hypocrisy. He delighted in playing the virtuoso, in giving authoritative hints to authors of grand operas and symphonies, and also to artists and sculptors, especially if their creations seemed to perpetuate the great deeds of the Hohenzollern dynasty. He took a keen interest in the development of modern education, and in 1903 he publicly accepted the interpretations of the Bible according to the radical "higher criticism" as propounded by the learned

lectures of Professor Delitzch. He had a real eloquence, and at patriotic assemblages was able to carry his audience with him in genuine flights of oratory. To distinguished foreign visitors he could be graciousness and affability incarnate. His frequent wanderings were not merely for political effect, but because of a keen interest in men and things. *Der Reise-Kaiser* ("the Traveler-Emperor") his subjects sometimes called him, because he was so often away from them. In short, here was a man sent upon earth with vast powers for good or for mischief, and very many of his qualities seemed noble and high.

But William II was born under the shadow of Prussianism, and the traditions of the House of Hohenzollern had steeped his soul. He had been brought up in a military atmosphere, and after his twentieth year was almost divorced from civil life until the crown was thrust upon him. His teachers and companions were old Prussian officers who had surrounded Moltke, and young Prussian noblemen who longed for the summons to battle. Everything around him taught him or told him two things, first, that the sovereign of Prussianized Germany ruled by the grace of God and that it was the duty of all honest subjects to obey him; second, that under an applauding Providence he owed throne, honors, and all else to the Prussian Army, without whose loyal support he would be instantly reduced to impotence. When he took power his first act was to make an address to "his army";[1] only three days later did he issue a statement to "his people," and repeatedly during his reign he voiced the fateful sentiment, "The soldier and the army, not parliamentary majorities, have welded the German Empire together. My confidence is placed on the army."

During the reign of William II there was very little domestic legislation which calls for extended comment. The chief task of the average chancellor, from 1895 onward, had been to induce the often recalcitrant Reichstags to vote the increasingly huge naval bills on which the emperor had set his heart, and, less contentiously as a rule, to provide for the steady increase of the army.

The extremely severe laws of 1878 enacted by Bismarck against the socialists had not been renewed when they expired in 1890; nevertheless the Prussian police had abundant weapons in their arsenal wherewith to fight against a movement which the emperor and all the Junker element regarded with indescribable anger. Yet despite imprisonments, fines, social ostracism, and intimidation the socialist vote grew steadily.

Since 1881, when the vote for the socialist candidates in a general Reichstag election were 311,961, their number of ballots increased on each dissolution of the parliament until 1912, when it had swelled to the menacing number of about 4,250,000. Twice, by the unjust manner in which seats were gerrymandered, they lost in their membership in the Reichstag even though their popular vote was swelled; but in 1912 they added 750,000 votes to their total and won sixty-three new seats in the Reichstag. They had in all 110 seats, making them the largest single party in Germany, and so forcing the Government to win the favor of nearly all the other disjointed and irresponsible parties, Conservatives, "Centrum," National Liberals, Progressives, etc., to be able to carry through its measures.

Theoretically the socialists professed themselves utterly opposed to militarism, and their members voted against almost every increase of the army or fleet when the question came up in the Reichstag. Their opponents taunted them regularly upon their lack of patriotism, and in foreign lands many hopes were founded by ardent pacifists on the suggestions that in event of war the German socialists would refuse the summons to arms against "their brothers," the toilers of France, Russia, and England.

The socialists were in any case an anti-militarist and an anti-absolutist force.

[1] In this address to the army, William II declared, "I swear to remember that the eyes of my ancestors look down on me from the other world, and that I shall one day have to render account to them for the honor and glory of the army."

They represented the rising opposition of a great and very intelligent nation to the régime founded by Bismarck and perpetuated by William II. It was very probably the steady increase of their apparent influence which led the imperialists and Pan-Germans to feel the more ready for one great throw of the dice in 1914; for if they won the victory, they would be alike masters of the domestic and of the international world, and the hurrahs of conquests would stifle radicalism at home. Bismarck and Moltke had defeated liberalism by humiliating first Austria and then France. The heirs to these giants would stifle socialism by bringing home the trophies of a defeated world. This was not the sole cause of Armageddon, but it was a contributing factor.

In 1913 occurred an incident which brought the hostility between the military caste and the civilian element into dangerous relief, and taught many a German how completely visionary was his claim to be the citizen of a free nation. In the opinion of a shrewd official observer, this affair decided the military autocracy upon a speedy war.[1] It certainly was a serious warning to the militarists that their power was in danger and that radical measures were necessary to rehabilitate their prestige. This famous incident has passed into history as the Zabern Affair.

Zabern was a pleasant little city in Alsace, and the fact that the trouble arose in the much-disputed *Reichsland* added nothing to the ease of smoothing out the quarrel. In its garrison was the 91st Prussian Infantry, and among the officers thereof was a youthful lieutenant of the true Junker school, a certain noble Baron von Forstner, twenty years of age, who took his honors very seriously. School children and factory lads seem to have called names at him, and he, in addressing his men, seems to have retaliated by styling the Alsatian recruits *Wackes,* a local title of derogation. There was another story that he had promised his men a ten-mark piece if one of them brought down a Social Democrat, provided it came to shooting. The reports of Forstner's crude remarks spread; the town papers grew caustic, and the colonel of the garrison, Reuter, warned the local civil magistrate, Director Mahler, to restore order (there having been small demonstrations), or he would do so himself. On November 29, 1913, Mahler having refused to object to lawful proceedings, when a civilian crowd gathered in front of the barracks, Reuter directed a subaltern to order it to go home. The angry burghers refused, whereupon the military charged out, and arrested fifteen civilians, including three high judges and the state prosecuting attorney himself, who chanced to get caught in the throng. These four dignitaries were speedily released; the other civilians were held over night and then released.

This clash of burgher and soldier produced wrath throughout Germany; Reuter was already hated by the liberals as an exponent of extreme Junker theories. He was tried for violating the law which forbade the soldiery to interfere in civilian matters, but was promptly acquitted by his military court on a technicality. The wrath of the liberals was great, and it was shared by many level-headed conservatives. The Governor-General of Alsace himself felt constrained to resign as a protest at this usurpation of civilian functions, but an order from the emperor commanding the military henceforth to keep within their authority caused him to withdraw his action.

Very quickly, however, Zabern and the noble lieutenant Baron von Forstner again gave business for the telegraph. This gentleman had not been wisely withdrawn to another garrison town less acquainted with his mannerisms. He fell into an undignified altercation with a lame shoemaker of the neighborhood. Very probably the clown presumed upon his physical weakness and made unflattering remarks. Forstner, not feeling that his opponent's infirmity should be any protection, drew his saber and wounded the cripple. Once more there was uproar. Forstner was promptly tried by court martial. In a

[1] James W. Gerard, "My Four Years in Germany," p. 75.

lower court he was convicted and sentenced to one year in custody; a higher tribunal, however, promptly took up the case on appeal and acquitted the lieutenant "for self-defense"![1]

Forstner had thus vindicated his honor, so dear to every Prussian officer, by repaying revilings with a blow from the noble's weapon, but in the Reichstag civilian wrath boiled over. The defense of the Government advanced by Bethmann-Hollweg was feeble and evasive; and oil was poured on the flames by the arrogance of the war-minister, who said that Forstner might have been overanxious to protect himself, but that such a "courageous young officer" was an asset to the nation.

The incident had sent panic through the Junkers and the princely gentlemen in the Potsdam palaces. The rift between the civilians and the military had been advertised too clearly. The Zabern incident, in other words, taught the Junkers, the Pan-German propagandists, and their allies, the great manufacturers who were clutching at world trade, that despite the great material prosperity they had brought the empire, despite the careful drilling of public opinion, their position was getting precarious. It doubtless had its effect upon their august personal head, the God-crowned emperor and king. Its whole effect surely was to get them all to quicken their efforts, already promising fearful success, to ease the home situation by a foreign war.

However, the attitude of Germany in foreign affairs was no longer that of Bismarck's "satiated" state, seeking only for inward development and peace. She was building a great navy, she was increasing her already mighty army, she was reaching out hungrily for colonies, she was giving foreign statesmen anxious nights when they brooded on her aggressive policy. A great host of skilful pamphleteers and propagandists was carrying out to the nation the peace-destroying gospel that Germany needed new opportunities for riches, power, and expansion, and that all these good things could be wisely and speedily won by the sword.

[1]The crippled shoemaker was held by two soldiers while their lieutenant slashed him. Afterward a pocket-knife was discovered in the civilian's pocket. It was against this that the officer defended himself.

(To be continued)

To a Sparrow

By FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

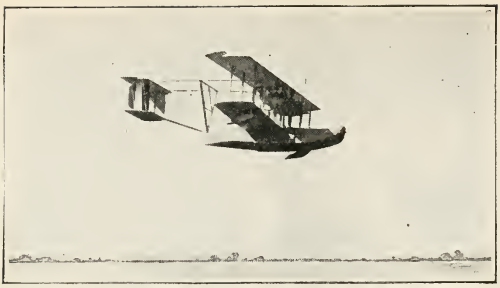
Because you have no fear to mingle
  Wings with those of greater part
So like me, with song I single
  Your sweet impudence of heart.

And when prouder feathers go where
  Summer holds her leafy show,
You still come to us from nowhere,
  Like gray leaves across the snow.

In back ways where odd and end go
  To your meals you drop down sure,
Knowing every broken window
  Of the hospitable poor.

There is no bird half so harmless,
  None so sweetly rude as you,
None so common and so charmless,
  None of virtues nude as you.

But, for all your faults, I love you;
  For you linger with us still,
Though the wintry winds reprove you,
  And the snow is on the hill.



"Let 's Drop in on England"

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

IN this tortured, war-weary world to-day we have, possibly, a hundred thousand youngsters who are enthusiastic navigators of the upper reaches of the atmosphere, eager to go on, and confident in the future usefulness and safety of the modern flying-machine. There are from thirty to fifty thousand air-planes in existence, counting those on military and naval flying-fields of Europe and America, together with air-planes in process of fabrication or already completed, though not in use. Military men say it cost the Allies much more than five billion dollars before they finally wrested the supremacy of the air from the Germans. The toll in human life has desolated many hearts. However, we have learned to murmur, with a grim little smile, and an unshed tear in the eye, *"C'est la guerre."* We salute our distinguished dead, the pioneers of the air-lanes of the earth.

Has the fury of coördinated industrial energy, the concentrated cerebration of a thousand skilful engineers, the combined effort of half a million mechanics, and the experience of marvelous bird-men in the last four years left us any useful legacy which can be interpreted in terms of beneficent utility? In this direction the observations of the writer on the development of air-craft have been limited to activities in the United States and Canada, supplemented by numbers of interviews with pilots and engineers who have seen service in England, France, and Italy.

The delightful part of a search among your fellow-men for useful information and enlightenment on any subject, where that subject embraces exploitation of and exploration into new fields of science and human endeavor, is that one is invariably met by a marked line of mental cleavage between the optimism and faith of youth and the conservatism and disbelief of matured middle age and beyond.

The steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, and all other great inventions have been met with negative wagging of heads and positive conviction that never, never could they be made a commercial success. Navigation of the air is passing, and for some time will continue to pass, through this same phase, though it will come through to economic success in some lines very quickly, owing to the intensive efforts used in the last few years to advance the industry.

That we have crowded forty years of ordinary effort into one year, and have advanced in the science of air navigation possibly five years in the same time, was the statement made by one of the American efficiency engineers of a great air-plane plant.

He felt that, if we could have had a

tithe of the amount of actual money which has been expended in the gigantic effort to secure quantity production of half a dozen types of fighting-planes to spend in normal times on original research in producing new and effective types of long-flight and cargo- and passenger-carrying planes, there would now be active competition for records in the accomplished transatlantic flights, and that daily and hourly air schedules would be in operation for high-speed and long-distance flights in the United States from ocean to ocean.

Another prominent air engineer, who has designed and built a dozen successful types of air-planes for England, France, Italy, and America, called attention to the interesting fact that, though billions of money had been spent on the art, not one single machine had been constructed which differed basically or radically from those we knew of before the war began. His explanation was simple enough; he said that in this furious, man-killing, bomb-destroying, military-information-gathering game in which the world has been engaged for the last four years the two great salient factors that constantly stood out in the struggle for military air supremacy were speed and climb, speed and climb.

This truth holds good all the way from the tiny sixteen-foot wasp plane, which can fly 175 miles an hour and climb 10,000 feet in five or six minutes, to the great albatross types of 130-feet wing-spread, which, even to travel in comparative safety from enemy batteries, with their several tons of devastating bombs, must move along at approximately one hundred miles an hour.

Let it be said here, so that no wrong impression may be given, that air-craft has suffered from no inventive atrophy; on the contrary, for the benefit of the author and usually under pledge of secrecy, army air engineers and fliers, naval fliers and manufacturing air-craft experts have dug into their files and desk-drawers to produce entirely new designs of flying-machines. Many of them differ so radically from present types that even a Darwin could not trace the evolution.

Unquestionably some of these new types will carry us into new realms of successful air navigation. The United States Government has had a coterie of men looking with sympathetic eyes on every invention that has been presented. Naturally, however, a large amount of the stuff submitted was rejected because it possessed no inherent mechanical or engineering merit. It was such a rejection of a new flying-machine, submitted by the artist Borglum, which is said to have indirectly started the famous air-craft investigation in the United States.

Can we drop in on England by air-plane?

Certainly we can. We have some nineteen thousand youngsters in the United States to-day who are accredited air pilots, made so by a system of intensive army and navy training. Eighteen thousand nine hundred of them will enthusiastically volunteer to fly across the Atlantic at any time.

It can be stated seriously, however, that there has not been built an air-plane which can make a single-trip flight between the United States and Great Britain. Despite this adverse statement, let us now proceed to prove that we can fly to England by air-plane, and will in all probability do so in the next few months, but the voyage will have to be negotiated in jumps from land to land, each measuring shorter distances than would any direct route from the United States to Great Britain.

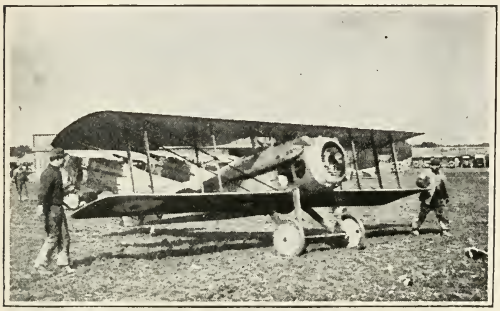
From New York City to Queenstown, Ireland, is 3000 miles; from New York to Newfoundland is 840 miles; from Newfoundland to Ireland, by the most direct course, is 1860 miles, or a total of 2700 miles from New York to Ireland.

From Newfoundland to the Azores is 1190 miles; from the Azores to Lisbon, Portugal, is 825 miles; and from Lisbon to Falmouth, England, is 825 miles, or a total of 3680 miles from New York City to Falmouth.

From Newfoundland to Greenland is 820 miles; from Greenland to Iceland is 620 miles; and from Iceland to Scotland is

825 miles, or a total of 3105 miles from New York City to Scotland.

It can properly be said that almost all the powerful types of modern air-planes are able to fly six hundred miles as their maximum, under favorable conditions; that is, they have a gasolene capacity for that flying radius. Your air-pilot, of course, speaks of his gasolene supply in terms of hours of flight and not miles, for the distance he travels on a gallon of gasolene is dependent on the direction of the wind.



Photograph by Brown Brothers

A FRENCH SPEED-COMBAT PLANE

For example, the Post-Office Department shows now and again on its chart of the daily mail air-service between Washington and New York remarkable variations in miles per hour flight. One trip in a high-powered air-plane against a terrific wind was successfully accomplished at 40 miles per hour, while the air-mail plane coming in the other direction was flying 135 miles per hour.

All authorities agree that we shall in all probability drop in on England by air route before she visits us, for the reason that the prevailing winds across the Atlantic are from west to east. There are certain modest United States naval officers who have figured this out, and who are now building large flying-boats which, they think, with a favoring wind, can make the trip by way of the Azores.

Going back to our four routes to England, it will be seen that we now have air-planes which can fly to England, via Greenland and Iceland, by carrying an additional gas-tank, as the longest jump is only 825 miles.

Both the army and navy have American-built planes that can make this flight with virtually no change in the equipment, provided the details of the landing-fields have been worked out and favorable weather conditions obtain. Such machines as the two-engined De Haviland, the Glen Martin bomber, the three-engined Curtis flying-boat, the three-engined Caproni, and the mammoth, two-engined Handley-Page all can, with fair certainty, fly these distances.

The deterrent factors are a temperature of from forty to fifty degrees below zero in winter and land-obscuring fogs in summer, and again one of the very vital factors is that no flight by dead-reckoning can be undertaken for this distance, in the present state of the flying art, unless weather conditions are exceedingly fine.

Let us at once take a look at this problem of arriving in an air-plane at a destination eight or nine hundred miles away, traveling entirely over water.

Out on the broad ocean, out of sight of land, the pilot sets his course by compass; his engines are turning over a definite number of revolutions every minute, which apparently drives the plane ahead a definite number of miles per hour.

An air-plane flying over water has no way of telling accurately what mileage it is covering. However, its actual speed ahead, with reference to the earth's surface, is determined by the direction and miles per hour the air is traveling. A plane capable of doing a hundred miles an hour in still air, flying against a fifty-mile wind, would pass over only fifty miles of earth surface; flying with this wind, it would have its speed accelerated by nearly fifty more miles an hour; or if the wind blew directly at right angles across its course, it would drift sidewise at nearly fifty miles an hour. In other words, the

air pilot traveling over water, out of sight of land, is powerless to tell how slowly or how fast he is traveling forward and how many miles he is drifting sidewise each hour, and all this time his compass is ostensibly pointing a true course and his engines continue to purr on and on at their thousand-odd revolutions per minute.

Some one will promptly ask, "Why not determine latitude and longitude from the air-plane by using the sextant, as is done on a ship?" Incidentally, experiments are being carried on in this direction by both the army and navy, with the result that the army is more confident of a successful issue than the navy's fliers. It is a known fact that at any high elevations in an air-plane the horizon-line is never well defined; therefore, to use a sextant successfully from a flying-machine, the navy experts say one should come down to within fifty or one hundred feet of the water.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

A FRENCH NIEUPORT BIPLANE AT AN AMERICAN AVIATION FIELD

Please understand that clever and accurate instruments have been invented for the air-plane by which actual flying speeds and "drift" can be measured, provided the fixed earth's surface can be seen, and one large instrument-maker designed a machine for sighting the crests of breaking waves, the line of foam showing the direction of the wind and the breaking crests supplying a fair measure of the velocity of the wind. From these two factors the drift and speed of the air-plane is to be calculated.

In land flying, the science of locating oneself in the air at night and in foggy and hazy weather is being rapidly worked out by both the army and the navy by means of the wireless telegraph and the wireless telephone, but these systems require service stations at rather regular intervals on the ground.

The man in the air has a detector through which, after calling three stations, he is enabled to locate himself quite accurately in the triangle. A refinement of this is being practically developed in the shape of a maximum sound detector by which the air-pilot who arrives above a landing-field in a dense fog may, by circling, positively determine when he is exactly over the field and thus be enabled to make a safe landing without difficulty.

What is the type of airship that is to penetrate the mysteries of the unknown air lanes over the open sea? Will it be a flying-boat or a land machine? Will it be a small plane, flying with light load at terrific speed, or a huge plane, with large carrying capacity, traveling more leisurely?

All flying authorities, civilian, military, and naval, seem in agreement to-day that it will be a big machine, larger and heavier and with more engines than have so far been used. It is thought by some that the so-called one-man or two-man machine, modified to carry the maximum of fuel, might safely fly from Newfoundland to the Azores; but quivers are caused in the timid man's spine when he listens to these clear-eyed and utterly fearless air-pilots discussing how, after depending on a thirty-knot favoring wind, they are going to get that last hundred miles needed to reach the islands.

Major-General W. L. Kenly, Director of Military Aëronautics of the United States Army, who, though over fifty years old, is an excellent pilot himself and prefers to, and does, make nearly all his trips

across country in an air-plane, believes that no transatlantic flight should be attempted until it has been conclusively proved that continuous voyages of greater mileage than the transatlantic gaps can be safely managed over the land. With the present personnel of the army, which includes skilled constructors and engineers as well as marvelous fliers, he believes that, the nation being willing, they could in a short time develop new types of air-planes capable not only of distance flights, but having economic value for transportation purposes in which high speed was required.

Captain Roy M. Francis of General Kenly's staff, an air engineer and pilot of over nine years' experience, is now developing a flying-machine that, he hopes, will keep the air for eighteen hours at a speed of from eighty to ninety miles an hour. This machine is making actual test flights, but not as yet for maximum distance. Captain Francis earnestly considers flying safer than driving an automobile, and expects to see the day when single-seater air-planes will sell for $750, and two-men machines will not exceed $1500, inclusive of the instruments that make flying safe.

Among the activities of the army in the direction of making long-distance flying safe, just before the armistice was signed, was the making of an air map of the United States. The flying was being done by cadets and young officers, in Curtis training-planes, in jumps of from 150 to 200 miles. As complete notes as possible were being compiled with regard to exact routes, air conditions, and possible landing-places. The rapid demobilization of the air forces may cause this work to cease entirely.

There is one flying-machine in America actually in the air and equipped with sufficient fuel for extremely long flights. This is a Curtis flying-boat owned by the navy and known as the N. C. 1. It has a wing-spread of 125 feet and has carried fifty people into the air at one time.

This airship weighs about 13,000 pounds, including the boat, but without gasolene, oil, water, men, equipment, or food. It can raise into the air a gross weight of 22,600 pounds, which includes its own weight given above. In other words, all the rest of the load must not exceed 9600 pounds, or 4½ tons.

It can be shown that with favoring winds this boat is theoretically able to reach the Azores in a single flight.

Remember no naval officer, in or out of the flying service, would commit himself to such a statement, but here is the way one arrives at the proof:

The navy's N. C. 1 has been fitted with gas-tanks that carry 1400 gallons of gasolene. The ship is installed with three big Liberty motors, each developing 330 horse-power. These motors, combined, consume 90 gallons of gas each hour, and by running the engines with throttle wide open, the plane is driven at 82 miles an hour. This would give a travel distance of 15.5 hours, or 1271 miles.

Our transatlantic pilots figure on saving gas and also the engines by throttling them down. Apparently the most economical speed of the Liberty motor is the one at which it consumes 25 gallons of gasolene per hour for each motor, or a total of 75 gallons for all three. But this immediately cuts us down to 62 miles an hour on the N. C. 1 flying-boat, or 18 hours in the air for a travel distance of 1152 miles.

Plenty of these daredevil fliers would gladly try to reach the Azores on this mileage, expecting to make the flight with a favoring wind that *might* add 15 miles an hour for the entire distance, which would make, carrying out our calculation, 77 miles per hour for 18 hours, or 1386 miles.

It is easy to realize how narrow are these margins between landing safely in a land-locked harbor or out of sight of land on a billowing sea, which has a nasty habit of tearing the flying-ships to pieces in a very few hours.

You have probably caught in these hurdling figures the one of 9600 pounds which this navy boat can carry We begin by loading our boat with 1400 gallons of gas at 6 pounds per gallon, or 8400

pounds. We should carry four men, two pilots, and two mechanics at 150 pounds each, but we are forced to reduce this to three men, weighing 450 pounds altogether, because our lubricating oil for the trip weighs 600 pounds; so that we finally have left only 150 pounds to cover food, water, extra instruments, and et ceteras. The boat lightens itself in flight about 500 pounds per hour by its fuel and oil consumption, and becomes less soggy and cumbersome in its flying and control, or, as expressed by the air-pilots, "the ship has more pep."

The navy has still another boat under construction, which will be launched almost immediately. This is said to have greater lifting power and will probably carry more gas. It is also motored by three big Liberty engines, and this may be the boat that will make the transatlantic trip, perhaps with the aid of several patrol cruisers to pick up the aviators if they are forced to flash the S. O. S.

Before leaving the subject of the navy airship, it should be mentioned that the flying height preferred by the navy is from 1000 to 2000 feet, for observation purposes, and for this reason the Liberty motors installed are known as low-compression engines, to differentiate them from the high-pressure Liberties, which find a place in high-altitude land machines.

None of the Italian Capronis owned by our Government have sufficient carrying capacity or speed to fly over 900 miles, even if specially arranged to carry a maximum of fuel and oil. They are fine fliers, however, with wing-spread of 76 feet, weighing 7700 pounds, with their two 400 horse-power Liberty motors and their radiator water, and they lift a gross weight of 12,350 pounds or over 6 tons.

The Italians have built some large airships of the triplane type, carrying four motors and with a gross lifting power around 22,000 pounds. Such an airship can probably make the transatlantic trip nicely, provided it is flown from this side by Newfoundland and the Azores.

The British military establishment was said to possess the greatest known flying giant in the shape of a Handley-Page with 155-foot wing-spread, engined with four Rolls-Royce motors. The official facts regarding the performance of this monster fighter were rather well guarded until recently, but it is now known that this type of machine would have been used to bombard Berlin if the German collapse had been slightly delayed.

Actual figures show this super-Handley-Page to be only 127 feet in wing-spread; but even at that she was capable of doing 90 miles an hour and sailing into the sky some 10,000 feet above the earth, lifting altogether 30,000 pounds, of which 6640 pounds represented death-dealing bombs.

To those interested in figures, this monster bird, without load, weighed....	14,000	pounds
Her gas-tanks carried 1190 gallons of gas..	7140	"
Her crew was 7 men...	1206	"
The wireless outfit weighed	200	"
She carried 12 machine-guns, 6 on the front, 4 on the rear, and 2 on the sides, weighing.	757	"
Her maximum bomb weight was.....	6640	"
	29,943	"

The four hand-built Rolls-Royce engines each develop 280 horse-power at 2300 revolutions per minute, or over 1100 horse-power. The total wing area is 3040 square feet, so that in the air every square foot is lifting 9 8/10 pounds.

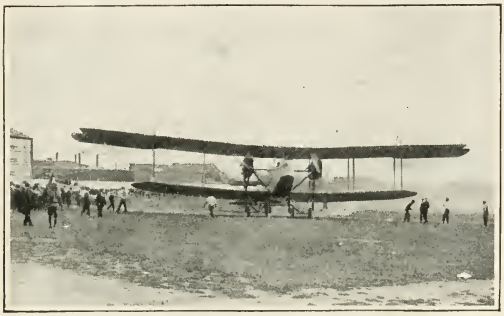
The claim of 90 miles an hour at 10,000 feet is thought too high by some authorities, but, granting the figures, this airship could readily stay in the air some 12 hours by cutting out one engine as the gasolene load was consumed, and she could possibly come home with only two, if forced to, after the load of bombs had been dropped.

Here, then, is an airship, owned by our British cousins, which without any changes can fly with four tons of cargo one thousand miles of continuous flight.

If we proceed to reduce her crew to four men and discard her death-dealing

machinery and substitute gasolene-carriers, we shall find that we can carry 14,200 pounds, or 2366 gallons of gasolene after making an allowance of 1000 pounds for four men, wireless apparatus, and extras, and 800 pounds for lubricating oil.

The four Rolls-Royce engines at 10,000 feet in the air will consume 108 gallons of gasolene for every hour of travel, so at this rate we get the remarkable figure of 22 hours of continuous flight, which, at 90 miles an hour, makes 1980 miles, or just 120 miles farther than the direct distance from Newfoundland to Ireland. By cutting out one engine after fuel consumption decreases weight, it might be possible to increase the total number of hours to 30.



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THE FIRST AMERICAN-BUILT HANDLEY-PAGE BOMBER, EQUIPPED WITH TWO LIBERTY MOTORS

There is a chance that Great Britain will look in on her Canadian children. She has now the airship that can do it if the prevailing westerly winds are not too strong. At least Great Britain can ship her monster Handley-Page, with its magnificent hand-built engines, to America, and fly home any day she feels like it.

While we Americans are good sports and quick to offer enthusiastic acclaim to the prowess and daring and skill of the other fellow, of whatever nationality he may be,—a negro prize-fighter, a Japanese wrestler, an English polo-player, an undaunted, grizzled statesman of any country, or a tiny nation with back against the wall, fighting for self-preservation,—somehow most of us would feel chagrined, if some other nation should take the glory of the first all-air transatlantic voyage.

We are the pioneers of air-craft. The soul of the invention belongs to America and is embodied in our Wrights and our Langley and a score of lesser men. Yes, it is true, as the carping critic here interjects, that to commercialize some of our inventions the inventors are forced to go to European markets. It is an interesting thing, however, that such inventions have usually been those which could be used for purposes of destruction; for example, submarines, high explosives, artillery, machine-guns, dirigibles, and air-planes.

All the great inventions of the earth that have for their purpose the economic advancement and utilitarian welfare of mankind have been developed here to a degree of perfection and on a scale of magnitude amazing to even our own complacent self-confidence.

The air-plane did secure its greatest impetus abroad as another monster for the destruction of human life. When our time came, we bumped along and threw away our loose change to the amount of a billion, trying to get ready to begin production output of flying-machines. The war stopped just one year too soon—however, glory be!—for the United States Government to demonstrate that we could build more and faster and bigger flying-machines of all types than any other nation in the world. This is said with a modest bow of deference to the detailed perfection arrived at by the English, French, and Italians, in the Handley-Pages and Spads and Nieuports and Capronis, and to their hand-made motors,—the Rolls-Royce, the Hispano-Suzi, and Gnome, and so on,—all of which possessed the greater refinement of the hand-made article over the system of practical quantity production.

At the request of the author, Chief-

Engineer Charles P. Day, who is among the leading air-craft engineers of America, and whose corporation has been building Handley-Pages, Capronis, De Havilands, and scout- and training-machines for this and other governments, has worked out in detail an air-plane that can make a continuous flight from Newfoundland to the Azores and still have several hours of flight as a margin for untoward events.

This giant machine would be fitted with pontoons. Its wing-spread would be 125 feet from tip to tip. The width of the planes would be 14 feet, and the total number of square feet of lifting surface would be 2950.

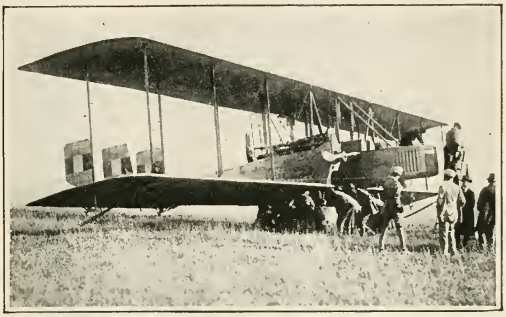
The weight of this machine without load—"dry," as expressed by the engineer—is 14,000 pounds. It will carry another 12,600 pounds, known as the "useful load." It is this load which is divided up between gasolene, oil, men, instruments, food, and other necessities.

The load for a transatlantic flight is as follows:

1835 gallons of gasolene, weighing	11,000	pounds
Crew of 4 men, two pilots and two mechanics, weighing.....	640	"
These men to have electrically treated clothes weighing	160	"
They would have 6 pounds of food per person, weighing	24	"
The craft is to have instruments and wireless, weighing.....	200	"
Lubricating oil, weighing	600	"
Total	12,624	"

This monster ship is to have four Liberty motors of 400 horse-power each, but our cautious engineer allows us a total of only 1400 horse-power, or 350 horse-power for each engine. This gives much surplus power and saves the engines from being driven at their greatest speed.

With this equipment the speed of the air-plane at sea-level will be 100 miles per hour; at 10,000 feet elevation—to which it could climb in twenty-five minutes—the speed will have decreased to 90 miles per hour, because the decreased compression in the gas engine, due to the rarefied atmosphere, does not give us as much power.



Standard Aircraft Corporation

A CAPRONI AT MINEOLA, LONG ISLAND

However, another curious phenomenon takes place in air-planes as they gain in elevation, and that is that their speed through the air steadily increases if the horse-power of the engines can be kept up, because the decreased air resistance permits them to travel through the medium with less friction.

The figures for our big plane given above show that we are carrying 19 pounds to every horse-power of the engines, or 9 pounds for every square foot of wing-lifting surface. The weights per horse-power are interrelated with weights per square foot of lifting surface. Also, the faster the plane travels, the fewer number of square feet of lifting surface is needed to sustain a given weight in flight; this also means the smaller the wings, the greater the initial speed attained on the ground before the air-plane will launch itself into the air, and, conversely, the faster must one, perforce, make a landing.

A large Handley-Page can land safely at 25 miles an hour, though it cleaves the air at 100 miles. A baby Spad lands at

the dangerous speed of 90 miles an hour, and flies at 150. So, you see, the engineer's problem in designing a safe airplane is to have a great air speed and as low landing speed as possible to large carrying ability, and surplus of engine power to pull oneself out of trouble in case of storms.

Air-planes have been built that can carry 26 pounds of weight per horse-power, and, in fact, this hypothetical plane of ours can rise from the ground nicely, under favorable atmospheric conditions, with a load of 23 pounds for each horse-power, or a gross total weight of 32,200 pounds, or over 16 tons.

The conservative engineer, however, makes use of this extra weight-carrying ability in a very clever manner. He does not endanger his first few hours of flight from the American coast by overloading, but he pictures the plane rising, with its four great roaring engines held well in hand as to revolutions per minute, and carrying only his 19 pounds per horse-power load.

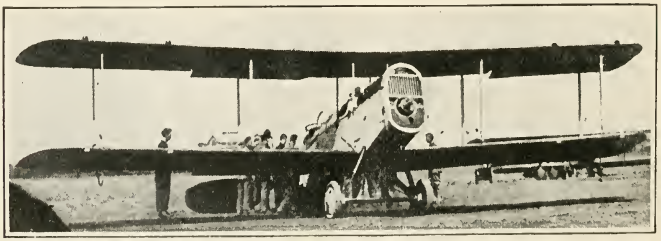
Now, all four engines running wide open at sea-level consume 745 pounds of gas each hour, but when the machine is 10,000 feet in the air it uses only 672 pounds per hour, because the gasolene cannot combine with the lessened oxygen of the rarer air any faster to make the proper explosive mixture which drives the engines.

Following that gasolene figure of 672 pounds per hour gives us at the end of 3.56 hours of running a consumption of 2400 pounds. This weight, subtracted from our 11,000 pounds of original fuel, leaves us with 8600 pounds of fuel with which to finish our journey

We are now approximately 350 miles at sea, and have 840 miles to go to reach the Azores. Here our engineer cuts off one engine completely, and intends to drive the plane to a successful finish with three motors. The figures now look like this: we have only 1050 horse-power for three engines, instead of the original 1400 with four. We have decreased our total weight to 24,200 pounds, or a little more, by the consumption of gasolene and oil. But, with three engines running, we have jumped our load up to 23 pounds for every horse-power; however, we are 10,000 feet in the air, above all dangerous and cranky winds and with plenty of room to manœuver in.

From this time on the three engines consume at this altitude only 504 pounds of gasolene per hour, which enables us to fly 17.1 hours longer, with a constantly decreasing load until we finish, weighing only 14.8 pounds to the operating horse-power and 5.28 pounds per square foot of lifting surface. With a machine as light as this, it is said you can buck almost any adverse weather condition.

The 3.56 hours with four motors running, and the 17.1 hours for the remaining distance, give us 20.66 hours of flight at 90 miles an hour, or a total possible flying distance of 1860 miles, or more definitely, 670 miles more than the distance of the Azores from Newfoundland, or, if you like, the exact distance from Newfoundland to Ireland.



Photograph by Paul Thompson

A DE HAVILAND FOUR

Palestine: Lights and Shadows

By JOSEPH KOVEN

Sketches from a Traveler's Note-Book

III

YEMMA is a little Zionist colony situated in a valley not far from Mount Tabor and is about an hour's journey by horse from Tiberias. It is a dreamy little place, below the American colony, Porea, and surrounded on all sides by hills. The colonists work hard in their wheat-fields or on their almond plantations, and dream of a time when the blue-and-white flag of Zion, embroidered with the Mogen David, will take its place among the recognized standards of the world.

VIRGIN'S WELL, NAZARETH

Many of the young men and women in Galilee remember how one night the fathers of Yemma had to fight with a band of Arabs that had descended from the hills and invaded the lower wheat-fields. This is how it happened, as was told to me by a son of one of the early pioneers:

"Yemma, as you know, lies in a valley between very high hills. Rain is plentiful in the wet season, and when it is dry, we irrigate the land artificially. Our harvests come up green and golden and plentiful, and we are well rewarded for our pains. For this reason the Arabs who live in their tents on the hillsides, and whose crops are always meager, are jealous of their Jewish neighbors.

"It happened that one season, about the time when the colony was first established, when the young men and women of Yemma were still children, that the harvest was poor on the hills, and the Arabs had little wheat. So one night when the moon had gone down and it was dark, the watchmen of the colony saw many bonfires on the hills. 'The infidels are celebrating,' said some; but they paid no attention to the fires, being still unused to the Arab's ways.

"My father was in charge of the eastern approach to the village. He did not like the bonfires on the hills, but, like the others, he did not expect any danger. But the manner in which the fires leaped up and went out again finally made him suspicious.

"I remember how he came into the house just as the clock struck one. I heard him go over to my mother's bed and say something in very low tones. My mother sat up very quickly and she had a frightened look on her face. I saw that because we always had the lamp burning in the window when father was on duty at night.

" 'Do you think it can mean something?' I heard my mother ask.

" 'I don't know,' my father answered; 'but don't be afraid, as I may be mistaken. Who knows? Don't leave the house, whatever happens. Lock the door after me and put out the light.'

"He went out, and my mother, who was very frightened, locked the door, bolted the shutter, and blew out the lamp. The other children were fast asleep, but I could n't shut my eyes any more. I understood that

trouble was brewing somewhere, but what it was about or what it could possibly be I did n't know. I crept over to my mother's bed and begged her to let me go out, saying that I had forgotten to shut the door to the hen-house. But my mother would not let me finish and ordered me back to bed. I tried to argue with her that a jackal might get into the coop and kill our chickens, but she became angry; so I decided that it would be best not to trouble her. However, instead of going to bed, I crept up the ladder to the garret, felt my way along the wall until I reached one of the little unglazed windows. It was very dark, as there were no stars, but I could see tiny red gleams on the hills and my father's form, mounted upon our old gray mare, moving up and down before the rude guard-house, where a lantern was burning.

"Suddenly a great many lights began to spring up on the hills and descend in our direction. I saw my father drawing tight the rein. The horse turned sharply and began to gallop in the direction of the 'club,' where all the official business of our little government was carried on. I changed my position to one of the windows on the other side of the garret; but as I could n't see anything from there except a few lights, I went back to the first window.

"Soon the great alarm-bell began to ring. The lights on the hills were sinking lower and lower. A few stars began to show. The alarm-bell sounded again. I went down the ladder, and heard my mother rousing the children and anxiously calling my name. There were three of us, and I was the eldest, eight years of age. I helped my mother dress my two little brothers in whatever clothes we could lay our hands on, and together we ascended to the garret and drew up the ladder after us.

"For a minute all was silent. Then came sounds of doors opening and closing, of men and women talking loudly, and once I thought I heard my father call out: 'To the fields! To the fields!' Horses began to gallop about in all directions, and the lights in the houses disappeared. Everything was quiet again. My little brothers began to cry; so mother spread out her shawl in a corner and covered them. They were soon asleep again. For a long time it was so still that we could hear the owls hooting in the distance. Then, quite suddenly, the firing of a gun echoed and re-echoed against the hills. This was followed by another and still another. The firing became continuous. We could see vague forms in the wheat-fields and alternate flashes of lightning when the guns were fired.

"Mother prayed in a whisper. I felt her body tremble as she drew me very close to her.

" 'Father is safe,' I told her; 'no one can hurt him, Mother.' I knew that a fight was going on and that my father was in danger, but I felt certain that he would come back unhurt.

"The firing continued for a few minutes longer, then it became less frequent and died away altogether. Lights began to appear in the windows of the neighboring houses, and soon my father's voice was heard at the door. There was triumph in his voice, and I felt my heart expand with pleasure.

" 'Open the door, please,' he said in Russian, then repeated the same thing in Hebrew. Mother helped me lower the ladder, and I went down. I lit the lamp and unbolted the door. When I saw my father entering hot and perspiring, with a gun in his hand, I began to cry. Somehow I realized that he had been in great danger for our sake.

"We helped mother and the children down from the garret and set the holiday samovar on the table.

" 'God of Israel be praised!' said my father. 'We drove them off without a single loss to ourselves and we saved the wheat.'

"When we went out into the fields later in the day we found that the stacks of wheat had hardly been trampled upon, but there were a few stained turbans lying about in the stubble.

"During the afternoon a dozen Turkish soldiers were sent over by the government at Tiberias, but they soon after departed, praising the bravery of the Jews.

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

WOMEN GRINDING WHEAT

"There was rejoicing for a whole month, and to commemorate the victory we were given a whole week's vacation from school."

The life of the colonists in Galilee does not attract me. There is too much of a clinging to the past.

I visited Saffet, on Mount Moiron. The provincialism, the ignorance, and the filth are appaling. People live there in a state of religiouus antiquity that does not permit of any sort of freedom or development. The God of Israel has become a tangible thing to them, a fetish, an amulet to carry about their necks. They have dragged down the infinitely glorious and poetic deity of matter and soul and modeled it in human clay. Barbarous ceremonies, rites of unbelievable crudity and vulgarity, are the only forms of "spiritual" expression. And woe betide the apostate who dares to decry the unholy consolations and the gruesome mockeries, who would teach the people a newer lesson on life!

The colonists of Galilee are more modern, but the indifference with which they tolerate the barbarous customs of the fanatics, with the highest approval from many of our pioneers as a method of race preservation, showed me that fruit of the day's planting will be stale and sour.

I was standing on the Tiberias quay waiting for the steam launch that was to take me across the Galilee to Samach. I was thinking of many things, particularly of the grossness of the Turk who had unceremoniously deprived me of my chair when I refused to buy some "American lemonade" from him. A young Jew, dressed in the custom of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, approached me and doffed his hat. The pale, dejected face told me in an instant that he was in distress.

"What can I do for you, Brother?" I asked him.

"You are the rich American they are talking about?" he questioned in answer to my question.

"I am not rich, Brother," I told him, "even though I 've lived in America a great many years. But what can I do for you?"

"What can one Jew do for another when he is in trouble?"

I handed him two francs, and told him that it was all I could spare. He thanked me profusely, although I could see that he was disappointed. We began to talk. He told me with some hesitation that he had a sick mother at home, that he was a student of the Ishiba, and was as poor as a synagogue mouse.

"Don't you receive any help from the Kehilla?" I asked him. "Thousands of dollars are collected yearly for the needy in Palestine."

He made an effort to speak, but caught himself quickly and kept quiet.

"Well," I urged him, "can't you get anything from them?"

"You know the old saying," he said at length, "if you are a mason, you must n't give away the secrets of the masons."

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

NAZARETH

"Bah! Do you think I 'll tell any one it was you who told me? Besides, I do not even know your name, and hardly anything about you."

There was another pause. He looked about him very carefully and said very earnestly:

"You think all the money collected for Palestine ever reaches the needy ones! Listen. The Kehilla's representative here in J—— has a son who is going to the university and a crazy daughter who must have a large dowry. You understand? The students of the law who receive monthly allowances from the Kehilla sign vouchers for so much and so much, but they get only half of what they are supposed to get. And we must be satisfied and hold our tongues or we get nothing. Where do you suppose the rest of the money goes to?"

He told me a few more interesting things about the workings of the charity machine. I confess I was inclined to disbelieve him. Later experiences, and people I met and talked to, made me feel that "there is something rotten in the state of Denmark."

Onward, onward; north, south, east, and west. I am roaming over a land that has become the lodestar of many a brave ideal. But what am *I* seeking? What did I set out to find? I remember. I wanted a change, "even a change of divinities." Alas! I have found the same gods, surrounded by the same artificial halos, worshiped by the same unhappy human beings in the same beggarly way.

How strangely restless I feel tonight! So many longings creep in upon me that my heart aches. Lonely among my own people! Why? Is it because I do not understand them? How my heart went out to them always—to their joys and their sorrows! To love is to understand, and I have loved them. I did expect to find them better, kindlier, more responsive, their thoughts braver, their lives freer, their souls' armor removed. Surely one can expose one's soul to a friend and a brother. Alas! the world has made them wear this armor so long that it has sunken into the flesh; they cannot remove it.

Daily I watch the people pass me by, and I cry out to them in my heart: "Come out of the narrow shells you have built about you. Laugh freely, speak your thoughts bravely; we shall understand. We will joy with you and, if need be, partake of your sorrows. God made this world for all. Why build hedges about your little acres and remain hidden behind them? Let us partake of one another's sorrows. The load will be easier for each. Tell us of your joys and your beautiful promptings. Joy can be shared by all."

But the people speak of trivial things,

laugh in a forced way, or remain silent and sullen.

This is the house, ancient, dilapidated, and forlorn-looking, a strange place for a daughter of Israel to live in or die in. On this side, when she stood by the window and dreamed, the winds and the waves of the Mediterranean whispered magical, amorous words to her. And when she wanted to weep in her anguish, the waves curtsied and smiled to her, and the south wind stole kisses from her lips. On the other side of the ancient dwelling-place men and women passed. The boys looked up at her window with eager curiosity; the old men passed with bowed heads and sorrow in their hearts; the women indignant and scornful, as if her wretched existence were an insult to their sex.

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

CARPENTER SHOP IN NAZARETH

But she died yesterday by the hand of the only one she had ever loved or had been loved by. Strange stories are whispered about her in the streets of Jaffa, but no one knows her secret; she died as she lived, an enigma.

I push open the tall, narrow door and climb the rickety stairs.

The tall, yellow tapers are shedding a ghostly radiance about the bier on which the dead woman lies. Upon the walls the unearthly shadows wrestle and writhe, and in the mirror that stands behind the bed the whole idle scene is reflected. The old Russian clock upon the window-sill is speeding the departing moments in dull, monotonous tones. How well it seems to sum up the fated regularity of existence! Birth and death and sorrow and sin, for they are the laws of life.

By the attitude in which the woman lies one would imagine that she only sleeps, a sweet, unconcerned repose from which she might any moment awaken. Her arms are laid naturally above her head, and the fingers of her delicate hand are interlaced. A single purple flower, carelessly placed there by an old admirer, perhaps, alone adorns her hair, which is long and very black and seems to float in tiny waves about her shoulders. Three other flowers of a softer shade than purple lie in the form of a cross upon her bosom. The muscles of her face have not relaxed, and at times seem almost severe. Strength of purpose, mingled with a tenderness that had often shown there when she lived, is now engraved on it as on an image. Life had never seen her as wonderful as death had made her. And wherefore not? All her days she had been following a path that was strewn with vine leaves and poppies, and was soft and yielding to the feet. When the unexpected obstacle approached, the only one she had known in her life, she was startled. She had never been prepared to encounter it; it was all new to her, unimaginable. And when the power to win herself to it was found, the end had come.

It was the old, old story of folly and vice, of human weakness and rebellion. She had played carelessly with life and paid her score, but not until the thing that

makes saints of sinners had entered into her being and exalted her.

The candles are beginning to burn unsteadily. They have kept up all night, and their tallow is exhausted. Two of the ominous three are flickering their last in the sockets, while the last remaining one is blinking and fading before the light that creeps in through the curtained windows. The clock has run down and stopped. It is dawning, the final day.

Only I am breathing in that chamber of death; all else is silent. Who but one has more than a passing interest in the dead woman? Those who attended the corpse are strangers, and he, the only one, is being prepared to follow the woman he has sent before him. The sexton's help has arranged her in her melancholy robes and gone away. During the evening several men have called to pay their last respects, and departed quickly, without tears, without regret, sorry only that she could no longer serve them. But presently others will come. Then she will be taken up and carried far beyond the limits of the city. Hers will be a nameless grave; in death, as in life, the anger of her own

Photograph by Gardner Hazen
ORIENTAL TYPES

people is against her, for she had broken the canons of Israel and cast off their God.

Daylight is growing, expanding, diffusing itself throughout the entire chamber, and the shapes and shadows of the night are fleeing before it. The scene is the same, but the awe with which the mind vested it is not there. Night breeds fear, distress, and superstition; the day, confidence and resolve. We laugh in the sunlight at the bugbears with which the moon crowded our brain.

The city has come to life and activity. Carts and carriages are rattling by on the narrow streets, and the city's morning song, the sounds of the feet that begin the day's routine, is swelling with a mighty stir.

Below the chamber of death a noise is heard. A wagon stops before the house, a door creaks on its hinges, and footsteps ascend the stairs. A number of men enter, followed by the sexton and pall-bearers. Two of the men, Turkish prison-officers, lead between them a youth of melancholy aspect.

The youth slowly approaches the corpse while the others stand reverently aside. He falls on his knees and buries his face in the cerecloth. He remains a long while in that position, apparently emotionless; he does not weep. Then he rises, looks twice from the living to the dead, and walks out slowly, followed by his guardians.

Their steps sound less heavily upon the stairs, and the door is shut with caution, for there is barely a sound of its closing. There is jangling of bells; horses start, and the prison-van rattles away.

The sexton and the men who have been standing silently by look at one another inquiringly. The sexton nods, and all move to the corpse to complete their funereal labor.

VAGUE and fleeting rumors reached my ears when for the second time I returned from Haife to Petah-Tikvah. Something was to take place, a great event and one of momentous significance to all Jews. The women gathered in little knots in the market-place and discussed the matter in excited tones. The older Jews, instead of talking about their horses and cows during prayers, spoke of the coming event. The town officials strutted about and smiled knowingly, and the "chosen ones," the

friends of these officials, looked very wise.

Two days later the town became a scene of excited activity. The streets were swept, dead and decaying jackals, dogs and cats and other debris, were removed from the roadsides. The hedges were cut and trimmed, the houses washed and painted. Some of the road were flattened, some broadened. Poles, painted blue and white and placarded with the emblem of David, were set up along the main thoroughfares. Evidently a celebration was at hand.

The Maccabees became busy washing their uniforms, learning to march in step, a difficult matter with them, and practising their new songs. Until midnight, or even later, one could hear the "national orchestra," composed of the barber, the butcher, several school-boys, and the schoolmaster, outvying the jackals and donkeys.

The official news-gatherer stopped opening people's mail and took to another occupation—that of explaining to the eager ones who gathered about him as soon as his little fat body appeared in the streets that the coming event would be announced in the newspapers of all countries, and that the whole world was watching Petah-Tikvah with envious eyes.

For a time I could not make out why the people had suddenly grown so courteous to me, but I discovered the reason when I found out what the whole thing was about. Baron X—— was coming to Pitah-Tikvah! I had long ago informed my zealous friends that I was no relative to Baron X——, neither mentally, physically, nor spiritually; in fact, not even *materially*. But some wiseacres felt that I was merely pretending. And since these wiseacres have such glib tongues that they can convince a hungry Cossack that he had just eaten, a number of people, particularly the younger ones, began to regard me as the national thermometer. But I soon grew tired of denying my relationship to the mighty baron, so I decided to let the wiseacres have their way.

Several young men approached me the other day and asked me the usual question:

"Well, we think his honor will be here soon."

"Yes," I answered; "he 's still in Paris."

"In Paris! But—but—"

"It can take him less time to get here from Paris than it would take any one of you to get to Jaffa on a donkey."

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

ORIENTAL TYPES

"But the chief says he will be here Monday at ten—"

"At ten-thirty."

"No, at ten. B—— said so."

"Listen to me. I know better than the chief or B——. His honor will tumble out of bed at eight in the morning, wash, dress, and have breakfast. He will be ready to start about nine o'clock."

"He 'll come on an American battleship," one interrupted timidly.

"Battle-ship? Nonsense!" I told them. "He 'll travel in an aëroplane as far as Alexandria, then by submarine to Jaffa. He 'll be on time."

At that moment two little boys were standing near the post-office. I noticed that they had been watching us for a long time. Then one of them left his companion, ran over to me, and took my hand. And while he held my hand he looked over his shoulder and called out, "Chaim! Chaim!" The one called Chaim shook his head admiringly, walked over to me, and took my left hand, as if to say, "I 'm not afraid of him." Both said "Shalom" and walked away proudly, looking from side to side to see if they were being observed.

Le jour de gloire est arrivé!

The inhabitants of Petah-Tikvah rose early and put on their holiday clothes. They breakfasted with feverish haste, speaking between mouthfuls of such things as might possibly spoil the great day. All business places were shut down except the eating-houses, which were fast becoming overcrowded. Men and women in diligences, on horses and donkeys and camels, on foot, in carts and many other nondescript conveyances, began to arrive early from the neighboring colonies and the cities. Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Christians mingled on the highways. Picture-cards were bought, *gazoz* and American lemonade sold by the gallon. The people drank, shouted, and were excited. The Maccabees were still drilling—from six o'clock in the morning. The schoolmasters were busy lining up the little children, dressed in their white-and-blue garments, all along the roads. Horsemen galloped in and out among the excited crowds. One messenger dashed in from Jaffa, shouting, "His honor has arrived!" A second followed hard upon the first, announcing, "His honor has come ashore!" The third one brought the news that the French consul was with his honor and that they were ready to start. The last horseman had been galloping all the way from Jaffa, so that he was rather short-winded; but he managed to gasp out: "He is coming—with the—French consul —and his wife. They 'll be here in half an hour."

The band began to play the "Hatikvah," the gallant Maccabees marched from the park and took up their positions behind the school-children stationed along the eastern road. The Turkish gendarmes pressed the people against the hedges. Children cried, donkeys brayed, and dogs barked. The dust hung over Petah-Tikvah like an endless cloud. An exciting hour passed, with no sign of the baron, his wife, or the French consul; then another hour of dark suspense. The masses became uneasy. They looked at one another questioningly, and each one shrugged his shoulders. More time passed. Some of the people went home "to fetch a bite," while others sat down in the sand or leaned up against the hedges and ate dried fish and onions with bread.

Suddenly and quite unexpectedly the chief hove in sight. "Hurrah! hurrah!" The Maccabees stood to attention, the band began playing the "Hatikvah," and the people craned their heads and pushed, jostling one another.

The excitement grew. Carriages surrounded by blue-jacketed horsemen appeared from behind the bend in the road. The Maccabees for once forgot their dignity and broke their lines. They rushed forward, knocking down the people who were near them and trampling upon the school-children in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the baron. The gendarmes vainly strove to hold the crowds back. The carriages were surrounded by the rushing masses, and the drivers were compelled to draw rein to avoid an accident. The people talked, wept, gesticulated, and shouted: "Long live the Baron X——! Long live the baron!" Two men, officially designated to welcome his honor, had to fight through the throng. There was a pause, with comparative silence, when the older of the two read the baron a lengthy message inscribed in Hebrew on several folds of parchment. The younger man very pompously and in a high-pitched voice translated the whole of the message into French for the baron's convenience. His honor, a timid-looking little man, wearily nodded approval and perfunctorily shook hands with the official messengers. There were more hurrahs, more pushing and fighting, and the carriage moved forward, accompanied on all sides by the eager throngs.

No sooner was the synagogue reached than letters, papers, and documents were thrown into a second open carriage immediately behind the one occupied by the baron and his party. There were so many letters that I thought the carriage was left empty for the special purpose of receiving them. All these envelops and papers contained requests, appeals, and entreaties for assistance. One colonist needed a donkey and had n't the necessary means with which to buy one; another had to have the strip

Photograph by Gardner Hazen

TYPICAL LANDSCAPE IN ASIA MINOR

of land adjoining his house; a third had to repair his barn. Thus all availed themselves of the baron's arrival.

As I followed the crowds from a distance I saw a woman holding the corners of her apron to her eyes and weeping bitterly.

"What is the trouble, Auntie?" I asked her.

"What can be the trouble?" she answered in surprise. "Don't you know the Baron X—— is here?"

"Well, what if he is here?"

"A pretty question! What if he is here! But *he is here.*"

"I see nothing to weep about."

"Go! go! You are a fool!" She turned to look for sympathy elsewhere.

A great many weeks passed, and Palestine still talked of the "great day." The Maccabees were a bit ashamed of their unmilitary behavior, but the fact that the Baron X—— had "done them the honor" satisfied all.

Several weeks after the great day I visited the American colony, Porea, near Tiberias. I was given the honor of sitting in the same chair the baron had occupied during his visit to Porea, and to write my name under his honor's in my American hostess's blue-covered note-book.

Later I was told by some of the people who had been most active in preparing for the baron's welcome to Petah-Tikvah that in the early days of the colonies the baron set as manager over R—— a man who was both immoral and unscrupulous. This fellow, feeling that the power of the baron was behind him, took the colonists at every disadvantage, going so far as to make improper advances to their wives.

When the colonists petitioned the baron for redress, his honor replied: "He is my staff among you; whatever he does is right. *Ich habe die Tasche.*"

I think it is high time that, in justice to themselves, Jews all over the world dispelled the general idea that Palestine is now a land of milk and honey, so that those who come here to live will know beforehand just what is in store for them.

For every particle of good one derives from the soil a corresponding amount of energy must be expended. It means work, work, work all the time, with no one but yourself to encourage you, and your own pocket to sustain you.

My host in Petah-Tikvah came here some twenty years ago. He, too, had an idealistic conception of Palestine. He had sometimes read of the true conditions in the Holy Land, but was not deterred, for "distance lends enchantment." He was a leader of the Zionist movement in his little town in Russia and expected that, upon reaching Palestine, his name and fame and his zealousness for the cause would go before him and give him a high place among his fellow-pioneers.

But he was welcomed by no one, few

extended him a friendly hand, and he with his wife and children were left to starve and struggle for many years afterward.

On every hand you hear the same thing: "If you have no money, go back to where you came from."

Other men have had more trying experiences. One of them, I was told, an ardent Zionist in his early years, managed to establish himself as drayman and carried passengers from Petah-Tikvah to Jaffa for a small consideration. As the colony expanded and increased in population a number of the wealthier citizens formed themselves into a corporation and fitted out several diligences to compete with the poor drayman. But the latter continued to make a living until, by underhand methods, the "trust" made it impossible for him to carry on his business. When, despite the competition, he attempted to maintain his own, he found things so unpleasant that he was forced to sell everything and emigrate to America.

WATER-CARRIER

It is trying on the nerves to see the fat, pompous hypocrites of Petah-Tikvah sitting under the trees playing cards and drinking, utterly careless of the fact that they are making of their "beloved Zion" a byword among their fellow Jews.

I had often thought of the young Zionist who accompanied me across the Atlantic and with whom I parted at Naples, and had wondered how the new conditions of life had affected him. I made several attempts to find him, but no one could give me a clue as to his whereabouts. Yesterday I was destined to meet him again.

I was walking through that modern part of Jaffa called Tel-Abib. I was feeling unusually lonely, and a slight fever, the beginnings of that awful malaria, was creeping into my bones. I stopped before the *Gymnazia,* not to admire its "paladin magnificence," but to watch two Arabs quarreling with a young *Chussid.* Suddenly I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I turned, and there was my young friend smiling down upon me with tears in his eyes. How changed he was! Every vestige of his former gaiety was gone. His face was pale, and his shoulders drooped. His welcome was so sincere and my loneliness so great that I could not restrain my own emotions. It was like the meeting of two brothers.

"Where have you been keeping yourself?" he asked after the first greetings. "I have been inquiring for you everywhere. I purposely came to Jaffa, where I hoped they would know you."

We left Tel-Abib and walked over to a little Turkish café on the main road. We ordered coffee and cigarettes and sat down in a corner. We remained silent a long time. He was flipping the ashes from his cigarette and did not smoke.

"What are you thinking?" I asked him.

He smiled and said slowly, deliberately: "I am looking at the burning end, as if in that little circle of glowing ashes I may read the symbol of my life."

I blew great clouds of smoke into the air, and my teeth chattered, for the fever was making itself felt. I did not comprehend exactly the meaning of my friend's words, but I vaguely sensed their import. I waited for him to speak again.

He looked at me and said unexpectedly: "You are not feeling well?"

"Yes."

"Fever?" I nodded my head and said: "But it does n't matter."

"Suppose we go down to the beach," he said; "the ocean breeze is good for fever."

"As you like."

We walked down in silence to the edge of the water. Children were playing in the sand, and their merry laughter somehow sounded out of place there by the white-crested waves, which rose high in the air and sank in whirlpools. A mile from shore a steamer was casting anchor,

and I could see that she was flying the French flag. Behind us rose the noise and dust of Jaffa. From the flat roofs of the low Moorish houses women with painted faces that gleamed in the sun, and coarse, inviting looks, were calling out to the few men who were passing. The day was hot, but the sea breeze cooled my forehead and stilled the rising fever.

We seated ourselves on the sand, and my friend began to speak.

"We have seen very little of each other," he said, "and yet I feel as if I had known you all my life."

He extended his hand with a sudden movement, and I clasped it gratefully, and held it in a firm grip for a few moments; and it seemed as if a wave of mutual confidence and respect passed from me to him and back again.

"On board ship we had no chance to learn to understand each other," he continued after a pause. "My fault; then the one great thing in my life eclipsed everything else. I could speak of nothing else but the dream that possessed me then."

"Then?" I questioned closely.

"Wait!" He looked out over the waves, then turned to me again. "Let me tell you my story," he said.

I encouraged him by a look. He began:

"I was born and raised on the East Side, the upper East Side. My father was what we would call a 'modern Jew.' Religion was to him a necessary ethical philosophy without which the human race could not exist socially. He attended synagogue but once a year, on the Day of Atonement. He was afraid of the 'scourge and the whip.' Yet he smoked on the Sabbath, and attended to business on that day when he found it necessary to do so.

"My mother, on the other hand, was extremely orthodox, but with the wisdom arising from experience she confined her religion to herself, and did not try to impose it upon her younger children. I am the youngest. As you can perceive, religion made no impression upon me whatever.

"I was graduated from public school when I was not quite thirteen, and attended high school for two years, until my father's death. My brothers and sisters were all married, so the burden of supporting my mother fell to me. I became a clerk in the post-office and continued my education in the evenings at the public libraries of the East Side. I read much, every book that came to my hand the title of which promised new ideas. I had few friends, but I was not morbid. Sometimes I would pick up a companion in the streets and go with him to the park to play ball. But that was only when the new ideas I had imbibed were not yet fully matured in my mind and therefore made me restless.

"Then I suddenly gave up reading, and began to study human beings. I became interested in civics and current events. I began to apply my ideas to the life about me and felt myself gradually maturing. Then I began to see beneath the surface of people and qualities. I saw many inconsistencies in the general scheme of society, and the things that appeared to me real and enduring I found were only transient. Conditions of life, the great differences in our social constitution, the slavery of the

Photograph by Gardner Hazen
WOMEN BREAKING STONE FOR ROADS

masses, and the opulence of the few distressed me. I became a socialist and began to mingle with those who entertained my ideas. The fever of rebellion began to run riot in my veins. I began to dream of liberty and equality, of bayonets and red flags. How simple the whole thing seemed! All that appeared necessary was to awaken the masses to self-realization, and the great thing would be accomplished. And I would gladly have given my life for such a cause. I was seventeen years old then.

"Another six months slipped by. Every outrage that was committed upon the working-man I accepted as a personal attack. I began to wonder why the people were so slow to comprehend. I became impatient and exasperated. I felt myself helpless, utterly without power to do anything, for it seemed that I was alone in a storm of malice and intrigue. I found my fellow-workers for the cause weak and shallow. I saw that most of them played with their ideas as if they were intellectual toys or wore them on their sleeves for personal adornment. My exasperation and despair were changed to resignation. The fever gradually cooled down."

He drew up his legs under him, Turkish fashion, and continued:

"After that it seemed that I had become spiritually dulled. Life was meaningless; events were only vaguely realized in my mind. I saw, heard, and understood, but I did not *feel*. You understand."

I nodded.

"Two years went by in this manner. My mother died, and I became my own master. I lost the desire for intensive work and began to seek every excuse for giving myself a holiday. On such occasions, when the weather was warm, I would wander about the streets and watch the people, or sit on the edge of a pier. If the day was unusually cold, I would stay at home in my little room, or go to bed and lie there, with my eyes staring up to the ceiling. I could n't reconcile myself to *myself*. I felt as if I had risen from a long, very long, restless sleep and could scarcely remember my dreams. I was not even fully awake to the present. My father's death, my mother's death, and my own childhood were only disconnected episodes in those dreams.

"I visited my brothers and sisters on several occasions, but at each visit I felt more and more estranged from them. I stopped going to them, and since they did not trouble themselves about me, I lost sight of them altogether.

"When I met my old 'comrades' in the streets I turned away, not that I purposely sought to avoid them. They were strangers. You understand. Other episodes in the unpleasant dream.

"I continued in this state for many months. Summer came and went, and came again, and was succeeded by winter for the third time. But neither the hot sun nor the severe frost roused me from what I must call my lethargy. Mind you, I was perfectly normal otherwise. I had a healthy appetite and slept well. In fact, I grew several inches in height each year, and my muscles became like iron."

He closed his hand firmly, and I could see the muscles above the wrist swelling like cords.

"Then suddenly and unconsciously a change began to come over me. I do not know what it was. I can liken the change only to a young tree that had slept through the long winter and was beginning to feel the sap rising underneath its bark. I felt I was again ripe for something new, and the realization of this fact helped my rejuvenation. I sometimes thought that the change was brought about by a young girl, a Gentile, whose acquaintance I had made at that time. But I doubt if it was she. She did take up a good deal of my time then, but our friendship was hardly more than casual, and we drifted apart. She was not inspiring; we could not understand each other, you see. And yet it may have been the fact that we could *not* understand each other. Who knows? I 've met Gentiles since, and there never were any differences between us.

"The new change brought on new desires for activity. I had to find an outlet for the energies that were beginning to well up within me. I drew closer to life,

and it became more real, no longer a panorama of passing events without any meaning. I altered my attitude of disinterested spectator and wanted to become an actor along with the rest.

"I began to revisit my old haunts in the libraries, museums, and zoölogical gardens. I even revisited my brothers and sisters; but those I found so changed toward me that I did not care to see them again. And one evening I dropped into the socialist headquarters, where a meeting was going on. But I sat through only half the session and went away. I knew definitely that the ways of my old 'comrades' and mine had parted for good, and I could no longer find a place among them. The fact is I had risen above them. Their ideas seemed to have stagnated while mine had passed through a process of transformation; theirs were still blinking at the lamplight, while mine were flying toward the sun. So it all seemed to me.

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PRINCIPAL STREET AND THE JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM

"I grew restless. I had to become active. I had to do something, but not for myself; for others. I studied myself closely. I asked myself what it was I most desired to do. My former experiences had left me callous to one thing—the class struggle. To this my thoughts would often revert, but during such moments the old feeling of helplessness would return, and I felt wearily that the great law of cause and effect alone would bring about that which I and others vainly strove to precipitate.

"Now comes the strangest part of the story: I became a Zionist. How that was brought about I do not know. Although I have always been closely introspective, this metamorphosis eluded my understanding. In fact, I did not stop to reason with myself about it. I accepted it wholeheartedly.

"Ever since the entrance of Hertzel into Jewish politics, you remember, there has been a continual growth of the Zionist idea. But I was not attracted to it six years ago because it was too narrow a sphere for me to labor in. Yet when I turned to it, it seemed to expand. I felt it was the nucleus to a greater thing—the perfect state of which Hertzel dreamed.

"The history of the Dreyfus case made a deep impression upon me when I read it, and the scorn with which even the meanest office boy in the postal service regarded all Jews often made me race-conscious. Still, I cannot explain the change. *Sag' zum Mer, 'wo ist dein Mutterhaus?'* So I became engrossed in all Zionist activities. I began to dream of Palestine as the brightest jewel in the crown of God's anointed king—the earth. The sorrows of our people became my sorrows; their aspirations, mine. I read of prejudices, discriminations, pogroms, and these heaped fuel on the fire of my imagination. It was a divine fire, for I excluded the subjective entirely from my schemes. True, it was my own people I wanted to help, yet not because they were mine, but because they were the most suffering and helpless of all the peoples on earth. And here was a golden land to receive them, their own land. Here they could take up again the chronicles of olden times and add new, life-giving words to the wisdom of the past. I was thrilled at the mere mention

of Zion, and the words became an obsession with me.

"When I set foot in Jaffa I determined then and there to forget America and work for the future of all Jews. I went to the colony of —— and found employment as a field laborer. I worked from early morning until long after sunset, but I was not discouraged. On the contrary. Every spadeful of soil I turned up, every bush I trimmed, and every load I carried made me think I had not taken the step for nothing. I felt that I was working for myself and our people. I mingled with the men and women of the colony, and for a time their interests became mine.

"My employer was a wealthy man, but he was the usual type. You 've been here ten months; you know the different types by this time."

"There are very few types that are different," I said; "the essential qualities are characteristic of all."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"At any rate, the man I worked for was an *idealist,* and his ideal was money. He had come to Palestine as a Zionist, like most of them, but speak to him now! He paid me fifteen cents a day for my labor, and you know how one can get along on so little here.

"I left my employer after a while and worked in other places; but I could never earn more than a franc a day, and that 's reckoned high. Food cost more in the other colonies, so I had to begin stinting myself. I still was not discouraged. I felt that my sufferings were not for myself and that they would some day bring noble results.

"Then I was taken down with the fever. At that time I was living at R——, which is considered a hospitable colony. No one came to me when I was ill—no one but the doctor. He did me so little good that I was compelled to ask him to send me to the hospital in Jerusalem. This request was finally granted, but only after my condition had become so serious that the doctor was afraid to treat me."

"I suddenly remembered how the school-boys of Petah-Tikvah used to sing in German:

> We have a land called Palestine;
> They give us to eat bread and quinine.

"My recovery was slow; after a period of six weeks I was well enough to leave the hospital. But during the eight weeks of illness I found a chance to consider things slowly. I used to lie on my bed and think, think, think of everything. I weighed my life, the things of the past and those the future promised, over and over again. I left the hospital a changed man—changed, mind you, in the fact that I no longer dream. The superficial glamour with which I had surrounded the new life vanished. I confess I was disappointed. I had been confronted by a phase of life that, following the one I told you about, would have killed me. But I realized in time that the big thing has become bigger and the little things have become smaller. I know that the dreams of my childhood pointed out the path of my life. They were like the buds of certain fruits that resemble the fruits themselves. Now they have reached maturity and may be plucked. I will fight for the cause that embraces all the people on earth, not only a particular race."

It was dark when by the shores of the Mediterranean we took a fond leave of each other. He went to seek a lodging for the night, and I turned down to the quay to be taken on board ship, for it was my intention to leave for Alexandria in the morning.

Palestine! The land of milk and honey, the promised land, the home of Israel's vanished glory! Palestine the golden, the mystical, the beautiful; the ancient seat of wealth and power, wit and wisdom, beauty, love! Ah, the cities of undying memory, the cloudless skies of everlasting blue, the eternal sunshine, the breezes from Lebanon and Judean hills!

I am returning from Palestine much the worse for fever and sunstroke, but a sadder and wiser man.

(Conclusion)

The Singing Heights

By HELEN DAVENPORT GIBBONS

Illustrations by Oscar F. Howard

I HAVE been reading a profound analysis of French feeling, written by Margaret Deland in an American magazine.

But after that, the dark. And after *that* the dawn! It is a Hope! Eons off, perhaps, but a Hope. The Hope of the upward curve of the spiral after it has dipped into the primeval. Back again, these people say, to the beginnings of things, must go our miserable little civilization. Back to some bath of realities, to wash us clean of an unreality which has mistaken geographical boundaries for spiritual values, and mechanics for God. Then, up—up—up—toward the singing heights.

It took sturdy courage to speak plainly the truth about French feeling last winter. The "bath of realities" was of blood and pain. Through suffering France has become intimate with God and remembers her immortal soul.

My little neighbor François, with eyes sunken deep in the sockets, tells all this in his look. François's older brother André came the other morning to ask me to walk over to the farm, "to look at François's earache," he said.

I went up the road with André, through a break in the hedge to find a path leading over a little bridge, and through François's father's meadows to the crescent-shaped group of stone buildings that forms the center of the farm. French peasants house their animals close to themselves. As we came toward the front door, I pointed to the white cross on the wall of the house near the door.

"I have been told that when the sign appears on a Brittany house it means somebody is lost, dead at the war. Is that true, André?"

"There 's nothing in that," he replied stolidly. "It 's where my father tries his brush when he whitewashes the rooms in the spring."

"Who does the whitewashing now?" I inquired.

"Always my father. He did not have to go to war. We are ten children."

We entered the low, dark kitchen, where the family lives. Here Mme. Clouette, a wiry woman with anxious, brown eyes, was stirring gruel. She took it safely off the tripod, placed it on the stone platform of the fireplace, and came forward to greet me.

"It is Heaven's pity to disturb madame," she said, drawing out a chair and dusting it carefully, "but madame knows there is no doctor, and we must turn to the Americans."

I sat down by the bed and asked François if he was a good boy.

"Yes, when he is asleep," said his mother, and laughed. "He is of a will power. It is unbelievable, Madame."

"Why are you so skinny, François boy?" I asked. I took his hand and felt his little forearm. "André told me you have fifty-four cows. Do you drink lots of milk?"

"Will power again, Madame. He won't drink milk. Your children are city children; probably they love it."

"How old are you, François?" I asked.

"Eight years," said he, eying the shiny nickle case of my thermometer.

"Good," said I. "Then you have sense enough to hold this in your mouth without biting it. My boy is only seven, and he knows how to keep a thermometer under his tongue."

"Poor child!" said his mother. "He has n't slept these two nights. The pain gives him a fever."

"There, François, do you know what time it is in your mouth? It 's a hundred and four. Never mind, old man; it means we 've got to help you get rid of that pain."

"His temperature, is it bad?" asked the mother. "Madame will send for a doctor? I telephoned to the hospital when I

" 'THERE, FRANÇOIS, DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS IN YOUR MOUTH?' "

took the eggs to market. The interpreter answered that I must get the *dame du château* to come, and if she said so, they would send down a doctor."

"Yes, yes," I assured her; "André must take his bicycle and hurry to the village and telephone. Make haste, André. Tell them to send the ambulance to the château, and I will show them the way here."

Mme. Clouette was all of a flutter. Her feelings were mingled, fear for her boy and pride that a splendid American ambulance had drawn up beside her manure-heap. Relatives gathered to listen and watch.

"I 'm afraid I 'll step on some of these kids," said the doctor. "What 's the trouble? You see, we got tired chasing away out here to look at mild little cases. You handled that last bunch of measles as well as I could. I knew you would n't mind our passing the buck to you. Your preliminary diagnosis saves precious time for us. We are always glad to come, you understand—when it 's necessary," he added hastily.

"There is big trouble here. I think this kid has an abscess in his ear. What makes me concerned is that swelling back of the ear."

The doctor was examining busily, saying:

"All right, little fellow; we won't hurt you." He straightened up and said: "Just as you said, an abscess; worse than that, it may be mastoid, you know. I can't take the responsibility of this case. We must have Gracy out here. Carpenter," he called, "would you mind going right back to the hospital for Major Gracy?" I have yet to hear that doctor command anybody. He dispenses with "military stuff."

An American car makes seven kilometers and back in no time. When he arrived, the ear specialist thought quickly.

"Prepare them," he said to me; "I must operate to-night."

I called the father and mother and explained that the doctors must have more instruments and electric light. "To make a thorough examination, dear Madame Clouette." I had my arm around her shoulders now. She was looking at me intently. Monsieur appeared with a bottle of apple-jack and glasses.

"Distilled this myself," said he, "the Christmas François was born." I declined gently for the doctors without asking them. Monsieur poured a glass for himself and tossed it off easily. He wiped his walrus mustache and disappeared.

"Tell me what they say. O Madame, I can bear it; only be frank!" said the mother.

"Are they afraid of an operation?" said the specialist. "It 's his only chance." He handed me a silver funnel to wash.

"No, no, no; she 's all right. Do you notice that the daddy went away? Women don't need suffrage in France. They 've virtually had it since seventy."

"If we have to take him to the hospital, are you willing, Madame?" I asked.

"Oui, Madame." Her eyes were tearless, and the voice was steady.

"It means an operation, you know."

"I understand. They will let me come? O Madame, I am bold; you will come with me?"

"What is she saying?" asked the doctor.

"She is a brick," I exclaimed. "My soul! the mothers of France!"

I bundled the boy up and took him in my arms.

"Come, Sonny," I said, "the doctors are going to give us a ride in their automobile. Mother is coming, too. We are going to take you to the hospital to stop the pain. They have lemon-drops there. Do you know what lemon-drops are?"

"MONSIEUR APPEARED WITH A BOTTLE OF APPLE-JACK AND GLASSES"

At the receiving-office two orderlies arranged François on a stretcher, and gave his pillow and blanket back to his mother. Three or four *Poilus* stood smoking at the door. I explained to them about François and brought them over to talk to him and his mother.

"You are a soldier?" asked one. *"Poilus* are well off in this house," said another.

I was giving name, age, etc., to a sergeant at a desk. He came to a place where the printed slip said rank.

"Ask him what rank he wants to have," I called to one of the French soldiers.

Even his mother laughed when the little fellow answered promptly:

"Me? I 'm a lieutenant—Lieutenant François Clouette." He took my hand and smiled.

"Of a will power," his mother had said.

We put François in a ward with *Poilus*. The fellow in the next bed called François *"mon vieux,"* and as the mother and I left, he was telling François cheerily:

"Thou art lucky, little one, to be in this hospital. The Americans are our brothers. After the war I shall go to the United States to get Yankeefied myself."

The next day I was going into the wards with the Red Cross searcher, Miss Crump, to read to the patients. I saw François about noon. They had put him in a private room with a special nurse. He was just coming out of the ether, and recognized me. Poor lamb! the operation had been one of the worst known to ear surgeons.

Ten days later I went to the hospital to be present at a consultation on François's case. The incision was healing nicely, but François was coughing. Was it pneumonia, or were we up against an abscess in the lung?

"I am glad you came," said the major. "You can tell madame straight about François. She 's been here with him ever since his operation. All I can make out is that the woman sincerely appreciates what we are doing for the boy. Do you know," he continued, "if she had to pay for this care in a big city back home, it would cost her a huge sum."

"Uncle Sam's pockets are deep, and the hearts of his nephews are very warm," I said. "Doctor, if you save this boy, it will be a feather in your cap, and do you realize what good propaganda for America that will be?"

"A physician is never inspired by any other thought than saving his case," responded the major, gravely. "His reward is having the opportunity to fight for a human life."

François's day nurse came in with another doctor. She had been out to the tent hospital to get the tuberculosis man.

The doctors began their consultation. Half an hour later, Major Gracy turned to me and said:

"It is not pneumonia, and there will be no further trouble from the ear. Pus has got into the lung. A new abscess is there. Tell madame."

"Will he pull through?"

"We do not know."

"Dear Madame Clouette," I began,

"THE TWO DOCTORS STOOD QUIETLY WATCHING ME AS I TRANSLATED THEIR OPINION"

"you and I know we have a very sick little boy here."

The two doctors stood quietly watching me as I translated their opinion.

"I know, I know, Madame. Was I not here during those five dreadful hours yesterday when he was unconscious? Did madame hear Prinquiau church bell this morning? The curé will say nine prayers for him to-day."

"She is a wonder, that little mother," said Major Gracy; "but there is no use telling her yet that the child is clearly the product of alcoholic stock, and therefore is virtually sure to get tuberculosis, if not immediately, then later. It 's fifty-fifty whether we can save him now. His father's apple-jack will do for him later. Oh, the ravages of Brittany alcohol!"

François's bird-claw hand fluttered toward his throat. Around the bandaged head lay a rosary; his mother fixed it for him. He wheezed and coughed and tried to speak. He looked at Major Gracy and held out his hand. Then he spoke.

"Dites, mon vieux," said he, "donne-moi une cigarette!"

"What 's that?" said the major.

"He wants to smoke, Doctor." I laughed.

The major took a cigarette out of his pocket, and gave it to François.

"Tell him not to light it," said he. "The way the kid goes up and down is beyond belief. We 'll save him yet."

The next time I saw François he made his mother give him his toy basket from the window-sill. He fished around in the basket and found a box. With trembling hands he opened it.

"Look, Madame! One, two, three, four. Every time I don't cry when the major dresses my head he gives me a cigarette. I 'll light them when I get home."

"André sat up with François last night to let me sleep," said Mme. Clouette. "André says he won't be a curate when he grows up. He wants to be an American, because they have cigarettes."

"I can't let the major get ahead of me, François," I said, "I 'll give you a cigarette because I love you. Help yourself."

"A silver case is better than a pasteboard box. I 'll keep that, too."

His mother gasped. I beckoned to her. We went into the corridor.

"Let him have it, Madame," I urged. "We don't dare cross him if we can help it while he has that temperature."

François lingered all summer. An abscess developed in a tooth, which had to be extracted; then another formed on the leg. Week after week we did not know. In August fifty-fifty changed to forty-sixty, and then to thirty-seventy, with François on the winning side.

September found the boy living in a tent. In the daytime his bed was out in the sunshine. He was still pitifully thin, but his cheeks were rosy, and the bandages had gone. He had a whole box of lemon-drops always on his table now, and could eat two every day. American soldiers love kids. They spoiled François lavishly. He told me that one day his friend the aviator came coasting down the clouds and did the loop-the-loop for him. "Just up there," he cried, pointing with a finger that was steady now.

We took him home the first of October. Major Gracy came to dinner with me afterward. In the evening I read him Margaret Deland's article.

"If I 'd read that before I came over here, I should not have understood it," said the major. "The unquenchable spirit of the French! Everything against them, enemy hordes sweeping down to ravage and burden and poison, and the handicap of past sins and weaknesses to make more difficult, more complicated, the problem of resistance. They have held to life through their will power. They know they are going to triumph in the end; they have known it all along. Victory is in sight after they have been down, down, down, François is France."

"And those who have not been close to the world cataclysm, who have not lived with France in her agony, call Mrs. Deland a pessimist," I answered; "but she ends up her analysis with 'the singing heights.' We have taken François home after all these long months in the valley of the shadow. Who would dare say that the suffering which could not crush his spirit has not touched his soul? It must be like that, it is like that, with the French nation. *De profundis*—"

"'DITES, MON VIEUX,' SAID HE, 'DONNE-MOI UNE CIGARETTE'"

The major completed my thought.

"To the singing heights," he said.

Dust

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Listen! The dust at our feet whispers and breathes.
It speaks in a voiceless air that is delicate, but august.
Hurry, it says, for the wave that rushes and seethes
Will spend itself on the rocks and crumble with you in the dust.

I turn from the earth to your eyes; they are bright as before.
Your ears can hear nothing grave. That is merciful and just.
Thank God that you are not burdened with knowledge and useless lore!
You can dance through a world that surrenders to murder, to squalor, and lust.

Thank God that your eyes are screened from the day that I see
When your laugh is a bony grimace and the gold in your hair is rust;
When your flowery hand, with its five white petals, will be
A sensitive flower turned yellow, that withers and droops in the dust!

And we shall be lying apart, but compassionate winds will blow,
Mingling our little separateness, a handful of doubt and distrust.
And the years will come thunderingly by, triumphantly as they go,
To creep back broken and join us, with the night, in the frail dust.

Peace Triumphant

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Earth, Mother Earth, do you feel light flowing,
  Peace-light, waited so vainly and long?
Feel the great blood-eclipse guiltily going,
  Swept from your face by a tide too strong?
Over your rim is the bright flood rilling,
  Singing through air and under the seas.
Never since birth was such a beam-spilling,
  Never such warmth, such healing and ease.
Wildly it wraps you, and, oh, your children
  Open their heart-gates to the glad rays.
Blood-gloom there was, blindness, and hating;
  Now there is wonder, relief, and amaze.

Earth, Mother Earth, it will loose away from you
  Pestilence, famine, horror, and pain.
Cleanse, and of loathed inhumanity calm you,
  Giving your veins well-being again.
Sleep shall come back to your cities, chalets,
  To ships in the night when the watch-bell sounds—
Sleep, the one opiate soothing nature
  Sleeplessly pours upon mortal wounds.
Sleep in the night and peace in the morning!
  Under their cool, strong febrifuge,
Soon shall you swing again through clear ether,
  Hopeful, though the price paid be huge.

Yes, Mother Earth, you have suffered, but sorrow
  Has brought you at last what *it* alone can.
Races you had that raged; but to-morrow
  Men on your sphere shall behold but man.
Nations you had, all strifefully claiming
  Food at your breast and place in your arms,
Isles that bejeweled you, and broad empire
  Over your lesser children swarms;
Nations you had, but now to one nation
  Fast they are merging, ready to say
For the first time there is but one mother
  Of men, to be cherished by them alway!

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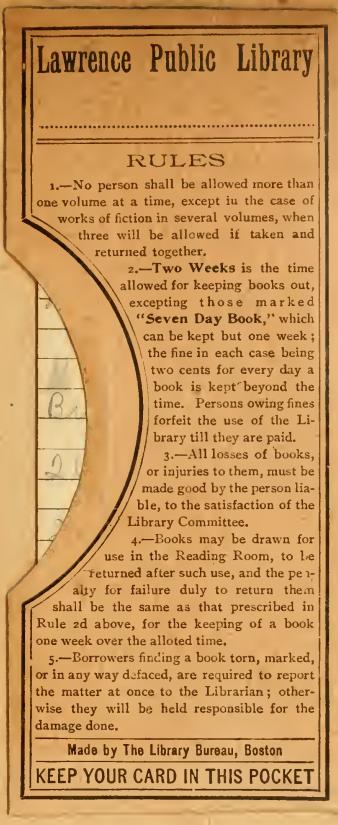
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